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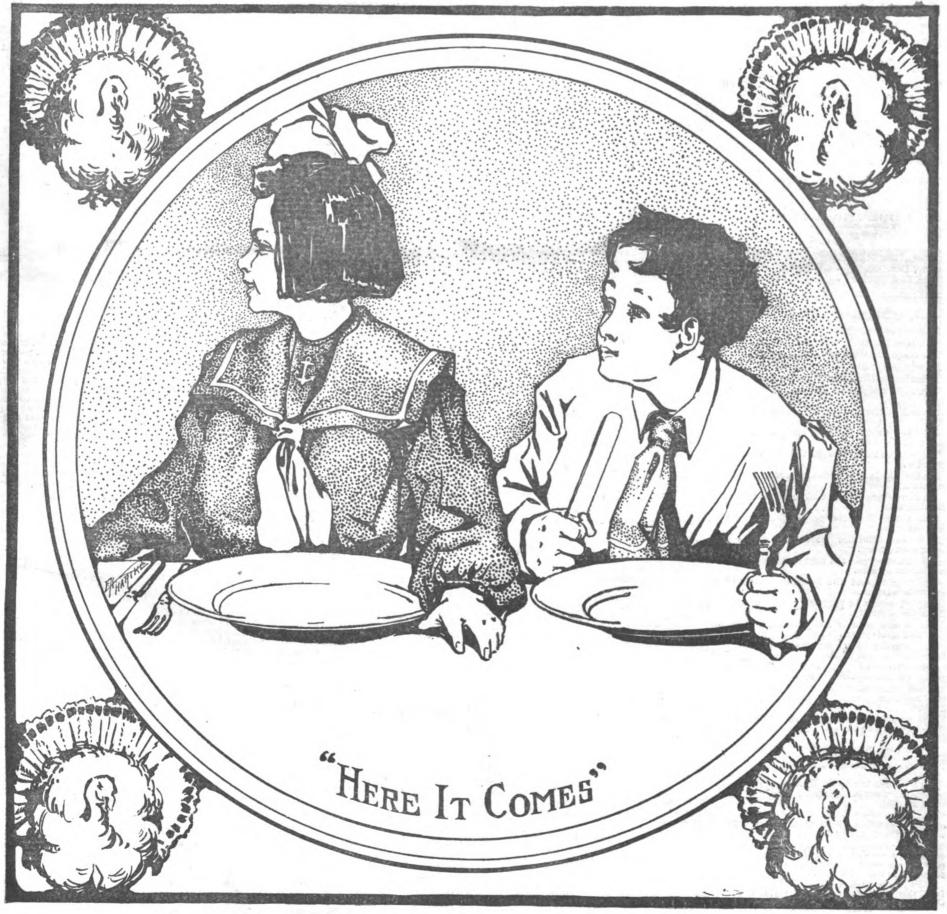
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Crumbs of Comfort

Progress is the result of discontent.

Wine has drowned more than the sea. The curse of nature rests upon inaction.

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive. The wind, a sightless laborer, whistles at his

Necessity reforms the poor, and satiety the rich.

Most people do not lack strength, but they lack will. There is too little time in this world to lose

any of it. Beauty within is the beauty to strive for and

be vain of. Like our shadows, our wishes lengthen as our

sun declines.

God hangs the greatest weights upon the smallest wires.

A woman who has never been pretty has never been young. We do not correct the man we hang; we cor-

rect others by him.

The bearing and the training of a child is woman's wisdom.

He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.

The person who is not punctual wastes his time and steals yours.

To live easily pitch your scales of living one degree below your means.

Performance without promise is better than promise without performance.

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your

The errors of woman spring almost always from her faith in the good or her confidence in

Man wants but little nor that little long; How soon must he resign his very dust, Which frugal nature lent him for an hour.

All a woman has to do in this world is con-

tained within the duties of daughter, sister, wife, mother. The great error is placing such an estimate on this life as if our being depended upon it and we were nothing after death.

It very seldom happens that a man is slow enough in assuming the character of a hus-band, or a woman quick enough in conde-scending to that of a wife.

Bann, or scending to that of a wrie.

There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.

—Mrs. Hemans.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead--a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man.

A Few Words by the Editor

be reunited and gathered once more around the hearth, and loved ones will meet again under the family roof tree, of the old homestead, as of yore. How good it feels to be home again, and see the old familiar scenes and the old familiar faces. The love of home and kin is an inhorative trees. of yore. How good it feels to be home again, and suffering over the hill. It will cost you and see the old familiar scenes and the old familiar faces. The love of home and kin is an inherent part of our natures, and glows in every breast. It is beautiful, it is divine, for God's handiwork is about it all. The home is the family altar, and the sons and daughters come back to that altar once a year, when possible, and thank the Creator for all His blessings to them in the year that is past, and most of all, they are thankful for the fact that they have been spared, and permitted once again to meet, in the old home, the dear ones they love. It is easy to be thankful, when the table is laden them in the year that is past, and most of all, they are thankful for the fact that they bave been spared, and permitted once again to meet, in the old home, the dear ones they love. It is easy to be thankful, when the table is laden with plenty, and the barns are bursting with fatness, and the fields filled with sleek and fine conditioned stock, and the glow of health is tinting one's cheeks with rosy hues. But what about the empty larder and the barren fields, the empty barns, the vacant chair, the checks blanched and drawn with pain, the empty pocketbook, and the little mound out in the graveyard, that marks the resting-place of the loved one, that is no longer here. Of such pictures there are many. Can the heart bowed down with grief and misfortune be thankful? Yes it can. It is easy to thank God when everything comes our way, but the real thankful heart is that one which has suffered and lost, and yet can truly and with gratitude offer praise to the Creator for all His blessings. We refer to that one who can, and will, like Job say: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." It is the praise of the earnest soul, who has suffered and been chastened with affliction, that will ring out in the courts of Heaven with Yes it can. It is easy to thank God when everything comes our way, but the real thankful heart is that one which has suffered and lost, and yet can truly and with gratitude offer praise to the Creator for all His blessings. We refer to that one who can, and will, like Jobsay: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." It is the praise of the earnest soul, who has suffered and been chastened with affliction, that will ring out in the courts of Heaven with a note of even greater thankfulness, than will a note of even greater thankfulness, than will the prayer of that one, who is merely grateful for health and prosperity. The thankful prayer of the afflicted will fall upon the Creator's ears, with a fragrant sweetness, that will in due time bring a reward, and a joy which the prospering

soul will never know.

Let us all then be thankful, rich and poor, sick and well upon this blessed day of Thanksgiving. The harvests have been indeed abungiving. The harvests have been indeed abundant, and God intended us all to share in them alike. If we have not done so it is our faults, and not the Creator's. Do not let us for one moment blame the All Wise for any short comings of our own. God can only provide, it is we who must garner and reap and divide. It is enough for Providence to set the table, and if only a few get into the feast, and many are left outside, it is God who grieves more than any of outside, it is God who grieves more than any of His creatures. Then remember that Thanks-giving day above all else should begin with devotions. An hour spent in the village meetinghouse will only serve to heighten the enjoyment of the remainder of the day.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night.
The flowers of our youth, and the fruits of our
prime,
And the blessings that march down the pathway of
time.
We thank Thee, O Father for all that is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour; The generous heart, and the bountiful hand And all the soul help that sad souls understand. We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be; For hopes that our future will call us to Thee Let all our Eternity form through thy love, One Thanksgiving day, in the Mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

We beg to remind our readers that this is the best possible month for them to renew their subscriptions. Not only by subscribing now do you get more for your money, as we give you thirteen numbers for the price of twelve, but if you get your "subs" in before the Christmas rush, you have a better chance to secure immediate attention, and less chance for delays and errors which are always liable to happen, in the great pressure at the beginning of the year. All those who ordinarily renew their subscriptions in January, should renew them now, both for their own sakes and for ours. Through the long hours of the January nights, as well as the days, hundreds of our staff have to toil indefatigably to handle the enormous number of subscriptions that the enormous number of subscriptions that the enormous number of subscriptions that come to us at that time. We are confident if you knew of the tremendous pressure put upon us at that period, with its attendant nervous and physical strain, that you would merely from a humanitarian point of view, send in your subscriptions now, and so help to lessen the great strain of the rush period. If you will try and remember that COMFORT'S family is indeed a family, and all that we are endeavoring to do is to serve your interests, we are con-

is indeed a family, and all that we are endeavoring to do is to serve your interests, we are confident that in the goodness of your hearts, you would accommodate us in this matter. It will cost you no more, and the help it will afford to us at this end of the line will be immense.

There is no need to tell you what a good paper Comfort will be in 1907. You know Comfort, and you know us. There is a mutual confidence existing between us, that makes constant horntooting unnecessary. Other concerns may deluge you with sample copies of their publications and may hysterically inform you that theirs is to be the best magazine in all America (they all say that), but it is not necesyou that theirs is to be the best magazine in all America (they all say that), but it is not necessary for us to indulge in literary hysteria. Composer can afford to contemplate the efforts of its competitors with complacent self-satisfaction. We are not afraid of competition, in fact, we encourage it, for we believe the more the public reads, the better it is for the public, and we always know, that no matter how great the competition is, there is not one of Composer's readers, that would willingly give up this magazine, and take another one in its place. Every letter that comes into this office tells us Every letter that comes into this office tells us moderate means.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East to West From North and from South, come the Pilgrim and guest.

When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored:
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles, where the girl smiled before.
What moistens the lips and brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie—Whittier.

HANKSGIVING day is once again with us. Another year has rolled around, the harvests have been gathered in, and old Winter's chilly breath has once more covered the earth with a mantle of white. Soon scattered families will be reunited and gathered once more around the hearth, and loved ones will meet again under the family roof tree, of the old homested, as it is always "Dear Old Comfort," "Can't keep house without Comfort," "Can't keep house words come from every corner of the land. It is an universal pean of praise that makes us very happy. The majority of the land. It is an universal pean of praise that makes us very happy. The majority of the land. It is an universal pean of praise that makes us very happy. The majority of the land. It is an un relative that has gone into another section of the country to live, or the shut-in that lies sick and suffering over the hill. It will cost you of what's coming. In conclusion, let us thank you heartily for past favors, and remind you that the best possible time to renew subscriptions is now. Send them in now, today, and avoid the rush and delay; and once more, a happy Thanksgiving to all. Your friend,

Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

The Singer Sewing Machine Company is to rect a forty-story office building in New York City.

A single mahogany tree in Honduras was recently cut into boards, which when sold in the European market, realized over \$10,000, it is

It is officially reported that all the emigrants sent to Western Canada by the English Salva-tion Army are doing well. During the coming year the army expects to send out 30,000 emi-

For compelling ten soldiers to scrub a barrack room with their tooth-brushes, a subaltern in the German army has been sentenced by court martial to one year's imprisonment and degradation.

In laying the corner stone of the new office building for the House of Representatives, President Roosevelt said: "The foundation stone of national life is, and ever must be, the high individual character of the average citizen."

Franlein Bertha Krupp, the richest young woman in the world, and Lieutenant Gustav von Bahlen-Halbach were married October 15th, in Berlin. In the great gun works of which she is the head 63,000 people are employed, and her fortune is estimated at \$225,000,000.

A remunerative industry has been developed in Sweden on the basis of an invention of an Austrian, whereby coloring matter is forced into fresh cut wood. It takes the place of the sap, and gives to the wood a brilliant color, which does not fade after the wood has become

The list of casualties by the recent tidal wave and hurricane shows that more than 300 are dead, and more than 100 are missing. Sea birds soaring in from Mobile Bay sounded the first note of alarm, and warned the people of the approach of the storm, that later wrought such dire havor to life and property all along the extreme southern coast and Cuba.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the president of the Confederacy, died October 16. Her life was crowded with events which have gone into history. She was born May 7, 1826, and in 1845 married Jefferson Davis who was then at the beginning of his political career. Mrs. Davis accompanied her husband to Washington when he was U.S. senator, 1847-1852, and she was in Richmond during the terrific struggle in which he played the chiefest part as president of the he played the chiefest part as president of the confederate states. Her last years were saddened by the death of her daughter Miss Winnie Davis, who was fondly called, "the Daughter of the Confederacy."

A year or two ago, twenty-three women, who lost some member of their family in the burn-ing of the steamer, General Slocum, organized themselves into the German Women's Sympathy Society, to comfort one another in their sorrow. They have had erected and lately un-veiled a fountain in Tompkins Square, New York City, to the memory of those lost at the time. The monument itself is a beautiful fountain of pink marble, adorned with a basrelief of two children looking out to sea at a steamer passing in the distance. The inscription reads, "They were earth's fairest children, young and fair." The cost of the memorial was eighteen hundred dollars, and was contributed by these women, none of whom has more than



End of a Great Horse

"Sysonby, a four-year-old race horse, owned by J. R. Keene, a New York millionaire, which died not long ago from blood poisoning," remarked the man who looked as if he knew marked the man who looked as if he knew something about horses, "was said to be the best horse in the world. Whether he was or not and I suppose, there are some who don't think he was, his owner was able to refuse last year the vast sum of \$200.000 offered by Reed Walker, the English turfman. Anyway Sysonby was a favorite and he was a good thing. His owner bought the colt's mother, Optime, before the colt was foaled, paying only \$4,200 for her. As soon as the colt was old enough to go into training he got the best there was, and up to the time of his illness, which began in April, he had won in purses for his owner about \$180,to the time of his illness, which began in April, he had won in purses for his owner about \$180,-000, and was defeated in one race only, the winner being Artful, at the Sheepshead Bay Futurity of 1904. In his two years running, Sysonby won fourteen races. As a two year old his winnings amounted to \$39,058,34, besides a \$2,500 piece of gold plate, at Saratoga. As a three year old he won \$139,615. This was all in purses, and nobody knows how much was won on him in bets. What he would have done as a four year old can only be guessed at, but not much money would have been won on him in bets, as he was such a favorite the odds in his favor would almost have cut out betting. In his last race he was quoted at 1 to 30.

"Sysonby's sire was the English horse Melton, and his dam was owned by the late Mar-

"Sysonby's sire was the English horse Melton, and his dam was owned by the late Marcus Daly, whose stable was sold after his death. The coit was foaled at Mr. Keene's Blue Grass Farm, Castleton, near Lexington, Ky. He was a bay with dark points, and was a picture of the fast horse. His life was insured for \$100,000, so that his owner does not lose any money on him, but Mr. Keene would much rather have given up \$100,000 than to have lost his pet horse. Mr. Keene will probably take the body to Kentucky for burial and will erect a handsome marble monument over his grave. The blood poisoning which killed him was due to a bruised frog, which came from the horse pounding on his stall when suffering with an itching skin trouble."

The Growth of the Country

The Growth of the Country

"The way this great and glorious country of ours simply keeps on growing," said the politician man, "is a wonder to all the world. It would seem that there ought to be a limit to it somewhere, but if there is, it is nowhere in sight yet. Statistics, showing what it has done in the past five years, are lately published and figures don't lie, so this isn't just stump-speech talk of the spell-binder. Not counting anything else but manufactures here are a few figures to talk about. In 1905 the number of manufacturing establishments was 133,137, an increase of 5.4 per cent. over 1900; capital invested increased to \$7.375,939,540, from \$5,166,172,164; number of salaried employees, 301,212, an increase of 41.3; amount of, salaries, \$330,-991,359, an increase of 51.2 per cent.; wages of wage-earners 3.331,733, an increase of 16.3 per cent.; wages, \$1.558,191,229 an increase of 32.3 per cent. The value of the products was \$8,-980,454,376, an increase of 31.9; cost of materials used, \$5,254,286,858, an increase of 31 per cent.; miscellaneous expenses, \$833,318,616, an increase of 63 per cent. Every state in the Union shows an increase, but the greatest is in the newest regions of the West where manufacturing is miscellaneous expenses, \$833,348,646, an increase of 63 per cent. Every state in the Union shows an increase, but the greatest is in the newest regions of the West, where manufacturing is practically beginning. The South also makes a good showing, the increase there averaging about 50 per cent, while the East goes only to about 25 per cent. In the West it runs to big figures, Idaho, for example, showing an increase in capital of 313 per cent.; of salaries, 454 per cent.; of wages 147 per cent.; expenses, 688 per cent.; product turned out, 182 per cent. Delaware makes the lowest showing, the increase of establishments being only three tenths of one per cent., and of products, four tenths of one per cent. And, friends and fellow citizens, this is only one line. When we take into the count what the farmers will be doing, and what all the other industries, stores and banks and railroads and rivers and canals and the rest of them, by gravy, the finite mind can scarcely comprehend the kind of a country we have got. There is nothing like it in the world, and there never was before we set the pegs."

Children's Toys

"You chaps and paps," said the drummer from Brooklyn, "who think you are treating the kids at home pretty well when you spend a dollar on half a dozen toys for them, ought to get into one of the big New York toy stores the kids at home pretty well when you spend a dollar on half a dozen toys for them, ought to get into one of the big New York toy stores and take a look at prices. Of course, there are toys from five cents up, and more are sold at a dime or a quarter than all the others, but thousands are sold at what seem like fancy prices. There is an electric railroad, for instance, for the little boys of the rich, complete in all details, with an electric locomotive and eighty feet of double track, the whole costing \$250. Looks like a good deal of money to put into the hands of a youngster, doesn't it? Still, when he is a man, perhaps he will be handling railroads worth as many millions. For the girl is a dollhouse, complete from garret to cellar, about four feet high, costing \$150. One dealer in New York sold over two dozen of these last Christmas. A full-dressed doll from Paris, accompanied by a trunkful of gowns, can be bought for \$60. Grocery stores for the boys, and little kitchens for the girls cost as high as \$35 each. A folding enamel dressingstable for a doll sells for \$18, and a doll's crib of white enamel can be bought for \$16. Doll clothes are expensive, some suits selling at \$75, and automobile fur costs at \$35 each. Toy canary birds in gilt cages sell at \$50 each, and there are numerous mechanical toys ranging in price from a dollar to a hundred times as much. there are numerous mechanical trys ranging in price from a dollar to a hundred times as much. Think of a man with ten children trying to keep up with the procession of toys on prices like these. It would be hard sledding, I guess, and yet somebody buys all these toys and they are not used by grown-ups. One New York dealer, alone, sells a million dollars' worth of toys every year, but the heaviest buying is about Christmas-time."

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY.

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CHAPTER L

A TRAVELER IN TROUBLE.

WISH I knew where that old red cow had gone to.

The speaker was a tall, bright-looking youth of fourteen, dressed in a plain suit of homespun, a battered coonskin cap, and shoes that told of hard wear.

He stood on a rocky cliff that overlooked

a tangle of grass and brushwood, skirted

by a tall forest.

"I told Hitty that cow would get away

"I told Hitty that cow would get away if she gave her half a chance," went on the boy to himself, as his eyes searched the brushwood and the row of trees that was nearest to him. "And she wouldn't even tie the bell on her. It's a pity she didn't have to go after the cow herself."

Not a trace of the missing cow was to be seen anywhere, and with something of a sigh Jerry Blue leaped down from the rocky cliff and started for the patch of timber just mentioned.

The time was many years ago, when the

The time was many years ago, when the western portion of New York State was little better than a wilderness, and when even the city of Buffalo, now a place of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitance. tants, boasted of only a few hundred souls. The spot was in the heart of this wilderness, several miles from where a few settlers had made their homes, and where a tavern erected at a crossroad gave these people a place where they might meet occa-sionally and gossip.

The boy after the red cow had left his

The boy after the red cow had left his home two hours before to look for the missing beast. The cow, though old, was the best milker on Squire Parkhurst's place, and Jerry knew that it would never do to lose the animal altogether.

"If I can't find her, I know the squire will blame me sure," he told himself dismally. "Hitty won't take any of the blame, that's sure. An old maid like her never thinks she's in the wrong. And what will Miss

sure. An old maid like her never thinks she's in the wrong. And what will Miss Mabel say, after my promising to keep everything in apple-pie order only yesterday?"

As Jerry drew closer to the trees, a squir rel sitting on a bush attracted his attention. He picked up a sharp stone, took careful aim, and let fly. But the squirrel was too quick for the boy and dodged out of sight

Another miss," grumbled Jerry. "No two ways about it, everything is going wrong today. First, I broke the water pitcher, and then I fell on the woodhouse step and

and then I fell on the woodhouse step and barked my shin, and now it seems as if I'd never find that cow. Wish I was rich and didn't have to work for a living."

Having reached the timber, Jerry looked around in the fallen leaves and on the damp ground for some trace of the missing animal. He knew that the cows sometimes wandered off in that direction. Presently be say hoof prints that appeared familiar saw hoof prints that appeared familiar

he saw noor prints that to him.

"That's what I'm after!" he cried, his face brightening a little. "Now, Suky, I'll have you pretty quick, and I'll give you are for running away from me, mind good one for running away from me, mind that!"

He set off at a faster pace than before and in less than ten minutes reached a well-defined path running through the woods. Here the marks left by the cow showed that she had crossed the path and gone into the timber beyond.

Jerry was about to follow still further

when an odd sound from up the trail caused him to halt. Some animal was running toward him, and now he made out a human

toward him, and now he made out a human voice:

"Stop, Nero! stop, I tell you! Whoa, or you'll kill me! Whoa!"

"Something is wrong," murmured Jerry and gazed anxiously along the trail.

Suddenly a horse, saddled and bridled, burst into view, galloping along at a high rate of speed. From one stirrup dragged the form of a horseman, who was trying in vain to halt the runaway animal and pull himself up to the saddle seat.

Jerry was astonished and for the instant it must be confessed that he was likewise frightened. But he did not lose his wits, and as the horse came closer he made a

frightened. But he did not lose his wits, and as the horse came closer he made a leap to stop the steed.

His grasp for the bridle was successful,

and once having got hold he clung fast like

That's right, stop him!" gasped the unfortunate man who was caught in the stir-rup. "Don't let him get away from you!" Jerry did not answer, for he did not want

way and that and took several more steps But then the steed gradually quieted down and finally came to a stand-With the animal standing at rest. it was

an easy matter for the horseman to extri-cate himself from his difficulty, and this he did as speedily as possible. He was a kind-ly-looking gentleman of forty-five or fifty, with iron-gray hair and beard.

with iron-gray hair and beard.

"Young man, I owe you one for your bravery," said he, as he took the horse from Jerry's care and tied him to a tree.

"Oh, that's all right, sir; you are welcome," said the boy, and touched his coonsider the said that the said the s

"I believe you saved me from death,"

went on the gentleman, as he started to brush himself off and rearrange his disordered garments.

"Maybe not that, sir; but I guess I saved

you from a jolly good thumping on the rocks," answered Jerry.

"It was a gallant thing to do, and I am wery grateful to you for it. May I ask your

"My name is Jerry Blue, sir."

"Do you live near here?"
"I live with Squire Parkhurst. I am his

bound boy."

"Oh, I see. I have never met the squire,
but I have heard of him as being a very
good man."

good man."
"He is a first-class gentleman, sir."

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

"So you are his bound boy. Are your arents living?"
At this query Jerry's eyes dropped.
"I can't answer that question, sir."

'I can't answer that question, sir."
'Can't answer it?"

No. sir.'

"No, sir."
"Why not?"
"Because I don't know."
"Oh! Well—ahem—I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, my boy."
"Oh, it's all right. 'Most everybody that knows me knows about that."
"Your words make me a bit curious to know something of your history."
"There isn't a great deal about the story, sir. Squire Parkhurst took me out of a poorhouse in New York City. He has only himself and his daughter Mabel, and he wanted a boy around, to do chores and like that." that.'

"Is Blue your true name? It is certainly

"Is Blue your true name? It is certainly very uncommon."
"No, Blue isn't my right name. You see I was left at the poorhouse one dark night. Somebody left me on the porch, wrapped up in a blue overcoat. Pinned to the overcoat was a slip of paper which read: 'Please be good to Jeremiah, and some day I may be able to reward you.' So because of that note and the blue overcoat they called me Jerry Blue." Jerry Blue.'

"I see. And they never found out anything concerning your parentage?"
"No, sir. You see they took it that my folks must be too poor to support me, so I guess they didn't try very hard."
"And how long did you remain at the poorhouse?"

"I don't know exactly. Once a man named Cass took me away for a couple of years, but he was hurt in an explosion and I had to go back. Then Squire Parkhurst visited the place with his daughter Mabel, and Mabel picked me out right away, and so I came away out here with them."

"Certainly an odd story, Jerry. I pre-sume you do not know me."
"No, sir—never saw you before."

"My name is Henry Maxwell, and I am

"I don't want to rob you."
"Let me be the judge as to whether you are robbing me or not."
"If some folks saw me with a gold piece, they'd say I had been robbing somebody."
"Would Squire Parkhurst say so? Or his daughter?" daughter?

"Oh, no, sir, I think not. No matter what I do, Miss Mabel knows that I always tell her the truth."

"I will make the matter plain," said Mr. Maxwell and drew out a blank book from his people.

his pocket. On a page he wrote the follow-

"This is to certify that Jerry Blue saved me from a great peril, and for his bravery I have given him the piece of gold he now carries.

Henry Maxwell."

"There, how will that do, Jerry?" and the

gentleman handed over the paper.
"That's very nice," said the boy, after spelling out the words. "But are you sure you can spare the money?"
"Yes."



"I--I CAN'T TAKE IT, SIR."

in the wholesale provision business in New | long as I can find them. I have a pretty

to the trees, and a low branch swept he to the ground and my boot became entangled in the stirrup, as you saw. I had been dragged only a short distance when you came to my aid. I feel I ought to reward you Jerry"

you, Jerry So speaking, the gentleman brought forth a gold piece from his purse and handed it out toward the boy.

CHAPTER II.

JERRY MAKES A FRIEND.

In those days gold was as much in evidence as banknotes, but both were strangers to Jerry's eyes and he stared in astonish-ment at the shining piece in the open palm.

"Why, it's—it's gold!" he gasped.
"To be sure," laughed Mr. Maxwell. "Did
you expect that I would offer you lead?"

"I—I can't take it, sir.'
"Why not?" "It's too much. Why, I never had a gold plece in my life," declared Jerry, and with perfect truth.

'All the more reason, my lad, that you ould have one now. You have done me should have one now. You have done me a great service. What I am giving you in return is small in comparison. But I am nearly out of ready funds and what I have left must be used on my journey back to New York."

In the wholesale provision business in New York, with a branch house in Boston. I have been journeying out here on some business connection with my wife's father's estate. My business was finished up yesterday, and I am getting back to New York as fast as I can make the trip."

"I hope you are not afraid of your horse, Mr. Maxwell. He seems gentle enough."

"I am not in the least afraid. It was my own fault that I fell. I rode him too close to the trees, and a low branch swept me to the ground and my boot became entan-"

"I wish I was certain that my father and

an end I was more than glad to see my father and mother and my sisters again."

"I wish I was certain that my father and mother were alive." said Jerry. "And I'd flike to know if I have any brothers or sisters."

"There's something more to be thankful for," muttered the traveler with increased peevishness. "It seems as if all the powers of nature were conspiring against me. But

"When I get back to New York I will look into the matter for you," returned Mr. Maxwell. "I have some friends who are interested in public affairs, and they may be able to stir up some old records to your advantage, or get hold of some sort of clew recording your parentage."

regarding your parentage."
"If you'll do that, I'll be ever so thankful!" cried the boy quickly. He held out
the gold piece. "You can have that back,

"No, my lad, keep the money. I shall certainly do all I can for you. And now I must go."

Mr. Maxwell shook hands and leaped

Mr. Maxwell shook hands and leaped lightly in the saddle.
"Good by, Jerry, and let me thank you again for your service to me."
"Good by, Mr. Maxwell. You are welcome, sir. Please don't forget about me when you get to New York."
"Hell not forget never feer. Good by"

"I shall not forget, never fear. Good by," and in a moment more horse and rider had passed out of sight around a bend in the forest road.

For fully a minute Jerry stood in the open, gazing at the spot where the gentleman had vanished. Then he drew a long to have singular taste in selection time and such a place for repose. "All places alike to Indian John the moody reply.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

"Wonder if I'll ever see him again, or hear from him?" he mused. "He appeared to be such a nice man. And by the way he was dressed he must be rich. I wish he would find out something about me and send me word." He felt the gold piece and looked at it closely. "A real gold piece and no mistake! Wonder what Hitty will say to that? Guess I had better not tell her about it, or she'll want me to give it to her, or Miss Mabel, or the squire, for safe keepling." ing.

ing."
Speaking of the past had put Jerry in a thoughtful mood, and it was with a slow step that he took up the search for the missing red cow once again. He put the gold piece in his pocket and touched it every minute or so to make sure that it was safe. He felt rich, for never in his life had he possessed so much money as was his own now.

life had he possessed so much money as was his own now.
"Perhaps I can get a gun with that money some day," he thought. "And if I have a gun of my own, and powder and shot, I can go hunting when I please."

The trail of the missing cow was now a plain one and a little later Jerry discovered the animal, grazing contentedly in an opening to his right.

great world.
"I'll find out some day!" he cried, clenching his fists. But he did not know when that day was to be, nor did he dream of the odd things that were to happen to him before the secret of his identity was revealed.

CHAPTER III.

NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

Night was rapidly settling down upon the Night was rapidly settling down upon the landscape, and Jerry had long since gotten home with the red cow, when a horseman might have been seen leading his horse with an air of anxiety along the bridle path several miles to the southward of where the boy had met Henry Maxwell.

The traveler was a man not over thirty-three or thirty-four years of age, stout, and with square-shaped shoulders. He had a round, bullet-shaped head and ferret-like eyes, which, taken in connection with a spreading pug nose and a mottled com-

spreading pug nose and a mottled com-plexion, could scarcely be said to make an attractive countenance, even under the most favorable circumstances.

"A pretty prospect," grumbled the traver.
"Here am I with nothing to eat since eler. "Here am I with nothing to eat since early this morning, wandering at random in this accursed wilderness with no chance that I can see of a resting-place. Serves me right for coming out here on what may, after all, prove a wild-goose chase. And yet."—he added more thoughtfully—"if I sell-guided in my plant I will not grade. only succeed in my plans, I will not grudge the trouble I have taken. And I shall suc-ceed, I feel sure. There's nothing that Dick Clarke has set himself to accomplish yet that he has failed in. Hark! what is that?"

As he spoke the dull rumbling of distant thunder came to his ears, and instantly the rain in thick drops began to patter down

of nature were conspiring against me. But if I were only sure of a shelter and a little to stay my stomach, I wouldn't mind. A warm heart and a good conscience I've heard spoken of as good companions, but for my part give me a warm fire and good stomachful, and I'll be content."

Meanwhile the darkness had rapidly increased, making the task of guiding the horse more difficult than before. Add to this that the beast was terrified by the storm and lightning, and half disposed to break away from his guide, and we have a complication of troubles which Dick endure without grumbling.

endure without grumbling.

As he strode on with hesitating steps a foot or two in advance of the horse, which he led by the bridle, he suddenly felt that he had stepped upon a soft substance, the nature of which very speedily made itself manifest by the springing up of a tall to manifest by the springing up of a tall Indian in his path.

"Ha! what have we here?" exclaimed Dick, startled. "My good friend, you appear to have singular taste in selecting such a

time and such a place for repose."
"All places alike to Indian John," was

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st; roll stitch | l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate

Terms Used in Tatting
d.s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch.
chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. *indicates a repetition.

Attractive Christmas Gifts

T no season of the year are women in a greater state of perplexity, than just before Christmas, if they postpone the selection of gifts until the holidays have arrived.

All this needless worry can be avoided, even by the woman of limited means, if one begins

to plan and work for this happy occasion a few weeks beforehand, for an almost endless variety of decorative and useful articles can be manufactured at home at a trivat ial cost.



WORKBASKET COMPLETED. FIG. 1.

Contrivances of all sorts, made of cardboard, neatly covered with pretty materials, are durable and many useful devices can be made in this way.

Workbaskets

Fig. 1 illustrates a useful little workbasket which will be not only a "thing of beauty," but, when its convenience has been tested, "a joy forever."

A light cardboard should be used and for covering either silk, linen, cretonne or any pretty cotton goods can be selected.

As the beauty of the finished basket will depend largely on its regularity, it is best to be careful about the measurements and have an accurate pattern, before starting to cut the cardboard.

Take a heavy piece of paper and draw a circle.

Take a heavy piece of paper and draw a circle twenty inches in diameter, to insure its being



WORKBASKET OPEN. FIG. 2.

perfect, place a tack to which tie a string in the center of your paper, now measure ten inches and make a loop in the string into which a lead pencil may be slipped, draw the string taut and mark your circle.

Mark an inner one in the same way, having your string four inches in length. This will make your proportions good and give a basket with an eight-inch bottom, and sides six inches high.



Now measure one; half the diameter, or the distance from

distance from the center to the the center to the edge, if, for example this is five inches, starting at the center line, at the edge of the circle, measure off this distance three times and you will have arrived at the opposite side of the circle, continue around to the starting point. Now connect these points of division with straight lines, and also draw straight lines across the circles from one side to the other, connecting opposite points, then connect the points where these lines cut the inner circle,

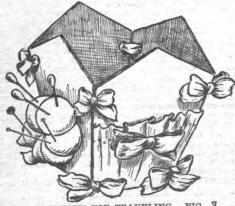


FIG. 3. CONVENIENT FOR TRAVELING.

with straight lines, and you have the six-sided bottom of your basket, see illustration, Fig. 2. To form the sides, measure off equal lengths on each side of the six points of division in the

ner circle; cut out the triangular sections be-tween the pieces which are to form the sides. The slope given the sides of the basket will



APRON BAG OPENED.

Dished this, cut your cardboard carefully, and you are ready for the covering.

The basket, as shown, has a plain material inside and a figured one outside, is bound with ribbon and finished with small brass rings through which is run a cord, for tying and keeping the basket in shape.

On the inside of three sides are pockets for different articles such as thread, thimble, buttons, etc., on the fourth is a pincushion of the same material as the lining of the basket, on another section, elastic bands, under which scissors may be slipped and on the other side a a little needlebook.

To cover the basket take your six-sided card-board foundation and the side and the side

a little needlebook.

To cover the basket take your six-sided cardboard foundation and lay between two circles of material large enough to well cover it.

Then with a coarse machine needle, one can

book and band for scissors. The bows at the corners serve to decorate and also hold the sides together. Fig. 4 shows the basket folded.

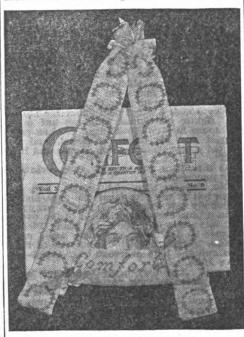
Wall Pocket for Papers

This useful article is developed of scrim decorated with cross-stitching, and can be made with very little expense.

One quarter yard of scrim, the same amount of cotton material for lining, two yards of ribbon, and one spool of mercerized cotton or silk will be needed.

will be needed.

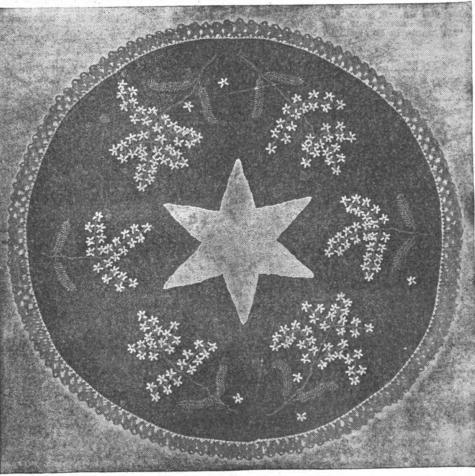
Cut the scrim into two straps, two and one-half inches wide and eighteen inches long, and



WALL POCKET FOR PAPERS.

work in any attractive cross-stitch pattern; in

the illustration interlacing circles were used, worked alternately in green and pink, then line these straps with the lining. For the cross



BEADWORK CENTERPIECE. By Miss Lizzie Moulton, New Lisbon, Wis.

ate and sewed together after cover-ing, just as one prefers.

The particular advantage and unusual feature of this workbasket is that when necessary, it can be made perfectly flat without disturbing much of its contents. This makes it specially desirable when traveling, for most women know the trial it is to carry the articles usually found in a workbasket when one has no conone has no convenience for doing



APRON BAG CLOSED.

A similar basket is illustrated by Fig. 3. This A similar basket is illustrated by Fig. 3. This one is of a little simpler construction, and though hardly as attractive, would prove useful in traveling as it can be folded up. This advantage is gained by attaching the bottom to only one side.

The shape of the basket is illustrated and the size is a matter of individual tasts and need.

with straight lines, and you have the six-sided bottom of your basket, see illustration, Fig. 2.

To form the sides, measure off equal lengths on each side of the six points of division in the outer circle, and draw straight lines to the in-

easily stitch around this form on the machine, if it is run slowly and your cardboard is not too heavy. In this way it can be quickly and neatly made when this stage is reached. The needle will break the cardboard enough so the sides will easily bend upwards.

Finish by binding the edge. The basket can be made by hand in this way, or with sides and bottom separate and sewed to-

to the two lower corners, and connect them by the third worked strap as shown.

Bring the four straps together at the top and fasten with a bow of green and pink ribbon, adding other bows at either side of the third strap. This idea could be carried out in different ways, and is a serviceable little gift which would be almost sure to fill a need.

A Thimble Holder

Another dainty, practical little gift which would be sure to please is a thimble holder. Take three

pieces of card-board three and one half inches long and two inches wide in the center; taper from this width to point-ed ends. Cover

ed ends. Cover each piece with scented cotton, and then the outside with velvet, silk, or any pretty thing you have; line with a contrasting color, after which overcast together and then cover the seams with braid or any fancy stitch. Leave the top open to receive the thimbles, add ribbon to hang by, with tiny bows at the ends, and this useful little affair is finished.

Apron Bag

One of the newer bags is a combination bag and apron. Nothing would surely be a more delightful gift for a friend who loves to knit or crochet. Washable goods, such as flowered lawn or dimity would probably be the most satisfactory material to use—a yard and one half being needed.

Start by folding over three inches on one end, stitch, leave one inch space and put in another row of stitching; this is for the running ribbon. Now measure thirty-three inches, and fold the wrong sides of the cloth together, stitch in two inches from the fold, leave an inch space and stitch again.

the waist.

the waist.
Run ribbon in just below the other two ruffles and tie at the sides, then take the bottom of each side of the bag on the selvedge and bring it up the running spaces, then overcast together. When not in use drop the apron part into the bag with the work, draw the ribbons closely and all work is free from soil.

A Jewel Box

A pint tin dipper, obtainable almost anywhere, a little silk or wool and ribbon are all that is required to manufacture this pretty jewel box.

Begin the work by winding the silk or wool, whichever is used, closely around the handle.

Then with a darning needle and double strands, weave under and over two threads. Do this closely so the handle will be well

covered.
Now crochet
a chain which
will reach
around the



will reach around the dipper.

Ist row.—3tr. in 4 JEWEL BOX.
in 4th st. of ch.,
*sl. 1 ch., 3 tr. in next ch. *, repeat from *to to the end of the chain.
2nd row.—Same as 1st, only catch under ch. between groups of 3 tr.
3rd, 4th and 5th rows.—The same.
6th row.—1 s. c. in every stitch. Sew together under the handle. Run ribbon in the 3rd row and finish with a bow on one side.
For a cover cut a circle of cardboard the right size and crochet a covering for it, ch. 6, join.
1st row.—24 d. c. under ch. 6, join with sl. st. 2nd row.—3 tr. in every d. c., increasing 1 st. every 6th st. to keep the work flat. Continue in this way until it is large enough to cover the top, then make a scallop all around by putting 7 tr. in 1 st, sl. 2, 1 s. c. in next, 7 tr. in 3rd st., and so on.

Make the inside cover all of double crochet, sew the two together over the cardboard, run in the run, sew the cover on just across the handle, and this little receptacle is complete.

Beadwork Centerpiece

Beadwork Centerpiece

Beadwork Centerpiece

This is one of the older forms of needle craft which has grown in popularity recently, and is now being used in almost every possible way for personal and household adornment.

Unusual patience is required to make a centerpiece like the one here illustrated, but the finished work well repays one for the labor.

Black velvet was used for the foundation and the star in the center worked in solidly with white beads. For the flower sprays, light blue beads were used for the blossoms, the center of each showing a yellow bead, and two shades of green were selected for leaves and stems. For this work use strong thread rather than silk.

Have strands of the different colored beads, each threaded on white cotton, then they can be picked off easily as needed. Use a long thread, knot the end, pull needle through to the right side. Now supposing a leaf is to made, with the needle pick off two or three green beads, then take a stitch close to the center vein of the leaf, now three or four beads and proceed as before. Shading can be done nearly as well as with embroidery silks.

Finish the edge with groups of three white beads—the same as were used for the center and any pretty scallop in black silk.

We are indebted to Mrs. Lizzie Moulton, New Lisbon, Wis., for this work.

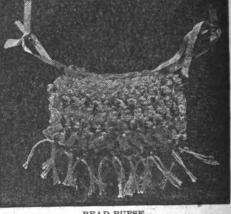
Any number of gifts may be made of beads. Chains, necklaces, belts, watch-fobs are especially popular, and even portieres, pocketbooks, and bags are made wholly or decorated with them.

Bead Purse

them.

Bead Purse

This has a crocheted foundation, which is very easily made as follows:



BEAD PURSE

1st row.—Ch. 6, 1 tr. in 2 st., ch. 6, tr. on tr., repeat 10 times and turn.
2nd row.—Ch. 2, 6 tr., join last with first tr., ch. 2, 6 tr. in the next space, join to first tr.,

ch. 2, 6 tr. in the next space, join to like the turn.

The 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th rows all same as the 1st.

14th row.—Make 12 spaces.

Now, turn the work on the wrong side, and sew the ends together, this gives an oblong purse. Turn right side out, run ribbon in the spaces at the top, and knot fringe in to finish the bottom. Now, using the same color of silk, sew beads on of different colors, hit or miss, or work out some design. or work out some design.

on one end in another ing ribbon, ad fold the teh in two space and

right in. sl. st. g 1 st. ntinus gh to round t, 7 tz.

ochet, d, run ss the lete.

craft ind is way

n and with blue ter of les of For lk. eads, an be read, right with eads, f the ed as all as

hite



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in stead of including them in the letters.

stead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work—we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it—we also give, when possible, the name and address of the party who submitted it, and any further information must be obtained from them. It is absolutely discless for you to write us.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been ask-

further information must be obtained from them. It is absolutely useless for you to write us.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

quests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and homesurroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

With November's bleak and lowering skies come thoughts of all the good things which we enjoy on this great national festival, Thanksgiving.
Would it not be well for us to give a thought

to the deep solemnity of the first occasion which caused this day to be set apart and celebrated by the little band of Puritans, while indulging in an unlimited amount of turkey and

dulging in an unlimited amount of turkey and plum pudding?

Few of us stop to think of the true meaning of the day, or the many blessings we each have for truly giving thanks.

A word or two and we will turn to the letters. To several who have expressed a desire for shells, I would say these requests were omitted as it is almost impossible to send these by mail, without being broken.

E. L. Allen, Tena Brown, L. M. Robinson. Come again, but please comply with the above rules in regard to writing for this corner.

E. L. Alien, Tena Brown, L. M. Rodinson. Come again, but please comply with the above rules in regard to writing for this corner.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

Will you admit another stranger to your "Cozy Corner?" While I am a stranger to most of you, Comfort is no stranger to me, but is a most welcome visitor, and has been for years, both before and since my marriage.

Would you be surprised if I should tell you that I am an Indian? Well, I am a Cherokee Indian and live in Fort Gibson, Indian Territory; and though I see quite a good many letters from Indian Territory, I really don't think I ever saw one from a Cherokee.

I live almost in town, and still live on a farm. My husband is not exactly a farmer as he rents the land and attends to his brickyard. He has now a large kiln almost ready for burning. Did any of you ever see a kiln afire at night? It is certainly a beautiful sight?

I have some pretty chickens, the Black Langshans, and I like them very much as they are such good layers, although they do not set early in the spring; but I like to raise fall chicks the best, anyway, as I seem to have better luck with them.

I suppose I must think of closing soon as it is considered presumptuous to stay too long, especially when one is a newcomer, isn't it?

But I must tell you of our boy. He was two years old June 2nd, 1906, and we are all so proud and fond of him, especially my husband's mother, as he is her only grandchild. She (mother) lives quite near us and you all must know what a great comfort and help she must be to me in every way.

We all have "allotments," or farms, here. There are five of us, my husband, his brother, myself and son. We intend to go to California as soon as we can get our lands here in a position to leave in other hands.

Now I will close and see how this is received, and when I write again I will try and tell you something of our country and the people. Wishing each and all success in her every effort.

Mrs. Town I will close and see how this is received, and when I write again I will tr

Read the notice in another part of this aper and learn how you can get a fine copy f'St. Elmo' in book form absolutely free

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

A year has rolled by since my last visit to your "Cozy Corner," and I want to chat just a minute, but I will endeavor to be brief. Let me first thank each one who sent me butter-scotch recipes, and they are legion. Had I followed each formula, I fear I would be utterly lost and foundered ere this, in a sea of butter-scotch past comparing. It is said, "Life is sweet." Could death under any circumstances be sweeter?

I surmise J. A. D. is a very busy woman if she lives on a farm and carries so large a list of correspondents.

Mrs. Linden. Lam more than glad to know my and ding recipe found favor in the second.

mrs. Linden. I am more than glad to know my pudding recipe found favor in your eyes. Thank

Jou.

I have received so very many letters during the last two years, asking information about my state and its climate. I am going to add a few lines, if I may, relating some of the details which appear to be in brisk demand.

may, relating some of the details which appear to be in brisk demand.

Washington is naturally and climatically divided in two distinct sections by the Cascade Range. Eastern is as different in every respect from Western Washington as two countries with the wide ocean between. On the eastern side raw land is covered with sage brush—here irrigation is king, and under his sovereign touch the desert is made to blossom as the rose. The soil is wonderfully fertile—nearly everything is produced, including peanuts, sweet potatoes and tobacco. Dairying and grain-raising I would judge were the chief pursuits. There is some wind in summer, otherwise the climate is perfect and the winters ideal.

We cross the mighty Cascades and a new picture is spread before us. All is freshness; every shade of green greets the eye; sunny meadow-lands framed in woodlands, wonderful forests of cedar and fir on a hundred hillsides, the delightful odor of salt-water; Washington's inland sea laps idly

on its pebbly beaches. We have reached the wonderful Puget Sound country. Here the delightful rain falls nine months of the year. All plant-life patterns after Mr. Finney's turnip, and grows and grows (weeds, too); grass in the meadows, lice on the hops (the hops, too); moss on everything (old settlers not excluded.) Anent climate, the summers are lovely; and if it's gorgeous sunsets you want, we have them after the Queen's taste. I have steamed down the Sound and watched the crimsons and golds fade into every roseate tint of pink, then through the scale to ultra-marines baffling telling, and then, as the lights died out from sea and sky, "Silently, one by one in the intuits weedened."

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven, Heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars—the forget-me-nots of the angels."

I wish everyone who reads this could visit this section and view for themselves the wonders of this West Coast Empire. Any further particulars cheerfully furnished on receipt of stamp. "With every turn of Fortune's busy wheels, some good betide thee."

FRED N. SCRIBNER, Sumner, Wash.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:
First a word for Comfort, our dear little paper.
Who can say too much in praise of it? It's worth
more than thrice its price. I have been a subscriber three years, and will never be without it again,
and though I take more magazines, Comfort leads.
I appreciate it from cover to cover, especially the
sisters' corner which helps many inexperienced
housekeepers and mothers. How I sympathize
with the poor shut-in friends. Kind sisters, let us
do something to cheer their days while here on
earth. If there is a will there is always a way. To
the sister who wants to know how to clean an old
stove of rust, I would advise her to grease well with
hot lard and let it stand for a while then wash off
with sand soap; when dry polish in the usual way.
Let me tell you how to make a pretty sofa pillow.
Take four pieces of silk different shades, not the
same shape, but worked out to make a square pillow; on the first work, Don't worry; the second,
Look pleasant; the third, Be content; the fourth,
Home sweet Home; work with shaded silk.

To make a broom last longer dip in soapsuds for
a carpet to be swept with a broom treated in this
way. For chapped face and hands use one ounce
glycerine, one ounce alcohol, mix with eight ounces
rose water.

My current pie recipe you will find in the recipe
column, which I wish the sisters would try.

rose water.

My current pie recipe you will find in the recipe column, which I wish the sisters would try.

I live nine miles from Twin Falls City. It is a good country here in the valley. The soil is fine, white and sandy, looks like ashes, and it is volcanic ashes. The climate is considered very healthy, and the scenery is fine. Blue Lakes is a lovely place. They are situated down in the Snake river canyon. The water is the color of rinse water when you first put in the bluing, but when you dip it up, it is as clear as crystal.

We spent the Fourth down at Shoshone Falls. They are a grand sight, you have to go down a dugway, that is a road built alongside of the canyon, It is very narrow in some places, just wide enough for one wagon to pass. Then every little ways turn outs are made so two can pass. The falls are lovely, they claim they are three hundred and eighty feet high. It looks like a large mass of white foam or steam, and the spray forms a most brilliant colored rainbow way down the river. On top of the cliffs is a large hotel, and this spray rising constantly, keeps the grounds and flowers beautifully fresh and green. Large wire cable ropes are fastened on iron rocks, and one has to hold on to these in going down and coming up the cliffs. Then there are rope ladders, so one can go down to the edge of the water.

The Snake river appears to be bright green, and about the first of each month, in certain places, one can walk almost across it on the lava rocks; these are covered with a soft thick moss, so it is like walking on velvet. There are no trees here excepting what are set out, but sage brush abounds and this is used for fuel. It makes a fine bright free.

Some day we expect to visit Twin Falls, then if you would like to hear I will call again and tell you of our trip and about them.

Success to Comfort, and its large band of readers.

MRS. Belle Rush, Hansen, Idaho.

Renew your subscription and get a friend to subscribe also while the price of 15 cents per year is in force. "St. Elmo" will be con-tinued for some months and other good stories will follow on. COMFORT is the best monthly published, so say thousands.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As someone wanted to know how to make paper flowers I will send directions for making the Trumpet vine blossom, though in appearance suggesting a rather complex formation, in reality they are easily made.

Take a piece of paper nearly three inches long and two inches wide, slip a few pieces of yellow thread in for a center, gum the edge lengthwise of the paper to form a tube. Curve the top into five

summer-time," and I am sitting in the shade in my rocking-chair, writing to the sisters' corner.

I will give a few suggestions which I hope will prove helpful to the sisters.

When cooking rice, put a small piece of butter in the stew-pan, and it will not boil over on the stove, and will not stick to the the pan so badly as without the butter.

If you use oatmeal for breakfast, be sure to put it on to cook the first thing. Take two parts water and one part oatmeal. Let the water come to a boil, stir in the meal slowly and cook until the rest of the breakfast is ready. It should cook an hour at least. Set it on the edge of the stove to keep it from burning. Salt the water before putting in the meal, and a piece of butter will keep it from boiling over. Serve with sugar and cream. Try this way, sisters, and I know you will like it much better than if cooked but a few minutes.

This is the way I cook beefsteak: Tender the meat, using a plate or a meat tenderer, if you have one; salt it and cut in the desired, sized pieces. Have ready a frying-pan of hot fat, roll each piece of meat in flour and cook until very brown.

When sweeping a room that is very dusty, try this. Wet the broom in cold water shaking out all that you can, and go over the room with it, wetting it again as often as is necessary. The dust will stick to the damp broom and there will be but very little dust rise in the room.

What a "comfort" Comfort is! I enjoy reading the sisters' letters. How good and kind our editor is to allow us so much space in which to exchange ideas. There is just one thing lacking. Why can't we have the editor's picture at the head of "our corner?"

Then there's the League of Cousins, and Uncle Charlie's funny replies. And the stories aren't they just grand? And all for so little. I am sure Comfort is the best little paper published.

The dear shut-ins have my sincere sympathy. Mrs. Wickliffe R. Smith, Cameron, Nez Perce Co., Idaho.

Co., Idaho.

Dear Sisters:

A New Englander asks for admission. I am another lover of fancy work and this department. Maybe these suggestions from experience will be of interest to some of you. Nearly always there is an unworn square in lace curtains when the remainder is beyond repair. Two pairs of these curtains or four pieces will make a very pretty bed-spread. Put the pieces together with insertion of a similar kind and pattern, running lengthwise and crosswise of the bed.

If more width is required add insertion all around and finish with a ruffle of net. Place over colored cambric or muslin.

Ordinary grape baskets, if in good condition, can be painted or shellaced, decorated with colored flowers cut from catalogues and made to answer many purposes, such as waste or workbaskets or for holding the darning materials or fancy work. By cutting off the handles, they can be utilized to hold two or three pots of growing plans or collections of photographs.

I would like to hear from any of the sisters, especially those from California or Canada. Wishing success to all, Delia Cappalli, Natick, R. I.

summer-time," and I am sitting in the shade in my

Take Compost with the rest of the good things hanksgiving day.

C-ranberry jelly,
O-nions stewed in cream,
M-ashed potatoes,
F-ruit salad,
O-ysters,
R-oman punch (frozen),
T-urkey.

M—ashed potatoes,
F—ruit salad,
O—ysters,
R—oman punch (frozen),
T—urkey.

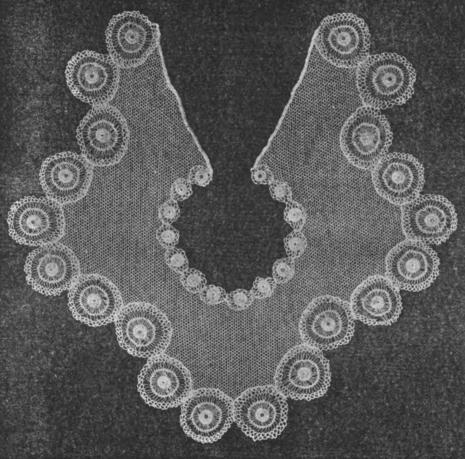
How's that for a "William Fare"? (as Mrs. Griffitts wrote me).

My Dears:

Most of those taking Comyorn, will, I hope, have a good dinner on this time-honored day. Those iliving on farms need not necessarily have turkey; a year-old chicken roasted is good with mashed potatoes, gravy, one vegetable, pickles, and even a plain old-fashioned apple pie, is a dinner not to be sneezed at; let me tell you many will not have as good. Those of us that have this much let us not for the state of the state of the say to Mrs. Beat of the state of the say to Mrs. Beat of the state of the say to Mrs. Beat of the say to the say the say to the say the say the say to the say th

Allow me to state to the ones that are sending (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Many Exciting Incidents in "St. Elmo" Many Exciting incidents in 'Jt. Elmo' that appear in the first part of the book cannot be thoroughly understood by the readers who now see COMFORT for the first time. All those who desire to get the full and complete book of 'Jt. Elmo' conetaining 37 chapters—565 pages—can now secure a copy absolutely free. Read the offer on another page and act at once as the supply is very limited.



Decide on the shape of your collar, draw your pattern on heavy paper, then baste on the net.

Large Wheels

Use No. 60 thread for centers, and No. 100 for

Use No. 60 thread for centers, and No. 100 for rest of the work.

To make the large wheels, wind common twine twice around a common steel crochet hook, fasten with a needle and thread. Cover

this circle with s. c. until it is firm.
2nd row.—Hold the loose end of twine between thumb and finger, and crochet over it

I live on a farm in the southwestern part of Minnesota, on a treeless prairie, excepting some planted for groves and here and there a few along the river. Wheat, oats and corn are among the main

ed for groves sha and corn are among the main products.

I have been married over a year and have the sweetest baby boy. I am twenty-one years old, five feet five inches in height, weight, one hundred and thirty-five pounds, have light brown hair and fair complexion. I enjoy books and flowers and fancy work. I would like to have a little home library; will the sisters kindly assist me and send me some books they have to spare, also silk pieces? I will return favors any way I can. Sisters, if you cannot help me in any way, please write. I will answer all letters. With best wishes to Comfort and the sisters, Mrs. Wm. Wildung, Bellingham, Minn.

Next row, ch. 6, 1 s. c. under ch. 2, ch. 6, 1 s. c. under ch. 2, repeat.

Last row, ch. 7, 1 s. c. under ch. 6, ch. 7, 1 s. c. under ch. 6, repeat around.

Small Wheels

Make the centers the same as the large wheels, omit the hairpin work, and finish with two rows of chain 6 caught with single crochet, the first row in every other stitch, the last under the chains of 6.

When the required number of wheels are finished arrange them on the restrent and but

2nd row.—Hold the loose end of twine between thumb and finger, and crochet over it with s. c., into the first row, occasionally putting 2 s. c. in one to make it full enough. Cut off twine and sew to wrong side.

Now, make a piece of plain hairpin work of 20 loops, and sew with fine thread to the little wheel, then catch into a loop, and crochet once round, thus: Ch. 2, 1 s. c. in loop, ch. 2, 1 s. c. in loop and repeat.

When the required number of wheels are finished, arrange them on the pattern, and buttonhole to the net on the right side, using fine cotton, then cut away the net on the wrong side.

The collar as illustrated closes in the back; to finish the edges, baste the net over a cord, and then cover with single crochet. This makes a dainty, dressy little collar which is equally pretty over dark or light dresses.

MRS. EMMA GARITALDI, Mendocino, Cal.

lobes or divisions. Twist a fine wire about the bas lobes or divisions. Twist a fine wire about the bas for a stem, bulging out the lower end of the flowe for a stem, bulging out the lower end of the flowe to form a bowl. Twist the part already wound wit wire with a narrow piece of paper to form a ball shaped ovary of the flower, and from the base of this, twist the stem with green. Make two mor little hard knobs or balls about half the size of marble from the paper and twist in with the stem Cut leaves from dark green tissue, making the edges irregular, and place upon the stem in pairs Next time I shall give some other directions, as can make all kinds of flowers.

MRS. LIZZIE SKULTETY, Leavitt, Neb.

A wonderful offer of "St. Elmo" in book form free, appears in another part of this paper. Look it up and then act.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I will comply with the request for the obesity ointment and will gladly reply to any wishing further information if they will inclose a stamped envelope. Here is the formula: Iodide of potassium, three grains; vaseline, fifty grains; lanolin, fifty grains; tincture of benzoin, two drops. Make into a pomade and rub all over the fat parts twice a day. I should like to hear from any sister living at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

MRS. M. E. WOODWARD, Burlington, Mich.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have just finished reading my Comfort and the many letters from the sisters in which there is much valuable help and information.

I am not a stranger, having written twice before, and I hope the editor will not think that I am trying to take more than my share, if I come again.

Just now it is the middle of July—"The good old"

The Hidden Wedding Treasure or.

The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake

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CHAPTER I.

HAPPY AS WEDDING BELLS.

CHAPTER I.

HAPPY AS WEDDING BELLS.

OMORROW evening. darling, you will be my bride," whispered a handsome young man, bending tenderly over one of the most beautiful of girls, who, blushing delightfully and drooping her soft, violet eyes, tried to control the sweet tremor of her rosy lips. "Yes, Rosalle, my own, in twenty-four hours you and I will be walking down the aisle. The min arm, your veil thrown back from your dear face, and all the world will envy me my wife." What pride there was in the young man's tones.

"And me my husband, Ireton," whispered the girl, Rosalle Bronson, one of the belles of San Francisco, who upon the morrow was to be married to Ireton Kensington, the owner of the Ireton addition to San Francisco, and member of the law firm of Kensington the reton addition to San Francisco, and member of the senior member.

The course of true love had been very smooth for these two, who were thoroughly in love with each other, and Ireton Kensington felt himself one of the most-to-be-envied men, although the time was to come when he would confess that upon this beautiful April night, he knew nothing of the true character of his bride-elect.

The dainty girl, reared in wealth, with every fancy indulged, possessed traits of character totally unsuspected even by those nearest and dearest.

As her words fell from her lovely lips, though, her bridegroom was delighted, for she had been proud and shy, and not over demonstrative, and he knew that it had been a struggle with her to say that much.

"Why, you darling," he whispered back, longing to kiss her, but controlling the impulse, for they were sitting in full view of the dozen or more of their friends who had met at the Bronson home upon the last night of the maidenhood of the daughter of the house.

Rosale understood his wish, and blushed again, then rising, she smillingly led the way linto a small room half library, half sittingroom, held sacred to her own dearest friends, and leven friends by Mr. Bronson's voice calling their names, and they emerged, b

merseit upon her lather's knee, and threw a white, dimpled arm about his thick, short neck.

"Yes, tell us, dear, what it is to be," she said gayly.

"Just twenty years ago today, two things happened," John Bronson said slowly, "my wife bore me this daughter," and his great hand stroked the golden hair, "and I made my first extra fifty dollars. I made it honestly, through regular business methods. I had made money before, but never that much that was aside from regular expenses, and when I knew that our little girl had come, I resolved to dedicate it and all that might accrue from it, to her, and to turn it over to her on her wedding day. It was to be her own fortune."

"Why, dear, how delightful!" cried the young bride, kissing her father. Those who knew that family best observed that Rosalle tactfully comprised between the "Papa" of her acquaintances, and the "Pappy" of his own calling, but applying the name "dear" to him.

"Yes, the day my girl was born saw the

knew that family best observed that Rosalie tactfully comprised between the "Papa" of her acquaintances, and the "Pappy" of his own calling, but applying the name "dear" to him.

"Yes, the day my girl was born saw the beginning of her fortune, and it isn't a small one. A blessing seemed to rest upon that little hoard. There is plenty more for her later on, but tomorrow my wedding present to her is going to be that fifty dollars with all that has come of it all in bright twenty-dollar gold pieces. It is all fixed that way so she can see her fortune in good gold, stamped with the government's approval. Now what do you think of your old pappy's idea?" and he looked at his daughter, a broad smile on his face.

Judge Kensington thought to himself:

"Too bad that Bronson cannot forget pioneer methods, and give his daughter a check. I am glad I selected diamonds," and he thought with satisfaction of the costly necklace in its red velvet box among the other wedding gifts, guarded night and day by squads of detectives, in an upstairs room.

His son, however, understood the sterling character and underlying romantic love John Bronson possessed, and he thought:

"The dear old fellow. Rosalle has a father worthy even of her."

The young girl, with her eyes shining with gomething not diamonds, threw her arms about her father's neck, and said so softly that few heard her:

"What makes you so good to me, dear? It makes it all the harder to leave you," and each heard the heart of the other beat.

"Do you think it wise to put any great amount of money where it could be stolen?" Judge Kensington asked a little ponderously.

"Don't fear, Judge, it's safe enough. Until tomorrow, though, no one shall know where it is, nor shall anyone know the exact amount, although I'm not afraid to say that it will take seven figures to represent it. Whether the first figure will be one or nine, however, I de not intend to tell," and he laughed that great laugh of his.

"Yos sir," Mr. Bronson said sturdily. "Every cent of it was made honestly. We

By William T. Valentine

John Bronson cried, and Rosalie, kissing him on the nearest cheek, slid from his knee, and floated away in Irreton's arms to a dreamy waitz, played by one of their companions. There were evidences of luxury all about. Costly turnishings filled the handsome house ers, and some of the rooms were already decirated for the reception which was to follow the ceremony at the church on the morrow.

The young people who swarmed about the brief and hides come is weeken shed of the reception which was to follow the ceremony at the church on the morrow.

The young people who swarmed about the brief and hides come is weeken shed of the reception which was to follow the ceremony at the church on the morrow.

The young people who swarmed about the brief and hides come is weeken shed of the reception which was to follow the creening at the church of the creening and the control of the creening and the control of the creening and the control of the griss and some of the creening and the control of the griss were jealous of her, for all has been so full were rich; none of the griss were jealous of her, for all has pichty to make them happy, and the young all the control of the griss were jealous of her, for all has pichty to make them happy, and the young all the control of the griss were jealous of her, for all has a joyous crowd, upon a very happy occasion, and when the party finally broke up. Iretol, linking his arm into that of his father, said will will shall recognized Rosalie's good fortune, not one invited the companion of the griss were jealous of her, for all has a joyous crowd, upon a very happy occasion, and when the party finally broke up. Iretol, linking his arm into that of his father, said of her own happiness, he was not forgotten. Willing his arm into that of his father, said of her own happiness, he was not forgotten to the griss was a joyous crowd, upon a very happy occasion, and when the party finally broke up. Iretol will be a griss was a joyous crowd, upon a very happy occasion, and when the party hall be

Anyone looking might have noticed that she also asked something, to which he made a reply, so fraught with deepest feeling, that he seemed far removed from the fun and frivolity, and she nodded and said in a low

he seemed far removed from the fun and frivolity, and she nodded and said in a low voice:

"In my morning-room," then swept away, and a moment later he went out of the draw, and a moment later he went out of the draw, ing-room, although dozens of gifts still remained on the tree for him.

This occasioned some good-natured nonsense, but no one went in search of him, or nosaile Bronson, who soon thereafter was also missing, and both might have been found in the morning-room of the hostess.

As Rosalle slipped into the room, she saw the illuminated face of her lover, and with a little cry of joy sprang to meet him, and as their lips met in a rapturous kiss, she realized what true love does mean.

Finally Rosalle cried:
"I want to see that present."
"You must remember, darling, that I was very much restricted, for I dared not say as much in my present as I wanted to, but I hoped you read my heart's secret."

Blushing delightfully, she opened the dainty box of violet velvet, lined with pure yellow satin, in which was a magnificent gold indistand, enamelled with violets, in the heart of each was a pearl.

"Ireton!" she cried in an awed voice. "I never saw anything so lovely. The color of my hair and eyes, combined with my name! How you must love me to think of that!" and she gave him the sweetest kind of a kiss.

"And now mine," he cried, but she held his hand, saying:

"Mine Is nothing, compared to yours," but he cried, but the relation of the color of the color of the cried of the color of the cried of th

How you must love me to think of that!" and she gave him the sweetest kind of a kiss. "And now mine," he cried, but she held his hand. saying:
 "Mine is nothing, compared to yours," but he quietly smiled, and went stolldly ahead, unfastening the yellow ribbons about his red box, the colors he were whenever engaged in any athletic sport, red and yellow, and found within a fine piece of bronze as a paper-weight. For an instant he looked at it, his pleasure breaking out all over his face, and then he caught her in his arms:
 "My blessed girl! Am I a 'Lion-hearted man' to you?"
 Rosalie's face was crimson with blushes, as she said softly:
 "I found it a few days ago. Until then I had been in despair, for nothing seemed to suit you. I had heard you say that you had lost your paper-weight, and then I knew you liked bronzes.
 "Very sweet, dear, but how do you explain the choice, this exquisite 'Richard the Lion-hearted?" and again he kissed her.
 "Because, my dear, nothing so well suited you in my heart, for I knew very well then that I loved you, and hoped with all my heart that you did me," and from that happy beginning, their love affair had progressed to their wedding eve, and they had known no trouble, and Ireton had almost finished their home in the Ireton Addition, on the site of the old family home of the Iretons, a somewhat unsightly pile. For nearly three months, Ireton had lived with his father, at the latter's club, but for the past day or so, both of them had been at the Palace Hotel.

Truly, upon the evening of the seventeenth of April, 1906, reflected nothing but happiness for all parties interested.

CHAPTER III.

THE DREAM OF THE PUTURE.

It was long before Rosalie dropped into slumber that night of the seventeenth of April, when she had been so gloriously happy, and looking forward toward her wedding the next day.

looking forward toward her wedding the next day.

The thought of her father's love in preparing so delightful a surprise for her, also kept her awake, and she could feel her fair face blushing so, the little seel-possession, or it would have been impossible for her to get through the next few hours, for she was forced to sit there, simple and self-possession, or it would have been impossible for her to get through the next few hours, for she was forced to sit there, simple and self-possessed and listen to words like these in her ear, spoken by a young man whose face' was as sober as hers:

"Remember the Christmas your mother had me over, poor little friendless chap I was; I have never forgotten the dear lady, and I am going to try to pay back to her daughter while I we her."

"Little Rosie, remember that day you cried in the result of the resul day.

The thought of her father's love in preparing

CHAPTER IV.

AND THE EARTH QUAKED, THE SKIES FELL AND ALL WAS CHAOS.

After leaving the stately Bronson mansion, Ireton Kensington walked rapidly toward the lower part of the town, for he and his father were living at the Palace Hotel until his marriage, but his thoughts were elsewhere, with his bride of tomorrow, and his heart sung

riage, but his thoughts were elsewhere, with his bride of tomorrow, and his heart sung with joy.

"Thank God! there is nothing really wrong in my life. To be sure I've not always done exactly as I ought, but I can look into her dear eyes without shame, and if I die tomorrow, I can go forth with a reasonably clear conscience," and he paused to take a look at the beautiful city lying in the moonlight. Surely if ever a city personified solidity and everlasting strength, it was upon that night between the late hours of the seventeenth and the early hours of the eighteenth.

"The Golden West," he muttered. "John Bronson is right it, and it holds my treasure, the fruit of that wonderful West."

Probably he said the words aloud, at any rate his sentimental attitude betrayed him, for two athletic young men clasped from either side, and mocking volces rang out.

Ireton turned sharply, then laughed too, for he saw first the handsome face of Gerald (CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

CHAPTER II.

something of the life He has given me." and her violet eyes were filled with a strange, deep light.

The father, deeply moved, bent his head and kissed her with a new reverence in his heart, whispering:

"Daughter, when the Little Mother heard of my plan she was delighted, but she said a little regretfully:

"The idea is beautiful, but when the time comes for baby to marry, I will have nothing to give her, like you." My child, your mother gave her gift when you were born, and now, though she has been waiting for us in Heaven these many years, it still exists, and is better than mine," and the strong voice trembled.

"What is it?" whispered the daughter, her head on the father's shoulder.

"Her own brave, sweet disposition, daughter. Cherish that with your life. The money is nothing, you have that which is much better, and which no amount of wealth can take away."

"Dear, how happy you make me." she said softly. She had missed the Little Mother very much these past few months, and never more then now.

HOW TRUE LOVE HAD BLOSSOMED.

now let me just give you some figures,"

Now let me just give you some figures, and shows and sho

"THIS WAY QUICK!" AND LOOKING UP THEY ALL RECOGNIZED ROSALIE.

on long skirts? How grown up you were, bless you, and how like a little queen you took the American Beauty roses.

"I remember another Christmas, Rosie, darling, stop blushing so, sweetheart, or I'll claim the kisses due me, right here. I wonder if you remember that Christmas? It was towards evening, and you were still a girl, and I old enough to have known better. I had been paying some Christmas calls, and had imbibed too much of rather strong punch. My fresh, pure little darling! Do you remember what you said, precious? I will never forget it, and it has lingered all these years, and kept me from ever trying to make a beast of myself. Such a few words, yet the voice and look: "Why, Ireton, I am so disappointed!" That was all, and yet those words have made metry never to disappoint you again. Do you think I can keep up to your high standard?"

The little hands trembled, the eyes were veiled with unshed tears, and the girl could barely say:

"Ireton, spare me, I cannot stand it. No girl was ever wooed as I," and she flashed him a look, which nearly unsettled his head, but he respected her almost wail, and tried to realize his happiness.

Suddenly he observed that his gift to her was in her hands, and he held his breath. He had wrapped up so much love and hope in it, that he could not endure that the laughing room gaze upon it; however, he need not have worried, for she slipped it aside and deftly unfastened another, one bestowed in a joking manner.

When hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers came to him, he rose, and walk-joy un hers ca

than now.

"Do not fret, daughter, about your mission in life. With your mother's disposition you will rise to the opportunity, and be equal to it, no matter how severe the strain," and then kissing her once more, he told her to go to bed for he wanted her to show some roses beneath her bridal veil.

All unconscious was he, as he watched the slender figure going up the broad stairs, that he had uttered a prophecy, or that before another day had passed, the fortune bestowed by his wife would prove of many times more value than the one he had so carefully hoarded.



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag. COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

F you will kindly hop up in my lap, Toby will put a few logs and a couple of barrels of kerosene on the fire and we'll sit around the blazing hearth and chin awhile. Maria will hand round the coffee and cake and we'll forget that it's blowing a blizzard outside. The temperature here has been falling and falling until finally it fell in the cellar. Billy is in the cellar sitting on the thermometer in the hopes that it will rise again. I'm afraid he won't have much success, as most things with Billy go down instead of up. I forgot to tell you that Billy is suing the Chicago Meat Trust for a million dollars for poisoning him. It's a million dollar suit, and it's the first suit we've ever had in the family and we're very pound of it. I'm wearing the suit now.

I'm exceedingly grateful to you all for the leader every seed to the first system.

ever had in the family and we're very pound of it. I'm wearing the suit now.

I'm exceedingly grateful to you all for the lovely greetings you sent me on my birthday. I've got almost a mile of postal cards, which I'm arranging in different states—a state of order and a state of disorder. A great many-cousins—hundreds in fact—are sending their addresses on slips of paper, or writing me letters and telling me where they live. Now, dears, that is useless, unless I copy your address onto cards, and that means days of labor, and I just can't do it. I wonder why it is that some people always take a great deal of pains to do a thing the wrong way. If you prefer to put your postals in an envelope, that's all right, but do write your addresses on either a postal or a card the size of a postal, as the League contains over 20,000 members, and I've got to have a card cabinet to keep track of you all, for it takes hours to search through the books for a single name, unless you know the cousin's number, and half of you won't give your numbers. Write your own names and addresses on postal cards, and put a little greeting up in each card corner, and then I'll have a message from each of you, and that will make my League cabinet a thing of joy forever, as well as an invaluable of you, and that will make my League cabinet a thing of joy forever, as well as an invaluable record of a swell bunch of lovely girls, boys, and other wild animals.

A cousin has written to ask how she can protect herself from mice, while sleeping, as she objects to cats and the mice are too foxy to eat

A cousin has written to ask how she can protect herself from mice, while sleeping, as she objects to cats and the mice are too foxy to eat poison or go into traps. In reply I would state that an excellent way would be to lie flat in the bath tub and let the boiling hot water run until it's three feet over your head. No mouse will trouble you, if you do this.

Another cousin wants to know how to secure protection from mosquitoes while camping. There are two methods: Build a large log camp fire and sit in the middle of it, or go to the nearest river, jump in, pull the river in on top of you and sleep on the river bed. This is never known to fail, and those who have tried these remedies assure me they were most efficacious.

I have a good deal of trouble in the summertime with Toby and Billy the Goat. Billy says Toby steals his fleas, while Toby swears Billy swipes his. Probably the fleas change their boarding houses of their own volition, but there is always a wordy wrangle between Billy and Toby in the heated term on this subject. "There's one of my fleas sitting on your nose, Toby!" says Billy. "Yes," replies Toby, "and, there's a bunch of mine holding a prayer meeting on your ear; chase 'em back where they belong, you darned thief!" Then there's a regular oldtime mix up, and I have to order the fleas to go back to their respective owners to keep peace in the family. Each of my pets try to accumulate all the fleas they possibly can. Every flea that sees Toby says, "Get on to the dog!" and they do. Around July, Toby and Billy sit on the porch and beat a regular tatoo on their ribs and then Toby sings "Flea as a bird to yon mountain!" Then Billy butts in with "Fleating moments quickly passing." Well, anyway, if you want to get on in this world you've got to keep scratching. Toby's mother told him he would have to get out and scratch for himself and the Lord knows he's done it.

Now we'll read some of those lovely letters.

Now we'll read some of those lovely letters

A little Southern girl wants to say a few

HOLLYWOOD, MISS., Aug. 13, 1906.

Hollywood, Miss., Aug. 13, 1906.

Dear Uncle Charlie:

I will tell you about our town; it is not a temperance town; it has several blind tigers, but the temperance people are working hard against them to shut them up and wipe them out. There is no enjoyment here for young girls; there is only two girls here, one nineteen years old, and one sixteen years old. They are both pretty girls and they take all my fellows away from me. I wrote to one of the cousins, but didn't get an answer.

I have light hair, blue eyes five feet high, weigh one hundred and eight pounds, and am full of meanness. I go to Memphis every other Sunday and, Uncle Charlie, I wish you were here to go along. We would ride the figure eight if the wind did not blow your wig off.

I go to the ball game some time to Tunica; do you play ball? if so come down and join the crowd. There is lots of cotton here; if you are very hard up come down and we will pay you fifty cents a hundred.

I have two heautiful twin sisters, six years old.

nundred.

I have two beautiful twin sisters, six years old.

Well, Uncle Charlie, I hope I will see my letter in print. I am the dish-washer and will see that your dishes are clean.

I would like the

ishes are clean. ald like to hear from some of the cousins. I beg to remain your loving niece, LENA THAYER (No. 15,305).

Lena, I am very much excited over the first

part of your letter. Whatever are the temperance people thinking about? Shutting up poor blind tigers. It's a scandalous outrage. Animals should be treated kindly, especially blind animals, poor things. It's strange, but nearly all the tigers in the South are blind. What makes them lose their eyesight poor things?

Maybe if some expert oculist operated on them they? they'd be able to see. Anyway, Lena, I hope you'll see that the temperance folks let the poor tigers loose at once, as they are quite harmless when they're blind.

sprawling on my cocoanut, besides when I tried to put a wig on, my own hair got nearly suf-focated and I had to give it six quarts of hair tonic before it revived. It was a close call for

tonic before it revived. It was a close can for that immortal hair.

Lena has blue eyes five feet tall! My, Lena, you ought to be able to see a good deal with a couple of lamps that size. You ought to loan out one of your eyes to the blind tigers, they would surely be able to see quite a lot if you did.

did.

Harking back to the subject of wigs, I'll make a confession. I once, for a short time, some years ago wore what the French call a toupee. It's a sort of false front that fits in and covers the cook where your thatch is worn off—a years ago wore what the French call a toupee. It's a sort of false front that fits in and covers the spot where your thatch is worn off—a sort of baby wig. You have to stick it on with cosmetics. I wore mine to a dinner party, and sat next to a young lady, I was very much enamored of. The soup had just been served, when the heat of the room began to melt the cosmetics and my toupee felt wobbly and my heart was in my mouth. The young lady I admired so, said: "Uncle Charlie, your hyperion locks look particularly beautiful tonight." "I'm glad you admire them, Miss Imogene, I, too, think them beautiful, they were ever my joy and pride!" Then I leaned over to bow graciously to the young lady, and take a mouthful of bouillion at the same time, and oh, Heaven! my toupee slid off my head and went flop into the soup. The guests screamed and I ran. I've never worn a false hair front since. That was hare, I mean hair soup for fair.

I'm not much at playing ball, but when I went to sea once I was in a storm and I was pitching for ten days. A lady-love I threw down once, told me I was the first base man she'd ever met. I took her to a ball and she thought I was caught, but I dropped her in centerfield and she struck out and I made a home run. No, I'm not much of a bavel player,

surely (and I think no one will gainsay or dispute this fact), the chief reason for a hop field's existence is that it will raise hops. Now, the farmers spend stacks of masumas cultivating the hops, and when the hops have arrived, you and a lot of other bad boys like you, go to work with long strings, and tie the hops so that they can't hop. Now, what in thunder is the use of a hop if it's tied down, and can't hop. It's preposterous, it's ridiculous, it's an outrage. A poor little hop tied on a wire so it can't hop, oh! that's simply wicked. Ernest, I think you're trying to string us as well as the hops. I heard of a man who made beer out of frogs' hops, but the frogs were allowed to hop, they weren't tied. Ernest, you can hop off before we all get hopping mad. Hops that can't hop, we all get hopping mad. Hops that can't hop, what nonsense.

A remarkably bright letter from a little Texas cowgirl will now entertain us.

A remarkably bright letter from a little Texas cowgirl will now entertain us.

Chappel, Texas, Aug. 30, 1906.

Dear Uncle Charlie:

After an absence of quite a while I am again with the cousins. I know we are not in the habit of writing on subjects. I'm not a gifted writer, but if Uncle Charlie will allow me I will say a few words on "Self-culture."

No one will deny that a large and important part of mental and physical training is furnished by parents and teachers. If the schoolmaster and professor had no hand in forming mind and character, the doors of our schools and academies might as well be shut and nailed up. But what can others do for us compared with what we can do for ourselves? Books are our teachers, and the printer's type rules the world.

It has been said by a recent writer: We all have two educations, one from others, and another which we give ourselves.

It is this last education which determines our standing in society, and our actual condition in life, and our fate hereafter. All the professors and teachers in the world would not make you a wise or good man without your own co-operation, and if such you are determined to be the want of them will not cause you to fail. We are to make the most of ourselves.

It should be the duty of education to make men first, and noble deeds will follow. The educated man is the one who wears the crown.

Every manufacturer, and every other employer knows the vast difference between an educated and uneducated workman.

Let two men come soliciting work. One is boorish in appearance, ungrammatical in speech, dull in comprehension because his faculties have never been sharpened, he seems to be little less than a machine, and with scarcely more comprehension. The other is bright, quick, speaks correctly, gives evidence of self-training and capacity. By his side the other presents a pitiable spectable. This is something occurring around us every day, and within the commonest observation.

In all education a knowled; of men and things is indispensable. For this reaso

original and aggressive views of self-culture. I'm full of culture; agriculture, horticulture, dollarculture and jackass culture. My father told me I was a born ass, so I didn't need much told me I was a born ass, so I didn't need much culture before I had a pair of ears that looked like bedslats on moving day. I began self-culture early. I tried to raise whiskers when I was nine days old, and I kepit trying, and in twenty-four years I had the dandiest crop you ever saw. That's what I call self-culture. I raised eain directly I was born, that's more self-

ture early. I tried to raise whiskers when I was nine days old, and I kept trying, and in twenty-four years I had the dandlest crop you ever saw. That's what I call self-culture. I raised cain directly I was born, that's more self-culture. In fact I was usually so all-fired dirty I could have raised enough corn on my own individual carease to have fed every hog in the United States for several hundred years. There was a big lake back of our town, seventeen miles long. That lake bred skeeters and malaria, and the town wanted to fill it up, so they threw me in the lake, and I shed enough real estate to fill that lake solid, and left enough over weight to start a range of mountains that made Pikes Peak look like an ant hill. That's what I call culture. I raised a crop of bunions on my teeth that have taken a prize in every dental show in the land. I've cultivated the acquaintance of six millions of America's best people, more self-culture, for I've got the image of each one growing in my heart. When Chesterfield said that a man could make himself anything and everything but a great poet. 'Chess' was right, for there never were but two great poets, Bill Shakespeare and myself. We are the only two great Pots the world has or ever will know. Bill died early, as he was afraid if he lived I should insist on reading one of my poems to him. Bill died—Bill was wise. Self-culture is fine. I've cultivated a wart on my nose, a mole on my cheek, freckles on my teeth, and other characteristics of greatness.

Ethel says we are to make the most of ourselves and that's no merry jest cither, it's good horse sense. I was out in the Bitter Root Valley some years ago and Chief-Joseph and a band of Nez Perce bucks came over the Lo Lo trail on a raid. I built a sod fort with one hundred and sixty holes in the wall, one bob for each, and the Indians thought there were one hundred and sixty times I shoved my bald spot through those holes in the wall one bob for each, and the Indians thought there were one hundred and sixty men in that ca rich the world, benefit man, and please God.

Connecticut's handsome young vice-president will now wag his chin for our edification.

130 CAROLINE STRERT, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Aug. '06.
DEAR UNGLE CHARLIE:
I have been a silent reader of Comfort for the
past five years, and find a great deal of interest and
pleasure in the cousins' letters, also in your witty
replies.

past five years, and find a great deal of interest and pleasure in the cousins' letters, also in your witty replies.

I am eighteen years of age, five feet two inchestall, have dark hair and gray eyes. I live in Bridgeport, one of the finest cities in Connecticut. Letters from everywhere have taken up a great deal of my time lately. On my being appointed Vice-president of the Connecticut League, I received over five hundred letters of congratulation, and I sincerely appreciate their unbounded tokens of love, and if I had as much leisure time as a United States Senator, I would employ a type-writer, and for the next four months I would do nothing but dictate letters.

I will now give you a few facts concerning the city of Bridgeport, which I have been requested to do by some of the cousins. Bridgeport has a population of about ninety thousand, and is the most rapidly-growing city in New England. New building construction last year was over one million three hundred thousand dollars. This year will exceed two million dollars, one half of which will be in factory enlargements. Has a grand list of sixty-eight million dollars.

Bridgeport is the largest city in Western Connecticut. Second largest in the state, and has eleven miles of water front dredged, two steamboat lines, fine trolley and train service, a custom house with domestic commerce aggregating one hundred thousand dollars, is the county seat, has over three million dollars in municipal property, splendid school facilities, two hospitals, and a state armory.

Bridgeport has a larger proportion of skilled labor than any other city in the country, and is the

bundred thousand dollars, is the county seat, has over three million dollars in municipal property, splendid school facilities, two hospitals, and a state armory.

Bridgeport has a larger proportion of skilled labor than any other city in the country, and is the center of gun and ammunition manufacture, automobiles, graphophones, silverware, cutlery, electrical supplies, corsets, milling machines, heavy casting, forgings, and the home of the Lake Submarine boat.

The annual pay-roll of Bridgeport's industries is between ten and eleven million dollars, according to the U.S. Bureau statistics.

The deposits in the National banks show six million six hundred and fifty miles of streets, savings bank, sixteen million dollars.

Bridgeport has one hundred and fifty miles of streets, seventy-three of which are macadamized and ten permanently paved, five National, five savings banks, one Trust Company, two banks with state charters, waterworks with reservoirs having a storage capacity of three billion two hundred gallons of water, forty-five churches, thirty-three public schools, a High School, a training school, seven private and parochial schools, the greatest circulating library in the state, good hotels, a million-dollar railroad station, splendid stores, a paid fire department, two theaters, elevated railroad tracks, and is but one hour and fitteen minutes from New York, and twenty-five minutes from New Haven.

Bridgeport is often called the Park City on account of its extensive park system. Seaside Park, on Long Island Sound, being one of the finest in the country.

Thanking the cousins again for their kind tokens of love I remain, Your loving nephew,

George, you have a very high opinion of Bridgeport, and so have I. It was on the stage.

George, you have a very high opinion of Bridgeport, and so have I. It was on the stage of your opera house that I first faced an audiof your opera house that I first faced an audience in a professional capacity, and as a memento of that occasion I have a half of a decayed egg embedded in my left eye, and an ossified cabbage and half a brick in my phonograph tube. Every time I cough the brick pokes half way out between my teeth and says "Cuckoo;" but before the doctors can grab it, it bobs back under the tonsorial region of the appendicitis. I was appearing in Romeo and Giblets, I was playing the latter part, the Giblets, with great fervor and intense dramatic power, when the Bridgeport audience said "Skiddoo, 23 for yours!" and then I got mine, and I'm still holding the souvenirs of Bridgeport's appreciation in my left optic. You say (CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.) (CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



WILLIAM T. HARRIS AND FAMILY, BACKUS, W. VA.

though my mother told me I could howl better than any kid she ever struck and she struck often. I was engaged to a Miss Ball once, and I went to her father and tried to play Ball, but he wouldn't stand for my game. I'll stop or

I'll get all balled up.
I should like to see your twin sisters. I have a twin brother but he's three years older than me. Well, ta, ta, Lena, and mind you're kind to the blind tigers.

A little boy from far Oregon will hop into our middle regions, and tell us all about hop culture.

PARKERS, OREGON, Sept. 22, 1906.

Parkers, Oregon, Sept. 22, 1906.

Dear Uncle Charlie:

I live in the Northwestern part of Oregon, in the Willamette valley. There are a great many hop fields in this part of the country. I am just fourteen, but I make quite a lot of money during the hop season. This Spring, I made about fifty-five dollars, by tying strings, training, and cutting suckers, and I expect to make about thirty-five dollars in hop picking.

In tying strings, a person has a large bunch of strings about nine feet long wound around them. They tie a string on a trellis wire, then they walk to the next hill of hops and tie another string, and so on until the field is tied. Where I worked there were two wires to every row of hops. Each person ties strings on two wires, then they take off what is left of the bunch of strings, and tie down the strings that they tied to the wires, two strings go to each hill of hops. Then the trainers come along after the strings are all tied, and train up the four best young hop vines at each hill, up the two strings which are at every hill. Then the sucker cutters come along and cut off the remaining vines. The hopmen are going to pay fifty cents for picking nine bushels of hops this year.

Please tell the cousins to write to me as I will answer every letter. Comfort is the best paper going, and the best part of it is the Cousins' League.

Ernest, your disquisition on hop culture is

Ernest, your disquisition on hop culture is lucid and exquisite, and you certainly have caught us all on the hop this time. But, my dear boy, with my usual lack of perspicacity I've when they're blind.

I don't wear a wig, Lena—I let Rockefeller do those foolish things, but not for this chicken.

I don't want a lot of dead men's feathers of dollars to raise and cultivate hops. Now,

can be obtained only by observing the daily doings of ordinary life, and the people who are the actors in events of constant occurrence. The eye is the prime teacher. Open it and keep it open. Look, examine, ask questions, and do not be ashamed to

examine, ask questions, and do not be ashamed to ask.

There is sure to come a time when those who have neglected self-culture in early life, will see the great mistake they have made, and regret it when perhaps it is too late. Although they are conscious of their own defects, their ignorance and sad lack of education, they have not time and opportunity to apply the remedy. You should therefore make the most of your advantages while you have them. Very bright minds may remain in eclipse for want of cultivation. The diamond is not allowed to continue in its rough state, it must be cut and polished. Gold must be separated from rude ore, it is of small account until this is done.

Cicero says: "Cultivation to the mind is as

Gold must be separated from rude ore, it is of small account until this is done.

Cicero says: "Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food to the body. Soil uncultivated may produce the most luxuriant weeds, yet only weeds, it must be plowed, hoed, harrowed before it will produce good fruit."

Chesterfield said: "I am very sure that any man of common understanding may by culture, care, attention and labor, make himself whatever he pleases except a great poet."

This is only a part of the testimony that is given by the minds of all ages, affirming that close application and rigorous discipline are essential to the highest attainment, and the most brilliant success. I will now close with the best wishes to Uncle Charlie and the cousins. Lovingly yours,

ETHEL E. LONG (No. 1,294).

Bravo, Ethel, you're a real smart girl, and I wish more of you girls would write as you have done, but the trouble is when you tackle a subdone, but the trouble is when you tackle a subject like self-culture, you give us extracts from books and printed essays, and that isn't what we want. George Kam's impressions of Bridgeport would be worth having, but copying pages of statistics from guidebooks makes one yawn. Cultivate self-culture and give us your own ideas about it, and let Cicero and Lord Chesterfield skiddoo. I never thought much of Cicero anyway. He ran a chink laundry in our burg, and spoiled the only collar I ever had. Lord Chesterfield was an aunt of mine, and as for self-culture, I don't think he could have cultivated a three-inch squash in a ten-acre field. I'm the only man that ever had any distinctly

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Arthur Leighton, rector of St Marks, is in love with Anna Ruthven. He re-reads a letter, received the day before from I hornton Hastings, his college classmate, and opens to the second page. He will spend the summer at Saratoga, where Mrs Julia Moredith takes her nice, Miss Anna Ruthven. He's expected to fail in love and marry her, but he has presentiments that Arthur is interested in Anna Ruthven and he promises Arthur Leighton determines the matter-shall beromises that Arthur is interested in Anna Ruthven and he promises Arthur Leighton determines the matter-shall be removed the fore Anna leaves Hanover with Mrs. Meredith He writes a letter, asking her to be his wife. Mrs. Julia Meredith arrives at the farmhouse. She and Anna go down, to the Glen. Cunningly the aunt talks; she hopes to see her well settled in life. Whatever she leaves at her death goes to Anna and she expects her to make a brilliant match. There is no one in Hanover whom she, as a Ruthven, would care to marry, and as she asks the question, the rector comes around a rock where they are sitting. Previous to this he calls at the farmhouse to leave a book for Anna, and slips the letter into it, and trusts to faithful Esther, who takes it to Anna's room. Mrs. Meredith assisted sheaf father, not to let her throw herseif away, and Anna little suspects how near she has been to the great happiness she hopes for, or dreams how fervently Arthur Leighton prays that night that God will grant him the priceless gift of Anna Ruthven's love. The following Sunday the rector listens to Anna Ruthven, as she sings, "Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord," and he cannot think she means to darken his life. The Hethertons, with Dr. Bellamy, arrive late at church Anna Ruthven is Introduced to Fanny Hetherton and Lucy Harcourt, the latter telling Colonel Hetherton how she had net Mr. Leighton among the Alps, and afterward had traveled with him until the party returned to be there. If his answer to her letter does not come how the she had

CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

UT why did she refuse him?" he wished to know and are wished to know, and ere he slept he had resolved to study Anna Ruthven closely and ascertain, if possible, the motive which prompted her to discard a man like Arthur Leignton.

The next day brought the Hetherton party, all but Lucy Harcourt, who, Fanny laughingly said, was just now suffering from clergyman on the brain, and, as a certain cure for the disease, had turned my Lady Bountiful and was playing the pretty patroness to all Mr. Leighton's parishioners, especially a Widow Hobbs, whom she had actually taken to ride in the carriage, and to whose ragged children such had sent a bundle of cast-off party dresses; and the tears ran down Fanny's cheeks as she described the appearance of the elder Hobbs, who came to church with a soiled pink skirt, her black, tattered petticoat hanging down below, and one of Lucy's opera hoods upon her head.

"And the clergyman on the brain? Does he appreciate the situation? I have an interest there. He is an old friend of mine," Thornton Hastings asked.

He had been an amused listener to Fanny's The next day brought the Hetherton

Thornton Hastings asked.

He had been an amused listener to Fanny's gay badinage, laughing merrily at the idea of Lucy's taking old women out to dir and clothing her children in party dresses. His opinion of Lucy, as she said, was that she was a pretty, but frivolous plaything, and it showed upon his face as he asked the question that he did, watching Anna furtively as Fanny replied:

"Oh, yes, he is certainly smitten, and I must say that I never saw Lucy so thoroughly in earnest. Why, she really seems to enjoy traveling all over Christendom to find the hovels and huts, though she is mortally afraid of the smallpox, and always carries with her a bit of chloride of lime as a disinfecting agent. I am sure

lime as a disinfecting agent. I am sure she ought to win the parson. And so you know him, do you?"

Yes, we were in college together, and I esteem him so highly that, had I a sister, there is no man living to whom I would so readily give her as to him."

readily give her as to him."

He was looking now at Anna, whose face was very pale, and who pressed a rose she held so tightly that the sharp thorns pierced her flesh, and a drop of blood stained the whiteness of her hand.
"See, you have hurt yourself," Mr. Hastings said. "Come to the water pitcher and wash the stain away."

She went with him mechanically, and let him hold her hand in his while he wiped off the blood with his own handkerchief, treating her with a tenderness for which

off the blood with his own handkerchief, treating her with a tenderness for which he could hardly account himself. He pitied her, he said, suspecting that she had repented of her rashness, and because he pitied her he asked her to ride with him that day after the fast bays, of which he had written to Arthur. Many admiring eyes were cast after them as they drove away, and Mrs. Hetherton whispered softly to Mrs. Meredith:

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

said in his praise might influence her to reconsider her decision and give him a different answer. The was the second day aftern answer the profession who bidding him good night, went on bringing the usual routine of life at Newport, the drives, the rides, the pleasant plazza talks, and the quiet moon-light rambles, when Anna was always his companion. Thornton Hastings came to feerthur Leighthon, the beautiful girl who pleased him better than anyone he had known.

Mrs. Meredith's plans were working well, and so, though the autumn days had come, and one after another the devotees of fashion were dropping off, she lingered on the second with Anna Ruthven, until there came a night when they wandered farther than usual from the hotel, and sat down together on a height of land which overlooked the plated waters, where the monoilight lay softly sleeping. It was a mood in sline to the music of the sea, and then talked of the breaking up which came in a few days when the hotel was to be closed, and wondered if next year they would come again to the old haunts and find them unchangedry in the hour, and Thornton felt the spell, speaking out at last, and asking Anna if she would be his wife. He would shield her so tonderly, he said, protecting her from every care, and making her as happy as love and more word to the presence to make it a paradise, and then he waited for her answer, watching anxiously the limp, white hand, which, when he first began to talk had fallen so helplessly on her lan, and then had creptly on her lan, and then had c

rest of her life, she said, assuming such a sober, nun-like air, that no one that saw her could fail to laugh, it was so at variance with her entire nature.

But Lucy was in earnest; Hanover had a greater attraction for her than all the watering places in the world, and she meant to stay there facility very greateful when

greater attraction for her than all the watering places in the world, and she meant to stay there, feeling very grateful when Fanny threw her influence on her side, and so turned the scale in her favor. Fanny was glad to leave her dangerous cousin at home, especially after Dr. Bellamy decided to join her party at Saratoga, and, as she carried great weight with both her parents, it was finally decided to let Lucy remain at Prospect Hill in peace, and so one morning in July she saw the family depart to their summer gayety without a single feeling of regret that she was not one of their number. She had too much on her hands to spend her time in regretting anything. There was the parish school to visit, and a class of children to hear—children who were no longer ragged, for Lucy's money had been poured out like water, till even Arthur had remonstrated with her and read her a long lecture on misplaced charity. Then, there was Widow Hobbs, waiting for the jelly that Lucy had promised, and for the chapter that Lucy read to her, sitting where she could watch the road, and see just who turned the corner, her voice always sounding a little more serious and good when the footsteps belonged to Arthur Leighton, and her eyes, always glancing at the bit of cracked mirror on the wall, to see

Just who turned the corner, her voice always sounding a little more serious and good when the footsteps belonged to Arthur Leighton, and her eyes, always glancing at the bit of cracked mirror on the wall, to see that her dress and hair and ribbons were right before Arthur came in.

It was a very pretty sight to see her there and hear her as she read to the poor woman, whose surroundings she had so greatly improved, and Arthur always smiled gratefully on her, and then walked back with her to Prospect Hill, where he sometimes lingered while she played or talked to him, or brought the luscious fruits with which the garden abounded.

This was Lucy's life, the one that she preferred to Saratoga, and they left her to enjoy it, somewhat to Arthur's discomfiture, for, much as he valued her society, he would a little rather she had gone when the Hethertons had gone, for he could not be insensible to the remarks which were being made by the curious villagers, who watched this new firtation, as they called it, and wondered if their minister had forgotten Anna, and many a time was her beloved name on his lips, and a thought of her in his heart, while he never returned from an interview with Lucy that he did not contrast the two and sigh for the olden time, when Anna was his co-worker instead of pretty Lucy Harcourt. And yet there was about the latter a powerful fascination, which he found it hard to resist. It rested him just to look at her, she was so fresh, so bright, so beautiful, and then she flattered his self-love by the unbounded deference she paid to his opinions, studying all his tastes and bringing her own will into perfect subjection to his until she could secrectly be said so beautiful, and then she flattered his self-love by the unbounded deference she paid to his opinions, studying all his tastes and bringing her own will into perfect subjection to his, until she could scarcely be said to have a thought or feeling which was not a reflection of his own. And so the flirtation, which at first had been a one-sided affair, began to assume a more serious form; the rector went oftener to Prospect Hill, while the carriage from Prospect Hill stood daily at the gate of the rectory, and people said that it was a settled thing, or ought to be, gossiping about it until old Captain Humphreys, Anna's grandfather, conceived it his duty as senior warden of St. Mark's, to talk with the young rector and know "what his intentions were."

"You have none?" he said, fixing his mild eyes reproachfully upon his clergyman, who winced a little beneath the gaze. "Then if you have no intentions, my advice to you is, that you quit it and let the gal alone, or you will ruin her, if she ain't sp'ilt already, as some of the women folks say that she is. It don't do any gal any good to have a chap, and 'specially a minister, gallyvanting after her, as I must say you've been after this one for the last few weeks. She's a pretty little creature, and I don't blame you for liking her. It makes my old blood stir faster when she comes purring around me

pretty little creature, and I don't blame you for liking her. It makes my old blood stir faster when she comes purring around me with her soft ways and winsome face, and so I don't wonder at you; but when you say that you have no intentions, I blame you greatly. You orter have—excuse my plainness. I'm an old man who likes my minister and don't want him to go wrong, and then I feel for her, left alone by all her folks—more's the shame to them, and more's the harm for you to tangle up her affections, as you are doing, if you are not in earnest; and I speak for her just as I should want some one to speak for Anna."

The old man's voice trembled a little here,

The old man's voice trembled a little here, for it had been a wish of his that Anna should occupy the rectory, and he had at first felt a little resentful against the gay young creature who seemed to have supplanted her, but he was over that now, and in all honesty of heart he spoke both for Lucy's interest and that of the clergyman. And Arthur listened to him respectfully, feeling when he was gone that he meritad The old man's voice trembled a little here And Arthur listened to him respectfully, feeling, when he was gone, that he merited the rebuke, that he had not been guiltless in the matter, that if he did not intend to marry Lucy Harcourt he must let her alone.

And he would, he said; he would not go

And he would, he said; he would not go to Prospect Hill again for two whole weeks, nor visit at the cottages where he was sure to find her. He would keep himself at home; and he did, shutting himself up amid his books, and not even making a pastoral call on Lucy when he heard that she was sick. And so Lucy came to him, looking dangerously charming in her green riding-habit with the scarlet feather sweeping habit, with the scarlet feather sweeping from her hat. Very prettily she pouted, too, chiding him for his neglect, and asking why he had not been to see her, nor anybody. There was the Widow Hobbs, and Mrs. Briggs, and those miserable Donelsons—he had not been near them for a fortnight. What was the reason, she asked, beating her foot upon the carpet, and tapping the end of her riding-whip upon the sermon he was writing.

"Are you displeased with me, Arthur?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

If You Receive this Number of COMFORT As a SAMPLE COPY

It is sent with the compliments of the Editor, for this month only, hoping you will read it and like it so well that you will send in your 15c. subscription and thus be able to continue reading the many interesting stories and departments for 12 months. There is no paper published anywhere that contains so many good things for such a small amount of money as COMFORT and you cannot afford to be without it. Subscribe today while it is only 15c. per year. If you are already a subscriber, be sure and renew for another year now, and get a new subscriber, as the price will advance to 25 cents per year very soon.

forehead, when she started away from him, exclaiming:

"No, Mr. Hastings, you must not do that! I can not be your wife. It hurts me to tell you so, for I believe you are sincere in your proposal; but it can never be. Forgive me, and let us both forget this wretched summer."

"It has not been wretched to me. It has been a very happy summer, since I knew you at least," Mr. Hastings said, and then he asked again that she should reconsider her decision. He could not take it as a final one. He had loved her too much, had thought too much of making her his own to give her up so easily, he said, urging so many reasons why she should think again, that Anna said to him at last:

"The deuce he is," was Thornton's ejaculation, and then he read on.

"The deuce he is," was Thornton's ejaculation, and then he read on.

"She is an acquaintance of yours, I believe, so I need not describe her, except to say that she is somewhat changed from the gay butterfly of fashion that she used to be, and in time will make as demure a little Quakeress as one could wish to see. She visits constantly among my poor, who love her nearly as well as they once loved Anna Ruthven.

"Don't ask me Thorne, in your blunt, straightforward manner if I have so soon forgotten Anna. That is a matter with which you have nothing to do. Let it suffice that I am engaged to another, and mean to make a kind and faithful husband that Anna said to him at last:

"If you would rather have it so, I will wait a month, but you must not hope that my answer will be different from what it is tonight. I want your friendship, though, the same as if this had never happened. I like you, Mr. Hastings, because you have been kind to me, and made my stay in Newport so much pleasanter than I thought it could be. You have not talked to me like other men. You have treated is tonight. to me like other men. You have treated me as if I, at least, had common sense. I thank you for that; and I like you be-

She did not finish the sentence, for she sne did not mish the sentence, for sne could not say "because you are Arthur's friend." That would have betrayed the miserable secret tugging at her heart and prompting her to refuse Thornton Hastings, who had also thought of Arthur Leighton, wondering if it were thus that led her, he said, suspecting that she had repented of her rashness, and because he pitled her he asked her to ride with him that day after the fast bays, of which he had written to Arthur. Many admiring eyes were cast after them as they drove away, and Mrs. Hetherton whispered softly to Mrs. Meredith:

"A match in progress, I see. You have done well for your charming niece."

And yet matrimony as concerned himelf, was very far from Thornton Hastinself, was very far from Thornton Hastinself, was very far from Thornton Hastinself, was weak that it pleased Anna to have him do so, he talked to her of Arthur, hoping in his unselfish heart that what he

der, as he bent over her and her hand.

"Yes, very much," she replied, and, emboldened by her reply, Thornton lifted up her head, and was about to kiss her forehead, when she started away from him, exclaiming:

"No, Mr. Hastings, you must not do that! I can not be your wife. It hurts me to tell you so, for I believe you are sincere to tell you so, for I believe you are sincere be. I need not describe her, except to say that she is somewhat changed from the gay butterfly of fashion that she used to be, and in time will make as demure a consecutive among my poor, who

suffice that I am engaged to another, and mean to make a kind and faithful husband to her. Lucy would have suited you better perhaps than she does me; that is, the world would think so, but the world does not always know, and if I am satisfied, surely it ought to be. Yours truly,

"A. Leighton."

"Engaged to Lucy Harcourt; I never could have believed it. He's right in saying that she is far more suitable for me than for him!" Thornton exclaimed, dashing aside the letter and feeling conscious of a pang as he remembered the bright, airy little beauty in whom he had once been strongly interested, even if he did call her frivolous and ridicule her childish ways.

She was frivolous, too much so by far to be a clergyman's wife, and for a full half hour Thornton paced up and down the room, meditating on Arthur's choice and

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Bridgeport has a grand list of sixty-eight million dollars. It seems to me that's a lot of money to pay for a list of anything. What kind of a list is it that costs all that money? I had a seventeen-cent laundry list once, and I've still got it framed, for it was the only one I ever had. A wealthy uncle died and left me a full dress evening shirt, and I had it ostracized at the laundry, and they rendered me a weekly bill for seven years, but I never had the price to get the shirt, until one day I found a quarter, I mean twenty-five cents, and I rushed to the laundry with throbbing heart to get my shirt, for which I'd waited seven years, and when I got there I'll dad binged if the darned place hadn't burned down. George, you must explain the mystery of that list. Also tell us about your circulating library. Who pushes it round? What's the good of having a circulating library? When you go down town to get a book you find the darned library has circulated itself the other side of the state, and you have to chase all over creation in the middle of a story, to get the second volume, to find out whether Imogene married the rich man with the glass eye, or gave him the mitt and froze to Archibald Montague, the poor young man with the Greek God face and rubber conscience. No siree, I want a library that stands still, none of your circulating libraries for me. Bridgeport has eleven miles of water front. That seems to be a pretty good front for any city to put up. Bridgeport has two steamboat lines. George fishes with one line, and hangs his clothes on the other. Bridgeport has one hundred and fifty miles of streets, seventy-three of which are macadamized, we'd like to know what's doing on these other streets, Toby says they are probably paved with corsets and graphaphones, and most likely they're paved with big holes and plain ditt. Never mind, George, Bridgeport is all right and so are you. right and so are you.

Here is a lovely letter from an Iowa lassie.

GERMANIA, IA., July 29, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my membership card and button all
O. K., and will now thank you for them. They are
just fine, and I think if those simple little rules
were only compiled with this whole world would
be better off; for, my dear Uncle, I do believe our
happy family covers a great share of this large
globe.

happy family covers a great share of this large globe.

I suppose you have forgotten all about little me, as you have such a grand, large family. I am a little girl from Northern Iowa. I have brown hair and eyes, light complexion, five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and am sweet sixteen.

I put in three months last spring at Tilford's Academy, at Vinton, Ia., about 180 miles southeast of here. It is a lovely country and a good school. I live in a beautiful part of lowa, with my father and sister, as my mother died almost five years ago. We live on a large farm about half way between the prosperous little towns of Germania and Buffalo Center, or Bison Middle, as it is sometimes called, which are about ten miles apart. They are both thriving little towns.

Buffalo Center has a brick and tile factory, a cigar factory, four large elevators, one flour mill, two lumber-yards, one electric plant, a park and several stores, etc.

Our farm is just nicely rolling. We have all kinds

lumber-yards, one electric plant, a park and several stores, etc.

Our farm is just nicely rolling. We have all kinds of fruit and more than we can use. We have a very large plum crop this season, but apples are not as plentiful as other years.

The crops are fine and prosperous-looking here and will yield well if nothing destroys them. You can raise almost anything here you can think of except flies, and you don't have to stop to raise them, they just grow. If you have none in Maine, I will send you some.

The weather is lovely, the winters are mild, while the summers are very seldom sultry.

We have lots of stock to take care of, and my sister and I have about four hundred little chicks, which keep us busy.

Haying is over here and harvesting is the rule nowadays.

nowadays.

As I was never gifted with a brother, I am compelled to help in the field a great deal. But, Uncle, don't be discouraged by that, for I can also keep house. Hoping to hear from all the cousins, I am your affectionate niece,

LOLA SMITH.

house. Hoping to hear from all the cousins, I am your affectionate niece,

Yes, Lola, if our rules were complied with this world would be a better world, but few of the cousins keep the rules. We have quite a family, Lola, and it keeps me hustling to look after it, and my large family doesn't help me much. When I ask my boys and girls to do some simple little thing they all try and do it just the opposite way to what I want it done. Lola, if you will sit in my lap awhile I'd like to ask you about that farm of yours. You say your farm is rolling. How in thunder can you work a farm if it's rolling? Do you sleep on that rolling farm and if so, how ever do you manage to keep in bed with the farm constantly revolving? What with circulating libraries and rolling farms I should think the whole country was going crazy. Lola says shown keep house, but I doubt it. Who could keep house on a farm that was nicely rolling? Lola says that they can raise anything in her section and I don't wonder at it, for a country that couldn't raise things with four elevators in the middle of it, must be on the bumsky. I'm sorry you have to work in the fields, Lola, unless it is for exercise and amusement. Field labor for women is un-American, it's a man's work.

Buzz-z-z-z! Hello, Uncle Charlie, can I butter.

Buzz-z-z! Hello, Uncle Charlie, can I butt

Why, cert, little girl, always glad to hear from the Hellos!

IPAVA, ILL., August 3, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Will you admit a cousin from Illinois into your happy circle? I received my League button and membership card some time ago, and thank you very much for them.

I am inst eight account.

membership card some time ago, and thank you very much for them.

I am just eighteen years old, am five feet and three inches tall, weigh about one hundred and eighteen pounds, have black hair and black eyes.

I love books, flowers and music, but as I am a telephone operator, I don't get much time to enjoy such pleasures. I have one sister and five brothers, but there are only myself and two younger brothers living at home just at present.

We live out in the country. My father is a blacksmith, two of my brothers are farmers; my oldest brother is working in Kansas at the present. My home is near the western part of Illinois in ten miles of the Illinois river.

Agriculture and stock-raising are the chief occupation of the people. Wheat, oats, corn and rye are the principal grains, and fruits of nearly all kinds are raised in abundance in this part of the country. There is a good deal of coal mined in this section also. We have hot summers and cold winters, but this summer was unusually cool, until in the last three or four weeks. Everything is suffering for the need of rain just now because it is so dry and hot.

Uncle Charlie, I wish you would send some of the

boat show on the river tomorrow night. The name of it is "The Sunny South." Uncle, bring all the cousins and go. We'd sure have a fine time if we didn't sink the boat. All the cousins please write to me. I will answer all I possibly can.

Lovingly your niece, FANNY BLAIR.

of it is "The Sanny South." Uncle, bring all the cousins and go. We'd sure have a fine time if we didn't sink the boat. All the cousins please write to me. I will answer all I possibly can.

Fanny, I've been just dying for months to tell you that I had a phone installed in my hencoop last week, and oh, what a time I had with that old phone. But alas, I have the phone no longer. It lasted just one day, and then the phone folks decided a phone wasn't a good thing for me to have around, and so they cut it out; but gee! while it lasted things were doing. The phone man, after he'd put the business in in good shape, said, "Now, Uncle Charlie, you can call up the fire department, the hospital ambulances, the police and central as often as you like and it won't cost anything." I waited until evening came and then I called up the fire department and said, "Say, Chief, we've got a fire up here." "All right, we'll be up in three seconds." Then every old fire bell from Maine to New Orleans began to bang, and soon there were three thousand wild-eyed people, seventeen fire engines, twenty-four hose carts, three chemical engines, four hook and ladder crews palpitating out-side our massion. It was magnificent. I popped my bald head out of the window and said, "Thank you, gentlement, thank you; your promptness is remarkable, your efficiency marvelous. I'm delighted at the entertainment you've given me, good night." There was a yell from the assembled multitude. "Where's the fire?" "Fire, why, in the stove of course, where the blazes do you think it would be?" Then a yell of anger went up from the multitude. "Uncle Charlie." said the fire chief, "this will cost you dear!" "It won't cost me a red cent, Mr. Chief," said I. "The phone man said I could call you up whenever I wanted to, and it wouldn't cost a cent. If you want to collect anything go to the telephone company." With a shriek of execration the multitude moved away.

In ten minutes more I rang up every ambulance in the city and had 'em all ranged under my window. "Uncle

Here's a letter from a brave cheery shut-in, who laughs and works, though his back is

winters, but this summer was unusually cool, until in the last three or four weeks. Everything is suffering for the need of rain just now because it is so dry and hot.

Uncle Charlie, I wish you would send some of the lousins over to help me as I am kept busy at the witch most of the time. I enjoy being a "Hello tirl," but it is tiresome sometimes during this warm weather.

How are Toby and Maria? There is going to be a Household in the lous of the time. I enjoy being a "Hello tirl," but it is tiresome sometimes during this warm weather.

How are Toby and Maria? There is going to be a Household in the lous of the time. I enjoy being a "Hello tirl," but it is tiresome sometimes during this warm weather.

How are Toby and Maria? There is going to be a Household in the last three or four weeks. Even Billy won't eat a magazine or newspaper more than two years old.



No More **Cold Rooms**

If you only knew how much comfort can be derived from a PERFECTION Oil Heater—how simple and economical its operation, you would not be without it another day

You can quickly make warm and cozy any cold room or hallway—no matter in what part of the house. You can heat water, and do many other things with the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

Turn the wick as high or low as you can—there's no danger. Carry heater from room to room. All parts easily cleaned. Gives intense heat without smoke or smell because equipped with smoke-

Made in two finishes—nickel and japan. Brass oil fount beautifully embossed. Holds 4 quarts of oil and burns 9 hours. Every heater warranted. If you cannot get heater or information from your dealer, write to nearest agency for descriptive circular.

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and steady light, simple construction and absolute safety.

Equipped with latest improved burner. Made of

brass throughout and nickel plated. An ornament to any room whether library, dining-room, parlor or bed-room. Every lamp warranted. Write to nearest agency if not at your dealer's.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY



Here's a letter from a brave cheery shut-in, on the ossified papers. Freed them were a letter from a brave broken makes and works, though his back is broken and the stress of the stres ginia Lovett, R. F. D., 2, Bells, Tenn. Charming girl, lovely writer, shut-in. Write her, please. Wants letters, postals and cheer. William J. Sleighter, Alcove, Albany Co., N. Y. William is a terrible sufferer, hasn't been able to lie down for two years. Has two children (boys, 9 and 5,) is helpless and destitute. All need clothing and assistance. William Wiley, Jap., West Va. Head nearly drawn into lap from rheumatism, wants to undergo an operation, has no means. Writes fine letter. Here's a case that needs your love and cheer. John Gordon, Home of Industry, Perth, Ont., Can.

Mrs. Harris. I want to thank you, in behalf of the Compour League of Cousins and its six million readers, for your magnificent and samily. You are a heroine, and easily You are a heroine, and can be seen in history with Joan of Arc, Grace of the Seen place of the country of t

How to become a Member
In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance Comfort subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join Comfort's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership card engrossed with your own name and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be (CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

the chain prayer on: to quote from a recent paper, "Bishop Lawrence of Boston never wrote it and knows nothing about; it is the work of some demented or mischievous person. Inquiries concerning the chain prayer, and comments on it, which have been received by Bishop Lawrence, and by church and secular papers indicate that the fears of many ignorant and superstitious persons have been so worried up by the mention of "dreadful accident" as the penalty for failing to comply with the conditions of the scheme. that they have not only aided in the spread of the prayer, but have felt great terror lest they might meet with misfortune. The affair has become such a nuisance that the Bishop concluded that it could be only stopped by giving the widest publicity to his official denial." I, like many others no doubt, have received several of these letters, and when I saw the above article I thought I would let you all read it. In my last mail I received two, and they have been coming for some weeks past.

Mrs. Hall. I trust you heard from Mrs. Griffits regarding her rupture cure. Mrs. Hall gives metwo very valuable helps which I wish you all to benefit by. When bitten by a poisonous animal or insect apply a cloth that has been dipped in turpentine and sprinkled over with sugar; it removes the danger of blood poison. When burned severely, whip the white of an egg and apply. Thank you, Mrs. Hall, come again.

Mrs. Linden. Find recipes requested in another column. I am giving mock cherry pie, which I am sure has been in twice this past year. Why do you not cut out these true and tried recipes?

Mrs. Linden has sent me her catsup recipe, also a tried way to put up blackberries, which I am going to keep if she will allow me, and give them to you next summer in time for the canning season. I am afraid if I send them in now, you would all lose them before you needed them, so I am saving them for you.

lose them before you needed them for you.

Our dear little Cincinnati friend has sent me a a beautiful gift, a linen handkerchief. I wish you could see it, such lovely drawnwork, and handsome lace edge, all her own work, too. Thank you very, very much, Mrs. L. I am sending the only

some lace edge, all her own work, too. Thank you very, very much, Mrs. L. I am sending the only Goulash recipe I have.

Mrs. Hattie Cowen. I thank you very much for the beautiful postal, but I cannot exchange. I should be obliged to have the pocket of a Vanderbilt, as I receive so many. The name of your town brings back recollections of Burlington, Iowa (which is not far from you.) way back in the days when Burlington had no bridge across the "Father of Waters."

Mrs. Turner. I have not the runture cure: write

f Waters."
Mrs. Turner. I have not the rupture cure; write
Mrs. B. F. Griffitts, Beaverton, Oregon, inclos-

to Mrs. B. F. Griffitts, Beaverton, Oregon, inclosing stamped directed envelope.

Miss Gilpin. Card received, thanks, but I cannot reciprocate. I will send in recipes for "Fricandelles" and "left overs" next month. I am afraid the publisher will say "ring off, J. A. D." I have so many this month. "American Goulash" has been sent in by Mrs. Linden since beginning this letter, that also will appear next month, watch out for it, it is fine, like all Mrs. Linden's recipes.

H. O. Stiles. Have you tried washing the overalls in wood alcohol, or gasoline?

Mrs. J. L. Robbins. Write to Keuffel and Esser, New York City, for information regarding making

alls in wood alconor, or knowledge.

Mrs. J. L. Robbins. Write to Keuffel and Esser,
New York City, for information regarding making
tracing paper.

Mrs. Mary Larkins. Find requested recipes in
another column. Why can sweet potatoes? Did
you ever see any? They are so delicious in their
natural state. There may be some way of doing
them up, but I never heard of it. Please let us
know.

Miss Van Welden. Find pickled red cabbage recipe in another column. When yours is ready please let me know, as I have a weakness for it. It is fine, freshened and cooked like fresh cabbage; make a sauce of drawn butter, and pour over it after cooking.

Sister Nellie Rogers. Shake. I certainly hope our Eastern Start neonle will respond to your and

Sister Nelle Rogers. Shake. I certainly nope our Eastern Star people will respond to your appeal. I will endeavor to in the near future.

Mandy Smith. God bless you; pity there were not more like you in this world, how much better it would be, "seventeen children and all living," who can beat that in our corner? I, too, lived in

who can be that in our corner: I, too, fived in St. Louis once upon a time. Are you a member of the Eastern Star?

Mrs. Amanda Whitney. Your letter was certainly amusing, poor little Mary. I have seen and met that fragrant little animal. I think I shall have to come down and spend the winter with you,

aall I? Mrs. Koons. Bless the children. I see you are Mrs. Koons. Bless the Children. I see you are teaching them to work and help "Mamma."

Mrs. Remington, Mrs. Kellogg. Do come again both of you, your ideas are fine regarding children, such mothers will rear grand men and women.

Miss Handy. We are neighbors, did you know it? Those handkerchief cases must be dainty and

such mothers will rear grand men and women.

Miss Handy. We are neighbors, did you know
it? Those handkerchief cases must be dainty and
neat, and not costly.

Mrs. Smith, Tyler Co., Va. Write us through
the corner any time; such letters as yours do us all
good. Mrs. Belle Tracy is just the very dearest
and best woman. Yes, I can rhubarb in cold water
always. So brother Henry calls out "Enough".
You see, brother, we are a numerous family, and
when a request is sent in, it is answered with a
vim. We are good, kind people, and mean well,
but did not intend to smother you with letters;
have you struggled out from under them yet?
Mrs. Trevillion. How handy that footstool
would be to keep one's slippers in. Sit down, pull
up the stool, remove shoes, and there are your
slippers. Thanks, for the suggestion.
So we have a bride among us, hats off, congratulations if it is not too late Mrs. Wahl.
My Dear Christoro. Glad to see you in our corner with so many useful suggestions. Girls and
friends, this little girl would be glad to hear from
some of our band, write her, Miss Christoro Brice,
Brutus, Michigan. Please do not forget the stamp,
and a half dozen if you can afford it. They are
needed. I have not forgotten you.
Mrs. Eva Collier. How are you?
Mrs. Carrie Phelps, Rock Creek, Ohio., would be
glad to hear from some of our readers wishing
fancy cards, etc. Please do not forget stamps, as
Mrs Phelps is an invalid, and a widow with one
dear little baby.
W. G. Marshall, Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Lydia Boosch,
Mrs. Telleson. I have forwarded letters to Mrs.
Griffitts. All of these ladies inclosed ample stamps
etc., for replies, from Mrs. Griffitts and myself, I
trust Mrs. Griffitts will her rupture cure, we should
certainly be very grateful to this little Oregon

trust Mrs. Griffitts will hear from all those sne has and will benefit with her rupture cure, we should certainly be very grateful to this little Oregon woman for what she has done for us and our dear ones, and a stamp is a small thing to let her know we have at least received the remedy. There are so many dear little children suffering with this dread

isease. Mrs. M. Gilpin. Card received, thanks, but I can-ot possibly comply. I have given your address to

Mrs. M. Gilpin. Card received, thanks, but I cannot possibly comply. I have given your address to others who will exchange.

Let me say to J. A. B. and others. Why not make the dear old people blanket wrappers? Buy two pair of woolen blankets, and a kimona pattern, follow directions that come with the pattern, and you will have a warm, soft, comfortable garment for each; then, make, knit, or crochet each a pair of slippers with soft, thick lamb's wool soles. Oh! how warm and cozy they will be, these cold nights and mornings, if they wish to get up in the night, are restless and nervous, cannot sleep, they can slip these on, and let the dear old souls sleep in them if they wish to. These dear ones will soon be laid to rest, let us make them comfortable and happy while we may. I heard a lady say once: "Poor mother always wanted a blanket wrapper, but never felt as though she could afford it;" the mother had gone where she did not need one; that same lady used to make the most beautiful fancy work, and give the poor old mother at Christmastime, wouldn't the wrapper have been more acceptable?

A pair of thick Turkish towels, with wash cloth to match is a nice useful gift to one of our own

able?
A pair of thick Turkish towels, with wash cloth to match is a nice useful gift to one of our own family. Towels can be crocheted, and wash cloths too, for that matter, if one wishes, tie fringe in the ends of the towels, but not in the wash cloth. Let

and making of our gifts; as for me, I am sending Comfort to many, thus giving pleasure all the year through.

Cleopatra. Yours just received, and glad to hear

Cheopatra. Yours just received, and gisted to hear from you again.

Wishing you all a pleasant and joyous Thanksgiving, and that we will meet another year, I am yours lovingly,

J. A. D. (Mrs. Van Dyke,) Orange, Mass.

Don't fall to promptly renew your sub-scription to COMFORT while the present low 13-cent yearly rate is in force. We may be obliged to advance at any time, but if you send 25 cents now, it will pay for and ex-tend your subscription for two years from the time of its expiration.

DEAR SISTERS:

If you have never tried the rhubarb pie plant, you don't know what you have missed as it comes on at a time when everything is scarce, with which to furnish one's table. A few of these plants sown on a rich spot in the garden will afford an abundance of material for all the pies an ordinary-sized family will need, as it will be large enough to use in February and will continue until May. I have a nice lot of the rhubarb seed that I will cheeffully send to any housekeeper free, provided a self-addressed, stamped envelope is sent. Plant the seed at any time in July or August. Send for the seed and have it ready to plant. Mas. Hunt, Palm, Ala. DEAR SISTERS:

Medicinal Wine of Dandelion Flowers

Take three quarts of dandelion flowers, four marts of boiling water and pour over them. Let tand twenty-four hours, then drain off, strain brough cheesecloth and add three lemons sliced, through cheesecioth and add three lemons sliced, three and one half pounds of sugar. Set on the back of the stove until the sugar is melted, then put in a stone jar, cover over and put in a warm place for fourteen days; then strain and put in bottles, but do not cork until fermentation is done, then cork tightly and keep in a dark place.

MES. E. KATZ, 3019 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I have read the paper ever since I can remember, and I am now twenty years old. I am five feet five inches tall, weigh about one hundred and eighteen pounds, have brown eyes and hair, and have been married two years the twentieth day of last March. Mrs. K. S. Heath of Goodwin, Okla. I know you, do I not? Wasn't your name Ida Taylor before you married? If so, please write me, for I would be glad to hear from you, and also others.
I wish some of the sisters would send me samples of drawnwork and also samples of cross-stitch suitable for working dresses or aprons; just a very small piece, just so I can see how it is done is all I care for and I will return the favors in any way possible. I hope I shall get some samples soon for I am very anxious to do some drawnwork at once.

once.

How many of you sisters know that to put camphor gum in a cupboard that it will keep red ants out? Those who are bothered with seed warts try rubbing them three or four times a day with sweet oil until they turn dark and then they will soon discusper.

disappear. Sisters, try this for mending glassware: Take white of an egg and beat lime in it until it is a thick paste. Put it on edges of the dish, tie with string to keep together and set in a shady place for a few days before using or until dry. With best wishes to COMFORT and all the sisters, especially the shut-ins.

the shut-ins.

MRS. GERTIE HAMILTON, Box 54, Willow, R. F. D. 2, Okla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I live in sunny Kansas. Of late we have had some bad storms which destroyed many crops. Kansas is considered a great wheat, corn and fruit

country.

Do the sisters know that if sweet milk is used instead of water for paste, the paper on white-washed walls will stick better? I will close by sending a recipe:

The Secret of Frying Potatoes

The fat must be very hot, if not actually boiling before potatoes are put in; must be dry, for if still damp, will not be crisp. When browned must be taken out and placed on paper before fire to dry; scatter some salt on and serve. Cold potatoes may be sliced and floured thickly before frying in deep fat.

Mrs. Maggie W'nson, Mola, Stafford Co., Kans.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS: Dear Editor and Sistems:
Here comes another sister from the land of sunshine and flowers, and if I am permitted I will join this happy band. What a grand paper Compost is and how I do enjoy reading the sisters' letters!
Many a responsive chord has been touched in my own heart, and my sympathy has gone out to those dear shut-ins.

Dear Sisters, how happy our homes would be if we could only avoid the hasty words; words spoken in anger that can never be recalled; words that sink deep into the heart, and though the wound heals the scar will remain.

deep into the heart, and though the wound heals the scar will remain.

When my cake burns I always use the potato grater to trim the burned off. I find that better than using a knile. Ink stains on white goods can be removed by soaking in water, and then covering the spots with pounded salts of lemon, bleach in sun for half an hour, wash in suds, rinse and dry. I will be pleased to receive letters from any of the sisters.

MRS. O. A. INGRAHAM, El Dorado, Cal.

Letters of Thanks

Letters of Thanks

Dear Comport Readers:
I want to thank you each and all for so kindly responding to the request for cards; they came from most of the states, and one from far-away Vancouver, B. C. Besides these I received many letters, loving sympathetic messages which cheered and helped me much. Even the gift of flowers was not lacking as the lovely violets from Connecticut testify. The editor is to be congratulated on publishing a magazine which brings all its readers into such a close bond of sympathy. How gladly would I write to each one of you, my dear sisters and brothers, too, but as that is impossible, I ask that you each one will consider this a personal letter of thanks for all your kind thought of me. To those who have spoken of their own peculiar sorrow or trouble. I extend my deepest sympathy. How often do I wish I could help all shut-ins, or those in trouble, but what a comfort to know that in Heaven where we will all meet some day the will is recorded as the deed. Let us strive to be patient in all our afflictions, trusting that God knows best and his purpose is in all that comes into our lives.

"He chose this path for thee."

He chose this path for thee. No feeble chance or hard relentless fate, But love, His love hath placed thy footsteps here He knew the way was rough and desolate, Knew how thy heart would often sink with fear Yet how tenderly He whispered, 'Child, I see This path is best for thee.'

"He chose this path for thee.
What needst thou more this sweeter truth to know
That along these strange bewildering ways,
O'er rocky steeps and where dark rivers flow,
His loving arms will bear thee 'all the days';
A few more steps and thou thyself shall see
This path is best for thee."

May Heaven bless you all is the fervent wish o your shut-in sister,
Tinnib Wheeler, Box 557. Berlin, N. H.

be these on, and let the dear old souls sleep in them if they wish to. These dear ones will soon appy while we may. I heard a lady say once: Poor mother always wanted a blanket wrapper, ut never felt as though she could afford it; the other had gone where she did not need one; that matter had gone where she did not need one; that made lady used to make the most beautiful fancy ork, and give the poor old mother at Christmasme, wouldn't the wrapper have been more acceptible?

A pair of thick Turkish towels, with wash cloth of match is a nice useful gift to one of our own milly. Towels can be crocheted, and wash cloths of, for that matter, if one wishes, tie fringe in the nds of the towels, but not in the wash cloth. Let it is used discretion and judgment in the selection. DEAR SISTERS:

Sister Anderson (Texas). Thanks for the pretty, fragrant flowers you sent me. I will keep them as a souvenir of a "lone star" sister. Sister Jane Sonogles of Wisconsin. Accept my

Sister Jane Sonogles of Wisconsin. Accept my thanks and best wishes.

Sister Hattie White. Your letter was a cheery bit of yourself, and I am sure I feel grateful for your brightly expressed good wishes, and recipes. Ada Meeks. Your letter was interesting. I will try to write you a personal letter by and by. I hope you will recover your hearing. But you have much to be thankful for. Many others who possess the five senses would gladly exchange places with you.

Ada Cove. You made me laugh. You must be a

Ada Cove. You made me langh. You must be a happy girl.
I would name you all, but I can't, for it would take lots of space in the sisters' corner.
Wishing you all every blessing, and hoping our "Comfort Sisters" may really be "comforters" to all the sorrowing, I am your friend,
ADA HUDGENS, BOX 80, Ashland City, R. F. D., 1,

Tenn.

My Unknown Friends:

My heartiest thanks to you all. Not the strength nor the time do I possess to write to you all. My stampbox is too empty also, in comparison to the letters. Many thanks also for the canceled stamps, and the other tokens of goodwill. And—last but not least—I thank the editor for so kindly giving my unworthy letters space. Thankfully yours,

EFFIR J. ZWIER, MAXWELL City, N. Mex.

DEAR EDITOR:

I want to return thanks to you and the dear sisters for all your kindness to me. I have tried to answer all; if any have been overlooked please pardon me. I hope I will be answered from time to time with letters and pieces for patchwork.

Now, dear, sisters, one and all, accept my sincere thanks. Wishing you each long life, success and happiness,

MRS. NELLIE NYSSEN, Coldwater, R. F. D., 9, Mich.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

DEAR COMPORT READERS.

I am very grateful to you for your letters and souvenirs, and have tried to return favors, but some of you have neglected to give name and address. I would like to know who sent the petrified wood and where it came from.

The East responded most generously. I would also like mementos of the West, especially Indian

also like mementos of the West, especially Indian relics.

Here in De Kalb, Uncle Sam has just built us one of the finest postoffices this side of Chicago. It's a beautiful building. This is a nice city, and a great manufacturing place for its size. We have a number of different manufacturies here, a shoe factory, a piano factory, and factories for making nails, barbed wire, and woven wire, and other large factories making all kinds of farm implements; and we also have good schools. We have the Northern Illinois State Normal, and it is a fine building, it is built outside of the city, one mile from all saloons, as it is the state law to build state schools that distance. We also have a new Township High School, and four other large school buildings.

schools that distance. We also have a new Township High School, and four other large school buildings.

This part of Illinois is fine farming land. Illinois is my birth state so I think it is a nice place in which to live. MRS. EMMA ROBERTS, 607 Haish Ave, DeKalb, Ill.

MRS. EMMA ROBERTS, 607 Haish Ave, DeKalb, III.

DEAR SISTERS:

As the Christmas season draws nearer each day, we will have to bestir ourselves and begin to plan for the usual interchange of gifts.

I suppose there are many people who, like myself, have only limited means, but enjoy giving and wish to remember quite a number. This is possible if one begins early to make some of the many dainty little things which are sure to be appreciated and still are not expensive.

A pen wiper made of several thicknesses of felt or flannel cut the shape of a leaf and tied with a ribbon; or shaving balls made of many circles of tissue paper caught together in the center to form balls and strung on ribbon make appropriate gifts for gentlemen.

for gentlemen.

Dolls made from figures cut from colored fashion plates; pasted on cardboard and dressed in pretty bright colors, tied to the Christmas tree with a bow of baby ribbon will delight the little folks.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 218 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "St. Elmo," which will be continued for some months into 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

which will be continued for some montas into 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

A handkerchief made of a scrap of lawn finished with hemstitching and a frill of lace; also a bag for pieces made of patchwork; several pockets on the inside for holding them; a draw-string in the top; a square on the center of front with inscription worked "All the year round, a comfort I'm found," will make useful presents.

Just for a family Christmas tree, a good substitute may be made of an old umbrella frame. Wind the ribs with red cheesecloth. Suspend or wind ropes of evergreen from the top center to end of each rib; fastening with a red or silver star, which are easily made. When properly lighted it is very pretty. The light-weight presents may be hung upon the umbrella and the heavier ones placed on a table beneath.

I trust some sister may get good suggestions from the above. Several years ago I made a New Year's resolution to scatter sunshine into lives as I passed along life's highway, and more than once have I felt rewarded by being called "Hilda Sunshine."

Sisters, come ulong with your ideas and experiences, we appreciate them.

Hilda Frantz, Box 58, Henderson, Tex.

HILDA FRANTZ, BOX 58, Henderson, Tex.

Deae Comfort Sisters:

I am eighteen years of age and have been married one year and three months, and, like many other young housekeepers, find that Comfort is indeed a great help to me. I dearly love fancy work of all kinds, but don't know very much about it, but expect to learn.

Will some one please send in the songs, "Always in the Way," and "My Mother Was a Lady," for publication in our Song Column.

Will some of the sisters send directions for making picture frames of thread? I have seen them, but do not know how they are made. I wish someone who understands crochet would explain what kind of stitches are the roll stitch and block stitch.

I am going to give the sisters a true and tried recipe to contract and stitches.

I am going to give the sisters a true and tried recipe for curing cancer; dissolve copperas in a little water and apply often. I have seen this tried and know it is a sure cure.

Here is a recipe for a bair tonic which is cor-

little water and apply often. I have seen this tried and know it is a sure cure.

Here is a recipe for a hair tonic which is certainly fine: Ten cents' worth of red Peruvian bark boiled in one quart of rain-water, let settle and drain off, then bottle and add one tablespoonful of powdered borax and five drops of oil of Eucalyptus, shake well, it is then ready for use. Apply to the scalp once a week, rubbing it in with the finger tips.

Will someone tell me a remedy for chickens that are dying with a sore throat?

I live in the grand old state of Arkansas, where the big red apple grows. Cotton and corn are its chief productions. Here we have the pine trees. I guess there are lots of sisters who never saw a pine; they are large trees which are as green in winter as in summer. If any of the sisters would like to have a small pine, write me.

I wish more of the sisters in Arkansas would write.

I wish more of the service.

Was. E. A. Burris, Moreland, R. F. D., 1, Ark.

DEAR SISTERS:

I saw the queries about vine peaches. I have raised them for five years, preserved and canned them. They grow on vines like muskme'ons and are about the size of and look like an orange, but when peeled and cut in half they look a great deal like a peach.

I have some seed which I can spare, and will send if those wanting them will write and pay postage.

MRS. L. M. MCGEE, Gage, R. F. D., 4, Okla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Have you room for a bride of one year who writes to all of you from her home in the "dreary South?" I say bride because the honeymoon has not yet waned, neither does it seem likely to and I hope

that all the sisters can say the same. I was married in Kansas and came away with my husband to his own home, a suburb of the city of Columbus, Georgia; it is a really beautiful city; whose chief industry is its numerous cotton mills.

Ada Hudgens. I liked your letter. I am very fond of poetry and am making a scrapbook. I hope you will soon be well.

I wonder if all the sisters know that bolling water may be poured in a glass without danger of breaking it if they will put a spoon in it, and that camphor and whiskey well shaken and applied to blackheads once or twice a week will remove them?

Mrs. Alice Day. I want to procure a vine that will be green all winter. Will you please tell me if the Mexican vine grows all the year round?

Mrs. K. S. Heath. I was twenty-one in September and I weigh about one hundred and twenty-nine pounds, and am five feet six inches in height. I would like to correspond with you if you will write to me; my husband is twenty-six.

Sisters, is not this quotation splendid? "If the road be the right road that we travel, what matter that the city we seek is far off?"

Now I wonder how many have found the "Way."

With best wishes to all,

Mrs. W. C. Eason, Phœnix City, Ala.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Sisters:

DEAR MES. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Would you like to bear from sunny Southern
California and especially Orange Co., one of the
most productive counties in the world for its size?
We are situated near the famous "celery lands"
of this county, of which we are very proud. Also
the Los Alamitos sugar factory fifteen miles from
wonderful Long Beach and thirty-two miles from
Los Angeles, now connected by electric car line to
that city.

that city.

I should be pleased to hear from any of the sisters. and especially those interested in flowers.
Mrs. J. G. Dunn, Santa Ana, R. F. D., 2, Cal.

MRS. J. G. DUNN, Santa Ana, R. F. D., 2, Cal.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

I have taken Comport since January, but that is time enough to fall in love with it and the sisters' corner, too. I read that first; the fancy work is my favorite department.

There are a great many Comport readers here, but I haven't seen a letter from this town. I agree with the sisters and I think we ought to send a pen picture of ourselves.

I am short, five feet four inches high, and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. I have a dark complexion, big gray eyes, brown wavy hair and a round face. I am twenty-four years old, and have been married two years. I have a fine baby boy nearly one year old, and, like most of the sisters, I have the best husband on earth. Baby's name is Doyle; he can walk and run everywhere, speaks a few, words, and's has six teeth, big blue-gray eyes, brown curly hair, he was born tongue tied and the doctor came last month and cut it loose. My husband and I were both tongue tied. I will give an idea or two.

Now we all know a baby always wants new play-

brown curly halr, he was born tongue tied and the doctor came last month and cut it loose. My husband and I were both tongue tied. I will give an idea or two.

Now we all know a baby always wants new playthings. This is my way of doing: I save all the pretty little boxes and books or anything that is bright and he will not hurt himself with, and put them in a box and set it handy for me, but not for him. When I put him down to play I lay out two or three things where he can get them. When he is tired of them I put them back and lay out something else he hasn't had for a day or two. I don't give them to him if he is ill-natured, for ten times out of a dozen he'll throw them down and cry, so I lay them where he can see them and he will be sure to want them and be good-natured. When a baby cries there is usually something wrong somewhere, maybe a pin unfastened, or the dress rubbing under the arms or chin, or maybe he is thirsty or hungry. So don't get provoked, or scold, but try to find the trouble and mend matters with gentleness and kindness, it is hard sometimes, but keep trying and do your best. If baby is fretful get the looking-glass and put it in a place where he can see himself, but can't get it nor hit it with anything, and see how he enjoys laughing and making faces at the baby. They will jabber at the little fellow in the glass for a long time.

When my baby, or any of the family has a cold on their lungs. I make a mixture of two teaspoonfuls of goose or chicken oil, one teaspoonful of camphor, coal oil, and turpentine. Mix well, and rub on the forehead and nose, then behind the ears and throat, and down over the body to the hips, rub freely over the back and sides. I warm a soft woolen cloth and pin around him, cut out arm holes and pin on the shoulders, and put a small piece around the neck. This is done every night woolen cloth and pin around him, cut out arm holes and pin on the shoulders, and put a small piece around the neck. This is done every night woolen cloth and pin around him, cut out arm h

chair and some other things. I will close with a request:

My mother is a shut-in; she lives in the country and hasn't much company. She passes most of her time piecing quilts, and caring for house plants. Will a few of Comport sisters please send her pieces of any kind? Her address is Mass. Ina Fogus, Springdale, R. F. D., 2, Ark.

I don't think she takes Comport now, she did before I married. She doesn't know I am asking this of the sisters, but she will be greatly pleased and will send thanks to all who will send her a stamped envelope with full address.

I sent Effic Zwier a lot of canceled stamps in remembrance of her birthday, April 23.

I want to know if any of the sisters can crochet the Oak Leaf and Acorn lace? I havefull directions. Write me if you want to try it.

the Oak Leaf and Acorn lace? I nave full directions. Write me if you want to try it.

If any of the sisters live in Simpson, Kans., I would like to hear from them; that is one of my old homes. I would like to get letters from people by the name of Rickard and Fogle. Also sik,

satin, or velvet pieces.

Mrs. Myrtle Rickard, Huntsville, Ark.

Requests from Shut-ins DEAR SISTERS:

I am another shut-in who enjoys Comport, I read over and over again the letter of the in Cody, Va.—Thomas Lockhart. I also know him, he lives about twenty miles from here and we exchange letters.

I have been in bed nineteen long years, and I often think when I read of some costly monument being erected to the memory of some dead one, how much the same amount could do for the living sufferers.

sufferers.

If our government could pension needy incurables, what a boom it would be to many who are in a helpless condition.

I am fifty-nine years old and as my husband is away, I am alone all the long weary days; only those who have suffered somewhat, can appreciate what this means. I hope to be remembered once in awhile by a letter, or pieces of any sort for patchwork.

Mas. Lizzie Phillips, Oakgrove, Mo.

Lottie May, Griffithsville, W. Va., requests a letter party, Oct. 29, 1906. Lucie McKanna, Arvin, Lunenburg Co., Va., asks to be remembered Oct. 29, 1906, with letters and woolen and silk pieces.

Bennie Walz, 719 Williams St., Chillicothe, Mo., a twenty-year-old invalid boy, asks for letters, pieces, cards, etc.

Edith Fishleigh, 159 4th St., Wyandotte, Mich., a helpless invalid from spinal trouble, asks for letters from young and old; inclose stamp for re-

Mrs. Hattie Barker, Ranger, Texas, writes: I have been a great sufferer for thirteen years, so I can sympathize with all who are afflicted. Let us put our trust in Our Saviour and remember that there is a home prepared for us where there is no sin, sorrow or deaths. I enjoy the cheery letters, and wish the sisters would give me a letter party, Nov. 10, 1906, and though I can't promise to answer all, each will be appreciated.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Comfort Recitation Club

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the sixth article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appearing in January issue where first article appeared.

HE selections which I send you this month may be rendered by either sex, from nine years old to ninety, so I feel sure they will be welcomed by a great number. Of course, you all understand that the ability to express thought and feeling with the voice must be developed and cultivated. That is why you practice your pieces aloud, that you may try the different tone effects. You also realize by this time that it requires a great deal of careful study to give the right facial expressions, and so you practice your pieces aloud. On the properties of the properties. You also realize by this time that it requires a great deal of careful study to give the right facial expressions, and so you practice your pieces aloud, that you only properties of the properties of t

Popping Corn

And there they sat, a popping corn, John Styles and Susan Cutter— John Styles as fat as any ox, And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn, And raked and stirred the fire, And talked of different kinds of care, And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook, Then John he shook the popper Till both their faces grew as red As sauce-pans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate, All kinds of fun a-poking, While he haw-hawed at her remarks, And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate— John's mouth was like a hopper— And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt, And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine—the clock struck ten, And still the corn kept popping; It struck eleven and then struck twelve, And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought
The corn did pop and patter—
Till John cried out, "The corn's afire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it's one o'clock; You'll die of indigestion; I'm sick of all this popping corn— Why don't you pop the question?"

This is of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

Come before your audience with a pleasant expression on your face. You are not about to recite a dirge, but a selection brimful of droll humor. Your manner should be lively and animated. Do not attempt this recitation until you yourself feel amused. Like all humorous pieces, its success depends upon the amount of individuality the reader throws into it. A glance, a shrug, the mere raising of the eyebrows, with a little knowing nod and droll expression will frequently "bring down the house," as the saying is. Commence in a bright conversational tone. Indicate the position of John and Susan. If you wish, you can indicate John's size by placing the hands a little to each side near the waist line. The hands would be slightly in front of the body, palms in. Make a slight pause after the third line. The second verse must not be hurried. Indicate how they shelled the corn, raked the fire, etc., and lay special stress on the last line, hitching once or twice to the right. In the fourth verse the gesture is given in Fig. 26 for John's loud laugh. You could put your fingers in your mouth and glance down for Susan's "tee-hee". Glance toward the clock as it strikes nine. Show a little more concern when it strikes ten. Emphasize the word "still" in the next line. Look and point toward the clock as it strikes eleven. Make a slight emphatic pause, then, with the words "and then struck twelve," turn toward the au-



FIG. 26. "WHILE HE HAW- FIG. 27. "AND THEN HAWED." STRUCK TWELVE."

lience with concern written on your face, and the right hand also partly raised, as in Fig. 27. You are taking the audience into your confidence, and lean slightly toward them. Emphasize the words "ate" and "thought." Susan's patience is being tried to the utmost limit and, in the last verse, you must bring out her thorough exasperation at John's "bashful backwardness."

The Heights of Lintagath

With muffled hoofs the horses bore their riders into sight.

Oh! rugged, rugged was the path, and stormy was the night! And ragged, ragged in the sky the lightnings fierce and

Lit up the woman's features, and the men she rode be-

tween;
And it lighted up the path
Leading down to Lintagath.

Fair Lintagath, in silence slept profoundly on the hill,
With naught but that slight woman 'twixt her and
Britain's will.
Her tired people slumbered without a dream of fear.
They could not see the riders; their steps they could not
hear

Stealing down the mountain path, Stealing down to Lintagath.

Lesson Talk

The effect produced by this selection will depend upon the reader's power to vividly imagine the scene and then present the word picture to the audience in a clear and sympathetic manner. The selection is dramatic, and both mind and body must be thoroughly awake. In the first verse we have a very good opportunity for vocal description. Let the voice show the qualities indicated by the



"AND JAGGED, FIG. 29. "AND PEERED IN THE SKY." INTO THE NIGHT."

descriptive adjectives. Indicate the direction from which the riders come toward the left, the storm to the right, as it gives a more dramatic effect to have them ride toward the storm rather than away from it. The next verse is given in a quiet, descriptive tone. Lintagath will lay opposite the path by which the riders are coming. The storm, in itself symbolic of hidden danger, hangs over the town. I would suggest emphasizing the words "dream" in the third line, and "they" in the fourth. Prolong the word "stealing" to show how they crept down the mountain path. In the third verse you describe the girl's mental suffering. Imagine yourself in her place. Fig. 29 shows the gesture for the third line. Still imagining yourself in this girl's position, give the fourth verse with deep feeling, as she would have done. Put strong emphasis on "yet," in the next to the last line. Plan your gestures in the fifth verse so that, when she "turned them toward the right" it will turn

toward the audience, and "Devil's Leap" will be almost in front of you, but a little to the right. There is a good chance for dramatic effect here. Emphasize the word "thought." Give the next two verses with much sympathetic feeling. Show how anxiously the little brother and sister watch for her, gazing, of course, toward the left. The last verse is given rather slowly in a strong descriptive style. Do not turn squarely either to left or right, but rather to the left or right-front.

Address all letters for this department to Cousin Hal, care of Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Requests from Shut-ins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

DEAR SISTERS:

I am writing in behalf of a poor little cripple girl, who cannot hold her head up. Kindly remember her with letters, scraps of any kind will be appreciated; her address is

MISS KATE GARRETT, Benhur, Va.

Miscellaneous Requests

I would like seashells, minerals, fossils, Indian relics or curios, suitable for a cabinet; will return MRS. LEVI W. HAM, East Mercer, Maine.

Will some of the sisters send me ripe cotton and rice on stem, and also inform me how to extract oil from peppermint.

Mrs. J. Krook, Hilliards, Mich.

Mrs. Adam Mackenzie, Strathcarrol Assa., East, Canada, would like to hear from sisters interested in or having crazy quilts.

Will some kind contributor send me directions with illustrations, if possible, for crocheting a baby's little hood in roll stitch.

MISS ANNA REHOR, Wilber, Neb.

Will some of the sisters kindly send me Comfort for 1905, beginning with May number; will return kindness in any way that I can. Eura M. Piper, 511 Chicago Ave., Galena, Kans. Will some sister send me a few Job's tears. I will

refund postage.

MRS. BOND WALLACE, Quincy, R. F. D., 54, W. Va.

Will some sister send me directions for making apple jam and apple butter.

MRS. MATTIE RAY, Prattsville, Ark.

Have any of the sisters ever colored velvets. If so will you kindly send directions to this corner.

MRS. J. A. LASH, Auburn, R. F. D., 3, Ind.

Will some kind friend please send me either (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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Valuable Premiums Free

And Lintagath, O Lintagath! and father, mother dear, Long shall ye vainly, vainly yearn a gentle voice to hear; And all the day, till weary night, beside the cottage door, Brother and sister watch and wait for one who nevermore Comes lightly down the path, Cometh down to Lintagath.

rears for the Maid of Lintagath shall dim remember-ing eyes; And aged grandsires tell the tale, where Kenern's waters

of one who died to save her home, two hundred years ago.
Still, still she treads the path—
Evermore—to Lintagath.

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Montgomery Ward & Co., Michigan Avenue, Madison Chicago

The Mystery of the Coiled Asp Or, Princess of His Heart

By Davoust Stanislas Romantsof

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CHAPTER XIV.

"REFUSAL IS DEATH."

BEAUTIFUL girl, sunny haired, blueeyed, charming, but madly angry, sat
upon the side of a common white-iron
cot, and beat with her little fists, as she
cried again and again:
"Let me out, I say, let me out. How
out," and yet she had been a prisoner for over a
fortnight.

ont, and yet she had been a prior fortnight.

"I haven't seen one, except him," she thought, "and so I cannot tell who is detaining me. Oh, if I were only free. My poor darling, how I want to relieve your mind!" a burst of tears followed this, then the young lady once more began her plea for

help.
Suddenly the door opened, and a be-whiskered face peeped in.
At the sight of it, the girl gave a long, lingering cry, and drew back, showing fear in every move-

You are making a noise, yes," he remarked

"You are making a noise, yes, "he remarked quite simply.
"Of course I am," sobbed the girl. "Let me out and send me home. Those who love me must be perishing for news of me."
"You no longer belong to them, no," asserted the man, looking down upon her.
"Why not?"
"You must take the oath you promised," he said

"You must take the oath you promised," he said

sternly.
"What oath?" she sobbed, although she knew only too well, and wanted to die because of that

nowledge.
"THE OATH OF THE COILED ASP."
"I will not take it," she sobbed wrathfully.
"I have you taught as to the alternative," mut-

tered the man.
"Yes," the lips of the girl trembled, but her an-

"Yes," the lips of the girl trembled, but her answer was firm.
"Well?" he asked.
"I prefer the alternative. You have poisoned my mind with your wonderful stories of freeing Russia. What can such a band as you do? Men who prey upon defenceless women until you get them bound by false oaths? I loathe you, and I hope that you may be punished sometime for your wickedness."

hope that you may be punished sometime for your wickedness."
A smile rested upon the dark face of the Russian, but he said nothing, and the girl continued:
"I have left a happy home and loving man for you and your false oaths. My reputation is ruined, and if I do not take that fearful oath, you will make me die a horrible death. Then, I'll die the death, but I will not take the oath," and she glared at him wrathfully; then as his face was withdrawn, she began to sob and wring her hands.

With him gone, everything seemed so silent, that she was frightened.
"Even he would be better than this suspense," she cried, going about the room uneasily.
"I wonder how it comes. It is easy enough to defy the world, but it is terrible to be thus, not knowing from what the terrible thing may come," and she shuddered.

Above her bed was a rude effigy in plaster of a COILED ASP, its scales clearly shown: upon the wall upon the opposite side was a splendid portrait of the same. Shut in this small room alone with these two representatives to gaze upon it is a wonder that the poor girl had not lost her reason.

Slowly her eyes seemed drawn toward the plaster

is a wonder that the poor girl had not lost her reason.

Slowly her eyes seemed drawn toward the plaster cast. She was trembling horribly, yet she knew that from it would come her death. With her heart in her mouth, she drew nearer and nearer, every sense absorbed in the terrible fascination which held her.

She did not hear the door open, or see a stalwart young man, and another, whose face she knew well, following. She did not hear the faint whisper of the first man in the ear of the other:

"Is this the one?" nor the reply of the second man:

man:
"Indeed it is."
She was deaf to the further admonition of the

first man:

"Keep perfectly quiet, for we must have plenty of evidence of this foul thing," was his companion's

evidence of this foul thing," was his companion's reply.

"Must we wait long?"

The first man shook his head and advanced step by step until he stood almost beside the girl, who with strained eyes, was watching the horrible image. She was as dead to his presence as though he were a hundred miles away.

Suddenly a hollow voice sounded in the room:
"One more chance is given you. Will you swear the OATH OF THE COILED ASP?"

"No," she returned, in stirring tones.
"Then the death of the COILED ASP will come upon you within the moment."

"Let it come. I am a free American, and I refuse to bind myself to free any country, even Russia." Then he reyes fixed like one in a trance. The two men could see that she was praying.

There was a sharp sound, like the opening of a trap: the girl's face did not change, but the first man to enter the room moved a little closer, and bending forward took up a pillow, all unobserved by her.

bending forward took up a pinow, an above by her.

Her eyes were raised towards heaven, to which she was evidently commending her soul, when a long, wriggling something darted from the open mouth of the hideous plaster cast against the wall. It came with eyes like rubies, and a forked tongue, but it fell harmless against the upraised pillow, and Tom Billings said cheerfully:

"I've got it, don't fear." evidently to the man with him, then he shouted through the opening:

"Caught that dog?" and to his question came the reply of a man with a gruff voice, in reality a policeman:

"Caught that dog?" and to his question came the reply of a man with a gruff voice, in reality a policeman:

"You bet we have, and he's tried to scratch us with a poisoned pin, but we were wise, and he's now handcuffed."

The girl slowly turned, her blue eyes wide open, her face working. For a moment Tom Billings wished he had brought Wanda with him, but he saw that his companion was really the one the poor tortured spirit wanted, for with a slow cry, she arose to her feet:

"John, Jack," she cried.

"Oh, my darling, where have you been? Come to me, my precious little one, come, and you'll never be hurt again," and poor John Buyers, never again to be quite as lifeless as he had been, because animated and encouraged by the love of the girl he so deeply loved, caught the almost fainting girl and carried her from the room, and with Tom's help out into a carriage, where the detective left them.

"Oh, dear Jack," she whispered, clinging to him. "My little girl," was his reply.

"They lured me away making me believe that I would be doing something great and grand for the salvation of the world and humanity," she whispered.

"Who?"

"The worshipers of the coiled asp," was her rather startling reply, but she and John Buyers, leaving the past, devoted themselves to the future, and a week later were married, and made each other happy, and are now doing so.

iron bed on which lay the remains of a once hand-some and gallant man. "My wife," the man said in a voice that sounded far off. "Dear Michael," she returned gently. "And you do not regret?" he asked in an agonized

tone.

The beautiful woman paused a moment. She remembered many things and it was difficult to re-

membered many things and it was difficult to reply.

"I know I have wronged you from the moment I first met you," he said, with a sob in his throat.

"No, no," she cried quickly, remembering his reverent courtship.

"Ah, but yea. I knew that as a member of the order of the COILED ASP I had no right to think of you, or a wife of any kind."

"Tell me what was your pledge?"

"Never mind what it was. I have paid with my life for my rebellion."

"Then you were injured by some of your order?" she cried, a furious light coming into her eyes.

"Yes. I was obedient, and remained away from you for a year, but I could not stand it any more. So I sent for you, thinking I could serve two, my order and you."

Gently the young wife poured a cordial down his throat.

throat.
"They discovered me, and sent someone out to find you and murder you."

The man's voice was very weak, but his clutch on his wife's hand, where now gleamed the wedding ring of her proper rank, and not the flat-faced monogram ring she had worn so long, was stead-

fast. "Listen! They tracked another woman, one of our own, who had foolishly taken the oath. She was chased into a gloomy old house. Knowing that the mother of male children is exempt, provided they are born to women married at the time of taking the oath, she stole the child of a neighbor, a tiny little chap, and fled with him, the avengers on her path."

her path."

The weak voice grew low.
"She and the child were murdered horribly,"
the man said slowly.
"How?" asked the wife gently.
"An asp was let loose, and allowed to feast upon
their poor bodies. A poor creature kept at starving
point."

point."

Little wonder the wife sobbed bitterly, as she sat, her hand in that of her husband, although sorrowful as it may seem, her heart was with another.

"And you joined such an order?" she asked

slowly.

"When I was nothing more than a boy. I did not understand, but on account of my rank, I was placed high in the order. They felt they dared not allow me to marry, and when they found I had without exacting the oath, they were wild with

without exacting the oath, they were wild with fury."

"Why?"

"It was a rule of the order, since its inception over a hundred years ago, that all women, married at the time of taking the oath, who bore women children were exempt for a year; those who bore men children, under the same conditions, were exempt forever. They did not dare change this provision, inserted no one knew why, except that the founder and his wife were married, and so they tried to induce young girls to take the oath, and then when they had them sufficiently frightened, to marry them to Russians, filled with what we all believed was patriotic enthusiasm.

"What do you know it is now, Michael?" the wife asked gently.

"Murder," was the quiet answer. "My love for you taught me that. Still, let us leave all this alone, my Princess. I will be dead soon. No, I am certain. A slow poison, of which we of the order alone know, was injected. That is why the physicians have been able to do nothing with me."

The sweet, grave face sank lower, the beautiful eyes brimmed with tears.

"I did not care so very much, loved one, why should? You have never loved me, dear, and I hope you love someone else?"

"Michael!"

"Dearest wife, tell me, is it not so? Remember you are not speaking to a live man, but one who is already just vanishing. I do not deserve any of your tenderness and sweetness which I have always had, for I took advantage, shameful advantage, of your youth and inexperience. Forgive me by telling me." fury."
"Why?"

your youth and inexperience. Forgive me by telling me."

"My husband, my dear, I never want to hear of other love, I just must live to remember you, who die in your youth and helpfulness, just when our life stretches out before us. If you are taken, I will only live for you."

A rarely sweet expression came over the dying man's face, as he whispered:

"Tell me, darling."

The lovely face flushed terribly, the dear eyes drooped, then the wife whispered:

"Michael, I am still so young. I scarcely knew what I was doing, but there will never be anything again with which to reproach ourselves. You shall live."

live."
"I wanted you to tell me, for I feared something of this kind. I have done you so much harm already, that I want to be your good angel hereafter. I want you to promise me that you will only think of me as one who had much more than he ever deserved in that he was able to call you wife for a time. Remember to you I have been but the man you loved, but these hands, stretching out the long, slender, tapering fingers which could evoke such delightful harmony, are stained with human blood."

The wife shuddered, but conquering herself, caught them in her own warm ones, and covered them with kisses:

"My love and devotion will take all that away. You have been an ideal husband, and I WILL LOVE YOU."

How pathetic the dying face looked, as the man

You have been an ideal husband, and I WILL LOVE YOU."
How pathetic the dying face looked, as the man hungrily drank in each feature, then he once more shook his head:
"A man who induces a fifteen-year-old girl to consent to a secret marriage, makes her his wife when she knows nothing of the sacrifice she is making; leaves her alone for a year, and then returns only to die in her arms, is scarcely an ideal husband for anyone, and least of all for you, my Princess."
"I do not care for that, I just want to be your wife," she sobbed.
"Bear the title until you exchange it for another's name, darling just to show that the man you chose in your girlish ignorance was not a beggar picked from the streets, promise."
"I promise."

"I promise."
"Then promise that you will marry the man you

"I cannot, I cannot do it!"

"Darling," the man's voice was so faint that its tones barely came to her, "I'm dying, promise," and as she bent over him, she whispered:

"I promise," and as Michael Aronskoff's eyes closed in death, his wife, Sweetheart, looked up to find her father and Orfield Jamison bending over her.

CHAPTER XVI.

AS THE NEWSPAPERS SAW IT.

The current newspapers had several items which nterested various characters who have appeared

The current newspapers had several items which interested various characters who have appeared in these pages.

CHAPTER XV.

A HUSBAND'S GENEROSITY.

"Is there no hope?"
"No, your highness."
"Please remember I am an American and that I do not care for my title. Is there none at all?"
"The best physicians in the city have given their opinion," returned the surgeon.
"Poor man," she sighed, turning to the narrow

The current newspapers had several items which interested various characters who have appeared in these pages.

The day following the death of Michael Aronskoff, this bit of news was given, after the dead man was given his full rank and titles:
"Prince Michael gave up his life in an attempt to disrupt one of the most dangerous of the many Russian societies undermining the public welfare.
While a member himself, he did not approve of certain practices, and refusing to live up to what in the arms of his wife, the Princess Sweetheart, formerly Miss Sweetheart Kingston of this city."

Another paper gave a bit of news, only interesting to the intimate friends of the young couple:

"Harry Wilson and wife are going to Alabama, where Harry has accepted a new job. Mrs. Wilson has been rather under the weather for some time, the result of a fright she must have had a short time ago. Of course the baby goes with them."

Brave young wife, she had never told her husband, but she was not happy until a new home had sheltered her, and old fears melted away in the smiles of her loved ones.

Those who had known Eugenia Layton, the news of her marriage to one of her associates took a heavy burden from poor Sweetheart's heart, but perhaps after all the item which occasioned the most stir was this:

"Married, Thomas Billings and Wanda Howard," and directly following it the notice of the formation of the new partnership of "T. & W. Billings, detectives."

"Id on't deserve what you've given me, Mr. Jamison, indeed I don't, and I won't take more than I said, which is princely pay."

Orfield, his heart light, the mystery solved, only laughed, and deposited to the credit of the junior member of the new firm, the sum of ten thousand dollars. He did not dare give more for fear he hurt these staunch friends of his.

Under the same tree which shelters the tiny babe whom she had tried to shield, even after she had taken it to save her life, lies the body of the woman once thought to be that of Sweetheart Kingston. A simple stone marks her grave on which is carved: "IN THE HEREAFTER ALL WILL BE KNOWN."

PROLOGUE.

Two years later, a lady and gentleman stood to-gether beside a rippling brook on the country es-tate of Mr. Kingston, and the latter's face showed traces of tears. The man was worried, but finally

tate of Mr. Knigston, and the inter's face should traces of tears. The man was worried, but finally he said gently:

"My dearest, I will not bother. If his terrible death has killed your love, I dare not complain, although it breaks me all up."

The lady turned, her lovely eyes shining through her tears, the sun catching the gold of her hair:

"I have loved you so long that I could not stop," she said quite simply, holding out her hands, "I just had to remember, you know,"

Yes the noble soul did know, and loved her all the better for her tenderness for the memory, who according to our American standards had treated her so dastardly, and yet who was so fascinating and pure-minded a man according to his lights.

Suddenly the man asked:

"Have you realized that when you marry me, you cease to be a Princess?" but she crept into his arms, did he know by her whisper how much she did love him?

"I would rather be princess of your heart than to

love him?
"I would rather be princess of your heart than to wear all the titles the world can bestow." THE END.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Miscellaneous Requests

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

some seed or some berries called poke berries. I will return the favor if possible.
MISS CARRIE K. NIELSON. Box 43, Minden, R. F. D., 1, Neb.

D., 1, Neb.

Mrs. D. W. Kirby, Whelen Springs, R. F. D., 1, Ark., requests directions for making apple marmalade.

Will some one please send me cotton on the stem, rice on the stem, China berries, coffee beans and a large weed bulb or weed with two horns and I will return all favors in the way you like if possible. I will also send reading matter to anyone sending postage.

Mrs. F. G. Pease, Dolores, Colorado.

Mrs. John A. Perry, Box 129, Williamstown, Vt. Pieces of silk, satin or velvet. Mrs. Eva Grove, Delina, Okla. Pieces of any kind for patchwork.

Miss Tina Ellison, Lincoln, Ark. Pieces of any kind for patchwork, also directions and patterns for painting pillow shams.

Sarah L. Ellison, Lincoln, Ark. Calico pieces, books and papers.

Mrs. Henry Scheel, Stuttgart, Ark. Pieces of silk, satin, velvet, or worsted goods. Mrs. John DeGraff, 112 14th Ave., Newark, N. J. Pieces of silk, or satin three by four inches, with name and address of sender worked in silk.

miss Leona V. Callen, Beckwith, Cal. Pieces of silk, satin, or velvet.

Mrs. S. L. Bond, Bremen, R. F. D., 1, Ga. Quilt blocks, eight inches square, worked with name and address of sender in red cotton.

Mrs. Leslie H. Combs, Houlton, Oregon. Patterns for cross-stitching. Miss Ruth Ritter, Box 62, Cameron, R. F. D., 5, Mo. Blocks of calico, eight inches square.

Mrs. Nancy M. Souther, Box 109, Columbus, Ward Co., N. D. Pieces of calico.

Co., N. D. Pieces of cairco.

Mrs M. H. Guntle, Colfax, Ind. Pieces of silk, velvet and calico.

Mrs. Geo. W. Wilson, Rockford, Iowa. Different patterns for quilt and cross-stitch designs.

Miss Myrtle Tanner, Box 25, R. F. D., 3, Gladys, Va. Blocks, twelve by twelve inches like the Wilimana Star which appeared in June, '06, of blue and white cotton goods. Mrs. Lizzie Rippetal, Hollis, Okla. Calico pieces six by eight inches. Letters also appreciated.

Comforting Hints from the Sisters

To REMOVE INK STAINS. On paper or cloth, apply with a small camel's-hair brush, a solution of oxalic acid, in the proportion of one ounce to one half pint of water; the ink stains will immediately disappear. This will also remove iron rust spots on clothing.

on clothing.

To MEND CHINA. Takea very thick solution of gum arabic and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture is of the proper consistency; apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the china ware, and stick them together, and if possible wrap a string tightly around the article, thus binding the parts firmly together, and do not disturb until thoroughly united, which will require several days

To remove finger-marks. On a highly polished piano, wipe with a cloth wet in pure cold water. It does not injure in the slightest if wiped dry, and restores the new look at once.

To revive withered flowers. Plunge the stems in boiling water, and by the time the water is cold, the flowers will revive; the ends of the stems should then be cut off, and the flowers should be put to stand in cold water, and they will keep fresh for several days.

To restore a cane chair bottom. Turn the chair, bottom upward, and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane work well, so that it is well soaked; should it be dirty use soap; let it dry in the open air, and it will be as tight and firm as new, provided none of the canes are broken.

To REMOVE BRUISES FROM FURNITURE. Wet the bruised spots with warm water, soak a piece of brown paper of several thicknesses in warm water, and lay over the place, then apply a warm flatiron until the moisture is gone. Repeat if necessary, and the bruises will disappear.

To CLEAN OSTRICH FEATHERS. White or light-tinted ones can be laid on a plate and scrubbed gently with a tooth-brush, in warm soapsuds, then well shaken out and well dried either by the sun or a hot stove. At first the feather will have a most discouraging appearance, and one is apt to think it nearly spoiled. But after it is perfectly dry it should be carefully curled with a penknife or scissors' blade, and it will recover all its former plumy softness.

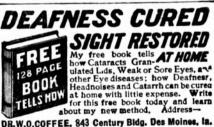
TO MAKE SHOE POLISH. Mix the white of an egg with soot, and then polish with a brush; this is a good polish and will not rub off.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)









Darken Your Gray Hair



busy's OZARK HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP, is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugarof lead, nitrate silver, copperas, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT. It will produce the most low urant tresses from dry, coarse and wirp

produce the most luxurian, treases from dry, co OZARK HERB CO., Block 3, St. Louis, Mo.





des chain Ledles or dents style. ALTON WATCH CO. Dept. 90 Chic



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Winter Feeding

IGHT empty barrels from your grocery man cost ten cents each. Square lids, to cover the tops, are easily made. A coat of tar on the outside makes them so slippery that rats and mice can't run up them. Anyway, rodents dislike tar so much they won't eat through it; therefore the tarred barrels make safe, inexpensive bins to store the different grains in. With a white distinguishing number, they look quite tidy and business-like, even if they have to be kept in the summer kitchen. Wherever they stand, put bricks, or blocks of wood under them, so that the air can circulate between the bottom of the tarred barrel and the floor; that prevents

that the air can circulate between the bottom of the tarred barrel and the floor; that prevents damp causing the contents to mildew.

All being ready, buy bags of ground feed (oats and corn,) white middlings, bran, linseed meal, animal meal, whole corn, wheat, oats, millet seed, and a bale of clover hay.

Start operations by putting, in a dry dishpan, two quarts each of ground feed and bran, and a quart of animal meal. Mix thoroughly with your hands, and empty into barrel No. I. Repeat that till the materials are all used up. This is to form the foundation of mash No. 1. Start the next by placing two quarts of mid-

This is to form the foundation of mash No. 1. Start the next by placing two quarts of middlings and a quart of linseed meal in your dishpan. Mix thoroughly, and put it in barrel No. 2, and go on till full. This is mash No. 2. Now you need a saucepan with a close-fitting lid, that will hold from five to ten quarts, according to the number of hens you have.

To prepare mash No. 1: Take from barrel No. 1, one quart of the mixture for every ten birds. Put it in a saucepan, and just moisten with boiling water, really boiling. Cover, and stand behind the stove until the morning.

For mash No. 2: One quart of clover hay, cut into half-inch lengths. Place in the saucepan, and pour over a quart of boiling water. Cover, and stand to steam for two hours. Mix a pint of barrel No. 2, and again let it stand in a pint of barrel No. 2, and again let it stand in a warm place till morning. All mashes must be moist, never wet; fed just

marm, never hot.

warm, never hot.

Long, V-shaped troughs, are best to feed mashes in. They are easily made by taking two pieces of planed pine, three feet long, and one four inches wide, the other three and a half. Nail them together lengthwise. Next take two pieces, a foot long and five inches wide, and nail on to each end to close up the trough, and make it stand firm. This plan enables each hen to get her share of feed, and prevents the birds from trampling dirt into the mash, as they will if flat dishes are used.

Bill of Fare

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.—Morning, mash No. 1, and half a pint of millet seeds scattered in the leaves, straw, or whatever is on the floor as scratching materials. Night, one pint of whole corn, one pint of oats.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.—Mornings, mash No. 2. Noon, cut green food, and half a pint of kaffir corn to scratch for. Night, one pint of wheat, one pint of corn.

Sunday.—Morning, mash No. 1, and half a pint of barley. Noon, cabbage cut in half, or turnip. Night, corn and oats.

The noon meal may be omitted sometimes on Sunday. On Monday morning, wheat, and cracked corn or barley, may be used instead of mash, so as to save mixing on Sunday night. Plenty of sharp grit must invariably be accessible to the birds, and fresh water night and morning.

Hens. like all other stock, demand, regular

morning.

Hens, like all other stock, demand regular hours. In fact, punctuality in all matters concerning birds or animals saves time, for they are always ready and waiting once they get used to the hours.

In feeding hens, cultivate the habit of noticing them. See that all have a fair share. As

In feeding hens, cultivate the habit of noticing them. See that all have a fair share. As with human beings, there are in every flock two or three greedy, selfish creatures, who will push timid ones to the wall unless watched.

The question is often asked, How much food per hen? This can only be answered approximately, for about every breed differs, and almost every hen has individuality. The best thing a beginner can do is to put the mash into the trough, see how much they will eat in ten or fifteen minutes, and thereafter give about half that quantity; for their crops should not be filled in the morning, so that they will be busy all day scratching and hunting food. At night a good feed is all right; it has to last until breakfast, and keep them warm and comfortable. All potatoes and apple peelings can be boiled up and mixed with bran for a change. It saves feed, as will any other garden produce, and if only a few fowls are kept, table scraps are excellent.

Roup is an infectious disease, and can be brought into your yard by some strange bird. Therefore, whenever you make a fresh purchase, keep the newcomer, or newcomers, in separate places, as far removed from your regular runs as possible, until you are sure. Adopt a chicken quarantine in fact.

Usually, however, you can find the cause of a roup outbreak right on your own farm. A

Usually, however, you can find the cause of a roup outbreak right on your own farm. A neglected cold is nearly always the start. The simple cold develops into the deadly roup, in no time at all. It at once becomes contagious if passed along, spreading like scandal, right through the flock. You can't watch your birds

too closely, especially at morning feed. Eager eating indicates sound health. If at night a bird looks dumpy and sneezes, take it out of the run and place in a dry coop, where it will

the run and place in a dry coop, where it will get plenty of sun.

What is very puzzling is that the symptoms of common cold and roup are at first identical—watery eyes, sloughing at the nostrils, sometimes diarrhœa. At first a thin, slight discharge, then abundant, finally thick, drying on the surface. If it is roup, the odor is dreadful. The victim's strength rapidly fades. If the head swells, the attack is at its worst, perhaps; probably incurable. Examine the throat. You will find small, irregular patches of gray or yellow at the back. These patches increase rapidly, finally running together, thus forming a tough membrane, almost closing the throat. If you try to remove it, blood oozes. If there are no spots, no bad odor, and the membrane comes away easily, the trouble is only catarrh, but happily not contagious.

Bronchitis, canker, pneumonia and influenza

comes away easily, the trouble is only catarrh, but happily not contagious.

Bronchitis, canker, pneumonia and influenza are all more or less alike in symptoms, and are constantly mistaken for roup. They are kindred diseases anyway; all spring from cold. My advice is, don't wait to diagnose the case. At once start to destroy the embryo germs, without waiting to determine the particular family they belong too.

Having quarantined the suspected bird, start treatment. If there is any discharge anywhere, thoroughly scrub with some antiseptic solution night and morning. Dr. Woods recommends hydrogen dioxide with fifteen drops of tincture of phytolacca root in each pint of drinking water. Food to be light and nourishing. For all forms of colds he gives: Tincture of aconite, ten drops; byronia, ten drops; tincture of spongia, ten drops; alcohol enough to make one fluid ounce. One spoonful of this to be added to every quart of drinking water.

My own personal supply of drugs for self, family, poultry, pets and livestock consists of permanganate of potassium. It comes in little flaky, deep-lake colored crystals, and cost next to nothing. Dissolve a thimbleful of these in a quart' of water, and you have an A I disenfectant. A dessert-spoonful of that mixture, diluted with half a pint of water, becomes an antiseptic solution that meets every requirement for internal or external use. Fifty cents' worth will last a year, even if generously used, as a purifier in and out of the house. It has also the added advantage of being easily sent through the mail without fear of breakage. If kept in a tin with a close-fitting lid, or a wide mouthed bottle severely corked, it will last inkept in a tin with a close-fitting lid, or a wide mouthed bottle severely corked, it will last indefinitely.

When we have a bird with a cold, it goes into

when we have a bird with a cold, it goes into a coop with plenty of straw on the bottom, and it is kept all the time in the sun. At night a curtain of bags insures warmth. Mouth, eyes and nostrils are swabbed with water, to which the permanganate mixture has been added; half a teaspoonful goes down the sick bird's

half a teaspoonful goes down the sick Diru's throat.

Food consists of stale bread moistened with milk, in which onions have been boiled. If the diarrhœa is bad, a thimbleful of poppyseed is added, or water in which mullein has been boiled is given as a drink. A change of food is arrived at by boiling rice, mixing it with chopped parsley and green sprouts of onions, chopped fine, and charcoal mixed in, once a day. If we have milky puddings for dinner, some of it goes to the patient—in short, any of the nourishing food you would give a child, will serve.

This "homey" doctoring has always answered with my poultry; it's much easier than doctor-ing with medicine, often not on hand and, on a farm, not easy to get.

Correspondence

E. B.—Why must I have two brooders? Why do you advise outdoor ones?

A.—If you have an incubator hatching eggs, the second lot would be twenty-three or four days after the first. Unless you had two brooders, there would be no mother for the second lot. Outdoor brooders were advised, because they can be set outside in the coldest weather. Indoor ones, as the name implies, must be kept in the house.

C. F.—What will prevent chickens from pulling

C. F.-What will prevent chickens from pulling

must be kept in the house.

C. F.—What will prevent chickens from pulling out the feathers?

A.—It is a bad habit to break them of when once acquired. If you can locate the hens who do it, remove them from the flock before the habit becomes general. Feed more animal meal. Hang up a piece of salt pork where they can get it.

A. H.—First I will describe my chickens, then ask a few questions about them. Their combs are pale, and they do not seem to digest their food. Their crops seem to stay full for twenty-four hours, and their droppings are of a greenish-yellow color. I don't get any eggs. I feed corn, oats, and ground oats, making a porridge of the latter, and put in red pepper. They also have about four quarts of warm, skim milk. House is warm. They are on a free range. I warm the feed. The last four nights I lost fourteen fowls. They eat all right at night, and are dead in the morning.

A.—Your birds are in a very bad condition. Indigestion, caused in all probability by the red pepper, and too many oats with the hulls on. Warm food and warm milk are both dangerous commodities. For every ten hens, steam one pint of chopped clover hay over night, then mix through it half a pint of ground feed (oats and corn mixed). At noon feed some meat scraps or green bone; at night, as long as the weather is cold, whole corn. Before commencing this change of diet, starve for twenty-four hours. See that the birds have a good supply of sharp grit. In their water there must be a table-spoonful of rice boiled for every quart.

M. V. H.—What ails my poultry? Have lost several young chickens and turkeys from a disease

be filled in the morning, so that they will be busy all day scratching and hunting food. At night a good feed is all right; it has to last until breakfast, and keep them warm and comfortable. All potatoes and apple peelings can be boiled up and mixed with bran for a change. It saves feed, as will any other garden produce, and if only a few fowls are kept, table scraps are excellent.

This month and next is the time to gather up all the leaves you can find, from the woods; also the nuts, for smashed up, they make a good noon feed now and then, besides amusing the birds for hours.

Skim milk is good, either to scald and mix mash with, or given as drink.

If you are where it is impossible to get meat scraps or green bone, buy beef scraps by the bag, and add to No. 1 mixture—one quart to each four quarts of grain.

Winter Troubles

Roup is an infectious disease, and can be brought into your yard by some strange bird.

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At the morning, so that they will be stoned and this to last until the at late and they say they will be a table-spoonful of rice boiled for every quart.

M. V. H.—What alls my poultry? Have lost several young chickens and turkeys from a disease that affects the eyes. The eye gets pink, swells, and they good proop around for a few days, then disease that affects the eyes. The eye gets pink, swells, and they good paround for a few days, then disease that affects the eyes. The eye gets pink, swells, and they good paround for a few days, then disease that the eye three or tages covering the eye. This usually arises from cold, or rather, draught. It can be cured by removing the bird to a small coup, well sheltered, and bathing the eye three or four times a day in a wash made by dissolving sufficient permanganate of potassium in water to turn it a rose-pink, or, say the fourth at a five the product of a thimbleful in half a pint of water. Unfortunately, the fact that you row stokes me the him the approa

V.C.D.—Which do you think best for market eggs. Leghorns or Brahmas? Or can you tell me any better than these?

A.—Leghorns need very good housing to get winter eggs. Brahmas fatten almost too easily. White Wyandottes come between the two and are, I think, better than either. The Rhode Island Reds are also good.

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money will be refunded, including freight charges both ways.

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and one cup of corn meal, one tablespoonful of bone meal, and meat meal, and a pinch of salt. If yarded, add vegetables. Three times a week use ground oats instead of corn.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

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to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce
your friends to do likewise.

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the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed
envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie
Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our
grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some
trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole
of her time to this work.

A cousin writes to ask why it was the July calendar, on the front page of Comfort for that month, had but 30 days. That's easy. The thirty-first of July asked us for a vacation, so we gave it a day off to go to Coney Island, New York. This is the first time in thousands of years July 31st has laid off, so I trust you will not object to us giving it a day off. It isn't right to work the calendar so hard; give it a rest up once in a while. Give a day a day off once in a while. Now hustle round and bring me in some new League members. I want 20-, 000 new cousins by April first next. The one who brings in the most new members will receive an autographed copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems as a token of appreciation. Now remember the shut-ins, and be good girls, and other things, until we meet to eat the Christmas turkey next month.



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AN OKLAHOMA GIRL

Phil Sterling's Charge

By William Perry Brown

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CHAPTER XI.

THE RESCUE.

IEUTENANT STERLING made his final round about midnight to see that all was well. The fact that several thousand dollars were in the office safe, with the commandant and most of the troops absent, had not disturbed him much. He exercised great care in his duties, yet more through stress of habit than from a sense of insecurity. So quiet had affairs been of late that from midnight until sunrise no guard was usually set. Sterlling, however, had placed a cot in the office, and now that the commandant was away slept there himself with a revolver under his pillow, while without several watchful dogs were expected to announce any unusual arrival.

After finishing his round he sat by the fire for an hour and then lay down. For some reason he could not sleep. His mind was restless, perhaps because Miss Oberly, some three hours before, had at last consented to fix the day that should make him happy, always providing that the mighty man of war, the admiral, did not object. This, of course, was a pleasing probability, but as a contrast his mind reverted to Arizony. The interest she had from the first inspired now rendered him pityingly solicitous in view of her changed and troubled manner of late. So wakeful did he continue to be that he finally rose, dressed, lighted a lamp and sat down again by the fire.

Presently, to his surprise, there was a knock upon the office door. He opened it and admitted the commandant's wife and Miss Oberly.

"We really could not sleep," said the former lady, Mrs. Tolliver. "Hearing you up, we concluded to come down. I cannot imagine what ails us all. It must be something in the air."

"Do you think, Philip," said Stella, "that there is any danger attached to our present situation? Of course I don't know much about these things, but I should say we were rather unprotected just now." Sterling thought of the money in the safe at the head of his cot and was glad that the ladies did not yet know of its arrival. Of course there was no real danger, yet such knowledge might conjure up unreal perils i

jocular, wholly reassuring way, and for some time they chatted together upon irrelevant matters as they sat about the fire until Mrs. Tolliver declared that it was high time for her to woo the drowsy god once more.

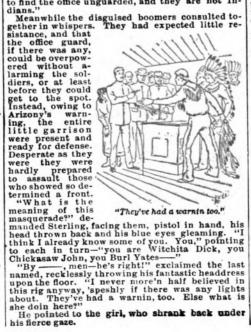
When the ladies got up, Miss Oberly moved to the window, whither Philip followed her at once. A gibbous moon had just risen, and over the plain without a thin haze seemed to be brooding. Under the scintillating heavens the gloomy, undulations of the prairie looked unutterably lonely and desolate. As they stood gazing out in silence the sharp bark of a coyote broke dissonantly upon their ears, followed by the depressing and prolonged wail peculiar to the species. Miss Oberly shivered, and Philip's arm stole protectingly about her waist.

"What a dreadfully dreary sound!" she said.
"At this hour it seems not unlike the moan of a distressed spirit lost upon these desolate wastes." Philip's reply was a reassuring pressure of his arms. Mrs. Tolliver was waiting patiently, with her hand upon the doorknob. She had not forgotten her own costed before the window so swiftly that Stella's unearthly simile appeared to have suddenly materialized. She turned and looked at Sterling. He, too, seemed puzzled. Then a clamor of the dogs arose without and other forms farther out upon the prairie appeared as if from nothing and seemed to scatter rapidly.

While Sterling stil hesitated, hardly knowing what to make of it all, an outer door was heard to open and close softly. Then the bolts were violently shot. Philip started toward the office door, when it was suddenly opened, and Arizony, pale, disheveied, staggered into the room, her dark hair glistening with dew and in her eyes a wild, unnatural light. She came at once to Sterling, not noticing the other two, and seized his hand.

"Thank God—I'm here!" she exclaimed in a suppressed, quivering tone. "But they're a comin, they're a-comin! You saved my mother once, leftenant, and I haven't forgot. Call your men pressed, quivering tone. "But they're acomin they're a-comin,

meanwhile the disguised boomers consulted to the total to the third the telephone the title research the telephone the telephone



He pointed to the girl, who shrank back under his fierce gaze.

"I thought you was in bed at home, Arizony," said Chicksaw John reproachfully.
"How could I lay there," she whimpered, "and let you all perhaps do murder?"
"This is a little rough, men," said Burl mildly, yet with a lurking devil in his eye, "for a man's own sweetheart to go back on him and his friends in any such way. It's a little rough and"—his tone suddenly hardened—"there ain't but one way to get even."

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He suddenly leveled his pistol, but Chickasaw John struck up the weapon."

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The suddenly leveled his pistol, but Chickasaw John struck up the combination, leftenant, or we'll blow the dependent of the safe. "Give up the combination, leftenant, or we'll blow the d—d thing to pieces afore your eyes, and that," with a wave of the hand and a sarcastic smile, "that might scare the ladden."

The boomers gather we hence the ladden. The boomers gather menacingly around the knot of half armed soldiers. In one corner crouched the two laddes of the garrison. Arizony, with her eyes fixed piteously upon her old lover, stood at Sterling's elbow. The latter, at this crisis, was surprised to see Miss Oberly suddenly rise, trembling in every limb and point to Burl Xu."

The name who led the gang that robbed the stage. I cannot be mistaken, though at first I was puzzled."

An oath from Yates and an agonizing cry from Arizony were heard. The last straw had been added to the poor girl's burden of despair.

Then came another uproar of of sepair.

Then came another uproar of of sepair.

Then came another uproar of of sepair.

Then came another uproar of of sepair and in the combine of the series of the series of horse more men in citizens' clothing ran into the office with pistols drawn. At their head was Parson Tiney, his gray hairs flying, his lean face sternly set and in his eyes an unusual fire. He alone was unarmed save for a thick walking stick, but he laid his hand boldly upon the naked shoulder of bearing fur her series of the content of the series of the content of the series of the content of the series of the content of th

of the room.
"I'm tired—tired," she whispered. "Seems like l

of the room.

"I'm tired—tired," she whispered. "Seems nke i want to—rest."

Stella, both shocked and pitying, bent over the girl. Mrs. Tolliver began to hunt for restoratives.

"Arizony," said Miss Oberly, "I wish I could say something that would make you feel better."

"Burl was good to me," sobbed the girl. "Maybe he did do wrong things, but—but he loved me. Oh, miss! oh, miss! I'm so miserable."

The old minister laid his hand upon Arizony's head and looked into her eyes as if what he saw there was bringing to memory the features of his own dead wife.

"We'll go back," said he soothingly; "we'll go back to old Virginny. She was always a-wishing for you to come back."

A silence ensued that was broken only by fitful sobbings as the girl gradually grew calm. Philip,

A silence ensued that was broken only by fiful sobbings as the girl gradually grew calm. Philip, moving to Stella's side, furtively clasped her hand. Outside the prisoners were sullenly marching away to the distant guardhouse. In the east, over the melancholy prairie, hovered the promise of another day, for the dawn was breaking.

At last, Parson Tilney, as if repeating the echo of his own thought, bent his head again.

"We'll go back to Virginny," he said. "It was your mother's wish, Arizony."

The girl looked up.

"Whenever you wish, father," she murmured.
"I've got no call to stay on here now."

.

One day several months later, Parson Tilney r turned from the little country postoffice near! Virginia mountain home with a letter in his hand. Arizony was seated in the doorway. A fresh color was in her cheeks, and she seemed to be once more the saucy, jovial Arizony of old as she sprang up and flew down the path to meet the old man. The reception of a letter was an unusual event in their now quiet lives. "It's postmarked at Washington," said he, holding out the missive. "I hain't much of a hand at readin writin, but they 'lowed it was to you, Arizony."

readin writin, but they 'lowed it was to you, Arizony."
She felt of the envelope, then scanned it critically. "There's something hard and stiff inside," she remarked in a reflective way. "I wonder what it can be."
"I know, father!" she cried. "Can't you remember who lives at Washington?"
The parson sagely remarked that he had no doubt there "was a many a one" lived there if all he had heard was true.
"For instance, there's the president—howee! Ain't they beauties, child?"
This sudden change in the drift of Mr. Tilney's remark was brought about by the sight of two elaborately engraved cards and a photograph. Upon one was stated that Lieutenant and Mrs.

Sterling would be "at home" to their friends on

Sterling would be "at home" to their friends on Tuesday afternoons.

"Well." said the parson, "I'd stay to home more'n one day in the week, even if I did live in Washington."

The other card bore the announcement of Miss Oberly's marriage. The picture was one of her and her husband. An accompanying note informed Arizony that the contents were sent with much love and also contained a kindly invitation to visit them as soon as possible.

Over this last request the parson grew reflective.

"It would be a grand thing for you, Arizony," said he. "But I'm afeared you might not want to come back."

"Bless your dear heart! I don't intend to go. Of course it's mighty kind for them grand folks to make out like they want to see me once more, but I know mother would rather I staid with you."

So she remained, and Mr. Tilney was happy. As a kind of atonement she hung the photograph over the fireplace and spent a laborious hour or two in inditing an ill-spelled yet appropriate reply, which the parson with considerable formality mailed the very next day.

THE END.

The financial independence in old age of the man who works for a salary depends on his savings and his investments of small sums; and the man who has self-control enough rigidly to put aside a part of his salary till its accumulation in a savings bank is large enough to warrant investment—such a man is likely to find safe investments; for his self-denial has taught him care. The man who cannot save is not so likely to be careful in his investments—if by chance he should have anything to invest. The first step, then, not only in getting money to invest but in getting the training that is necessary to invest wisely is to save something. It is not, as a rule, the depositors in savings banks that become the victimp of wild-cat schemes.

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

A Card Trick

Can you throw a card up and make it adhere to the ceiling? Wet the top of a common playing card with your tongue, or place a little water or mucilage on it. Have a coin on the top of your forefinger, and put

the prepared card upon it, wet side up. Now toss it up, and your foreinger, and you toss it up, and you may be surprised to see that the card will stick. You can catch the coin as it returns, and if the room is a little bit dark your trick will be something of a mystery.

A Little Surgery

Sometimes one gets a sliver that goes straight into the flesh, and it is a hard and painful operation to take it out. Even one skilled in that kind of work cannot extract without making an ugly hole. Here is a simple method which I have tried successfully. Take the rubber off the pencil, and press the metal part against the flesh, encircling the sliver. The latter will protrude, and may be picked off with the fingers. Still another way is to press the hand down over a glass half full of warm water.

Stand Egg on End

You all remember the story of how Columbus stood an egg on end by striking it down hard on the table. Modern tricksters have a better way than that of doing it. Providing you have a fresh egg, and a level surface it is simply a question of balancing. There is absolutely no trick or deception about it. Any egg can be balanced on either end. After having practiced a little while I am now able to stand a dozen eggs in a row in a few minutes without marring them in the least. Don't fail to try it.

Stammering

Stammering is a very unfortunate and humiliating malady. If the organs of speech, such as the lips, throat, and tongue are all right it may be remedied by reading aloud with the teeth tightly closed. Practice this every chance you get, while walking, riding, working, and every possible spare moment. The exercise followed a few hours a day for several months will surely effect a cure. Another exercise followed a few nours a day for several months will surely effect a cure. Another effectual way to stop it is to tap with the finger at every syllable. Both those hints are reliable for they came to me from an eminent surgeon who has gued hundreds. who has cured hundreds

Using Wire

The uses to which scrap wire may be put are indeed manifold. In this department, nearly every month hereafter, we will give one or



more examples. One general point applies to all cases, that is, before attempting to bend heavy wire it should be heated red, and allowed to cool slowly. Herewith is shown the method of putting a hoop on a tub. Fig. 1. shows the parts being heated, Fig. 2. shows the twist after it is made. Hold the wire in place with small staples.

Waterproofing

One of the best and cheapest preparations for waterproofing leather goods such as harness, skate straps and shoes is paraffine. Melt it over a slow fire, and when reduced to a liquid add a little rosin, and apply the mixture with a soft rag or sponge. It turns rather white when cool, and may not take a brilliant polish, but that fault is amply overbalanced by the good it does. A pound of it may be obtained anywhere for a few cents, and unlike other waterproof dressings it keeps the leather soft and pliable.

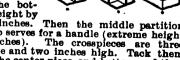
The Foolish Boy

One day two boys from Cambridge school
Were playing near a frozen pool.
The ice had but one night to freeze,
But Felix Fogg and Tommy Tease
Cared not a rap, both ventured out,
Though one was thin, the other stout.
At length Fat Felix stopped and said,
"I weigh too much to go ahead."
"Come on you coward." Tom Tease did cry,
"You're every bit as light as I."
Soon both the lads broke through the ice,
But Felix jumped out in a trice.
"Oh, save me," bellowed Tommy Tease,
"Quick, you can lift me out with ease."
"I can't," said Felix with a sigh,
"You said you weighed as much as I."

A Nail Box

Next to a tool chest the most important article in a boy's working kit is a box for different sizes of nails and screws. A packing case from

the storekeeper
will supply the
material. First
cut out the bot-



cut out the pottom piece eight by
eighteen inches. Then the middle partition
which also serves for a handle (extreme height
sixteen inches). The crosspieces are three
inches wide and two inches high. Tack them
firmly to the center piece and bottom and then
put on the sides. Study the drawings.

A New Solitaire

Spread the cards out face down, in four straight rows, thirteen in each. Call the rows, respectively, hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades, Begin by turning up one card (it makes no difference which). If it is the ace of hearts you place it first in the top row, removing the card which was in that position. Place the card you now have wherever it should be, removing the one whose place you fill. Keep on until the card you turn up has a vacant place to fill. When this happens you must shuffle and spread out again. It is a fascinating game and the oneokers enjoy it quite as much as the one player.

Peanut

Did you ever play peanut? It is the simplest and funniest game out. Two or more can play either as partners or individuals. Generally as in cards four sit at a table.



in cards four sit at a table. In the center is a bowl even full of peanuts. The first player is given a hat pin and jabs once with one hand only. If he fails to spear a nut the pin goes to the next player. If he does spear one or more he gets and so on until he misses.

another chance, and so on until he misses. There is no penalty for knocking one or more out of the bowl. Ten or fifteen is a game and the winners go to the next table as in progressive neglectors. sive pedro or euchre.

Making Ink

If you have a number of small indelible pencils do not throw them away. Take the lead out, soak it in tepid water till it dissolves and you will have very good ink. A better way is to dissolve the ground lead in a small quantity of alcohol and then add sufficient water. of alcohol and then add sufficient water.

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

she continued, her eyes filling with tears as she saw the grave expression on his face. "Have I done anything wrong? I am so sorry if I have."

as she saw the grave expression on his face. "Have I done anything wrong? I am so sorry if I have."

Her voice had in it the grieved tones of a little child, and her eyes were very bright, with the tears quivering on her long, silken lashes. Leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, a position he always assumed when puzzled and perplexed, the rector looked at her for a moment before he spoke. He could not define to himself the nature of the interest he took in Lucy Harcourt. He admired her greatly, and the self-denials and generous exertions she had made to be of use since Anna went away had touched a tender chord and made her seem ver! near to him. Habit with him was everything, and the past two weeks' isolation had shown him how necessary she had become to him. She did not satisfy his higher wants as Anna Ruthven had done. No one could ever do that, but she amused, and soothed, and rested him, and made his duties lighter by taking half of them upon herself. That she was more attached to him than he could wish, he greatly feared, for, since Captain Humphreys' visit, he had seen things differently from what he saw them before, and had unsparingly questioned himself as to how far he would be answerable for her future weal or woe.

"Guilty, verily, I am guilty, in leading her on, if I meant nothing by it," he had written against himself, pausing in his sermon to write it. Just then Lucy came in, appealing so prettily to him to know why he had neglected her so long. She was very beautiful this morning, and Arthur felt his heart beat more rapidly as he looked at her, and thought most any man who had never known Anna Ruthven would be glad to gather that bright creature in his own arms

heart beat more rapidly as he looked at her, and thought most any man who had never known Anna Ruthven would be glad to gather that bright creature in his own arms and know that she was his own. One long, long sigh to the memory of all that he hoped for once—one bitter pang as he remembered Anna and that twilight hour in the church, and then he made a mad plunge. membered Anna and that twilight hour in the church, and then he made a mad plunge in the dark and said: "Lucy, do you know that people are be-ginning to talk about my seeing you so much?"

ginning to talk about my seeing you so much?"

"Well, let them talk. Who cares?" Lucy replied, with a good deal of asperity of manner for her, for that very morning the old housekeeper at Prospect Hill had ventured to remonstrate with her for "running after the parson." "Pray, where is the wrong? What harm can come of it?" and she tossed her head pettishly.

"None, perhaps," Arthur replied, "if one could keep his affections under control. But if either of us should learn to love the other very much, and the love was not reciprocated, harm would surely come of that. At least, that was the view that Captain Humphreys took of the matter when he was speaking to me about it."

There were red spots on Lucy's face, but her lips were very pale, and the buttons on her riding-dress rose and fell rapidly with the beating of her heart as she looked steadily at Arthur. Was he going to send her from him, send her back to the insipid life she had lived before she knew him? It was too terrible to believe, and the great tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. Then, as a flash of pride came to her aid, she dashed them away, and said thaughtily:

"And so, for fear that I shall fall in love

'And so, for fear that I shall fall in love "And so, for fear that I shall fall in love with you, and be ruined, perhaps, you are sacrificing both comfort and freedom, shutting yourself up here among your books and studies to the neglect of other duties? But it need be no longer. The necessity for it, if it existed once, certainly does not now. I will not be in your way. Forgive me that I have ever been."

Lucy's voice hearn to tromble as she

Lucy's voice began to tremble as she athered up her riding-habit and turned to find her gauntlets. One of them had dropped upon the floor, between the table and the

upon the noor, between the table and the rector, and as she stooped to reach it her curls almost swept the young man's lap. "Let me get it for you," he said, hastily pushing back his chair, and awkwardly entangling his foot in her dress, so that when she rose she stumbled backward, and would have fallen but for the arm that he are thether. have fallen but for the arm that he quickly passed around her.
Something in the touch of that quivering

form completed the work of temptation, and he held it for an instant while she said to

"Please let me go, sir!"
"No, Lucy, I can't let you go; I want you to stay with me."

Instantly the drooping head was uplifted, and Lucy's eyes looked into his with such a wistful, pleading, wondering look, that Arthur saw, or thought he saw, his duty plain, and gently touching his lips to the

brow glistening so white within their reach. he continued:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The continuation of this fascinating story will be told in the December number. If you are not a subscriber send 15 cents for thirteen months, and read this story to the end.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor,

Delicious Carrot Pudding

One cup of grated carrots, one cup of grated potatoes, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one half cup of raisins and currants mixed, two teaspoonfuls of all kines of spices mixed, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of sait. Mix all together and steam for three hours. I grease a small pail and put the dough in it, set the pail in a kettle of boiling water, keep the water well up near the top of pail, perforate the lid of pail, so the steam may escape, cover kettle over, too, so all of the steam may be kept in as much as possible.

Mrs. B. L. Grifferts, Beaverton, Or.

Corn Rusks

Two cups corn meal, three cups boiling milk, two cups sugar, one cup of lard, one cup yeast. Pour the milk over the corn meal, then add the lard and sugar; when lukewarm add the yeast. In the morning add a teaspoonful of salt and soda size of a bean dissolved in a little water, and flour to knead; make out into little rolls and raise very light. Bake in a moderate oven; these are very nice.

Mrs. J. H. Stanert, Pingree, N. D.

Baked Hominy

Take a dish of cold hominy or grits and soften by pouring hot water over it. Then add one half cup of milk, one egg, black pepper, a pinch of salt, and just a little flour if the mixture is too thin. Pour in a greased pan or bowl and bake. This is a fine way to use hominy that is left over and is real good eaten with vegetables, meats or butter.

MRS. W. N. HERBING, Hobgood, N. C.

Good Molasses Cookies

One cupful of sugar, one cup lard, one egg, one cup New Orleans molasses, one half cup sour milk, one half cup sour cream, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in the sour milk, one tablespoonful ground ginger, one teaspoonful ground cinnamon. Enough flour to roll. Be sure and have the dough soft. Have the cookies about one half inch thick when baked.

One cup sweet cream, enough pulverized sugar to make stiff enough to spread nicely, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Beat until smooth, then spread

Excellent Yeast

One quart mashed potatoes, one quart hot potato water; make a paste of three tablespoonfuls of flour with a little water, and stir this into boiling mixture. Now add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt and one pint of cold water. When sufficiently cooled add one previously dissolved yeast cake. Let rise and when light use as much of this yeast as you have water; one quart yeast and one quart water makes six small loaves of bread. I would like correspondents, and if these recipes are available will send others.

MRS. SYLVESTER L. TUPPER, BOX 36, Plymouth, R. F. D., 24, Wis.

Creamed Parsnips

Boil four good-sized parsnips until tender, remove the skins, when cool cut in slices lengthwise in eighths. Heat one and one half cups of milk to boiling point, mix two tablespoonfuls of flour to a smooth paste with one half cup of cold milk, add to the scalding milk and cook until it thickens, season with pepper and salt, add a tablespoonful of butter or more, pour over the parsnips and serve hot. These are excellent.

Cook celery in the same way excepting wash, scrape the celery and cut into half-inch pieces, boil in salted water until tender and serve with white sauce as above.

MRS. BERTHA EDWARDS, Englewood, Kans.

Marshmallow Cake

One cup of sugar, creamed with one half cup of butter, add one half cup of sweet milk, sift two and one half cups of flour six times with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tarter in it, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, a little salt. Bake in three jelly cake tins, when cold spread with the paste.

Marshmallow Paste

Put three quarters of a cup of sugar, and one quarter of a cup of sweet milk into a double boiler, heat slowly to boiling point without stirring, boil six minutes. Break a quarter of a pound of marshmallows in pieces and melt in another pan, add two tablespoonfuls of hot water, and cook until mixture is smooth; then add hot syrup gradually, stirring constantly, beat after removing from fire until cool enough to spread, then add vanilla. It can be used both as filling and frosting. It is fine on a chocolate pie. Marshmallows can be bought at most any confectioners.

Sauce for Onione

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one table-spoonful of flour; when smooth add boiling milk or cream until thick and creamy; remove from fire, add one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and pour over the onions that have been boiled in salted water.

Cranberry Jelly

Boil and mash the berries, strain, boil the juice down one half, then measure, and for each cup of the juice add one cup of sugar; boil twenty minutes and pour into small glasses, or any pretty moulds. The oysters can be served raw, for the first course, with oyster crackers; stewed or made into soup, the first is better, for a hearty dinner to follow.

Mock Cherry Pie

Correspondents Wanted

Correspondents Wanted

William Anderson, 198 8th St., Detroit, Mich. Thos. H. Galivau, Buckingham, Wash. Mrs. Lena Jacobs, Box 132, Olive Hill, Carter Co., Ky. Miss C. H. Hickman, Allegany Springs, Va. Samuel J. Eigsti, Panola, Ill., young people. Lily Koone, Cleveland, R. P. D., 1, Ark. M. T. Hollowell, Edge, Ark. Herbert Fussell, Ticknor, Ga., young people. Benjamin H. Rogers, Legal, Ky., young people. Benjamin H. Rogers, Legal, Ky., young people. Miss Orna Wardage, Crom City, R. F. D., 2, Ohio. Mrs. A. O. Rush, Box 94, Grantsburg, R. F. D., 3, Wis. Miss Frances Miller, Verdon, R. F. D., 1, Neb., young people. Robert P. Laudevgue, 1627, Bailey St., Phila, Pa. Miss S. V. Johnson, Box 99, Tyler, R. F. D., 1, Texas. Ben and Paul Perego, Newton, Texas. I. M. Koone, Cleveland, R. F. D., 1, Ark. Clarence Whidden, Sykes Hotel, Room 32, Ticknor, Ga. Miss Minnie Harfsh, McClure, Ohio. Robert Wilson, Newton, Texas. Harry Shronce, Box 70, Oakton, Ky. Miss Margaret Parrent, Fairfield, R. F. D., 2, Tex. Mrs. R. J. Boisacg, 708 Bosworth Ave., Chicago, Ill. Edna M. Ward, Millican, Texas, young people.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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Double Fasile March; Cotton Field Dance; Admiration March

1DEAL 80NG COLLECTION—Ten songs with music complete. The Secret of the Violet; Old Black Too; I wonder If You Kniw My Heart is Breaking; Downley If You Kniw My Heart is Breaking; Downley If You Should Wander From My Ride; Saig the Song; If You Should Wander From My Ride; Saig the Song You Sing in the Days of Old Down By the Old Garden Gate; On the Old Virginia Shore.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl sings "He stood and measured the carth and the overlasting mountains were scatered, the perspention of the property of the property

and a strange, strange invincible love for you sprang from the bitter ashes of a dead selection seemed at my idiocy; I cursed my mad folly, and tried to believe you as unprincipled as I had found others; but the singular fascination strengthened day by day. Finally I determined to tempt you, hoping that your duplicity and deceit would wake men from the second dream into which was not the second dream into which the second dream into which was not seen in the second dream into which the second dream into which the second dream into which is second dream into which was not seen in the second dream into which is se

THE PARTING WAS PAINFUL. MRS. MURRAY FOLLOWED THE ORPHAN TO THE FRONT DOOR.

the belier. She deaded shears when a secientally she believes are each stere than Govelously as the clear of the power of the stays of Harry part and he was seen at particular to the stays of Harry part and he was seen at the particular to the stays of Harry part and he was seen at the particular to the stays of Harry part and he was seen at the particular to the stays of Harry particular to the stays of the stays of Harry particular to the stays of Harry particular to the stays of the stays in the stay of the stays of th

tions? Oh, my darling—"

He paused, and leaned over her, putting his hand on her head, but she shook off his touch and exclaimed:
"But Gertrude! Gertrude!"

"Be patient, and you shall know all; for as God reigns above us, there is no recess of my heart into which you shall not look. It is, perhaps, needless to tell you that Estelle came here to marry me for my fortune. It is not agreeable to say such things of one's own cousin, but to-day I deal only in truths and facts sustain me. She professes to love me! has absolutely avowed it more than one in days gone by. Whether she really loves anything but wealth and luxury. I have never troubled myself to find out; but my mother fancies that if Estelle were my wife, I might be less cynical. Once or twice I tried to be affectionate toward her, solely to see what effect it would have upon you; but I discovered that you could not easily be deceived in that direction—the mask was too transparent, and beside, the game disgusted me. I have no respect for Estelle, but I have a shadowy traditional reverence for the blood in her veins which forbids my fifrting with her as she deserves. The very devil himself brought. Agnes here. She had married a rich old banker only a few months after Murray's death, and lived in ease and splendor until a short time since, when her husband failed and died, leaving her Without a cent. She knew how utterly she had blasted my life, and imagined that I had never married because I still loved her! With unparalleled effrontery she came here, and trusting to her wonderfully preserved beauty, threw herself and her daughter in my way. When I heard she was at the parsonage, all the old burning hate leaped up strong as ever. I fancied that she was the real cause of your dislike to me, and that night, when the game of billiards ended, I went to the parsonage for the first time since Murray's under the apple-tree on the night that branded me and drove me forth to wander like valutures as I stood in the shadow of the trees, where my jod) and I had chatted

trude is ner aim.

ter!"

"Oh! no, no! visit not her mother's sins on her innocent head! Gertrude is true and affectionate, and she loves you dearly."

Edna spoke with a great effort, and the strange tones of her own voice frightened her.

"On! no, no! visk not her mother's sins on her innocent head! Gertrude is true and affectionate, and she loves you dearly." Edna spoke with a great effort, and the strange tones of her own voice frightened her.

"Loves me? Ha, ha! just about as tenderly as her mother did before her! That they do both 'dearly love'—my purse, I grant you. Hear me out. Agnes threw the girl constantly and adroitly in my way; the demon here in my heart prompted revenge, and, above all. I resolved to find out whether you were indeed as utterly indifferent to me as you seemed. I know that jealousy will make a woman betray her affection sooner than any other cause, and I deliberately set myself to work to make you believe that I loved that pretty cheat over yonder at the parsonage—that frolicsome wax-doll, who would rather play with a kitten than talk to Cicero; who intercepts me almost daily, to favor me with manifestations of devotion, and shows me continually that I have only to put out my hand and take her to rule over my house, and trample my heart under her pretty feet! When you gave me that note of hers a week ago, and looked so calmly, so coolly in my face, I felt as if all hope were dying in my heart; for I could not believe that, if you had one atom of affection for me, you could be so generous, so unselfish toward one whom you considered your rival. That night I did not close my eyes, and had almost decided to revisit South America; but next morning my mother told me you were going to New York—that all entreaties had falleu to shake your resolution. Then once more a hope cheered me, and I believed that I understood why you love tenderly—to quit the home my mother offered you and struggle among strangers. Yesterday they told me you would leave on Monday, and I went out to seek you; but you were with Mr. Hammond, as usual, and instead of you I met—that curse of my life—Agnes! Face to face, at last, with my red-lipped Lamia! Oh! it was a scene that made jubilee down in Pandemonium! She plead for her child's happiness—ha, ha, ha



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"Take care, do not rouse me. Be reasonable, little darling. You goubt my love? Well. I love you. You are so far above all ought not to wonder at your scepticism after all you have heard. But you can feel how my heart throbs against your cheek, and if you will look into my eyes, you will be convinced that I am fearfully in earnest, when I bey you to be my wife to-morrow—to-day—now if you will only let me send for a minable of the son of my best friend?"

"You asked Annie to be your wife, and—"
"Housh! hush! Look at me."
"Housh shands over her face head look at me."
"Housh hand look at me."
She tried to break away, and finding it impossible, pressed both hands over her face and look at me."
She tried to break away, and finding it impossible, pressed both hands over her face and look at me."

"Mou against his shoulder.

"He laughed, and whispered:
"My darling. I know what that means. You while and whispered:
"My darling. I know what that means. You while look the son of my best fiend?"

"All you dare not look up because you cannot trust in the eye and say. St. Elmo, I noble—so holy—to my eyes, that I reverence on the ever have loved—do not—and never can love will I love you. You are so far above all over me. You are to cruthful; your lips can obtain to your your conscience forbid on the worth which you will not conscient forbid in your pure. considers which you will not do they more of the which you will not conscient forbid in your pure. Consider your forbide, which you do not—and never can love will I love you. You are to cruthful; your is cen of the love you. You are to cruthful; your is cen of the plane of the plan



Abeve Shows the Cover Design of "St. Elmo."

The above illustration gives but a faint idea of the cover to the wonderful book, "St. Elmo." This book has heretofore sold for not less than \$1.50 to \$2.00 per volume, but to make it possible for any of COMFORT's subscribers to own this complete story without the outlay of even a penny, and by only doing a very slight service, we secured a trial thousand books, bound up in an artistic and serviceable manner that we decided to offer as Premiums free to club raisers who would secure only seven yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each. Only from the fact that we paid so large a price for the rights to publish this great story exclusively in COMFORT could we now be able to offer it free in book form to the comparatively limited number of subscribers who care to now send in these small club list to secure the book without cost. We would like to have it go into every COMFORT subscriber's home, it is such a high moral tale, but only those among you who feel to take advantage of this extremely favorable opportunity now—at once—just as soon as you can get out and secure your club, can expect to get this 565-page great prize book, for they certainly cannot last long. Why, do you know what a simple little thing it means to secure only seven subscribers to a great big 32-page Monthly like COMFORT, at only 15 cents per year? Why, COMFORT is filled clean full of choice articles and stories, any one of which is worth more than the yearly price of the paper to you or any other subscriber; If you cannot get all new subscribers, get part renewals. All those now interested in reading "St. Elmo," and the other new and old continued stories and departments, will certainly desire to renew. If their subscription is not quite .un out, why, it will expire in a very few months, and we extend it for a full year from the time of its present run. To those who are not regular subscribers, you can easily set forth the good points in COMFORT, and make them see that it is greatly to their benefit to subscribe now while the low rate of 1

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ST. ELMO

and during the hour spent here my unholy nature was touched and softened as no sermon ever touched it. Oh! you wield a power over me—over all my future, which ought to make you tremble! The first generous impulse that has stirred my callous, bitter soul since I was a boy. I owe to you. I went first to see poor Reed, in order to discover what took you so often to that cheerless place; and my interest in little Huldah arose from the fact that you loved the child. Oh, my darling! I know I have been sinful and cruel and blasphemous; but it is not too late for me to atone! It is not too late for me to osome good in the world; and if you will only love me, and trust me, and help me—"

His voice faltered, his tears fell upon her forehead, and stooping he kissed her lips softly, reverently, as if he realized the presence of something sacred.

"My precious Edna, no oath shall ever soil my lips again; the touch of yours has purified them. I have been mad—I think, for many, many years, and I loathe my past life; but remember how sorely I was tried, and be merciful when you judge me. With your dear little hand in mine to lead me, I will make amends for the ruin and suffering I have wrought, and my Edna—my own wife, shall save me!"

Before the orphan's mental vision rose the picture of Gertrude, the trembling coral mouth, the childish wistful eyes, the lovely head nestled down so often and so lovingly on her shoulder; and she saw, too, the bent figure and white locks of her beloved pastor, as he sat in his old age, in his childless, desolate home, facing the graves of his murdered children.

"Oh, Mr. Murray! You can not atone! You can not call your victims from their tombs." and during the hour spent here my unholy nature was touched and softened as no sermon

the skull and cross bones!

Thousands of people, who have no idea that they are playing with the home, facing the graves of his murdered children.

"Oh. Mr. Murray! You can not atone! You can not call your victims from their tombs. You can not call your victims from their tombs. You can not sake to Mr. Hammond, and to my poor little confading Gertrude? I can my poor little confading Gertrude? I can not save to the property of the property of

ishes, grieves me. I can neither respect nor trust you. Mr. Murray, have mercy upon yourself! Go yonder to Jesus. He only can save and purify you."

"Edna, you do not, you can not intend to leave me. Darling—"

He held out his arms and moved toward her, but she sprang past him, down the steps of the gallery, out of the church, and paused only at sight of the dark, dull spot on the white steps, where Annie Hammond had lain insensible.

An hour later, St. Elmo Murray raised his face from the mahogany railing where it had rested since Edna left him, and looked around the noble pile which his munificence had erected. A full moon eyed him pityingly through the stained glass, and the gleam of the marble pulpit was chill and ghostly; and in that weird light the Christ was threatening, wrathful, appalling.

As St. Elmo stood there alone, confronting the picture—confronting the past—memory, like the Witch of Endor, called up visions of the departed that were more terrible than the mantled form of Israel's prophet; and the proud, hopeless man bowed his haughty head, with a cry of angulsh that rose mournfully to the vaulted ceiling of the sanctuary: "It went up single, echoless, 'My God! I am forsaken!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. HAMMOND PLEADS FOR ST. ELMO.

MR. HAMMOND PLEADS FOR ST. ELMO.

The weather was so inclement on the following day that no service was held in the church; but, notwithstanding the heavy rain, Edna went to the parsonage to bid adieu to her pastor and teacher. When she ascended the steps Mr. Hammond greeted his pupil with a degree of mournful tenderness very soothing to her sad heart.

Leading the way to his study, where Mrs. Powell sat with an open book on her lap, he said gently:

"Agnes, will you be so kind as to leave us for a while? This is the last interview I shall have with Edna for a long time, perhaps forever, and there are some things I wish to say to her alone. You will find a better light in the dining-room, where all is quiet."

As Mrs. Powell withdrew he locked the door, and for some seconds paced the floor; then, taking a seat beside his pupil, he said, eagerly:

"St. Elmo was at the church yesterday afternoon. Are you willing to tell me what passed between you?"

"Mr. Hammond, he told me his melancholy history. I know all now—know why he shrinks from meeting you, whom he has injured so cruelly; know all his guilt and your desolation."

The old man bowed his white head on his bosom, and there was a painful silence. When he spoke, his voice was scarcely audible.

"The punishment of Ell has fallen heavily upon me, and there have been hours when I thought that it was greater than I could bear—that it would utterly crush me; but the bitterness of the curse has passed away, and I can say truly of that 'meekest angel of God,' the Angel of Patience:

"He walks with thee, that angel kind, And gently whispers, Be resigned;"

'He walks with thee, that angel kind, And gently whispers, Be resigned; Bear up, bear on; the end shall tell, The dear Lord ordereth all things well!'

Bear up, bear on; the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well?
"It ried to train up my children in the fear
and admonition of the Lord; but I must have
failed signally in my duty, though I have
never been able to discover in what respect
I was negligent. One of the sins of my life
was my inordinate pride in my only boy—my
gifted, gifted, handsome son. My love for
Murray was almost idolatrous; and when my
heart throbbed with proudest hopes and aspirations, my idol was broken and laid low
in the dust; and, like David mourning for his
rebellious child Absalom, I cried out in my
affliction, 'My son! my son! would God I had
died for thee!' Murray Hammond was my
precious diadem of earthly glory; and suddenly I found myself uncrowned, and sackcloth and ashes were my portion."
"Why did you never confide these sorrows
to me? Did you doubt my earnest sympathy?"
"No, my child; but I thought it best that
St. Elmo should lift the veil and show you all
that he wished you to know. I felt assured
that the time would come when he considered
it due to himself to acquaint you with his sad
history; and when I saw him go into the
church yesterday I knew that the hour had
arrived. I did not wish to prejudice you
against him; for I believed that through your
agancy the prayers of twenty years would be
answered, and that his wandering, embittered
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



THIS is not a toy violin, but a LARGE and BEAUTIFUL TONED instrument. It is made of highly polished perfectly seasoned wood, beautifully varnished. The pegs, finger-board and tail-piece are ebony-finished. The violin is complete, with one silver and three gut strings, long sadjustable bow of white horsehair and box of resin. We also give you a VERY VALUABLE Self-Instruction Book Free. Write today for only two dozen pieces of our new Swell Art Jewelry Novelties to sell atten to buy from you, as our goods are worn by the very best people. Return our \$2.40 and we will immediately send you the violin and complete outfit just as described. Write today, Address

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Dangerous Hair Dyes!

How to Test "Hair Dyes" Containing Sugar of Lead (Poison) and Sulphur.

FEEL it is my solemn duty, as an analytical chemist, to sound a note of warning to users of hair dyes. The market is flooded with dyes that are not only injurious to the hair, but endanger the health of every person who uses them.

These preparations are in the majority of cases solutions containing nothing more nor less than Sugar of Lead and Sulphur. And Reader, Sugar of Lead is-Poison!

In justice to the public, every bottle of hair dye containing these substances should bear the poison label and the poison emblement the skull and cross bones!

Thousands of people, who have no idea that they are playing with fire, are using these preparations, and not knowing of anything

Now I am going to tell you how you can detect the presence of Lead and Sulphur without going to the expense of a chemical analysis. The manufacturer of every Sulphur and Lead preparation gives emphasis to the directions—"SHAKE BOTTLE BEFORE USING!" Why? Simply because the Sulphur and Lead settle to the bottom of the bottle, forming a thick sediment, and you must shake the bottle and stir up this sediment, for it's the sediment that does the work! Here is the test: Don't shake the bottle!

Just try to dye the hair with the clear liquid at the top and the stuff will fail absolutely to color the hair. Lead and Sulphur make the hair sticky and greasy, and the stuff rubs off on everything.

There's another "old-timer"—the "two-bottle" dye. No one but an expert can use this properly. Then, in a very short time, the gray hairs at the roots must be retouched (by the expert) and another fee paid.

The hair then takes on two and sometimes more colors, and the effect is startling. Then the victim awakens to the shame of the situation.

Don't Dye Your Hair—Restore Its Color Naturally

Now, listen! Allow me to send you free a full size \$1.00 bottle of my Restorer to prove every claim I make.

Now, listen! Allow me to send you free a full size \$1.00 bottle of my The original color of my The original colo

It is absolutely harmless.

My Gray Hair Restorer is sold by druggists everywhere.

There are many thousands of men and women using my preparation. This offer is only for those who have not used Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer. Every bottle is sent by express, prepaid, as the bottle is too large to mail. The following must be filled out in full or no attention can be paid to letter.

Mary T. Goldman, 140 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn. Send me full-sized \$1.00 bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer. I inclose 25c in stamps or coin to cover express charges. I solemnly swear that I desire the Restorer for my own use that I will not sell or give it away, and that I have never used or purchased Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer.

Sign Full Name.

The original color of my hair before it started to fade or turn gray was

(Inclose sample if convenient.)

By Comfort's Home Milliner



cept the hemming and catch-stitching of bands and folds.

Milliners' thread, which is a soft strong thread that does not cut the material—No. 50 in black and white. If this cannot be obtained use ordinary thread No. 30 or 40. Stiff buckram in black and white; thin covering muslin in black and white; milliners' wire in black and white, which comes by the roll, and "tie" wire which comes by the spool. This wire is fine, like thread, and is used for fastening the heavy wires where they cross. A pair of wire cutters are a great convenience, but not an actual necessity, as an old pair of shears can be used for cutting wire, which is being used all the time. A tape measure is also a necessity.

In general, the first thing to be considered is frames and coverings. Until quite recently, everything has been what is known as "made" hats, every hat starts with a frame, which is then covered with straw, velvet, cloth, lace, chiffon or flowers, according to the style of hat being made. Within a year, however, we have been able to buy hats of straw and felt, all ready to trim—which of course, simplifies the work of the milliner somewhat. But there is still a large demand for "made" hats, and at any time the fashion may change back to where it was previous to a year ago, and only "made" hats will be considered in the best taste. Frames can be bought in almost every possible variety of shape and style, but ever so it often

what. Bustnere is still a large demand for "made" hats, and at any time the fashion may change back to where it was previous to a year ago, and only "made" hats will be considered in the best taste.

Frames can be bought in almost every possible variety of shape and style, but even so it often happens that one wants something a little different than can be bought at the time, and when this is the case, all one has to do is to get a frame the nearest like what one has in mind, and then alter edge of brim, if too wide—by bending the supporting wires of the crown like a Z, if too high, or by adding to the brim with more wire, or with a circular strip of buckram, if it is desired to make the brim wider in any part. In this case always put a heavy wire on outer edge. If possible, use buckram frames when they are to be covered plain, as the wires are apt to show, after some wear, if a wire frame is used; if, however, a wire frame is used; over both sides of brim, top and under, with covering muslin before putting on the outer covering. Wire frames are much lighter than buckram, and should always be used for everything except plain material. The underside of brim must be covered with muslin, to give a foundation upon which to sew folds, straw, flowers, foliage, or whatever is to be used. As will be noticed by offer below, Comfort will furnish material for making a complete hat so that it will not cost one any money at all. Weight should always be borne in mind, when making a hat, as there is nothing so unsatisfactory and uncomfortable as a heavy hat.

To cover a wire frame with muslin, lay it onto the muslim with the front toward a corner; this gives the necessary bias. Hold frame firmly in place, and cut the muslin one half inch larger all around, than the frame. Draw the edge up over outer wire of frame, keeping flat on table all the muslin; pin every inch, and when finally perfectly smooth across the whole of underside of frame, (head hole and brim,) sew it firmly close to outer wire, and remove pins. Turn frame ov

ever it is to be covered with.

After the consideration of the preparation of frames, comes the making of the bands and folds constantly used. Of course, everything is cut on the bias, and all selvages cut off. The bands used around the outer edge of brims and crowns are called "snap" bands; they are made by cutting a called "snap" bands; they are made by cutting a bias strip as long as desired (usually two widths of velvet are needed for the outer edge of brim), and three times as wide as the band is to be when finished and on the hat; that is, if it is desired that a band show an inch in width on both upper and under edge of the brim, then the band should be cut three inches wide. After seaming the two widths together, turn in each edge one half inch and catch-stitch with same color of silk. To catch-stitch, begin at what is usually considered the "wrong end," and take a small stitch in the turned over edge, and then one fourth inch from that take a small stitch in the wrong side of the band, and continue to do this, working away from yourself, until the entire edge is eaught down. No

yourself, until the entire edge is caught down. No stitches must show on right side. Do the other edge of band in same way, and the band is ready to stretch over the edge of brim, as will be explained edge of band in same way, and the band is lead, sedge of brim, as will be explained in a later article on the covering of frames with

stretch over the edge of brim, as will be explained in a later article on the covering of frames with velvet.

A milliners' fold is made by making a band exactly as a snap band is made, but the band is cut only an inch in width, and the edges are turned over only one fourth inch. After both edges are catch-stitched, the lower edge is laid up to within an eight of an inch of the top edge, and blind-stitched to hold it there. Several rows of milliners' folds on the edge of a brim covered plain, makes a very rich finish, and is used a great deal on mourning hats.

Wo Man who cares to do so can easily make her the se of her in other and ittle, by carefully reading the instructions, which of the se of her in the se of her in the se of her in other and little, by carefully reading the instructions, which of the se of her instructions, which of the se of her instructions, which of the second ittle, by carefully reading the instructions, which of the second ittle, by carefully reading the instructions, which of the second ittle, by carefully reading the instructions, which it is a series of a series of the second in the

experiment, folm soon do it.
Our initial
cut shows a
trimmed turban, and we also show a cut
of the frame.
To cover and
trim a hat of
this style, first
cover the frame
on underside,
(which means

on underside, (which means the brim) with

TURBAN FRAME.

TURBAN FRAME. (which me an s the brim) with covering muslin, as described in the early part of this article. Then cut folds of black velvet, as also described, and after seaming the strips together, baste the edges together, and then apply to the brim, commencing at the top of outer brim, at the middle of the back. The folded edge of fold should project one half inch above edge of brim. Sew the folds straight, holding them easily, neither full nor drawn tight, as they should lie flat. Go around the brim as many times as is necessary to entirely cover it, way in to head hole, lapping folds sufficiently to perfectly cover raw edges. The fold is, of course, all in one piece—not cut at back each time, but carried right around until entirely covered. Full a little, as you work in towards head hole, so outer edge of fold will not draw. Cut a piece of velvet three or four inches larger all around than the entire top of frame, and of same shape. This is to go loosely on top, in easy folds. Turn in edge and catch-stitch on wrong side. Lay it on top of frame and blind-stitch the edge to the back side of fold that stands above edge of brim. Start at the left side and work around toward the front, and when you get back to the left side again there will be some extra fullness which should be gathered all in a bunch at the left, and it will then stand up carelessly, as a sort of background for the wings to be used at left side for trimming. Tack the velvet a few times on crown, wherever necessary to hold in place whatever folds there may be. Now the frame is covered, and all the trimming needed is a flat knot of velvet, through which are thrust two wings, one white and one black. To make the knot, cut one strip of velvet is inches wide; catch-stitch each edge; tie loosely into a knot and tuck under ends and tack loosely into a knot and tuck under ends and tack loosely into a knot and tuck under ends and tack loosely into a knot and tuck under ends and tack loosely into a knot and tuck under ends and tack loosely into a knot

would be oden soymer inexpensive.

Our next article will describe the covering of frames with plain velvet, which is one of the most difficult things a milliner has to do.

SPEGIAL

HAT OFFER.

In order that Comport subscribers may get the practical value of these lessons, we have arranged with a large Boston millinery establishment to furnish the frames and material to compute an outil for making the turban hat illustrated and described above, so you can by getting a club of only 12 subscribers to Comport at 15 cents each, make one without cost for yourself, or to sell. As a made-up hat of this description sells at from \$4.98 to \$8.50 at the city milliners, you can at once see what a tavorable offer it is. The outil consists of one turban frame, one half yard covering muslin for same, one and one fourth yards black velveta for trimming and outer covering, two wings, one black, one white, assorted milliners' needles—all of which will be sent free, express or postpaid.

If you have material of your own for trimming, we will

If you have material of your own for trimming, we will send only the hat frame—extra hat wire—enough for making two extra frames—tie wire and assorted needles for a club of 4 subscribers at 15 cents each.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

heart would follow you to that cross before which he bowed in his boyhood. Edna, it was through my son's sin and duplicity that St. Elmo's noble career was blasted, and his most admirable character perverted; and I have hoped and believed that through your influence, my beloved pupil, he would be redeemed from his reckless course. My dear little Edna, you are very lovely and winning, and I believed he would love you as he never loved anyone else. Oh! I have hoped everything from your influence! Far, far beyond all computation is the good which a plous, consistent, Christian woman can accomplish in the heart of a husband who truly loves her."

"Oh. Mr. Hammond! you pain and astonish me. Surely you would not be willing to see me marry a man who scoffs at the very name of religion; who willfully deceives and trifles with the feelings of all who are sufficiently credulous to trust his hollow professions—whose hands are red with the blood of your children! What hope of happiness or peace could you indulge for me, in view of such a union? I should merit all the wretchedness that would inevitably be my life-long portion if, knowing his crimes, I could consent to link my future with his."

"He would not deceive you, my child! If you knew him as well as I do, if you could realize all that he was before his tender, lov-

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Lindsborg, Kas., Sister Mary Clare,
Villa Maria, U es ul 1. Berger,
Eryan Tex., Miss Maria, Maria,
Eryan Tex., Miss Maria,
Bryan Tex., Miss Maria,
Lindsborg, Kas., Miss Maria,
Lindsborg, Maria,
Lindsborg, Miss Maria,
OPTIC NERVE TROUBLE—Mrs. W.
G. Reid (daughter), Amoret, Mo.;
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ing heart was stabbed by the two whom he almost adored, you would judge him more leniently. Edna, if I whom he has robbed of all that made life beautiful—if I, standing here in my lonely old age, in sight of the graves of my murdered darlings—if I can forgive him, and pray for him, and, as God is my witness, love him! you have no right to visit my injuries and my sorrows upon him!"

Edna looked in amazement at his troubled, earnest countenance, and exclaimed:

"Oh! if he knew all your noble charity, your unparalleled magnanimity, surely, surely, your influence would be his salvation! His stubborn, bitter heart would be melted. But, sir, I should have a right to expect Annie's sad fate if I could forget her sufferings and her wrongs."

Mr. Hammond rose and walked to the window, and after a time, when he resumed his seat, his eyes were full of tears, and his wrinkled face was strangely pallid.

"My darling Annie, my sweet, fragile flower, my precious little daughter, so like her sainted mother! Ah! it is not surprising that she could not resist his fascinations. But, Edna, he never loved my pet lamb. Do you know that you have become almost as dear to me as my own dead child? She deceived me! she was willing to forsake her father in his old age; but through long years you have never once betrayed my perfect confidence."

The old man put his thin hand on the orphan's head and turned the countenance toward him.

"My dear little girl, you will not think me impertinently curious when I ask you a question, which my sincere affection for and interest in you certainly sanction? Do you love St. Elmo?"

"Mr. Hammond, it is not love; for esteem, respect, confidence belong to love. But I can (continued on page 27.)

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The Hidden Wedding Treasure The Mystery of the San Francisco

Earthquake

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

Phayeton, and then Lawrence Felton.

"I'm fairly caught." Ireton said merrily, and the others with as hearty a one, cried:

"Your punishment is to stay with us the rest of the night."

"If you will keep me company, I'll do the same for you under like circumstances, for, laugh as you will boys. I'm nervous, decidedly nervous, and I know I can't sleep."

"It often does that way," Lawrence said in his cool way, and the others did not dispute him, for young as he was, he had been married twice, and divorced his second wife.

"Where will we go, what will we do?" Gerald asked, linking his arm in that of Ireton.

"Give your commands, oh royal bridegroom," Lawrence sneered, and Ireton pausing, said quietly:

"I don't know what is affecting me as it is.

"Give your commands, oh royal bridegroom," Lawrence sneered, and Ireton pausing, said quietly:

"I don't know what is affecting me as it is, but I do feel sentimental," and he laughed again, nervously.

Lawrence Felton whipped out his gold repeater, saying as he did so:

"Just two-thirty. We are your slaves."
Still half laughing, half in earnest, Ireton led the way toward the seashore in the vicinity of the Cliff House, and stood quite still watching the waves break upon the smooth sand. His companions said nothing, for they remembered that the entire crowd had gone there several days before, and laughed heartily at the children playing in the surf.

"I wonder." Ireton said slowly, turning towards the others.

"What?" Gerald asked slowly.

"If really good times ever return. We were so happy and heart-free that afternoon, when we were all here. Will we ever be so again?" and he sighed. He could not explain the terrible weight upon his heart, and yet there it lay, although sky and sea were as peaceable as a summer day.

Felton laid his hand rather heavily upon Ireton's shoulder, saying quietly:

"My boy, don't moon. Tomorrow, or rather today, you are to be made happy. Come back to the hotel, and go to rest. What have you to worry about? Surely you are certain of her faith?"

"As of my own."

"Then why stand here in the eerie morning house looking at these days.

"My boy, don't moon. Tomorrow, or rather today, you are to be made happy. Come back to the hotel, and go to rest. What have you to worry about? Surely you are certain of her faith?"

"As of my own."

"Then why stand here in the eerle morning hours, looking at these dark waters, asking them if times fied will ever return. Of course they will not. What has passed, never returns, but better comes to take its place. Drop your fancles, and come back to the hotel for a drink," and he smilingly sought to draw his companions with him, but boun shook their heads. There was a dashing little brunette among the crowd of girls at the Bronson home, the one who was to be maid of honor, Violet Hilton, and there was a whisper that by the time their set had composed itself over the marriage of Ireton and Rosalie, another would be on tapis between Gerald and Violet. Perhaps Felton was hardhearted. So he was spoken of, though, had the truth been known, he was very seriously attracted toward a beautiful widow, who a year before had come to San Francisco. Mrs. Roton and Mr. Felton had met as strangers, although once they had been much nearer and dearer, yet, even in the moonlight softness of spirit did he confide his secret to his friends, but he did yield to them, and sauntered with them about the great city, happy and careless, drinking in the rare radiance of its confines, and thinking of the ceremony of the day which was dawning.

The three had been strolling about, scarcely giving heed to halting footsteps, when, just at a little past five o'clock, they were thrown on their faces, and Felton cried:

"Some anarchists are blowing up the city!"

"Before they could scramble to their feet, a tall building tottered and fell, burying Gerald beneath its debris, and with him hundreds of screaming humanity.

Ireton and Felton gazed about them, then began to dodge the falling walls, and yet keep in sight the spot where their friend was buried. Suddenly freton cried in a voice which plerced the air:

"My father! He is in the Palace Hotel,"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from the nose?
Does mucus drop in back of throat?

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Conducted by Cousin Marion In order that each cousin may be answered a this column, no cousin must ask more than aree questions in one month.

OW comes November, dears, and dreary though it be, it is the month in which we have our general thanksgiving for all the blessings, public and private, which have come to us through the year. Some of you may think that you have precious little to be thankful for, but think again, dears, before you finally refuse to have at least one little thank to offer. I am sure you will find something if you will look for it a minute. And now let us get to our duties. us get to our duties.

The first letter I come upon is from Sweetheart of La Salle, Col., who is somewhat anxious because the young man who told her he loved her didn't follow it up by asking her to be his wife. Some people, men and women, use the word "love" very lightly, and they will even say they "love" good things to eat. In my opinion "love" is a sacred word and a lofty feeling, and if a man tells a woman he loves her, he should ask her to be his wife. If he thinks love is merely flirting, then he should be watched.

Sweet Sixteen. Hampton, Va.—If you can't "for

be watched.

Sweet Sixteen, Hampton, Va.—If you can't "for the life" of you tell which of your two beaus you like best, you should wait five years to find out. When in doubt, don't marry. (2) Don't redden your cheeks with rouge. Try simple food, physical culture exercise, and plenty of sunshine. Read a physical culture magazine for information.

Sunshine, Norfolk, Va.—Don't be foolishly indifferent to the young man. If you like him, let him see it, but don't gush over him. Men like to be appreciated, and appreciation doesn't mean falling in love with them.

be appreciated, and appreciation doesn't mean falling in love with them.

Sadness, Stockett, Mont.—I don't think you are very badly hurt over his jilting you. Try, at least, to forget your loss in the love of some nice young man who won't jilt you.

Baby Girl, Etta, Fla.—Keep on refusing to let him hold your hand. Young men most appreciate what they cannot have. (2) Twelve miles is not too long a drive if you get back in good time. (3) Better wait till your parents are willing to buy your wedding outfit. It is very bad form for you to ask the young man to buy it.

Freckle Face, Alma City, Wis.—Wait until you are older and you will find out why your "Dad" won't let you go driving with seventeen-year-old boys. (2) Read and study at home when you are not working. Take the time for that sort of improvement which you would devote to driving with the boys if your father would let you.

Worried, Philadelphia, Pa.—Don't worry about

Worried, Philadelphia, Pa.—Don't worry about your aunt crying because you took the visitors into the kitchen and fed them on her pie. If it was good pie she should feel highly complimented and dry her tears.

gry ner tears.

S. D. P., Perry, Fla.—You should return from church with the same beau who took you there.

(2) Treat your third cousin as if he were no relation at all, when it comes to putting his arm around you and such familiarities. Broken Heart, Sourlake, Texas.-Follow the ad

vice of your friends and give up the man you do not love. Ask the advice of the other man without letting him know what you think of him. (2) You might become a good bookkeeper, but I hardly think you would succeed as a stenographer.

Arctic Brunette, Arctic, R. I.—If the man is all right, he will not object to giving you all reference necessary as to who he is. Indeed, he ought to do that without the asking. Don't marry him till you know who he is.

Golden Locks, Mobile, Ala.—Evidently he is quite as much in love with you as you are with him, and he should tell you that he loves you. Maybe he is too bashful, as some men are, and needs to be encouraged just a little bit.

L. M., Middleburgh, N. Y.—Certainly you may have callers though no old people are in the house, because you are the head of your brother's house. (2) If convenient give your escort something to eat, or drink when he comes in with you after church. You may do as you please about it. (3) The young men, who will not go with girls they cannot kiss and be familiar with, are just the kind that girls should not go with. It is a very good way to give a man the mitten by telling him you have gone with him long enough for friendship's sake. Call yourself "Miss" when telling anyone who you are,

Little Black Eyes, Lower Grant Isle, Me.—If you want to forget him why send him souvenir postal cards? That isn't the way to forget. (2) When you have once been in "deep love" you won't have to ask which man should you choose.

Sweet Adeline, Denver, Col.—Tell him you will keep his pin in place of yours that he lost. You may still be friends.

may still be friends.

Troubled Blanche, Arcola, Texas.—Don't go to the city for work until you have found something to do there. A girl with nothing to do in the city is apt to be led into doing the worst thing. Read the advertisements in city papers asking for female help, and answer those that promise good results. If you have any friends in the city you might go to them, and look around for work. But don't go among strangers. (2) If you know the young man to be worthy, you may write to him.

Troublesome, Bristol, Tenn.—Write to the Park-

Troublesome, Bristol, Tenn.-Write to the Parkville Training School, Parkville, Mo.

L. I. R., Goldendale, Wash.—Take his advice, and visit your sister. He seems to be worthy of your confidence, and you should be loyal to him in all things. Good friends are scarce.

Wild Rose, Polloksville, N. C.—You are silly about the young man, and maybe if you will wait several years, you will outgrow it. Don't you know what it means to marry a man whodrinks? If he is that way as your sweetheart, he'll be ever so much worse as your husband.

Brown Eyes Dawson N. Dole Weitstabling of the several program of the several

that way as your sweetheart, he'll be ever so much worse as your husband.

Brown Eyes, Dawson, N. Dak.—Write to him giving him your address. Didn't you tell him you would? How can you expect people to write to you when you decline to tell where letters would reach you? (2) Friends may exchange photographs.

Hope, Fairview, Va.—He seems to be somewhat wavering, but, as he says, it may be that his honesty is not fully understood. I think if I were you, I would give him another year. Most men in his position would not offer to release you. I doubt a little if he really wants to marry you. He lacks will, and someone should make up his mind for him. (2) Write to Superintendent Maternity Hospital, New York City. It is better, however, to find one whose people you know something about.

L. V. A., Hillsdale, Mich.—Ordinary rules of etiquette do not apply to boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen. Their conduct should be in accord with the wishes and direction of their parents. Tell your mother everything, and keep her as your closest confidante. (2) Dancing is quite proper at parties, while kissing games are obsolete and vulgar. (3) Thank you for the chummy feeling.

Apple Blossom, Sepington, Or.—Choose the one who neglects you, of course. Don't you want to

Apple Blossom, Sepington, Or.—Choose the one who neglects you, of course. Don't you want to be neglected always and treated as if you were a cipher? My, my, but you are a silly girl!

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Loving Girl, Bueyeros, N. M.—He can come to see you seven nights in the week if he is engaged to you. You are rather too young to marry, but possibly it is just as well for you not to wait until you are older. (3) Don't be too loving or too indifferent. Balance them.

Mary Dear, Alexander City, Ala.—It is very nice for you to send flowers to the sick young man, and to call to see how he is getting along, but do not over-do your kindness.

Little Girl, Morgantown, W. Va.—You may give

Little Girl, Morgantown, W. Va.—You may give your picture to a friend as you have his. (2) It is not politic for the man to smoke while walking with a lady, even though she does not object. (3) Nine o'clock is not too late for him to call when his work keeps him away.

Impatient Girl, Clinton, N.Y.—Treat him as a friend until he tells you he wants you to be more than a friend.

than a friend.

Blue Eyes, Kennett, Va.—Better die an old maid than marry a man twenty-three years older than you are with five children. Didn't you know that?

There, dears, all your questions are answered, except a few that I could not have possibly answered without scolding more than I like to do. But the cousins who deserve the scoldings won't be harmed by my not answering, because the questions they ask will answer themselves in a little time. Let us all be thankful that there's so much good in the world, and let us be happy anyway. There are more sunshiny days than cloudy ones. By, by, until we meet again.

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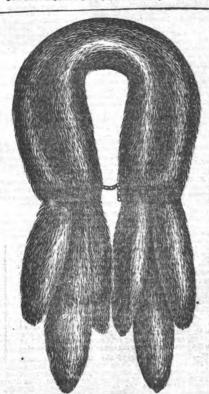
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big premium catalogue. If you don't have good luck,
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Not a cheap imitation, but a full size solo instrument with calfskin or sheepskin head 3, 10 or 11 inches in diameter, with regular length neck in handsome cherry finish, richly ornamented with fancy position dots. The rim is nickel finished and fitted with a full set of brackets. The finish of the trimmings is ebony. We send a full set of strings and guarantee satisfaction. This banjo is an American Instrument and is good enough for any player. Send us your name and address for only two dozen pieces of our handsome New Art Jewelry Novelties, to sell for us at 10 cents each. These are of wonderfully good value and useful as well as ornamental. Return our \$2.40 after the sale and we will send you the banjo complete, without delay. Address FRIEND SUPPLY CO., Dept. H773 Boston, Mass.



Handsome Fur Scarf

Send us your name and address and we will send you free and post-paid 24 pieces of our jewelry novelties to sell at 10 cents each. Everybody you show them to will buy them of you. When sold send us the \$2.40 and we will at

Handsome Fur Scart

It is nearly 48 inches long, made from black Lynx fur, has six full, bushy tabs, very latest style, and we know you will be more than pleased with it. When you receive it we know you will say it is the most elegant and thoroughly good fur you have ever seen. Nothing similar to this scarf has ever before been offered as a premium; it will give years of satisfactory wear. It gives a stylish, dressy effect to the wearer's appearance. The only reason we can offer them is we had a large number of them made up for us by one of the large furriers during the summer when trade was quiet; this is the only reason we are able to offer such an expensive premium. We hope you will take advantage of our offer without delay. This is an extraordinary offer and cannot be duplicated by any other reliable concern. We trust you with our jewelry until sold. It costs you nothing to get this fur. Address,

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The Handy Doctor in Your Vest Pocket

T'S a thin, round-cornered little Enamel Box-

When carried in your vest pocket it means Health-Insurance.

It contains Six Candy Tablets of pleasant taste, almost as pleasant as Chocolate.

Each tablet is a working dose of Cascarets, which acts like Exercise on the Bowels and Liver.

It will not purge, sicken, nor upset the stomach.

Because it is not a "Bile-driver," like Salts, Sodium, Calomel, Jalap, Senna, nor Aperient Waters.

Neither is it like Castor Oil, Glycerine, or other Oily Laxatives that simply lubricate the Intestines for transit of the food stopped up in them at that particular time.

The chief cause of Constipation and Indigestion is a weakness of the Muscles that contract the Intestines and Bowels.

* *

_Cascarets are practically to the Bowel Muscles what a Massage and Cold Bath are to the Athletic Muscles.

They stimulate the Bowel Muscles to contract, expand, and squeeze the Digestive Juices out of food eaten.

They don't help the Bowels and Liver in such a way as to make them lean upon similar assistance for the future.

This is why, with Cascarets, the dose may be lessened each succeeding time instead of increased, as it must be with all other Cathartics and Laxatives.

* Cascarets act like exercise.

If carried in your vest pocket, (or carried in My Lady's Purse,) and eaten just when you suspect you need one, you will never know a sick day from the ordinary Ills of life.

Because these Ills begin in the Bowels, and pave the way for all other diseases.

"Vest Pocket" box 10 cents. Be sure you get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never

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MR. M. YANT, CRETE, NEB., Says of Our Mild Method of Ouring Cance. You have performed one of the most mirac ous cures in my case ever heard of."

Ous cures in my case ever heard of."

No need of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's check or nose in a vain attempt to cure cancer. No use of applying burning those already weak from the first of the flesh and torturing those already weak from the first of the flesh of persons successfully treated. The flesh of DR. BYE, 701 Bye Bidg., Kansas City, Mo-

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to a Solid Gold Water also a Gold-Filled Ring, set with a Sparkling Gem, are given free to anyone for selling many 24 Jewelry Novelties, at 10c. pach, Send your name and address for Jewelry. When sold send us the \$2.40, and we send the Watch and Ring. FRIEND SUPPLY CO., Dept. 73, Boston, Mass.

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Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE. BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Box 1001 MARSHAIL MICE. BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Box 1991 MARSHALL, MICH.

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In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COM-FORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORTS HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Miss K. A. F.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that you have very little chance of recovering any part of the land you mention, owing to the probabilities that the present occupants have long since established a title either by the undisputed possession for the period of twenty years (which in your State gives title by possession), or by tax sales. (2) We think you could find out whether the document, you mention, is in the possession of this church by corresponding with the trustees of the church. (3) While you would probably find it very difficult to get a good lawyer to take up such a case on a contingent fee, it might be possible for you to do so, as in some few rare instances such suits have either been successful or settlements made, but, as we say, such cases have been very rare. (4) We would not advise you to commence such a suit unless you can get some lawyer to take it upon a contingent basis, as your chances for recovery are too remote; you would probably have to pay the disbursements of the suit.

F. C. A.—We are of the opinion, that such a contract as

F. C. A.—We are of the opinion, that such a contract as you describe could be legally made, but that before trying to enforce it, you should first make sure that you can substantiate the proof.

"A Subscriber."—We are of the opinion, that you cannot legally compel the doctor you mention to treat a patient upon his refusal to do so. You should apply to the Overseer of the Poor, and he will supply the medical attendance you require.

Mrs. M. J. P.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that your remedy would be by an action for money procured by fraud from you against the persons who made the misrepresentations to you, and that, in the State from which you write, the statute of limitation runs in four years from the time you first discover that a fraud was perpetrated.

fraud was perpetrated.

A. McD.—We are of the opinion, that you should have had the deed recorded at the time you took the same from your wife, but, that the validity of the deed is not necessarily vitiated by the fact that you did not do so, if the deed is properly drawn and executed and your wife's title to the land was a good one. We think you could have your deed recorded now and that your title to the portion of the land conveyed to you would be a good one, unless some question as to the way you procured the deed should arise. In that event the fact that you held the deed off record would operate against you.

L. C. R.—Upon your statements to use we think that

L. C. R.—Upon your statements to us, we think that you should bring an action against the newspaper you mention for the money they owe and neglect to pay you. It is possible that they are taking advantage of your being so far away to keep your money from you, and it will probably be more expense to you, than the recovery might amount to, to bring such an action. We think, however, that such an action is the only relief the law provides for you.

G. E. S.—We are of the opinion, that you can bring an action for whatever damages you can prove against your neighbor, for the trespass of his pigs and chickens upon your land.

G. E. S.—We are of the opinion, that you can bring an action for whatever damages you can prove against your neighbor, for the trespass of his pigs and chickens upon your land.

Mrs. F. A.—We are of the opinion, that the laws of the State you mention do not require witnesses to a deed, but that they do require that it be drawn in conformity to law and properly executed before a notary public or other proper officer, who usually also witnesses it, in addition to signing the necessary acknowledgment.

A. M. W.—Under the laws of the State from which you write and upon the statement made by you to us, we are of the following opinion: (1) That the widow upon the death of her husband would be entitled to dower of one third of the income of his real estate for her life, and the whole of the personal property absolutely, if it does not exceed \$4,000; if it exceeds that amount, one half and \$2,000 in addition, and that the balance is divided between the brothers and sisters and their representatives; but that, if there be no father, mother, children, brothers, sisters, nephews or nieces, she would then take the whole estate in any event. (2) A deed or will made by a man of unsound mind is of no validity, provided, of course, this fact is brought before the court by a contest of the will or an action to set the deed aside. (3) Your remedy should be by an action to replevin your property. (4) Your only way, we think, would be for you to file a petition in bankruptcy and to push the proceeding until you obtain a discharge in bankruptcy; and one year after you obtain your discharge you can bring a proceeding in the court in which the judgment was docketed against you and have it cancelled of record.

M. S.—Under the laws of the State, you mention, we are of the opinion, that the heirs of the deceased should all unite and nominate one or more from their number to administer the estate; if they cannot agree upon an administrator, the Judge of Probate will appoint the one he thinks best fitted, or, if none are satisfactory, so

chance to establish such a title.

T. H. W.—We are of the opinion, that, if your father survived your grandfather, and if your grandfather left no will, and if his estate exceeded his debts, your father was entitled to his share; and that, if your father has since died, leaving no will, you are entitled to your share of your father's estate. In case this happened a long time ago, either you or your father have probably allowed the statute of limitations to bar you from bringing any proceeding to recover your property, and in that event you would be cut out.

J. J. L.—We do not think that the fact the fact of the status of th

event you would be cut out.

J. J. L.—We do not think that the fact, that the man you mention asked you if you would board his workmen, would constitute a contract on his part for the payment of their board, unless you can show that he agreed to either pay for the board, or guarantee the payment.

W. J. W.—We think you have an action for damages for personal injuries against the company, unless they can prove that you in some way was negligent and contributed by some action of your own to your mishap.

S. C. H.—We think upon your statements to us that

can prove that you in some way was negligent and contributed by some action of your own to your mishap.

S. C. H.—We think, upon your statements to us, that you could enforce the payment to you, from your mother's property, of the money you have advanced for her and a reasonable amount for your services in taking care of her. We think it would be better for you to adjust this matter now, than to wait until after her death.

Mrs. M. M.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that your only recourse against the company you mention would be by an action against them for damages for breach of contract; or, if they are wrongfully withholding your property from you, by an action for the replevin of your property. But, owing to the great distance that you would have to go to bring such an action and the expense it would necessitate, we think a suit would be unpracticable unless there is a large amount at stake. If, as you say, you own the copyright of this song we think you might have it published through another publisher, and in that way throw the burden of bringing the suit upon the firm with which you are at variance.

M. T.—Under the laws of the State, you mention, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of the husband or wife leaving no will, the community property (that is such as is purchased or acquired by onerous title during marriage) all goes to the surviving husband or wife, if the deceased have no children. All real or personal

\$50 to \$400 an Acre Yearly Net Profit from Land which You \$25 an Can Buy NOW for \$25 Acre

could not afford to say these things unless each statement had been carefully verified by facts. You can buy this land so cheap now, because it has just been opened up to agriculture by the discovery of artesian water and the building of a railroad which is today carrying hundreds of carloads of produce out of this section straight to the country's best markets. Send me the country's best way nath do it made you an and do it now before you forget it. I will send you an and do it now before you forget it. I will send you can an addresses of men in the Texas Guif Coast Country will represent the market of wonderful crops. I will give you makes and addresses of men in the Texas Guif Coast Country will make you a rate of &c a mile railroad fare to Brownsville, Texas, and return, so that you can take a tripto best way. Then you will know that we have not told half of the advantages you can gain by buying some of this land now. You can buy on easy terms and make profits right from the start—the very first year. I will show you a safe and easy way to gain independence in a few short years. Such land as this must rapidly advance in price. So write now to That may seem too good to be true. But it is true. Because land such as you can buy now at \$25 an acre in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas is paying profits of \$400 per acre and even better, every year, right now—and I will prove it to you. This land is paying such great profits because it is unrivaled in productiveness by any farm land in the country. The climate is like that of Southern California. even tho' it is within 48 hours of Chicago. No extremes of heat and cold—practically no winter. You can raise crop after crop the year 'round—vegetables in midwinter when the markets are anxious to pay the fanciest prices for them. Crops are always sure because you have plenty of pure artesian water on your own property for the cheapest irrigation. This land is safe because it is from 10 placed to 150 fleet above tidewater. No land will produce a greater variety of fruits, vegetables, staple crops, or produce them more abundantly. And this land will produce crops at seasons when no other land can, in addition to producing them at all seasons in which any other land can, There are no long weary months of winter idleness here. No time when this land stands idle while expenses run on. For you can take profits out of this land every month in the year, and it is all within from 80 rods to 4 miles of a railroad station. Nowhere on this globe can you find a finer place to live and enjoy life, or land that will bring you better, surer profits. Remember, these statements are made by one of the largest railroad systems in the world, and we PLACEDO CORPUS CHRISTI BROWNSVILLE Passenger Traffic Manager Rock Island-Frisco Lines The Rock Island-Frisco Lines have no land to sell. We are interested in building up this country. John Sebastian, P. T. M. Rock Island-Frisco Lines, Chicago or St. Louis:

Please send me Texas Gulf Coast Books and full information about low rates, etc.

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property owned by the husband or wife at the time of the marriage, together with all acquired thereafter by gift, devise or descent, and the increase of all such lands, remain separate property. All property acquired by the husband and wife during marriage, except in the manner heretofore enumerated, is considered the common or community property.

Postoffice.

heretofore enumerated, is considered the common or community property.

E. H. S.—We are of the opinion, that, if you can fully substantiate all your statements to us, the agent you mention is liable criminally for obtaining money under false pretension; or civilly, he is entitled to no compensation, he having acted for both sides. We think that you should be very slow to proceed against him criminally as the result might be serious to you, in case you failed on your proof.

Every LadyRead This,

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucor-rhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

Comfort Postal Request

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. Some parties have received hundreds and hundreds of cards from just having their name inserted here. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We know any on a good big paper for 15 cents a year, and we have a giving up assortment of elegant Souvenir Post Gards, or twelve for a club of five. As we have thousand of cards, we are ready to help you get a large colleging in your club, say whether you want them from any good this way, and then exchange with others as a factor of the control of the co

sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

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Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs, and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I am pleased to send in the old song entitled "The Old Elm Tree," which several have requested. This song was written by my sister's son, Edward Mayhngh of Monongahela, Pennsylvania.

My father, Uriah Applegate, was a miller and the mill stood opposite the old elm, under whose spreading branches we played as children.

One of the earliest courts held in Pennsylvania assembled under this tree and is in the vicinity of the most important scenes and transactions during the Whiskey Insurrection.

In 1886 it was struck by lightning, breaking off one of its many limbs, and last fall the Bell Telephone Company nearly completed its destruction and soon it will be a thing of the past.

In 1883 the author's mother died and in 1896 the words were set to music by Prof. Simeon Bissell of Curry University, Pittshurgh, Pa.

REBECCA APPLEGATE, Elizabeth, Pa.

The Old Elm Tree

How dear to me is the old elm tree That stands by the roadside lone; With arms outstretched it talks to me Of years of care that are gone.

Long years ago my mother mused there Under the old elm tree, As a May Queen crowned with roses fair With brothers and sisters played she.

The grass is green 'neath the old elm tree Where ivies their tendrils twine; O, mother it beckons in vain to thee The old elm tree thy shrine.

O, sing to me of the stately tree Ye assuasive airs of the morn, While lambkins skip in meadows free And the throstle pipes in the corn.

Wake into music the drooping sprays, Sweep gently the leafy lyre; As the Muse who sang in olden days The souls of kings to inspire.

I love to sing of the old tree now,
For mother has gone away;
Sweet memories haunt the shady bough Sweet memories haunt the shad,
Of the old elm tree today,
—Edward H. Mayhugh.

The Dying Soldier Boy

I want to see my mother,
Oh can't, you call her here;
It would not seem so hard,
To have my mother near.
My home is in the mountains,
Up where, the tall pines wave,
'Tis there, I hear the bugle,
A calling for the brave.

But I want to see my mother, Her tender loving eye,
To hear her blessed, blessed voice,
Once more before I die; I long to hear her footsteps To hear her call my name. To hear her prayer beside me, No other prayer the same.

I want to clasp her dear hands,
And fold them to my heart,
And say, God bless you mother,
Once more before we part.
Mother, mother, come to me,
I cannot die alone,
Come quickly, my angel mother,
Oh, don't you hear me groan.

Oh, no! She does not hear me, She does not know my pain, She'll never, never, see me, In my old seat again. She is tending darling sister, I dreamed of her all day; And I hear the little prattler, Saying brother is far away.

Oh, God of chapel hear me,
Pray heaven will give me rest,
Will calm the dying longing
To see my mother's face.
There is peace, I'll trust in Jesus,
He never did complain, He came to save his country, Yet Jesus, too, was slain.

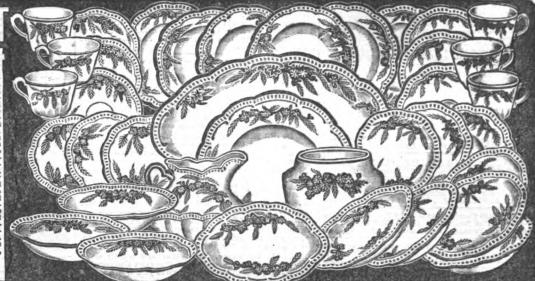
Yes, mother, God has heard me, He has calmed my account He has calmed my agony,
My sins are all forgiven now,
And He is all to me.
Then tell my darling mother,
I am dying peacefully;
Christ Jesus, now is mother,
And Ha takes care of me.

Read This advertisement Carefully. We will give you a Full Size Dinner Set. This is the bygget Walne Ever given away by any firm for so little work-Don't duly.

FOR YOU

It is full size for every-day fumily use, and equal to china used in the best homes. Each piece is full size, decorated with beautiful flowers in all their natural colors, and gold lined. These dishes are made and especially packed for us by the only pottery receiving a gold medal at the St. Louis World's Fair; each piece is sostamped. You will always be proud to ensertain your friends with a set of these dishes. Write today. We will send you 12 beautiful new colored art pictures, all copied from world famous paintings. By our special plan you can easily dispose of them at 250 each. Send the 83.00 you receive to us, and we will send you our beautiful full size decorated and gold lined dinner set without any delay. We are an incorporated company and give bankreferences. An extrahand-painted premium, useful and ornamental, given if you write at once. You can also earn Furniture Shoes and Stockings, Curtains, Out Glass, Watches, etc.

Watches, etc.
M. S. ROBERTS, Dept. 309
52 Wabash Ave., Chicago.



NA. Would you like to know what is going to happen to you in the future?—What your health will be?—Who and when you will marry?—What your health will be?—Who when you will marry?—What your health will be?—Who would it help you to be forwarned in advance of sickness?—Financial loss?—or deception? Would you not thank anyone most heartily for showing you a favorable opportunity that might lead to happiness and riches?—If so, send your name, birth date and 2c stamp, and I will tell you the above things by astrology which makes all this plain, and much more too. I want to send FREE a reading of your life which will show just what fate has in store for you. It will tell you the lucky and unlucky periods of your life. It will explain your character and capabilities, It will guide and assist you in business, love, marriage, society, etc. It will explain the influence of the planets under whose sign you were born. It will help you to secure perfect happiness and real success and avoid the dangers and pitfalls of life. Don't confound this with mere guess work fortune telling. It is as different as day is from night. To me your life is as an open book and I want to read to you from its pages, Simply send your date of birth, and a 2c stamp for this free reading of your life by the world's greatest astrologer. Address Prof, H. A. Astro, Box 3693. Philadelphia, Pa, AS YOUR STAR REVEALS IT!

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King Separator and Aerator; Produces best creamery butter from cream or milk, sweet or sourin less than 5 minutes. Write for our free sample and
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of people having CANCER. This man got 8 on our plan for 3 names. "Received money for names. Was well pleased. Will send more names." WM. UPHOUSE, Mil-ford Station, Pa. We refer to this paper or any bank. Send names of all people who have CANCER to SEPTICIDE CO., 234 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wisa

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Souvenir Post Cards. Views, Comics, Holiday, Birthday, Leather, Specialties, etc. Post Card Albums. Best cards at the lowest prices to collectors and dealers. Our large catalog (5000 subjects) and full value in handsome samples of different styles 10 cents. National Post Card Co., 726 Logan Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.



BIG VALUE FOR 10 CENTS, 20 Popular Songs with words and music, 20 Broties of Adventure, 26 Fisterses of Presty Girls, 20 new Games for young folks: 25 Pictures of the Bresidents, 50 Ways to Make Money, 1 great Jedie Bock, 1 Book on Love and Couriship, 1 Book on Magic, 2 Book on Letter Writing, 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller, 1 Cook Book, 1 Bose Ball Book gives rules for all popular games, 100 Conundrume, 50 Verses for Autograph, Alburns. Out this out and return to us with ten centra and we will send all the above by mail 4s cones.

J. H. PIKE, Box 53, South Norwark, Conn. A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined 'Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET GOMPOUND GO. Box 1927, Boston Mass.



Bound Books of Sheet Music FREE

We have just secured a large lot of Home Songs bound in Music Album form. These songs are printed on the best of heavy paper, regular sheet-music size. This 32-page book has a fine colored picture cover and contains the following ten familiar Home Songs, with words and music: Home. Sweet Home; Way Down upon the Suwanee River; My Old Kentucky Home; The Old Oaken Bucket; Nearer My God to Thee; Afterwards; One Sweetly Solemn Thought; The Last Rose of Summer; Love's Old Sweet Song; Alice, Where Art Thou.

Anyone desiring to have this fine collection of celebrated music can now secure the book free by sending a club of only 215-cent subscribers to this paper. Get them

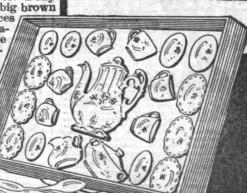
a club of only 215-cent subscribers to this paper. Get the early. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

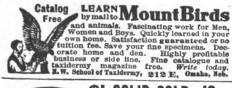
We will give you FREE Genuine Gold Piated Stem Wind and Stem Set watch, fully guaranteed to keep sood time for one year, and TWO pretty 14 karat Gold plated sold rings. As shown in cut, one ring is set with sparkling simulation Diamond, other is a handsomely chased band ring. We will give these three places, watch and two rings, free by mail to anyone who sells for us 24 places of our beautiful assorted jewelry at 10 cents each. We want you to have this fine watch and the two rings. Just send us your name and we will mail the jewelry at 10 cents each. We want you to have the 24 places send us the \$2.0 and the watch and two rings are yours. They don't cost you a cent. We are headquarters in this trust premium business and treat you best. Send us your name. F. R. BIRD CO., Dept. 15, BOSTON, -- MASS.



AMMA capital and are anxious to introduce our house everywhere, and will give these beautiful premiums for a little help in your locality. The doll is 17 inches high, dressed in latest style from hat to shoes, satin finished waist and skirt trimmed with lace, Floradora hat elegantly trimmed, complete underclothing, open-work stockings and neat buckle low shoes. Dolly opens and closes her eyes and also speaks quite plainly, calling "papa" or "mamma" when you ask her to. Dolly is very pretty, with long curly hair and big brown eyes. Dolly's Dinner Set consists of 27 pieces

as follows: 6 plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 teaspoons, tea pot, sugar and creamer. These dishes are handsomely decorated in colors. Sendus your name and we will send you 10 art pictures which sell to your friends at 25 cents each, send us the \$2.50 collected and the same day remittance is received we will ship you this beautiful talking and sleeping doll, fully dressed as described, and the set of doll's dishes neatly and securely packed in box. Our pictures are new, large size, in many beautiful colors and finished with magnificent lithographed frames. They sell on sight. We run all the risk and take back pictures if they do not sell easily and quickly. 6006 CANN, President, 65 Washington St., Dept. 712, Chicago.







Pattern SIGNET RING. 12Cs
Warranted three years. Any initial enraved FREE. Sont postpaid with
Premium List for 12 cts. Send to-day.
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ept. C F, 83 Chambers Street, New York.

A GENUINE 21 JEWELED 3 15 QUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS and a handsome "Gold" watch chain and c Send us this ad and write if you want Lad Genta Watch & watch chain, & we will send for Fass Exammation & after you cannot

Rheumatism Quickly Cured! LatestRemedy! Free Trial! Write Dr. R. L. Hammond, 1., Woodsboro, Md.

\$3.75 and express charges and they are yours. @

VISITING CARDS—Name on 25 neat cards 10c. 18 Fun cards 15c. Matteson, 315 46 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

600 Second-Hand BICYCLES \$3 to \$8.
Bargain list free. Dept. C3, Mead Cycle Co., Chicago

G. S. A. MONEY Agents wanted. Circulars free, P. E. Cheney, Urbana, Ohio.

\$10 Cash Paid Per 1000 FOR CANCELLED Polar Blad to For Price Lin Paid.

\$36

A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN
with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods
JAVELLE CO., Dept. 17 Parsons, Kausas.

FREE 1000 Cards from all over U. S. Particulars
and 8 Beautiful XMAS POST CARDS, 10c.
BOSTON SOUVENIR POSTAL Co., 150 School St., Boston, Mass.

LADIES to work on piecework \$3.00 per doz. All materials furnished. No Canvassing, steady work stamped envelope. Best Mfg Co, Champlain Bldg, Chicago.

PICTURE AGENTS Portraits and Frames—lowes
Ons "SEPIOLE" a great seller. Write for easilog and terme of free samples.
MODEL PORTRAIT CO., 188-2 S. Western Avenue, Chicago. \$960 PER YEAR Salary and expenses, to Poultry Remedies. Bank ref's. Don't answer unless in earnest. ACME MFG. CO., A-40, East St. Louis, Ill.

WANTED MEN TO LEARN BARBER TRADE. Scholar-tions. Few weeks completes. Money earned from start. Big wages to graduates. Write nearest branch. Moler System of Colleges, New York City, Chicago, Ills., St. Louis, Mo., Kansas City, Mo., New Orleans, La., Cincinnati, Ohio, Denver, Colo., Omaha, Nebr., Ft. Worth or Dallas, Texas.

We Will Make You a Present of \$100.00 give you a splendid suit of clothes every 100.00 ninety days, enlarge your picture free and pay you a salary of \$85.00 per month and all traveling expenses to take orders for the greatest and most reliable Portrait House in the World. All this will be guaranteed. Address R. D. MARTEL, Dept. C 81, Chicago, Ill.

The only Pipe made that cannot be told that cannot be told THIS IS A PIPE a large pipe full of tobacco and lasts for years. Agents outfit and a 25-cent sample by mail for 10e., and our Big Bargain Catalog Free. Address, J. H. SAYRE, MFR., Jacksonville, Ohio.



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An American Movement Watch with Solid
Gold-Plated case, warranted to keep correct
time; equal in appearance to a Solid Gold
Watch warranted for 25 years; also a GoldFilled Ring, set with a Sparking Gem, are
given free to any one for selling only 20
Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents cach. Send
name and address for Jewelry. When sold,
send us the \$2 and we send
you the Gold Watch and
Ring, Write today. Address

EAGLE WATCH COMPANY, Dept. 67, East Boston, Mass.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

SOLO . ACCORDION



MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS AT BELOW WHOLESALE PRICES





Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Amalia, St. James, Minn.—You can use the recipes anyway you please, but you will find it expensive to advertise them, and you cannot get applications for them any other way. You would have to charge at least a quarter each, and there are hundreds of cookbooks on the market ranging in price from a nickel to \$2. If you can find a publisher you might try them in book form. But you would have many, very many competitors.

H. C. B. Sinking Spring Pa—Here letely the

H. C. B., Sinking Spring, Pa.—Here lately the gentleman has taken to disappearing. He has several homes. We believe he has been cured of his dyspepsia.

M. C., Portland, Me.—They are as reliable as any in this line of business. The cost of publishing is about \$25. Your possible profits are not so large on royalty, but we advise that you have it published on royalty. Talk to some of your Portland music dealers. Possibly they might want to publish.

B. H. W., Elmira, N. Y.—We don't know of any magazine devoted to telephony. Suppose you make inquiry of the telephone manager in your town. Elmira has a telephone system, hasn't it?

S. L. G., La Farge, Wis.—Harvard publishes a catalogue. Write to President, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., asking for what you want.

Subscriber, Petersburg, Va.—It is not necessary to obtain a license as far as we know, though your town may have such a license law. Ask your mayor. Also ask him about the taxing of agents. R. J., Colman, S. D.—We know of no such firm. Chose who have such work have it done in their offices

Homeless, Culner, Ind.—There are such schools, but their tuition is usually about \$600 a year. We

advise you to try something else.

T. D., Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Write to Fulton Stamp
Co., 102 West 42nd Street, New York City.

C. P. G., Eustis, Fla.—We do not know the address. Write to Barnett & Brown, 162 Pearl Street, New York City, where you will probably get the information. Inclose postage.

mation. Inclose postage.

Mrs. H. G., St. Louis, Mo.—We have no information in that direction. Ask the Health Commissioner in your own town. He ought to know.

If H. C. Merrill, asking in this column for a picture of Lafayette, will write to Mrs. J. E. Wood, 178 East Main St., Marlboro, Mass. he may find what he is looking for. Also to S. N. Crafton, Edwards, Ind., and M. B. Shannon, Center Street, Elenville, N. Y.

Mrs. E. E., Republic, Wash.—If you have a real cure for tuberculosis you need not go so far as Paris to find plenty of physicians to exploit it. Submit your formula to any physician in your own town, then through him send it to the hospitals in Seattle, Spokane and Tacoma. The United States wants the glory of such a discovery.

T. E. R., Richmond, Ind.—Swathmore, Delaware Co., Pa.

Co., Pa.

E. P., McCreary, Ala.—You might be able to make some money in a small way knitting for the local trade, though you would have to compete with the large manufacturers, unless your friends, to help you, would buy from you. You could make inquiry and find out what they think about it, One kind of knitting machine is about as good as another. You would have to decide that for yourself, after reading their circulars.

F. D., China, La.—You ought to know your own near-by towns better than we do. See advertisements in New Orleans papers.

E. S. S., Hubbell, Neb.—You will have to be born again to become a novelist like Mary J. Holmes. They are not made, they are born. We advise you to give up literature right now and not try to get a copyright.

G. C. S., Brookfield, Mo.—Write to G. B. Calman.

G. C. S., Brookfield, Mo.—Write to G. B. Calman, 42 East 23rd Street, New York City, for the informa-tion. Expert knowledge is necessary.

The Home Finder

The Publisher is obliged to discontinue this department on account of lack of space and the misuse of this column, by persons actuated by motives of personal gain, and in justice to our patrons and ourselves, we have been forced to abolish this feature. Anyone having property to advertise, or who desire to secure help, can have a notice inserted in COMFORT at the regular advertising rate, which will be furnished by addressing Advertising Department COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SONGS PUBLISHED ON ROYALTY By New York's Big Musile Firm. No charge for writing music. NORTH AMERICAN MUSIC GO., Dept.L., 59 W. 28th Street, New York.

LOVE Marriage, Lucky Days, FREE
Business. Everything about your FREE
oscopes. Send name, sex, birth-date, if married or single and a Prof Edison, No. 1, Y Street, Binghamton N. Y

X-RAY WONDER Everybody wants 10c with 1 you can apparently see the 10c hones through your fisch, the lead in a pench, or transparent; lots of fun. Postpaid 10c, 3 for 20c. FREE with each criter the Fight & Kissing Scene more inplication. CAmeristone, Stac., 66, (Chicago



BLUINE MFG. CO., CONCORD JCT., MASS.

(The Old Reliable Firm.)

COLD FEET

are banished. Warm feet induce sleep. The most comfortable thing that you ever put foot into is the DeFreest-Stover SLUMBER SLIPPER Will keep the ankles warm.
Worn in bed
and out. Made of
a handsome fleecelined knit fabric:

tops beautifully embroidered with two Pairs for 25c.—Postpaid. silk. Dainty colorings. For men, women and children.

Send Size of Shoe. Different sizes if desired.

The DeFreest-Stover Mfg. Corp., waterford, N.Y.



Make Your Own Rugs

with Brown's
Patent Rug Needle.
Beautiful rugs easily and
quickly made. No frame required. Price 25 cents by mail,
28 cents with full instructions.
Agents wanted on liberal
terms. Sole Importers. BUCKNAM & VANDERPOEL, Dept. C198W.Broadway, New York

Fireman Electric Motorman Locomotive Engineering Prepare yourself at home. Positions open in every state. Name position for sample lesson. INTER RY CORR. INST., DEPT. N, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Own cards for cards, books, newspaper, Card Press \$5. Larger \$18. Money saver, maker. All asy, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, paper, cards.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

HUSTLERS WANTED EVERYWHERE \$25 TO \$30 Made Weekly Overseeing Out Distributing Circulars, packages, overseeing Door Advertising. Experience not needed. New p No canvassing. Address MERCHANTS OUT DO ADVERTISING CO., 83 Dearborn St., Chica

SONG-POEMS and music published on Royalty. We write music and popularize. Popular Music Publishing Co., 902 Enterprise Bldg., Chicago.

SELL TOBAGGO and Cigars, locally or trav-sion; full time or side line. Good pay and promotion. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box J56, Danville, Va.

Wanted-Good man with rig, in each county to sell staple goods to farmers. Good salary and expenses. Curiosity seekers need not answer. Rex Co., Dept.4, East St. Louis, Ill.

per month, expenses advanced. Men to travel advertise, post signs and leave samples. SAUNDERS CO., Dept. C, Jackson Blv'd., Chicago.

WRITE Words A Sorts
THE Water and present to BIG N.Y. Publishers
Control now for Free Booklets And we will write the music and present to BIG N.Y. Publishers A HIT will make you RICH. Send now for Free Booklet Metropolitan Music Co., 730 St. James Bidg., New York



Drops Dead While Playing Dirge at Friend's Funeral.

Charles L. Martin, a bandmaster of Louisville, Ky., dropped dead while playing a dirge for his friend, Andrew Johnson, whose sudden death occurred Wednesday while the marriage ceremony of his son was being performed.

Two sudden deaths from heart disease. One from sorrow and one from over-joy. Both could have undoubtedly been prevented had they heeded nature's positive warnings. We speak of heart disease striking people down who are in the best of health and vigor. This is not true. Heart disease is indeed terrible and treacherous, but in every fatal case symptoms had no doubt long existed, but possibly were not recognized. Thousands of deaths occur of those who had wrongfully treated themselves for diseases of the stomach, lungs, kidneys or nerves when the trouble was all with the heart. Drugging the system for these supposed troubles further weakens the already overworked and diseased heart, until from some special excitement or over-exertion comes the terrible shock—sudden death.

Thousands of others know they have heart disease, but have the old-fashioned and wrong idea that their case is incurable. They spend their years in misery and live in expectation of sudden death when a cure is within their reach. Modern medical science has proven that weak hearts are as curable as weak lungs, stomach or eyes.

The symptoms of heart disease are not hard to discover. Pain is not, the only one. If you have any of the following symptoms you may be in serious danger and are as liable to drop down dead as the people you read about in the papers. These are the symptoms: Fluttering, Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in the Left Side, Arm or under the Shoulder Blade, Fainting Spells, Dizziness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Spots before the Eyes, Sudden Starting in Sleep, Difficult or Asthmatic Breathing, Dreaming, Nightmare, Choking Sensation in Throat, Oppressed Feeling in Chest, Cold Hands or Feet, Painful to Lie on Left Side, Dropsy, Swelling of the Feet or Ankles, (one of the surest signs), Neural

Ankles, (one of the surest signs), Neuralgia around the Heart.

I want every sufferer to use my Heart Tablets. I believe they will cure you as they have many thousands of others. You need not take my word for it, for I will gladly send you by mail, postpaid, a box for trial absolutely free of charge. There are no conditions to the offer. You will never be asked to pay for the Tablets. The trial treatment is yours for the asking.

They are not a secret or "patent" medicine and a complete list of their ingredients will be sent you with your trial treatment. All reliable and honest physicians will endorse them. There is no part of the country from which I cannot furnish testimonials of remarkable cures; cases pronounced incurable by attending physicians and where all hope had been abandoned. Here is a sample of the thousands of letters from grateful people on file at my office:

my office:

"For 20 years I suffered with heart disease and nervous prostration; my symptoms were pain in left side, arm and shoulder, palpitation, faint spells, cold hands and feet, shortness of breath, pain and gas in the stomach. Your Heart Tablets have entirely cured me."

M. E. Brown, Box 28, Runge, Texas.

Don't risk death by delay, but write today for the free trial treatment which will be sent to you by return mail, postpaid. It will cost you nothing and may save your life. Address
DR. F. G. KINSMAN, I Hunt Block, Augusta, Maine.

MEN'S FINE SUIT \$4.95

To widely advertise our great tailoring shops and make our fine clothing and low prices famous, we will sell 10,000 men's suits of NAW SUE WOOL CASSIMERE at \$4.95 each and as a special premium and adv. we will give free with each suit at \$4.95 a pair of handsome, latest style, fine fancy striped worsted trousers.

The Suit is Graham's finest cassimere, a firm, heavy, fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful changeless finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect, is serged lined, elegantly finished and is guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers \$8.00 to \$10.00 suits or no sale.

The Free Trousers The Free Trousers which we give with the suit at 34.95 are made of beautiful dark fancy striped worsted, are very stylish, finely tailored and perfect fitting. This is the most astonishing and wenderful clothing offer ever made and we openingly challenge any firm to Send \$1.00 giv o

firm to Send \$1.00 deposite equal it. Send \$1.00 deposite equal it. Send \$1.00 deposite equal it. Send and send

99 NEW SONGS for IOE



BED-WETTING CURED but a disease.
Cure guaranteed. SAMPLE FREE
Dr. F. E. May,
Bloomington, Ill.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE. Send 2c. stamp and birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death.

MADAM TOGA. Dept. 11, Fairfield, Conn.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE SEND FOR OUR Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, etc. Write American School of Music, 511 Manhattan Bullding, Chicago, Ill.

LADY SEWERS wanted to finish off shields at home; \$10 per 100, can make 2 an hour. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelopfore particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept.29, Phila., Pa

WANTED Good Man in each county to represent and advertise Hardware Department, putout samples, etc. Salary \$21.00 weekly. Expense money advanced. Dept. N, The Columbia House, Chicago.

BED-WETTING WINEY SAMPLE FREE. Dr. E. W. Tonkin, Box 24 2 Kdwardsburg, Blek.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return.
A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic,
Trial box MAILED FREE. Address,
Dr.E.M.Botot, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

GENUINE CAMEL'S HAIR \$1.99 WOOL HORSE BLANKET.



The most remarkable horse bian ket offer ever made. A remarkable horse states and the sever made. A remarkable horse some states and the sever made. A remarkable horse some sever day, year, a summer sever made and sargain and a sa mple of our weery day, year, as trength double cable twisted with filling of fine selected hand socured came! shark wool, making the strongest, best waring, warmest and fiseciest 3 pound Horse Blanket in the world, regardless of make, brand or price. Colors are rich and attractive, harmoniously blended into wide stripes of gray and dark brown, alternating with neat, narrow stripes of red, white, dark green and orange; made with neaty stitched edge and genuine russet leather strap and buckle firmly sewed and rivoted to blanket.

Send Us 50c Depos! and we will send this pound genuine came! shair wool horse blanket.

Send Us 50c Depos! and we will send this pound genuine came! shair wool horse blanket.

Send Us 50c Depos! and we will send this pound genuine came! shair wool horse blanket.

Send Us 50c Depos! and we will send this good and the sagent will return to your how horse sees the blanket of the sagent will return it at our expense and we will instantly refund your 50c. Order the blanket today or write for ear big free special harness catalog pricing horse blankets at 89c up, harness at 852 51 up and all kinds of horse goods at correspondingly low prices. Order or write today.

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Absolutely Free!

To the Sick, to the Suffering, To Anybody With Any III

THERE IS A CURE—A CURE FOR YOU

Proof of Which is Sent Free Delivered Free-Free to the Sick Free to You

I have a cure for organic disease, for special cases and for general ill health. I believe it will cure you and I offer this to you in the form of free treatment in solemn faith and absolute belief that it will stop disease and make you well.

My treatment I stand here ready to send you without one dollar of expense—without one solitary cent of cost—absolutely without money and without price.

Dr. Kidd's treatment has cured thousands—it has made thousands well again—it has brought the rosy blush and glow of health to sunken cheeks



and wasted tissues—it has revived and uplifted, benefited and cured where other medicines were disappointing failures.

We have treated a half million sick people—all diseases—many just like yours. Think of it—a half million sick people. Think of the experience we have had and compare it with other doctors. Then you will understand one of the reasons why I am successful. I have passed the experimental stage—I have learned how to treat disease successfully. You can have the benefit of all this vast experience for the asking.

No matter how many remedies you have tried. No matter how many other doctors have failed. Curing the desperately sick is my specialty. I have cured thousands of so-called "incurables."

You ask me "Why should I believe all this?" I don't ask you to believe me. I have cured patients in almost every town and hamlet in the United States. You must believe them. Then again I am ready and willing to prove it to you at my expense.

Will you let me prove it?

Will you let me send you the proof at my expense?

HEAR ME NOW.

lask you to hear me and to read this announcement, because it is made in this publication not on my say so, but upon the reports of thousands of proven demonstrated cases—people who are now themselves again in complete bodily well-being and health.

Now here is what I want to do:

I want you to try my treatment.
I want you to prove it.
I want you to test it.
I want you to know what it will do.

I have a right to ask you to accept this great free offer. I have put my heart and soul into the perfecting of these remedies and I know what they will do. They work within, and when they reach the center of the cause of disease, strike it down

will do. They work within, and when they reach the center of the cause of disease, strike it down and destroy it.

Dr. Kidd's treatment cures not partly, but absolutely, rheumatism, kidney troubles, heart disease, partial paralysis, bladder troubles, stomach and bowel troubles, piles, catarrh, bronchitis, weak lungs, asthma, chronic coughs, nervousness, all female troubles, lumbago, skin disease, scrofula, impure blood, general debility, organic vital ailments, etc., are cured to remain and continue cured. If you are rich—that means nothing to me—if you are poor I do not bar you. My treatment is offered to the public by this public announcement for the reason that it's time in the practice of medicine that the poor and rich should share and share alike in their right to health and happiness. Under this great offer there is no class distinction, no favoritism, no discrimination.

The Proof of My Cure is Free.

When you write to me, tell me just briefly in your own words and in your own way, what your trouble is; let me know how you are and how you feel. Tell me plainly, and I will send you the remedies free, prepaid, and delivered into your hands entirely at my cost without any conditions of any kind to hamper you in getting well. You can be well if you want to be. You must get well—you shall get well—my treatment will make you well, and in this offer now I'm doing all and more than others do to the cause of deserving sick.

I send you the test and proof plainly wrapped, prepaid, delivered free, in good faith and on honor. Send me your name and your address and a brief statement of how you are, and I will do my part and the treatment will do its part if you will give it the fair trial it deserves. It will restore youndly you—make you well. No bills of any kind—no papers to sign; all I ask you to do is to take this proof treatment and prove it at my cost. Write me at once.

Write me at once.

DR. JAMES W. KIDD,

Box 1137, Fort Wayne, Ind.
NOTE.—Dr. Kidd, his methods and his offer are
exactly as represented in every respect.

FORTUNE Send a 2 cent stamp, address, and birthdate for fortune worth having, the greatest of all.

TOLD FREE all others and it comes true. Please try me and see. A. B. SALVO, BEPT. 18, STATION A, BOSTON.



So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them The remedies and advice here given are intende only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not ous. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

H. W., Cleveland, O.—We do not keep a record of addresses. If you want to ask that the party write to you we can give your address and possibly you may get a reply.

write to you we can give you may get a reply.

Mrs. C. A., Wapwallopen, Pa.—There is no cure for rheumatism, though there is relief for it in acute stages. It results from so many causes that what answers in one case does not in another, and it is difficult to prescribe. If it is the result of climatic conditions, removal from them will practically cure it. Rheumatism calls for a physician's care who can study his patient.

Anxious, East St. Louis, Mo.—The cold cream preparation is harmless as far as we are able to judge. On some skins, however, it might have a bad effect, but most of them would take it kindly. We think you may risk it.

We think you may risk it.

Brown Eyes, Elm Creek, Neb.—The hairs may be plucked out of the mole with pincers, and if they are numerous and cause the moles to become inflamed, some soothing application should be made, but further treatment in the removal of the moles is dangerous. If you are afraid to pluck the hairs out, you could keep them clipped close with scissors, or a razor.

New Reader, Baton Rouge, La.—You will find several advertised in Comport.

M. S., Cylinder, Iowa.—You are mistaken about what caused your ailments. Indirectly it had something to do with it, but you have got into your present condition by not taking care of yourself as you should. Get your mind off of yourself and eat plenty of nourishing food, take plenty of exercise in the sunshine and in pleasant company, read what the Physical Culture magazines tell your kind to do, and follow their advice. Turn over a new leaf in your whole manner of thinking and living and you will even up to the average health of mankind.

A. J. Cadir. Ill—Lewicz, Mind of the cause when the cause of the cause

of mankind.

A. J., Cadiz, Ill.—Lemons, like any other good thing, should be used temperately. Don't get too much of a good thing. One or two a day will not do harm, if you take the juice in plenty of water, but don't become a lemon sucker.

N. V. H., Merritt, Ill.—If you have an infallible cure for consumption, you have something the wisest and most progressive scientists have not yet been able to discover. You can find plenty of sufferers to try it on, and a half dozen cures will put you on the way to fortune. Make the cures under the direction of a physician, and then let the Chicago newspapers know of it and your fame will spread over the world.

Curious Invalid, Red Lion. Pa.—We believe it is

Chicago newspapers know of it and your tame will spread over the world.

Curious Invalid, Red Lion, Pa.—We believe it is a tradition in medicine that it is a safe thing to satisfy the craving of an invalid, because the craving is nature calling for what is needed, and it might be right to follow it in your case. However, you had better talk to your physician about it. At the same time ask him to examine you for something else besides rheumatism. We are rather inclined to think your original complaint has changed to something else. You should be able to walk, and we believe if you made up your mind to do it that you could. Have you ever let an osteopath give you treatment? Your trouble is more in your mind now than anywhere else. Talk to your doctor about it. If your house should catch fire you would probably jump out of your chair and run for safety. Brace up and stand up.

Green-eved Belle, Washington, D. C.—Yours is

Green-eyed Belle, Washington, D. C.—Yours is not a case for newspaper treatment, nor for your own treatment. Your only safe plan is to consult a physician. Your present condition is not at all serious and a physician will have you all right in a very short time.

Will Mrs. Griffitts, mentioned in this column, send her address to Mrs. Elizabeth Lanier, Vicks-burg, Miss.?

H. F. C., Lake Benton, Minn.—Have you ever thought it was indigestion that was causing your heart disease and kidney trouble? We can only guess from the little you tell us, but we think if you will ask your doctor to give you a course of treatment and a proper selection of food to cure indigestion that you will find relief.

J. E. H., Beaver, Okla.—By all means go to the doctor who can give you his personal and direct attention. The others may be all they claim to be, but the doctor who sees his patient constantly is the one to rely on as the best. But he must know his profession, and not be a bungler at it. By following his advice faithfully you should soon be strong and well.

lowing his advice latericity you should soon be strong and well.

C. M. C., Stetson, Va.—There is some indigestion, but probably a weakness from your typhoid attack is causing most of the trouble. If you will have your doctor prescribe a simple diet for you, and will drink very little water, no coffee, tea or intoxicants, and take the kind of exercise described in Physical Culture magazines, you will in the course of a year or so get back your health. Write to Editor Physical Culture Magazine, New York City for copy of health rules. Keep in touch with your physician, and get his advice right along, or you may never get well.

R. M. C., Larkins, Fla.—Horehound is a remedy in throat and lung trouble. The ordinary way of taking it is in simple candy. Horehound tea is also another form in which it may be taken, and the better way.

Subscriber, Kittanning, Pa.—We can't tell what the growth is on your finger, but we think you may be able to remove it by massaging it thoroughly several times a day, and cause its absorption. Simply rub it firmly, using the thumb or finger, and continuing it until the blood can get into circulation through it. tion through it.

Nutmeg, New Haven, Conn.—It is to some extent inherited. You can overcome it in some degree by a strong exercise of your will, but you will always feel it under excitement. (2) Granulation of the eyelids may be removed by the application of dry sulphate of copper, but it must be done by a physician. Consult someone you know. There are plenty of good ones in New Haven. Go to the city hospital doctors, if you want to save expense.

M. S., Cynthiana, Ky.—If you have found no relief for your catarrh in the remedies you have tried, it is no doubt due to climate, and you should get it is no doubt due to climate, and you should get in a dry climate, either hot or cold—Arizona or Colorado.

E. G., Hillsboro, Ind.—You will find cures for this rouble advertised in Comport, and they are as good as we can give you. With any of them, and constant care on your part, the cure will be effected.

R. H. D., Houston, Va.—The pain in the back which you feel at night, and not when you move around during the day, is one form of rheumatism, or neuralgia. It is caused by lying down and impeding the circulation which results in congestion and pressure on the nerves. When you get up in the morning, and before you go to bed at night, if you will take five minutes exercise, which will bring the muscles of your back into action, you will find quick relief. Read up a little on physical culture.

X. Y. Z., Cleveland, Ohio.—Try benzine on the hair to remove the nits. It will not injure the hair if put on at night, and washed off in the morning.

if put on at night, and washed off in the morning.

J. B. H., Athens, La.—You can only cure your sore fingers by removing the cause—that is to say, you will have to stop your ball playing, at least for a time. No medicine on earth can act upon them as long as you keep knocking them. (2) You can remove the bumps on your face by eating plain food, with very little grease, and drink no coffee. Your blood is out of order.

J. B., Greylock, Mass.—Stillingia is not much used by modern physicians for brouchitis. Thirty grains is the average dose. An excellent remedy now in use is to boil a teaspoonful of Friar's balsam in a pint of water, and inhale the fumes through a funnel made of a paper. Place the small end in the vessel, and put the face into the large end, then breathe in deeply.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"Well, they are not to me by a great sight. I can think of a good many that I should prefer. Can you direct me to any place where I can obtain shelter for the night and something to eat."
"No—none near," was the reply, and the Indian seemed ready to lie down again, when Dick, feeling that, if this resource failed him, he should be compelled to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, said more urgently:

of the weather, said more urgently:

"Think a little, my good friend. I know
you can call to mind some place, however
poor, where I may at least be sheltered
from this accursed rain. Perhaps this will

from this accursed rain. Perhaps this will help your recollection."

As he said these last words he held up a coin which, in spite of the darkness, the Indian could see.

The bait took, for the red man snatched it from his hand, and before the traveler, startled by the suddenness of the proceeding, had decided whether to construe it into an acceptance of his offer, or as an act of pillage, the Indian decided the matter by taking a step forward, and saying sententiously, "We lead, you follow," and marched steadily onward, showing, by his freedom from uncertainty, not only that he was accustomed to the place, but that his sight was keener than that of his companion. panion.

Those are most likely to indulge in sus-Those are most likely to indulge in suspicions of their fellow-men who are least worthy of trust themselves, and Dick Clarke, many parts of whose life would scarcely have borne a very rigid examination, could not help feeling some doubts as to the good intentions of his savage guide.

"Who knows where the fellow is leading me?" thought he. "I may have got myself into a worse scrape even than staying out into a worse scrape even than staying out all night exposed to this pouring rain. I couldn't see the fellow's face very distinctly, but he looked rather sullen. And then the way he grabbed the money was a little suspicious. He may be luring me to some place where he can murder me for what money I may have about me, though for that matter I must confess he need not choose a darker or more convenient spot choose a darker or more convenient spot than that where we met. However, it may be as well for me to keep a sharp lookout." So saying, or rather thinking, Dick felt carefully to see that his pistols were ready to use at a moment's notice, in case the In-

to use at a moment's notice, in case the Indian should see fit to act on the offensive.

"I own," soliloquized Dick, as he was much in the habit of doing, "that I should not like to have my scalp dangling from yonder fellow's waist. It's a kind of death that would have more terrors for me than any on the battlefield. However, I see we are getting to where the trees are not quite so thick, and I can see a little better."

In fact the Indian had guided him by a winding path to the skirt of the wood, where, although he was more exposed to the force of the storm, it seemed at all events less dismal than in the forest.

Dick Clarke began to feel greater confi-

Dick Clarke began to feel greater confidence than at first in the fidelity of his guide, and pressed forward to the side of the latter, who was striding before him at a distance of perhaps a rod.

"Where are you going to carry me?" he inquired, looking about him in vain for light of some kind which should indicate a

house.
"To tavern," answered the Indian with

"To tavern, answered the industry laconic brevity.

"Tavern? Indeed, I am glad to find that they have any institutions that remind one of civilization. To my mind this is about the wildest country I ever visited. I don't see how anybody can be contented to live becabouts." hereabouts.

The Indian talked English but little, but could understand better than he could make use of it. At all events it was probable he comprehended the not over complimentary remarks upon his neighborhood from the pointed nature of his reply.

"Why come here then?" he asked sig-

nificantly.

"Oh, as to that," said the other, after a moment's pause, "we sometimes have to go where we would rather not. I shouldn't where we would rather not. I shouldn't have come here if I hadn't had something to bring me here, you may be sure of that. However, be that as it may, I'm here, and I feel a little interest about knowing when I am likely to find shelter. How far off is this tavern that you propose to guide me to?"

'About three mile," said the Indian,

"About three mile," said the Indian, as indifferently as if he had not got the distance to traverse as well as his companion.
"Three miles!" exclaimed Dick in dismay. "Well, that's what I call a very pleasant piece of information under the circumstances. It's only to be hoped that when I get there I shall be repaid for the trouble I have taken in traveling to it. But have they got into a commaratively onen as we have got into a comparatively open path, I might as well mount old Sorrel here, who I am inclined to think will be as glad to find shelter as I am."

The rest of the journey passed in silence.

The Indian was reticent by nature, and Dick Clarke was occupied by thoughts of

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with for bidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Golden Locks, Scranton, Pa.—You can make your hair curly, or wavy, only by mechanical means—curling irons, or papers. Unless hair is naturally wavy or curly, it cannot be made so by medicaments. (2) The best thing for moles is to let them alone. It is dangerous to tamper with them. You will only make them look worse, and may cause permanent injury.

Edna May, Memphis, Tenn.—He should have given you his right hand. That he did not was probably because he thought the left showed a kind of careless familiarity that could only exist between two people who were on very friendly terms. Next time he does it, give him your left hand as carelessly as he gives you his. That will probably cause him to ask you why and you can tell him. You may send him your photograph if you want to. you want to.

Dick's Sweetheart, Glasgow, Mont.—You did quite right in accepting as escort the man who had been polite to you at the dance. The circumstances were such that you could have hardly done otherwise. There is no reason why an engaged girl shouldn't act sensibly.

Martha, Middleport, O.—Rules of etiquette do not apply to runaway couples. If the parents objected to their son marrying the girl, and she comes back to their town on a visit, there isn't any calling unless the runaways have been forgiven. If they have been forgiven, then the usual rules apply—if people want to be conventional—and the residents call on visitors first, as they would on any other visitor.

any other visitor.

Golden Locks, Edinburg, N. D.—It is more polite for the man to ask the girl to write to him. Indeed, the man who has to be asked to write, makes a very indifferent correspondent. The same applies to asking him for his picture, though, if he shows it to her, and she wants it, she may with propriety ask him for it. Attentions of this sort are usually proposed by the man.

True Blue, Mulhall, Okla.—With three people to one seat in a buggy, two of them being women, the man sits in the middle so he can drive. If one of the others drives, then she should occupy the middle. (2) The hostess may thank the people who tell her they have had a pleasant time, and say she is very glad.

Brown-eyed Bess, Hamburg, Ark.—Ask him why

is very glad.

Brown-eyed Bess, Hamburg, Ark.—Ask him why he did not call or write, as he said he would. If he cannot explain, then you may have nothing more to do with him. (2) A semi-brunette may wear any color if she selects what is not too pronounced.

M. A. W., Silver City, Miss.—In giving presents at Christmas or other times always try to give something which will be of use to the recipient. For the old gentleman you might select a handsome cane, or a comforter for his neck in cold weather, or a pair of gloves. For the young man a scarfpin. It is easy to find out what they would like to have. Ask them if you can't find out any other way.

Sunshine, Osakis, Minn.—A girl of fourteen, five feet five inches tall, should wear her dresses just above her shoe-tops.

above her shoe-tops.

Troubled Sue, Waterloo, Iowa.—You may reduce the size by the use of Vaucaire's astringent, prepared as follows: Aristol, two grams; white vaseline, thirty grams; essence peppermint, ten drops. Rub the bust gently each night with this ointment then cover with a compress wet with this lotion: Alum, two grams; acetate of lead, thirty grams; distilled water, one hundred grams. Cover the compresses with oiled silk, or cloth, and leave on for twelve hours, or until morning, if not convenient to keep on longer. Some time will be required, but the remedy is about the most successful in use.

J. T. B., Butte, Mont.—Pimples are usually not

but the remedy is about the most successful in use.

J. T. B., Butte, Mont.—Pimples are usually not serious and the use of ordinary lotions will remove them, taken in connection with proper diet. This case seems to be one not to be so simply treated, and we advise you to consult a physician. Unless you are willing to attend to this case carefully it may develop into a disturbance of the entire system which will never be cured.

H. R. S., Winston, Mont.—There are so many causes of red nose that it is difficult to say just how to treat yours, as you give no details. If it is not inherited, if you do not use alcoholic drinks, if your diet is plain and your habits good, here is a lotion which may be of service: Tannic acid, fifteen grams; spirits of camphor, five ounces. Don't use soap and water on your nose, but substitute any good cold cream as a cleanser.

Unhappy Fanny, Danville, Ill.—Here is a lotion

Unhappy Fanny, Danville, Ill.—Here is a lotion which if used each night at retiring may prove to be all you wish for an oily skin: Rose water, six ounces; elder flower water, two ounces; simple tincture of benzoin, half an ounce; tannic acid, ten grams.

T. B., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Use as a skin food, not oil, but coccanut butter. Lemon juice is used for whitening the skin. It will be of some benefit if well diluted and not used too often. Borax is also used. Beware of arsenic. It may be effective in one way, but it is dangerous and should not be used except as prescribed by a physician.

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Catarrh Advice Free.

The attention of our readers is called to the really generous offer in this issue of our paper on page 20; the offer of helpful and valuable medical advice, absolutely free of charge, on the cure of Catarrh; from one of the great specialists and public benefactors of this country—Catarrh Specialist Sproule. For twenty-one years he has had wonderful success in curing Catarrh, and because he sees how many people stand in need of honest and reliable advice on the cure of this ailment, he will give this advice free of all charge to any who write and ask for it. We advise our readers to turn at once to Catarrh Specialist Sproule's generous offer on page 20 of this paper and we urge them to read every word of it, and send today for whatever medical advice they stand in need of. Catarrh Specialist Sproule's offices are at 233 Trade Building, Boston, and all letters should be addressed to him there.





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For 13 yrs, our Fremiums always the best. Compare with others.
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ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

not deny that he exerts a very singular, a wicked fascination over me. I dread his evil influence, I avoid his presence, and know that he is utterly unworthy of any woman's trust; and yet—and yet—Oh, sir! I feel that I am very weak, and I fear that I am unwomanly; but I cannot despise, I cannot hate him as I ought to do!"

but I cannot despise, I cannot hate him as I ought to do!"
"Is not this feeling, on your part, one of the causes that hurry you away to New York?"
"That is certainly one of the reasons why I am anxious to go as early as possible. Oh, Mr. Hammond! much as I love, much as I owe you and Mrs. Murray, I sometimes wish that I had never come here! Never seen Le Bocage, and the mocking, jeering man who owns it!"
"Try to believe that somehow in the mysterious Divine economy it is all for the best

you and Mrs. Murray, I sometimes wish that I had never come here! Never seen Le Bocage, and the mocking, jeering man who owns it!"

"Try to believe that somehow in the mysterious Divine economy it is all for the best. In reviewing the apparently accidental circumstances that placed you among us, I have thought that, because this was your appointed field of labor, God in his wisdom brought you where he designed you to work. Does Mrs. Murray know that her son has offered to make you his wife?"

"No! no! I hope she never will; for it would mortify her exceedingly to know that he could be willing to give his proud name to one of whose lineage she is so ignorant. How did you know it?"

"I knew what his errand must be when he forced himself to visit a spot so fraught with painful memories as my church. Edna, I shall not urge you; but ponder well the step you are taking; for St. Elmo's future will be colored by your decision. I have an abiding and comforting faith that he will yet lift himself out of the abyss of sinful dissipation and scoffing scepticism, and your hand would aid him as none other human can."

"Mr. Hammond, it seems incredible that you can plead for him. Oh! do not tempt me! Do not make me believe that I could restore his purity of faith and life. Do not tell me that it would be right to give my hand to a blasphemous murderer? Oh! my own heart is weak enough already! I know that I am right in my estimate of his unscrupulous character, and I am neither so vain nor so blind as to imagine that my feeble efforts could accomplish for him, what all your noble magnanimity and patient endeavors have entirely failed to effect. If he can obstinately resist the influence of your life, he would laugh mine to scorn. It is hard enough for me to leave him, when I feel that duty demands it. Oh, my dear Mr. Hammond! do not attempt to take from me that only staff which can carry me firmly away—do not make my trial even more severe. I must not see his face; for I will not be his wife. Instead of weakening my resolution

spoken to St. Elme, who did not appear at breakfast; but when she passed him in the hall an hour later, he was talking to his mother, and took no notice of her bow.

Now as the carriage approached the house, she glanced in the direction of his apartments, and saw him sitting at the window, with his elbow resting on the sill, and his cheek on his hand.

She went at once to Mrs. Murray, and the interview was long and painful. The latter wept freely, and insisted that if the orphan grew weary of teaching (as she knew would happen), she should come back immediately to Le Bocage; where a home would always be hers, and to which a true friend would welcome her.

At length, when Estelle Harding came in with some letters, which she wished to submit to her aunt's inspection, Edna retreated to her own quiet room. She went to her bureau to complete the packing of her clothes, and found on the marble slab a box and note directed to her.

Mr. Murray's handwriting was remarkably graceful, and Edna broke the seal which bore his motto—No one wounds me with impunity.

"Edna: I send for your examination the contents of the little tomb. which you guarded

graceful, and Edna broke the seal which bore his motto—No one wounds me with impunity.

"Edna: I send for your examination the contents of the little tomb, which you guarded so faithfully. Read the letters written before I was betrayed. The locket attached to a ribbon was always worn over my heart, and the miniatures which it contains are those of Agnes Hunt and Murray Hammond. Read all the record, and then judge me, as you hope to be judged. I sit alone, amid the mouldering, blackened ruins of my youth; will you not listen to the prayer of my heart, and the half-smothered pleadings of your own, and come to me in my desolation, and help me to build up a new and noble life? Oh, my darling, you can make, me what you will. While you read and ponder, I am praying. Aye, praying for the first time in twenty years! praying that if God ever hears prayer, He will influence your decision, and bring you to me. Edna, my darling! I wait for you.

"Your own St. Elmo."



Send Nothing But Your Name and Address. We will send you, postpaid, 5 large handsome Stamped Dolles and 5 Pin Cashion Covers, Holly, Violet and Strawberry patterns, ready for embroidering. Sellthem at 10c. each. Send us the \$1.00 collected and we will promptly send you the beautiful Roman Gold Finish, Seamless Nethersole Bracelet FREE.



Ah! how her tortured heart writhed and bled; how piteously it pleaded for him, and for itself! (See December number for text for illustration.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna Earl, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the December number of COM-FOET. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. "13 Month's Subscription 15c."

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As short segons and go down to my grave, Edna Earli's the control of the segons and go down to my grave, Edna Earli's The minister sighed heavily. The minister sighed heavily. "You cannot understand my interest in St. "You go the will make you may not my interest in St. "You go the will make you may not my interest in St. "You go the will make you my interest in St. "You go the will make you may not my interest in St. "You go the will make you may not make you my interest in St. "You go the will make you my interest in St. "You go the will make you my interest in St. "You go the will make you my interest in St. "You go the will make you my interest in St. "You go my interest in St. "You go the will make you my interest you make in the st. "You go my interest you make in the st. "You go my interest you make in the st. "You go my interest you make in the st. "You go my interest you make in the st. "You go my interest you my interest you my interest you my interest you my interest y

BUYS THE NEW IMPROVED MODEL K ECONOMY HAND **CREAM SEPARATOR**

400-pound per hour capacity, the best separator made in the world, provided we receive your order within 30 days. SEND NO MONEY. Cut this ad out and we will send this big, 400-pound per hour capacity, New Improved, Model K Economy Hand Cream Separator by freight, C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine it at your nearest railroad station, and if you are convinced it is the equal of any separator you can buy anywhere for \$100.00, then pay the railroad agent our special thirty-day offer price \$24.95 and freight charges. The separator weighs about 200 pounds and the freight will average about \$1.00 for each 500 miles.

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HOME, give it a thorough trial, commade, and if you do not find this new, big. 400-pound per hour Model K Economy Hand Cream Separator will skim closer, and handle better than any other separator made regardless of name or price, if you are not satisfied it will outwear any other separator made, if you are not convinced it is in every way the highest grade cream separator made in the world, you can, any time after giving it the most thorough trial for any part of 60 days, return it to us at our expense and we will immediately return your 224,95 together with any freight charges paid by year.

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THIS OFFER IS GOOD ONLY FOR 30 DAYS. To get this new, big 400-pound per hour capacity Model K New Improved Economy Separator for only \$24.95, less than one-half the price for which separators are sold to dealers in carload lots, and one-fourth the price at which inferior separators are sold at retail, to take advantage of this extraordinary \$24.95 price WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR ORDER WITHIN 30 DAYS. WE HAVE 3,000 of these new, big 400 pounds per WITHIN 30 DAYS. WE HAVE 3,000 of these new, big 400 pounds per his actions with the separators on hand, and as a most extraordinary offer and inducement to dispose of them all within 30 days, we make this astonishing offer: Send no money. Pay the \$24.95 to the railroad agent after the machine has been received, then try it 60 days and if the separator is not entirely satisfactory return it to us and get your money back. THIS SEPARATOR is covered by a written, binding always furnish you repairs in the years to come. We guarantee the machine to do everything that any other separator will do and do it easier and better. Don't wait suffer the machine to do everything that any other separator will do and do it easier and better. Don't wait order must reach us who your order immediately. Your order must reach us who your order immediately. Your order must reach us who your order immediately. Your order must reach us who your order was per hour capacity Model K Economy Separator, the pounds per hour capacity Model K Economy Separator, the pounds per hour capacity all to write for our free Cream Separator Catalogue. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago,



You know the value of this beautiful complete full family size decorated 124 piece Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Set and a 26 piece set of Silverware, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Butter Knife and Sugar Shell. It is fit to grace the table of a queen. The dishes are exquisitely decorated with a floral design as delicate in color as a natural flower; each piece outlined in gold and the knives, forks, spoons, etc., are made by the old reliable firm of Wm. Rogers & Son after a rich sterling silver design, guaranteed pure Pomola silver and warranted for a lifetime. Every lady knows what it would cost to buy a table service like this from her dealer, yet every good housewife can become the owner of it by simply using our Teas, Coffees, Soaps (Laundry and Tollet), Starch, Baking Powders, Spices, Corn Starch, Gelatine, Rice and other household necessities in her own home and telling her friends about them. Our prices are the lowest for absolutely pure goods and we guarantee only full and honest weight. These beautiful dishes are made for us by one of the largest potteries in this country and are of superior quality, heavily underglazed, and we pack and ship them free of charge. Write today and we will send you our price list, plaus and catalogue showing any number of other valuable articles which we give with only a \$5.00 order. You will be surprised and convinced that we give more valuable premiums than any other house in existence. We don't ask a cent until you are satisfied. We want only an opportunity to prove to you our honest business methods—then we know you will be our lasting friend.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY DEPT. 52, 345-347 S. Canal St., CHICAGO, ILL.

IT GIVES NEW LIFE. A Greater Discovery than Electricity.

wonderful results achieved by a Discovery made here some years ago. A prominent M. D., late City Physician, publicly endorsed the same, while the Mayor, President of the Council, Postmaster, City Solicitor and other leading men gave it official endorsement. Since then from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe reports have come, and are still coming in, proving that what doctors, scientists and the people have for hundreds of years hoped for, has at last been discovered-a real Food for the Nerves. In thousands of cases of nervous prostration, and of men and women so seriously broken down that doctors pronounced them incurable, this new discovery, which is called OXIEN, speedily restored the sufferers to health and vigor. It is pronounced by scientific men the only true nourishment for nerves, brain and blood in existence, and analysis proves it to be as harmless as bread. Extensive tests have been going on here and elsewhere and people who have been bedridden for years and sent to the hospitals to die, have, after taking this wonderful article only a few days, to their utter amazement gone forth strong and happy men and women. One lady, Mrs. H. Vassar-Ambler, felt so gratified and happy at her recovery that she purchased \$700.00 worth of it so as to be able to introduce it to all sufferers in her section. It seems to cure diseases as if by magic and has been very justly termed a greater Discovery than Electricity. By an original, patented process it is put in small compressed tablets, which can be readily sent by mail.

A company has been incorporated with a capital of \$250,000.00. Legal protection has already been granted by the U.S. Patent Office as well as by the English and German Governments and Oxien is being introduced by agents who earn from \$15 to \$50 a day.

being introduced by agents who earn from \$15 to \$50 a day.

Mr. J. N. Williams, for instance, earned a \$200 cash prize in a single day, while M. Logsdon also received \$150 besides over \$2,000.00 in commissions. And many ladies have done even better.

The Postoffice here reports that thousands of testimonials are pouring in daily certifying the value of this great Discovery.

The Rev. W.W. Hughes of Weogufka, Ala., writes: I was taken with the La Grippe and had Rheumatism in the back of my neck and head. I failed to get a doctor and was in a rage of misery; thought I would be dead in a short time. I took @xiem Remedies and in 24 hours I felt better and today am happy to say I am a well man.

• MIEN REMEDIES enable you to practically fortify yourself, free of charge, if you are not already one of the happy thousands who have found that the Wonderful Discovery, • MXIEN, not only uproots disease when it has once gained its mysterious hold, but that it actually renders the system proof against those early germs and spring seeds which, when inhaled by weakened men and women, often produce in a single night, death-dealing weeds of poison.

From New Edinburgh, N. S., Canada, comes this letter from Charles Comeau: My wife suffered with Heart Trouble and Indigeation so badly she could not eat anything and felt that her heart could not stand the strain long. I threw hundreds of dollars away, but Doctors and Preparations failed to do any good. Finally I gave her • Mien. It hit her case exactly right. Her heart grew strong, and with new strength came a desire for work. Her old energy returned; her Stomach Trouble disappeared, and today she is as well as any woman. She joins with me in saying that • Mem is the one cure for people who are in the condition that she was.

To every man and woman, to every family in the land, a box of • WXIEN is a life-protecting and life-

Her old energy returned; her stomach Trouble disappeared, and today she is as well as any woman. She joins with me in saying that Oxiem is the one cure for people who are in the condition that she was every man and woman, to every family in the land, a box of OXIEN is a life-protecting and life-giving friend, as you will see by looking at the picture of the Thomas family of four generations published herewith. It makes strong men, strong women, strong children. A single trial will convince anyone who is weak, weary, worried, from suffering, from overwork, from over-enjoyment or neglect—that it is the Greatest Discovery ever made for banishing disease and supplying full manly and womanly vigor, not for an hour, a day, a week, or a month, but permanently.

Where is the sick man or woman, handicapped with suffering as they are, who have not cried out, "I would give anything to be strong and well!" Among rich and poor alike disease works its havoc. Millionaire Rockefeller exclaimed: "I would give my whole fortune if I were able to eat what my appetite craves." And to what end? Medicines are used, specialists are engaged at enormous prices, operations are performed and still the victim is as bad off as before. Our methods of living demand more of nature year after year, Outside aid must be given to the overworked, run-down system, or as sure as the sun rises and sets, sooner or later YOU must pay the penalty.

But it was never intended that you should go on suffering day after day. Do you think that certain ones are singled out to drag along through life so sick and weak they cannot drink in the enjoyments of this wonderful earth? No! There is hesith and a cure for everyone. The world today is full of sickness. Like the dark, overchanging clouds, it casts a shadow overthousands and thousands or brurse forth—4ME lender of the summan of the provence of the provence of the summan of the provence of the provence of the summan of the provence of the provence

Augusta, Maine.—This city is excited over the permit the printing of but a few and these samples

A HAPPY MOTHER.

Two years ago last winter I was in very bad health and in March was taken down in bed; everyone thought I must die. After two months suffering I gave birth to a child which only lived about two hours. I got a little better and my sister, Mrs. Mary Fielden, persuaded me to try OxiEN, and I did so, and last August my next baby was born, this one at full time, and everyone who sees him wonders at him. He is twice as large as any of my other bables, and where they were all puny he is always well. We call him our OXIEN baby and wish that everyone could know how good OXIEN is.

Jingo, Ky.

HARRIET PEACH.

ALL DOCTORS FAILED.

I can tell you gladly what your Remedies have done for me. I have suffered thirty years with bowel trouble and female weakness, and six boxes of your Oxien Tablets and Plasters cured me, after all doctors had failed and I had given up all hopes. And also, last winter I had Pneumonia, and two boxes of Tablets and one Plaster cured me of that, and I find them so good that I do not want to be without them in my house.

Edenton, N. C. MRS. E. FERRELL.

GAINED TWENTY POUNDS.

I have been using OXIEN TABLETS and have increased n weight from 110 to 148 lbs. and I feel better than I have or 20 years. JONAS W. ROSCOE. for 20 years. Walbridge, Ohio.

A SEVEN YEARS' SUFFERER CURED.

A SEVEN TEARS' SUFFERER CURED.

I suffered from the effects of the Grippe seven years and I had four of our best doctors treating me, but they only gave me temporary relief. I noticed your Oxien Plasters were well spoken of and I sent for a few. The first Plaster I applied to the small of my back and immediately the dreadful pains were gone and never returned since. I can speak well for your Oxien Remedy Treatment in my son's case, who is a mail carrier. Some time ago he was taken with La Grippe and for three days was spitting blood, but thanks to the Oxien Company, their Remedies saved his life.

Ballentine, Miss.

MRS. A. M. SPIKENEX.

OXIEN IS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

KINGSDOWN, COTHAM, NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND. had given up all hopes. And also, last winter I had Pneumonia, and two boxes of Tablets and one Plaster cured me of that, and I find them so good that I do not want to be without them in my house.

Edenton, N. C.

MRS. E. FERRELL.

SAVED HER LIFE AND REASON.

Penn Grove, N. J.

Oxien saved my life. I was so nervous I could not seleep, my back hurt me so badly I could not walk. It saved me from the Insane Asylum and a grave. It gives sweet sleep and rest—peefect rest, and a good appetite; it makes one well and strong, both male and female, young and old; after everything else fails Oxien varies. We could not get along without it. Oxien cures La Grippe, it cured me of it. Take Oxien and you need

KINOSDOWN, COTHAM, NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR SIRS:

I am very thankful to be able to write and tell you that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done free little to the the the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done free lated that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done free lated to the that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills h

A Family of Four Generations Using Oxien Remedies.

It is seldom we have the privilege of seeing four generations like this picture. What perfect health brightens each face. How clear the eyes. You can plainly see the vigorous manhood and energetic and vital womanhood in each one. What a happy and prosperous family. Mr. Thomas says they all have used more or less Oxien Medicine and he would not be living today if not for Oxien. Read his letter below.



READ WHAT THIS GREAT-GRANDFATHER SAYS OF OXIEN.

THE GIANT OXIE CO. Gomer, Ohlo, Sept. 4th, 1906. Dear Sirs: I will now tell you about the picture I sent you of the four generations. The two oldest is myself and wife, the next two in age is my daughter and husband. Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Jones, the next two is their daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Slusser and the little girl, their daughter, Grace Louella Slusser, my great grandchild, and they have all used more or less of the OXIEN MEDICINE and I don't believe I would be living today if it were not for the remedie For eleven years ago I had the blood poison in my right arm and was helpless for two years until I commenced

never employ a physician. I do not. I am our own doctor, thanks to The Giant Oxle Co.'s Ad. I saw your ad. in 1902 and have used and sold Oxlen ever since.

MRS. AMANDA HEWITT.

NOW WALKS A MILE WITHOUT A CRUTCH.

I have been using Oxien Remedies over a year. When I began I was bad off, had to walk with crutches. I suffered everything and have not used any other Remedies but yours for over a year now and am able to do all my work and can walk half a mile without the use of a crutch.

MRS. M. J. HARMON. crutch. Fredonia, Tex.

OXIEN differs from everything else as day differs from night, and its effects differ from the effects of other so-called foods and medicine as day differs from night. It is not a stimulant. It is not a drug or so-called "tonic," which merely excites the nerves. It nourishes and feeds the nerves, blood, and brain. It infuses new vigor and vitality into the broken-down system, and its effects are as astonishing as they are lasting. It is absolutely pure, free from any harmful ingredients, and is sold under a written guarantee and the official endorsements of medical authority. The testimony of thousands whom it has lifted from a helpless and hopeless condition of suffering, and the praise of the thousands whom it has cured after medicines and doctors had failed, tell the tale of this wonderful discovery more effectively than words. This testimony is open to public inspection.

To those whose systems become debilitated and wrecked by over-work, worv. imprudence, or excesses of any kind OXIEN is a godsend. The weakest stomach will retain it, and readily extract its life-giving, vitalizing, and nerve-feeding properties.

Nothing equals it as a relief and cure for Nervous

reties.

Nothing equals it as a relief and cure for Nervous Prostration, Starved Nerves, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Stomach Disorders, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, Catarrhal Affections, Palpitation of the Heart, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Scrofula, Defect in Herring, Smell, or Taste, Sick-headache, General Debility, Chills and Fever, Malarial Troubles, Irregularity, La Grippe, Tobacco Habit, Sunstroke, and Seasickness.

SAVED FROM A EARLY GRAVE.

I truly think your Oxien Medicine has saved me from an early grave. When beginning your treatment I could sit up only one hour a day, and could not bear my weight on my feet without terrible suffering afterward, my spine and nerves were so weak. Two weeks after I could sit up nearly all day and get around to work, and now have been doing my work alone for two weeks.

Oswego, N. Y. MRS. EMMA E. ANDREWS.

OXIEN CONTAINS NO POISON.

OXIEN CONTAINS NO POISON.

OXIEN makes a new stomach of your old one.

OXIEN will cure the most acute cases of indigestion,
dyspepsis, nervous dyspepsis, billousness, belching of
gases, sour stomach, heavy feeling after eating, bad
breath, heartburn, dizziness and all other aliments due
to the upset condition of the stomach. For chronic
cases we advise the use of OXIEN ELECTRIC
PLASTERS, together with the OXIEN HEMEDIFS.

Heed the warning Nature is giving you in come a physical wreck. Write for OXIENwhile there is yet time for you to take advantage of our great free trial offer below, and reap the benefits of this great discovery.

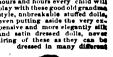
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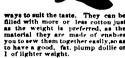
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26-cent Oxien Electric Plaster and samples of our Wonderful New Oxien Tablet Pills. As this offer is made exclusively to those who will make a PERSONAL TEST as here stipulated, the party taking advantage hereof must sign his or her name and address (in pencil) on the following coupon and return the same to us as above.

Name	PERSONAL COUPON.	
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All communication	s in reply to this special effer must be addressed. THE GIART OXIE CO., 113 Willow Street, Augusta, Mr.	Mine.

FREE! AS BIG AS BABY, FREE!





Send You 2 Dells New Instead of 1.

Remember s wise and his cents each.

Remember s wise and this magnitude to the aubstribers you secure and send the boils to you as a premium. Will send 2 sets. I boils for securing 4 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. 4 sets, of boils free for a club of 7 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address COMFORT. Assests. Halan. COMFORT. Augusta, Maine.

Millions of POST CARDS FREE.

To circulate our premium catalogue and millions of Foreign and American Post Cards comprising the finest and most varied assortment of interesting foreign and domestic views ever issued. COMFORT will send you one new foreign Souvenir Card Free if you will send the address of a friend interested in Post Cards. With this card we send our best offers by which you can secure all the cards and other premiums you desire free of expense. Address, COMFORT, Box 713, Augusta, Maine.



A Ten Thousand Dollar Check

signed with this New Idea Pencil will be honored as quickly as though ink were used. This indelible pencil is always ready to use and has a pattented lead protector that prevents the point from ever becoming broken. Answers every purpose of ordinary pencil; but, having indelible lead, is a perfect substitute for pen and ink or fountain pen. Carried in the pocket same as stylograph, and always ready to sign checks, receipts or any papers where you want signa-

the world for women and school children. An ideal pencii for bus meas men who want a new idea pencii with full nucleid case, it is nest and attractive. As hundreds will be sold after introducing, we send one free if you will send decent for part cost of advertising as mailing, including a copy of our new big premium catalogue. The we will give you wholesale rates if turther interested.

Address SUNSHINE, Augusta, Maine.

20 POST CARD & 6C.



EARTHQUAKE

EARTHQUARE

We have collected a large ansortment of Photo Views of San Francisco and Vicinity, which are published in Post Gard Size.

They unfold in a long paneramic heavy paper sheet idea of the control of the cont

Comfort's Subscription Price BE Advanced

WE GIVE VALUABLE PREMIUMS

To Everybody Who Gets Up Clubs at the Present FIFTEEN-CENTS-A-YEAR RATE

ONTEMPLATED improvement and enlargements will immensely improve the leader of the family monthlies that the present editions are not a fair sample of what we are planning to give you regularly, as quick as we have installed the mammoth new press now nearly ready. Not only will added pages be given, but more illustrations and more features added that will make the whole contents of more interest; besides we want to print COMFORT on better paper with better ink.

All these improvements mean added cost and must be met with added revenues. We must have more subscribers and a higher subscription rate per year in order to have things equalized.

Until the last day of this year we will accept fingly or in clubs; sometime after January 1st, 1907, we shall be obliged to advance the price of COMFORT. There are a few short days left in which you can participate in the bargain offers of premiums for FIFTEEN-CENTS ubscriptions.

COMFORT is the best monthly fifteen-cent per year publication in existence. It now regularly reaches 1,250,000 families. But if we can induce additional families to take it, the magazine will be worth a WHOLE LOT more to us than it now is, while its value to others will also be many fold increased.

There are many things in the way of luxuries for recreased.

while its value to others will also be many fold inCreased.

There are many things in the way of luxuries for
personal and home adornment that rich people
have, but which poor people and those in moderate
circumstances cannot afford to buy. Our wonderfully liberal offers to club-getters present an opportunity whereby people of every condition in
life may secure these luxuries without paying idesome the control of the control of them. We offer an extensive variety guaranteed to
some online satisfaction, and any premium or preniums in this list may easily be secured by any
once, anywhere, free of charge, for clubs of subscribers for Comporar are secured without difficulty.
Reader, make your spare moments profitable in
this way by earning for yourself one or more of our
splendid premiums.

Not only will ten women have and spend affect
cents, where one woman will have and spend one
dollar, but it will require less than one tenth of as
much time, on the average, to convince a person
that she wants a fifteen-cent article, as it will be
to convince her that she wants a one-dollar article;
and this is not taking into consideration the number of women to whom an agent talks, who never
can be convinced that they should spend the one
dollar.

Again, as so many women will take the fifteencent article, an agent has the advantage of numtown has abscribed, or by far the larger portion,
Mrs. Jones is not going to be the odd one who
doesn't take it, neither is she going to be counted
among the unpopular minority.

In addition, there is always some one feature of
every periodical which alone is worth more than
fifteen cents; and it is not a difficult matter for an
intelligent canvasser to show this to be the case.
Hence, the money's worth can be found in the very
first number. Therefore, the man or woman, boy
or girl, who cannot make money by soliciting subscriptions for low-priced periodicals, if she or he
takes hold of it aright, does not exist.

We want every present subscriber to or reader
of COMPORTS ino

How To Make Money

How To Make Money

Our premium offers this year are far more liberal than ever before. We offer finer premiums for smaller clubs than we have ever previously offered. There is no publication in our particular class that offers such splendid inducements to club-raisers as does COMFORT, and there is no publication for which subscribers may be so easily obtained, for none can compare with it in merit and attractiveness. An attractive publication at the low price of fifteen cents a year makes the work of subscribers easy; fine premiums as a reward for the work make the pay liberal. We can afford to give better and finer premiums than our contemporaries because, with our enormous circulation, buying direct from manufacturers in the vast quantity we do, we secure extraordinary concessions in price, and of this we give our clubraisers the entire benefit. There is not a single article among all the premiums we offer that we will not guarantee to be precisely as represented, and to give absolute satisfaction. We offer nothing that is worthless or trashy. All are standard goods of genuine merit, and every premium in the list is well worth working for.

In canvassing for COMFORT tell people that the v.ry name is a welcome sound, and that no one should object to subscribing to COMFORT at so low a price.

If them that the first page has with every month an illustration appropriate to the season—one that appeals to the artistic sense of each member of the household. Then turn the pages and see what you will find upon them. Poetry for the poet lovers, and is there a woman in the world who does not love the poetry of verse, the poetry of action, the poetry of love and of life? Current

Tommer and the mile will when the pood to the poetry of verse, the poetry of action, the poetry of love and of life? Current

We offer premiums in almost endless variety—books, watches, rings and jewelry of all kinds, silver-plated and nickel-plated ware, stamping outfits, fancy work materials, bibles, lace curtains, chinaware, glassware, fancy goods, leather goods, optical goods, fress goods, furs, laces, handkerchiefs, shawls, portieres, household goods, rugs, table linen, cutlery, lamps, pens, pencils, cameras, toys, dolls—almost everything that the heart of man, woman or child could wish for, and any premium that we offer may easily be secured, free of charge, by any reader of COMFORT who will make an effort to obtain it.

Ask them if they have COMFORT within their homes, if they have, get them to renew or continue for two, three or four years, through you, while the price is only fifteen cents a year. Tell them that it is a very low price for these few months only. The kind of COMFORT that comes twelve times a year at an outlay of only fifteen cents is the COMFORT we are talking about. The returns on this investment—only fifteen cents—are larger than they can get in any other way. They may spend a good many times that amount, and it won't pan out the solid COMFORT that will a year's subscription to this periodical. Its pages are just filled with COMFORT for every member of the family. If they will try COMFORT even for one twelfth month, they will always cling to COMFORT one twelfth month, they will always cling to COMFORT when they have to pay more for it.

More About Our Paper and Our Premiums for Clubs

They are of great usefulness and of great value. Before the subscription price is advanced we want to say a word TO OUR FRIENDS.

Try. Ask the first man or woman you meet, it matters not if you have never met before, to give you just fifteen cents for an annual subscription to this great monthly paper, Comfort—a paper in every single issue of which will be found genuine enjoyment from its illustrations, soul-thrilling pleasure from its poetry, recreation from its long and short stories, wisdom from its information departments, harmony from its music; education, faith, hope and love from the Fancy Work and other departments, and that fifteen cents will be freely given. You will also have accomplished some real good. "It is twice blessed—it blesses him that gives, and blesses him that takes," and as the price is to be advanced soon, you are all getting a bargain.

Try Again. This time, however, do not ask chance. Go to the nearest established house, be it a palatial one or only a humble dwelling, show them this paper, and ask for a subscription, regardless of who meets you at the entrance, whether it be the lady of the house or the father of the family, the budding daughter, or the growing son. As soon as you have finished asking for fifteen cents for such a paper you will have secured a subscriber.

Try Still Again. This time go into a bled at some amusement place, for instance, bent on pleasure. State your errand. Only a few will refuse to combine the thing useful with the pleasure at hand. Your subscription list will grow then and there it you explain they are getting a bargain paper at only fifteen cents a year.

Try in the overcrowded city, also in the airy vilages, hamlets and on the farms. There is not a spot in the United States where you cannot find people who will be glad to subscribe for Comfert.

a spot in the United States where you cannot find people who will be glad to subscribe for Comfort.

Try Once More. This time going to the business man at his work, or the laborers at their task, for all will have time to listen and you will considerably augment your list.

COMFORT is an article one needs in winter and summer. Comfort knows no seasons. During the summer months when the thermometer registers 90 in the shade, Comfort is breezy; it's never too hot to take Comfort. In winter, when the days are short, Comfort makes the evenings shorter. It is never so cold as to freeze out Comfort.

COMFORT is needed by young and old, by the Godborn genius of song, and by the horny-handed son of toil, by the upper ten and lower hundred, by men and women. We have sixteen million families in the country. Our subscription list, however, contains but 1,250,000 names. Only one out of every twelve families has as yet subscribed for Comfort.

Of course, there are people who would say "let well enough alone." A subscription list of a million and a quarter is big. No. We have the right to demand our Comfort to bring comfort, ease, pleasure, happiness and contentment to a million more hearths in the United States.

Those who know us already are staunch and faithful, and will gladly renew their subscriptions. To you, who bring such renewals, we will give the same credit as it you had brought us a new subscriber. The French have a proverb: "The friends of our friends are our friends." The readers of Comfort will comfort you by recommending you to their friends, because it comforts them to secure comfort to those whom they know.

You have a mighty interesting work on hand—congenial, profitable, but you must go about it intelligently, systematically. To be able to do so, you must read, mark and learn all we say, This and your experience will quickly bring you on to the high road of success.

"A wise man will hear and will increase learning: the man of understanding will attain unto wise councils" is one of the safest maxims of ol

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.
Please send me a copy of your 1907 Premium Supplement with Subscription Blanks, Prize Offer, and sample copies of this paper, free of any cost to me. City Street No. or R. F. D ._ State

McGINTY WATCH

UNITED SPECIALTY CO., 94 D

IF YOU WANT TO RECEIVE

A LIVE COAT FRE**e**





COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

A PAIR OF

Nottingham Lace Curtains Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to All Who

Club of Only 9 New Names.

The curtains are full width and just what any one needs to adorn the home with. Every one of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of lace curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$6.00 or \$8.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of only 9 trial yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each to our monthly, we will send our magazine one year to each subscriber and one pair of curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only 16 trial 15-cent yearly subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 24 yearly subscribers at 15c. each. Magazine goes to the subscriber each month for a year and curtains to you.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT. Make Money Printing Cards.



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickeled pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us. tions for us.
y subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we we send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

in setting up clubs, only actual subscribers count; those who agree to take the paper and pay you their money for it.

Christmas Bells

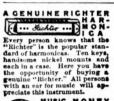


tree I o a d e d with presents takes cheer to the heart of young and old. To assist in trim-ming the tree, the various rooms of the home, for Churches, Halls, and Schools we now furnish the daintiest

Paperet Christmas

Bells
with loop for hanging from the tree, or from the window fastening; hung under a hanging lamp, or in any suitable place where decorations are usually place where decorations are usually place where decorations are usually red paperet ingeniously folded into the pretty bell eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, shown in our illustration, and being nearly sun proof may be kept hanging for months after the passing of evergreen which dries and falls. We have a special importation of a very large quantity of these Christmas Bells, made to fold compactly for sending away by mail, so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home. Send us only six cents for part cost of packing and

COMFORT, Box R, Augusta, Maine.









DOLLS AS BIG AS A BABY.

Please read carefully our descriptive matter above, also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, COMFORT, at 15c. each for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will go forward same day at our expense. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



TO BE 25 CENTS A YEAR

You Can Now Get 15c. per year comfort for. 15c. per year

COMFORT next year will in all probability reach the goal to which its publisher has aimed and struggled for nineteen years. It has always been my aim to give the readers of COMFORT, not only the best low-priced family home monthly in the world, and so far as physical energy and genuine enduring effort could be put forth, as the various issues have borne testimony, but to clearly illustrate and distinctly

fort could be put forth, as the various issues have borne testimony, but to clearly illustrate and distinctly print a larger number of pages on better paper and more promptly, each month. For nearly twelve months the largest Press builders in the world have been busy on COMFORT'S new press. Expert draftsmen and mechanics have developed this printing press until it is nearly perfect.

The Publisher of COMFORT has watched the progress of development along these lines and hastened every means to bring about changes and make such innovations as would place COMFORT mechanically where it has always been editorially The installation of this mammoth new press with every modern attachment for supplements, colored covers, w th folding and stitching devices, that would print each hour a large number of copies of COMFORT, and print them in a first-class manner, requires preparation of an enlarged plant, and as this matter is written for you, many active masons are laying brick and stone, while stalwart iron workers and carpenters are placing steel beams and laying floors and otherwise engaged on our mammoth addition intended for this largest magazine press in the country.

The monster Press should be in operation early in 1907, when we can all have a copy of the new COM-

FORT that will make all the others we have produced and sent to you look ashamed.

ONLY 15 CENTS A YEAR

the present very low subscription rate is based on an eight-page paper, any added pages are as a gift from the Publisher, so that at this time we are giving you a thirty-two-page edition, being twenty-four pages gratis. When the new press is installed it will be possible to print and send to you a much larger monthly printed on a better grade of paper, just as soon as we have the necessary subscription income, so that it resolves itself into the question: How much will you do toward this?

You can now renew or extend your subscription at the present low rate of 15 cents per year and also get up clubs and earn valuable premiums at the 15-cent rate. If you cannot get up a club now be sure and send your own and at least one new subscription.

A Lot of Good New Things Coming

WE ANNOUNCE A STARTLING NEW DETECTIVE STORY TO APPEAR NEXT MONTH. It is called "The Great Chicago Mystery; or, The Man of Many Aliases," By Rosser W. Cobbe, Author of "The Mark of the Beast," etc., etc.

This very remarkable story is written by one thoroughly conversant with Chicago police and the slums of that great city. Step by step he carries the reader along with the detectives in their earnest efforts to defeat criminals and release the city from the thrall of some of its law breaking contingent. As scarcely any great event is entirely disassociated from a love element, so he has told the heart affair which was connected with the operations of THE MAN OF MANY ALIASES, who is himself a rather unusual character in fiction. Adventures occur, some of them so wonderful as to appear almost impossible, and yet the newspapers of that date contain similar, for Mr. Cobbe writes from life as he has found it. The climax of this story attracted considerable interest at the time the occurrence took place, but not even in the newspapers was it given so graphically. It is one of our most realistic serials.

COMFORT readers will find the two new serials that begin in this issue to be of unusual interest and taken in connection with "St. Elmo," and the other stories now running, they make the strongest lot of fiction ever published in any papers of any kind.

DON'T WAIT A large number of COMFORT subscriptions expire before the first of January, and we must call your special attention to the notice to expiring subscribers that appears on this page. Certainly there are none among our subscribers who send the small sum of fifteen cents for a prompt renewal. DON'T WAIT until YOUR PAPER IS STOPPED or the price is advanced to 25 cents before sending in your FIFTEEN CENTS for a renewal, but send today AT ONCE and thus give us time to extend your subscription to January, 1908, then you can be sure to read all of "St. Elmo," and the other interesting stories, all of which will run for some months yet, besides all of the other good things. Look over the fine premiums in this issue and get up a club, then send for the regular Premium List and get up one more club before the price of COMFORT goes up to 25 cents per year.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE WRAPPER IN WHICH THIS PAPER COMES

Every month a certain number of subscriptions expire. The expiring number this month is 217, and the Oct. number was 216, while for December it will be 218. If any one of these numbers appear on the address seal in which we send your copy of COMFORT, please attend to the renewal of your subscription without further notification from us; we do not carry delinquent subscription accounts, nor send COM FORT to any whose subscription has expired.

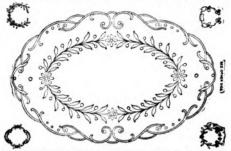
Below is a convenient subscription coupon arranged for your personal use. May we hear from you?

Thirteen Months for 15 Cents

This coupon and 15 cents will entitle you to receive COMFORT until

Name Address. Nov., 1906. 49 New Idea Transfer Designs Over 2000 Square Inches of Patterns

Fancy Work Patterns, Readily Transferable
to any Material
By the use of this new method which has proven snperior to old style perforated paper patterns, one may have an extensive variety of patterns on hand embracing an unlimited quantity of designs for every kind of work. One special feature of these patterns that will please you is



the ease and simplicity of transferring the design. By simply dampening the material you are to stamp, laying the design on perfectly smooth and flat and slightly rubbing with a handkerchief or cloth the trick is done and the pattern can be laid aside for future use. The designs are furnished on large sheets of extra strong paper by a patented process and can be transferred to linen, lawn, or any material you may desire to use, with the aid of a cloth (full directions with each).

Our assortment of sixteen sheets, each sheet 10 x 14 inches or 140 square inches of pattern, comprises a great variety of useful and practical articles for personal wear or home adornment, such as Shirt-waists, Doilies and Baby's Cap. Our illustrations give you an idea of some of the patterns we selected while the others are equally as attractive. We have arranged to distribute an immense quantity of these transfer pattern sheets, 10 x 14 inches each, in Sets of sixteen, the equivalent of over twenty-two hundred square inches of standard patterns of the old or verticated extens of the patterns of the old or verticated extens of the patterns of the old or verticated extens of the old or verticated extens of the patterns of the old or verticated extens SHOWING ONE OF THE 16 PATTERN SHEETS REDUCED.

mense quantity of these transfer pattern sheets, 10 X is inches each, in Sets of sixteen, the equivalent of over twenty-two hundred square inches of standard patterns of the old or perforated style.

The following is a list of the chief patterns on each sheet: Shirt-waist Pattern; Guffs and Gollar: Baby's Gap; Half Genterpiece: Doily Pattern; Picture Frame and Baby's Shoes; Sofa Pillow: Bureau or Table Scarl; Back of Belt; Wail Pocket: Tumbler Dolly: Oval Genterpiece: Baby's Bib; Gollar and Guffs; Jewel Bag; Gorset-cover Fronts; Bib; Gollar and Guffs; Jewel Bag; Gorset-cover Fronts; Children's Smail or Fancy Handkerchiefs; Chemisetts.

In addition to these mentioned, others are put on to fill all the space so that in all, we actually give you 49 designs and five alphabets (all different).

Special Offer. These paper patterns are put up we will send you one full Set by mail for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each.

CHASED AND PLAIN BAND HOSE SUPPORTERS. Silk







The above few articles are selected as representing our most popular premiums, also a club of five is a very popular quantity. Many send five subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only five yearly subscribers to our magic monthly, COM-FORT, we will send your choice of any one of these nine articles. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

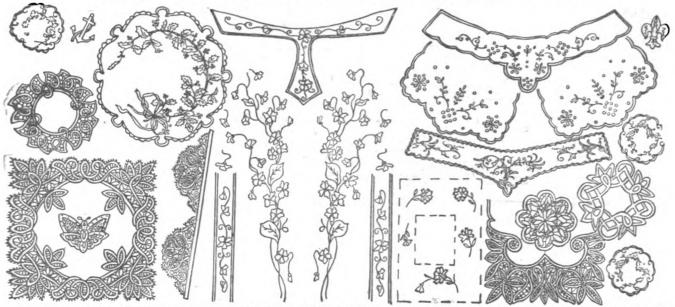
AIR RIFLE. Pneumatic ac-

You may have your choice of any one of the above excellent premium articles for a club of only ten yearly subscribers to COM-FORT at 15c. each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

OUR LARGEST OUTFIT OF NEW DESIGNS. CHEMISETTE AND COLLAR.

Over 1000 Square Inches Stamped on Linen.

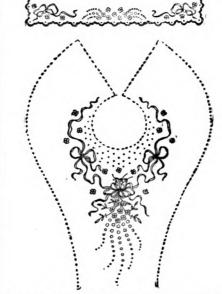


More than 1000 square inches of neat, tasty, up-to-date designs, including all of the latest in Battenberg and Linen Embroidery. Not a poor design among it. This is not a ection of little worthless stuff, but is a great big value. Every article shown will be used and appreciated by any woman who receives it. The designs are all large, of the y latest and in sufficient variety to please any woman. We offer you a perforated shirt-waist design, a handsome collar and cuff set, holly-berry centerpiece, photograph the, three assorted plate doliles, in all 576 square inches of linen designs; also handkerchief, tie end, collar, three assorted doliles, in all 450 square inches of Battenberg lace igns, one of the most complete and largest selections of stamped designs ever offered as a premium. Can be used with perfect satisfaction and cannot help but highly please

the most fascinating.

Club Offer. For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will forward by mail one of these very complete outfits as a reward.

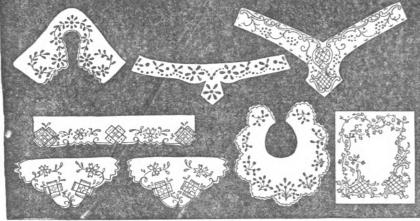
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



These new lawn Chemisettes are all the rage and are now worn more than ever by the better dressers. This simple design is easily and quickly worked with a small quantity of mercerized cotton. You have goods enough to finish it up entire, which if bought at stores all made would cost a lot of money.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will send you the above outfit of material ready to be embroidered. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BIB AND BOOTEES FOR BABY. Picture Frame, Collars and Cuffs for a Lady.



washable. Will give thorough satisfaction.

Special Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will send Special Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will send Special Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will send Special Offer. Augusta, Maine.

A new pattern for a baby's cap, consists of four parts, stamped on 208 square inches of lawn and three skeins of white material to work it with.

This affords an excellent opportunity for you to make up a stylish, useful baby's cap or bonnet, and by finishing it with a ruffle and ribbon bows, as shown in our illustration, you have a very handsome bonnet for your own baby, or to present to some friend's favorite infant.

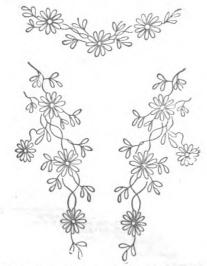
Our outfit is complete; ready to be embroidered and made up except the ruffle and bow, which are to

A baby's bonnet is so useful and desirable we do not need to elaborate on the attractiveness of this offer. Every mother should send for one at once in accordance with our offer below.

Special Club Offer. Send us only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each. The Cap and three skeins of embroidery cotton will be sent same day we receive your order. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Special Premiums shown on this page are all suitable for Holiday Work and are easily earned by getting small clubs of subscribers to this monthly.

Perforated Shirt-Waist Pattern.



and Collar design, perforated upon fine Linen Bond Parchment Paper, furnished with complete directions that any lady can stamp her own shirt-waist, worth in any art store at least 75 cents. We can furnish each in the following designs, if the one filustrated does not please you: Violet, daisy, forget-me-not wild rose or chrysanthemum.

Special Offer. We will send you one of these Shirt-waist patterns if you will send us but one yearly subscriber to this magazine at 15c., and include 5c. additional, making 20c. in all.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Designs on Linen

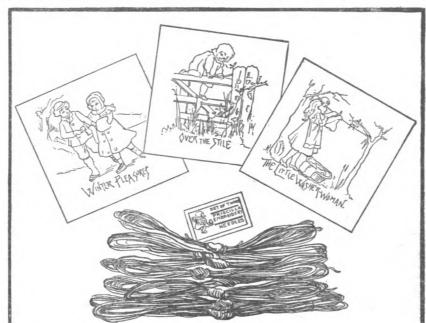


This outfit consists of 324 square inches of embroidery designs. A set of two collars, one Centerpiece, one Bookmark, one Pen-wiper, one Match-safe, one Doiley, two dress ornaments, plainly stamped ready to embroider. An outfit of smaller designs, this suggests itself for those who are learning or do not have much time for fancy work.

Special Offer. As a special inducement we will give you one of these Outfits if you will send but one yearly subscriber at 15c. with 5c. additional, in all 20c. We send postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LE PRISCILLA

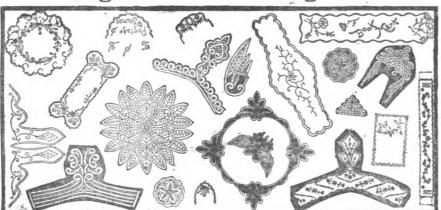


This is a kindergarten Embroidery Set for the little folks and will prove of inestimable value to any mother or instructor of needlework for juvenile. The set consists of three assorted doilies of choice designs, eight embroidery skeins with three embroidery needles. Every mother should see that one of these sets comes into the home.

Special Offer. To have the young folks all supplied with one of these outfits, we will mail one for a single yearly subscriber to this magazine at 15c. if 5c. additional is sent, making 20c. in all, for the outfit, postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Battenberg and Other Designs on Linen



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Two and One Half Yards Goods.



familiar with needlework can embroider this simple design and make up the complete waist from any patterns you are familiar with. We place before you the opportunity to get the stamped goods, two and one half yards, so that all you have to do is to embroider the design with the Utopia Luster we furnish, then cut out the material according to your pattern and make it up. You will then have one of the most fashionable and dainty shirt-waists imaginable, all your own handwork. Embroidered garments are all the rage and we can supply not only this waist, but a Linen Hat to match, Corset Covers, Chemisette, Belts, etc., etc.

Club Offer. For a club of only 9 yearly subscribers to this magazine at only 15c. each, we will send you one of these 2½ yard stamped Chrysanthemum Shirt-waists, including sufficient skeins of mercerized embroidery cotton to work out the design.

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15 Famous American Songs FREE

The good old American Songs are far better than much of the late music. We have books, with Stars and Stripes cover, bound full sheet-music size, that contain a fine collection of these oldtime songs. This collection was gotten up to sell for 50 cents, but extra large editions were afterward secured at a bargain and we will give our readcas the benefit of it. The Album is composed of 32 pages and contains the following 15 songs, with music: America: The Battle Cry of Freedom; Glory Hailelujah; Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean; Dixie; Girl I Left Behind Me: Hail Columbia; Soldier's Farewell; Just Before the Battle, Mother: Maryland, My Maryland; Marching through Georgia: Star Spangled Banner; Tenting on the Old Campground; Tramp, Tramp, Tramp; Yankee Boodle.

Certainly all of our subscribers will desire to have one of these collections of Patriotic Songs and we will send one for a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.

each for one of these outfits. at 15 cents each.

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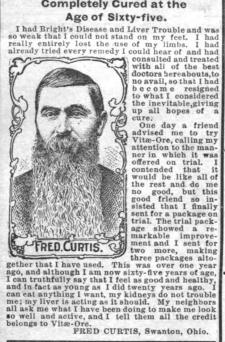
is a Test, a Test at our Risk. We know what we have to offer, we know the public. We trust to the power of what we offer. We trust to the public's sense of **Honor and Gratitude**. The sick man or woman suffering day by day for lack of the right kind of help, is glad and happy to pay when they get the help. We know this, we know how Vitæ-Ore helps, we know we will get our pay when it has helped, and so we take the risk. We want to take it—all of it. We are glad to do it.

It is not a gamble, not an experiment, but a test, and a test that has lead in thousands of cases to absolute sure conviction, to assurance, to positive knowledge that Vitæ-Ore is a right medicine for sick and ailing, poor, thin, weak, debilitated, worn-out, Rheumatism-racked, Stomach-tortured, Kidney-tyrannized men and women. It is a test that leads to our pay and Vitæ-Ore's popularity. That is why we take

You Don't Risk

One Single, Solitary, Red Cent. You must spend 2 cents for a stamp to write for it or we cannot know that you need it, but we will return a 2cent stamp to you after 30 days if you ask for it. We want the test to be absolutely, entirely and completely free of any and all cost to you if Vitæ-Ore does not help you. We do not want it to cost you one single penny unless the 30-day treatment benefits you, unless it proves Vitæ-Ore the remedy for your ills, as it has proven the remedy for so many thousands of others. We don't want a nickel of your hardearned money unless you are glad, willing and proud to send it for what Vitæ-Ore accomplishes for you. Then we want our pay and deserve it, but not otherwise! We take absolutely all of the risk. We leave it entirely for you to decide, to say that we have earned our pay or that we do not deserve it. Read our trial offer; read what it has accomplished for others, and write today for the \$1.00 package on 30 days' trial.

Had Lost the



all ask me waster, and I ten bases.

so well and active, and I ten bases, belongs to Vitæ-Ore.

FRED CURTIS, Swanton, Ohio.

Fifteen Years of Dosing and Drugging

I have been a sufferer from Stomach Trouble, Indigestion and Nervousness for about 15 years and have almost continually been under the treatment of physicians, being compelled usually to use a stomach tube for relief. My husband has spent hundreds of dollars for medicines and doctor bills in our attempt to secure a cure, and I also used Electric Belts with no relief. Three months ago I sent for a trial package of Vitæ-Ore and am now using my third package. I can truthfully say that Indigestion and Nervousness for about 15 years and have almost continually been under the treatment of physicians, being compelled usually to use a stomach tube for relief. My husband has spent hundreds of dollars for medicines and doctor bills in our attempt to secure a cure, and I also used Electric Belts with no relief. Three months ago I sent for a trial package of Vitæ-Ore and am now using my third package. I can truthfully say that it has done me more good than all the medicines I have ever taken. I am gaining in flesh, having taken on thirteen pounds in the last three months, and can sleep well at night. The Nervousness is gone, my food agrees with me and I feel like a very different woman. I cannot praise this great remedy enough and only hope that every sufferer may learn of and use it.

Bethel Springs, Tenn.

Use of His Limbs Our 30-Day Trial Offer

Bright's Disease and Liver Trouble

Age of Sixty-five.

I had Bright's Disease and Liver Trouble and was so weak that I could not stand on my feet. I had already tried every remedy I could hear of and had already tried every remedy I could hear of and had already tried every remedy I could hear of and had already tried every remedy I could hear of and had consulted and treated with all of the best doctors hereabouts, to no avail, so that I had be c o me resigned to what I considered the inevitable, giving up all hopes of a cure.

One day a friend advised me to try Vite-Ore, calling my attention to the manner in which it was some the inevitable and treated to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days in the toyou on 30 days 'trial. We don't want a penny—we just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. On avoil of the best doctors hereabouts, to no avail, so that I had be c o me resigned to what I considered the inevitable, giving up all hopes of a cure.

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WHAT VITÆ-ORE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits for mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral-substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

IS WORTH TRYING FOR!

It is worth writing for. It is worth getting out pen, ink, paper, envelope, and writing us:

"I am sick. I need Vitæ-Ore or something that will cure-me. I have seen your trial offer. Send me a dollar package. I will use it and pay the dollar if I find it has helped me. I will not pay one penny if it does not help me."

That is all it takes. Just a letter asking for it, just your promise to use it. What excuse have you to keep on suffering? How can you continue to look your family in the face and say: "I feel so sick today," or "My back aches," or "That Rheumatic leg is getting worse," or "My stomach is bothering me again," when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, ready and waiting for you to turn and get it, is the thing that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking.

SEND FOR IT Without Delay

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anæmia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out debilitated conditions

CURED STOMACH TROUBLE

CURED BRIGHT'S DISEASE

marysville, Cal.—My mother was afflicted with what the doctors called Bright's Disease for about six or seven years; was attended all of that time by physicians. She was finally given up to die and at this time was induced to try Vitæ-Ore. To our surprise and great joy she was cured sound and well by the use of three packages.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

CURED RHEUMATISM

MOUNT HOLLY SPRINGS, PA.—I can testify to the value of Vitæ-Ore as a permanent cure for Rheumatism. I had the disease so bad that I could not get out of bed. I used the doctor's medicines faithfully, but they did me no good. I used but two packages of Vitæ-Ore and it cured me effectually and permanently, as it is now more than two years since my cure and I have had no return of the disease.

DAVID LIGHTNER.

CURED CATARRH

Moingona, Iowa.—I have given Vite.—Ore a fair and thorough test and have been greatly benefited by its use. I had been a great sufferer with Catarrh of the Head, Lungs and Stomach, impairing the latter organ so that my diet for about four years was a little bread and tea or hot water, anything causing me intense agony. Since using Vite.—Ore I can now eat any and all vegetables and fruits without the least unpleasantness. It is the best medicine that I have ever used, and I have taken a great deal in the past seventeen years.

JOHN F. McGEE.

EVERY WOMAN Read What Mrs. Walker Tells of

A MESSAGE FOR

Her Terrible Sufferings **CURED SOUND AND HALE IN THREE**

WEEKS' TIME



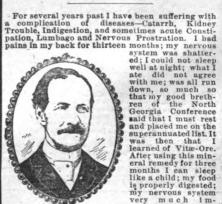
When I sent for a trial package of Vitæ-Ore I was suffering almost death. One doctor told me It was old age approaching, although I am only thirty-nine years old; another said it was caused by a fall which I experienced some time ago, and still another pronounced it female weakness. I suffered terribly for months with pains in my bowels and limbs, and menstruation was very profuse and irregular. At one period I could not sleep for three nights in succession, and had to sit up in bed on account of the terrible pain. I do not see now how I lead to the terrible pain. I do not see now how I had taken it for three days my pain and misery were all gone. Now, after only three weeks' use of the medicine I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I have had no trouble whatever this month. I can plek cotton and ride about on the roads, feeling better every day. I wish I could tell every suffering woman what Vitæ-Ore has done for me. I thank the Lord every day, that I can live and feel well, so that I can tell others what they can do to cure their sufferings.

MRS. LAURA N. WALKER.

Arlington, Okla.

SERMON FOR DOUBTERS

YOU WHO NEED, READ AND HEED



Georgia Conference said that I must rest and placed me on the superannuated list. It was then that I learned of Vitæ-Ore. After using this mineral remedy for three months I can sleep like a child; my food is properly digested; my nervous system very much i mproved; my back has not hurt me for two months past; Catarrh is nearly general health is better than in many vears. I had tried physicians and numerous remedies, but found only temporary relief after months of trial. Under a good God I attribute my present portion of good health to Vitæ-Ore, and I speak its praise, because it is the bridge which is carrying me safely over to the land of complete health. To all who are afflicted I say, take Vitæ-Ore, regain your lost health, and go on your way rejoicing along life's journey.

REV. JNO. F. BALIS, Douglasville, Ga.

RIAL OF VITÆ-ORE Will tell to you its own plain story, a story that has meant comfort, peace and happiness to thousands.

READ THE TESTIMONY. Read it again and again. No stronger words have ever been written about any other medicine; no better expressions are and water, or the sunlight from a tallow candle. It does not take FAITH, does not take CONFIDENCE, does not take BELIEF, does not take even HOPE to cure with Vitæ-Ore. It takes only a trial—all we ask. THIS MEDICINE ENTERS THE VEINS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING PERSON AND CURES whether the sufferer believes in it or not, whether he wants it or no. Its substances enter the blood, the vital organs, and WORK, WORK—a work that cures.

THEO. NOEL CO.,

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CHICAGO, ILL.

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DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

December 1906

No 2



Published at Augusta, Maine



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Crumbs of Comfort

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed. Perseverance and audacity generally win. To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first

That loss s common would not make My own less bitter; rather more; Too common! Never morning wore To evening but some heart did break.

To know how to wait is the great secret of Man is only miserable so far as he thinks

Minds that have nothing to confer, find little to perceive.

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

sprinkle cool patience. Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

Oh, God, how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blest decree
That grace can e'er be found when sought,
And naught shut out the soul from thee.
—Elisa Cook.

Persecution is not wrong because it is cruel, but cruel because it is wrong. Through tattered clothes small vices do ap-

pear; robes and fine furs hide all. The miser is as much in want of that which he has, as of that which he has not.

It is easy enough for one man to bear another's misfortunes like a Christian. We should not judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but how they use them.

Of this alone is even God deprived—the mak ing that which is past never to have been.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates and wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought.

t.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man.
—Watts.

It is an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse not to make use of means to avoid it.

It is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

To him who has thought or done, or suffered much, the level days of his childhood seem at an immeasurable distance.

All papes and mammas have exactly that sort All papers and manning uses eachy that sort of sight which distinguishes objects at a distance clearly, while they need spectacles to see those under their very noses.

A Few Words by the Editor

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols piay,
And wild and sweet the words repeat,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

-Longfellow.

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all! For hundreds of years this greeting has passed from man to man, and for hundreds of years it will continue to pass, without ever losing one whit of its cheeriness and sincerity. There is something about Christmas that draws every atom of goodness in man's nature to the surface, and makes him a little nearer to what God intended him to be than he ever was be-

God intended him to be than he ever was before. On Christmas day, the whole world prostrates itself before the manger of Bethlehem.

All Christendom focuses its attention on the little town that was the birthplace of the Christ child. All over the world they are singing today these immortal lines of Phillips Brookes:

Oh, little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by,
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years,
Are met in thee, tonight.

mankind would again hear the angels singing in the Heavens above, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill towards

With the passing of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the Confederacy has lost another figure that went to make up its brief and stirring history. Mrs. Davis at the ripe age of eighty has gone to join the heroes of the lost cause, in the courts above. A stirring life was hers, and she happily lived to see the day when every vestige of bitterness between North and South had been wiped away, and blue and gray were united under the flag that we love so well. Mrs. Davis, in that sphere to which she has passed, will find both Federal blue and Confederate gray, side by side, even as they are here. The differences that once estranged them are now forgotten, and Confederates and Federalists have but one aim, and that is to uphold the honor and digaim, and that is to uphold the honor and dig-nity of the flag, and to keep our country at the head of the nations of the world.

Blow bugles of battle, the marches of peace; East, West, North and South let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy, that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God, and of goodwill to man!

—Whittier.

In making Cuba pay the whole of the costs of the military intervention, that brought peace between the warring factions in that island is good sound common sense. To go out and thresh your neighbor, and have your neighbor come out and thresh you, is no doubt lots of fun for people who like that kind of fun; but when every episode of this kind brings a costly bill, which the belligerent parties must settle, they will probably find some way of coming to an agreement without fighting. Had the Cubans known they were to foot the bills for their latest "set to," they would not have embarked on their recent mix up with any very great enthusiasm, in fact they would have been wise enough to have kept out of it. There is nothing like a good stiff fine for making a man behave himself, especially if that man has none too much ready cash. There making a man behave nimself, especially if that man has none too much ready cash. There will be no more need for military intervention in the Pearl of the Antilles now that Uncle Sam has adopted this device of settling the costs of pugilism upon the pugilists.

King of the soil! bear in mind
Your labor is for future hours,
Advance! spare not! nor look behind!
Plow deep and straight with all your powers!

—Richard Hengist Norne.

The wonders of science cease not. Dr. Sajous of Philadelphia, before the Medical Association of Greater New York, has just discussed his great experiments with andrenilin, which he has recently discovered. By the use of this great compound, a headless dog was kept alive for ten bours. Nothing so potent, in setaining. for ten hours. Nothing so potent in retaining life in the body after respiration and appearance of life has ceased has ever been discovered. Andrenilin opens up a vast life-saving field for physicians and surgeons. People who have been in the water for some hours, and are to all interest and purposes deed from drowning. been in the water for some hours, and are to all intents and purposes dead from drowning, have now a chance of being revived, as andrenilin will keep life in the body, until the water can be expelled from the lungs and natural respiration restored. By experimenting on animals, this fact has been positively proved. There is a substance present in the lungs which absorbs oxygen from the air. This substance, according to Dr. Sajous, is found in the andreninal glands in the regions of the kidneys, hence the name andrenilin.

letters that tell us that Comfort is not only good, but it grows better all the time, so you evidently do appreciate the fact that we are not standing still, but are ever progressing. It is not always easy to keep departments up to the highest pitch of perfection. Writers and literary people have their off days, and you hear readers remarking, "So and So is not as good as he used to be," and "such and such a person does not write as well as he used to do once upon a time." However, we do not think anyone can say this of any of our departments, which never deteriorate, but continually improve in quality and excellence. This improvement will go on through the coming year, and we not only hope to retain the millions of readers we already have, but to gain millions of more friends and admirers before another year has run its course. Those who have not renewed their subscriptions for 1907 should do so immediately, as directly your subscriptions run out, your paper stops. We absolutely do not send the paper after the time very evident from the tens of thousands of day these immortal lines of Phillips Brookes:

Oh, little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by,
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light:
The hopes and fears of all the years,
Are met in the, tonight.

And thus the years roll on, Christmas after
Christmas, and more and more with every passing year, humanity needs the inspiration of
Christmas-to cheer it on its way, and to sweeten
the struggle of life with the feeling of human
protherhood, and the hope of that eternal
happiness which comes to mankind from the
manger of that little far-away town in distant
Palestine. Some day, the Christmas spirit,
with its "Peace on earth, goodwill to men,"
will not be reserved for one day of the year
only, but will be continued to the whole 365.
Can you imagine what a grand and glorious
world this would be if every human face retained the Christmas smile, and every human
heart the Yule Tide spirit all the year round;
George William Curtis says: "In every age
some have believed the Christmas spirit to be
the ideal, and possible spirit that will prevail
eventually in all human society," so your editor
is not alone in his ideas upon this subject. Get
the Christmas spirit, and follow your
eventually in all human society," so your editor
is not alone in his ideas upon this subject. Get
the Christmas spirit in your hearts then, through
all the days of your life other men may become
inspired with that same spirit, and follow your
example. If every human soul thrilled with
this spirit of brotherhood and good fellowship,
mankind would again hear the angels singing
in the Heavens above, "Glory to God in the
highest, peace on earth, and goodwill towards
men."

Current Topics Mount McKinley, in Alaska, more than twenty thousand feet high, and believed to be the highest peak in America, has been scaled by Dr. Fred A. Cook, who was surgeon of the Peary Arctic expedition of 1891. His estimate of the height seems to be near twenty-three thousand feet, which is greater than the earlier computation of the United States Geological survey.

An unimproved lot facing Fifth Avenue in New York City has a 150-foot inclosure. Land in that neighborhood is worth \$10,000 a front foot, and yet this lot has a high-board fence around it and is entirely idle. A real estate agent offered \$500,000. The owner, a woman, thought it was worth \$600,000. When the broker returned, with the consent of his client to pay \$600,000, she said: "It's the only place my dog, Trixie has to exercise. I think I will keep it for him."

A question involving the rights of Japanese in the United States has arisen in San Francisco. The board of education has established a separate school for children of Oriental parentage, and made mandatory the attendance there of Japanese as well as of Chinese children. The Japanese bitterly resent this treatment against their children, and the Japanese government, through its ambassador at Washington has formally remonstrated, and has demanded for Japanese in the United States the right of equal treatment with American citizens which is expressly guaranteed by the treaty of 1894.

The failure of Lieutenant Peary's latest ex-The failure of Lieutenant Peary's latest expedition to reach the pole was due to the usual cause, the impassability of the ice. He has succeeded in getting farther North than any explorer has ever gone. For several years the record had been held by an Italian explorer, the Duke of D'Abruzzi. This was 86 degrees and 34 minutes, while Peary has succeeded in reaching 87 degrees and 6 minutes, or within 203 miles of the pole, or 35 miles nearer than the Italian. It is inferred from the latest dispatches that Peary will try again, as the Roosevelt is coming southward for repairs and supplies.

The United States grand jury has returned with thirty counts against three defendants charged with frauds in the stamping of boiler tubes furnished to the Government as tested and approved, which according to the charge, had been rejected as defective. These tubes were supplied to six hattleshing Goorgie had been rejected as defective. These tubes were supplied to six battleships, Georgia, Maine, Louisiana, Minnesota, Vermont, Nebraska, and five armored cruisers, Maryland, Tennessee, Washington, Pennsylvania, Colorado, and the protected cruiser, Charleston. It was the battleship Louisiana which carried President and Mrs. Roosevelt to the Isthmus of Panama. The battleship was convoyed by the armored cruisers, Washington and Tennessee.

Several changes in President Roosevelt's Cabinet are to take place. Attorney-General Moody, whose appointment to the Supreme Bench is announced, will be succeeded by Mr. Bonaparte, now Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Metcalf, now at the head of the Department of Concesses and Labor will be Secretary of the according to Dr. Sajous, is found in the andreninal glands in the regions of the kidneys, hence the name andrenilin.

This is the final issue of COMFORT for 1906, and our last meeting for this year. We thank you for all your favors for the twelve months that have now almost passed, and we hope in the year approaching to still further win your confidence and appreciation, and merit your esteem and regard. You will notice one thing about COMFORT—it never deteriorates. We do not have a good number one month, and a poor one the next, as do many other publications. Our progress is steady and constant. It is ever "Onward and Upward," as far as we are concerned, and that you appreciate this fact is will take the place made vacant by Garfield.



Central West Fur Supply

"Some people may think that progress is pushing out all the original inhabitants," said the man with a coonskin vest on, "but there are a good many of the old stock still on this side of the Mississippi, and the hunter who is looking for muskrats, raccoons, possums, foxes, and civet cats, with a mink and a weasel, or an otter now and then can find them in the state of Illinois, and other Middle West states in more or less profusion. During the last winter Illinois trappers were busier than in many years. One firm of dealers in Muscatine has been buying furs at the rate of \$3,000 a week, and there are pelt buyers all over the state who are doing nearly as much. It is said that trappers in Illinois will receive \$100,000 for furs this season. Iowa, Indiana and other states are doing about the same. Most of the catch is muskrat, but this is not very popular as their pelts bring only from 12 to 15 cents each. Skunks range from 50 cents to \$2.50 according to size and condition. Coon skins run from 50 cents to \$1.75, possum from 25 to 75, and red fox from \$1 to \$5. The scarcer the animal the higher the pelt, if its fur is any commercial value at all. It looks as if there might be money in the trapping business, with several hundred thousand dollars being distributed, but there are nearly as many farmer boys out with their guns and traps as there are dollars, and the result is that nobody gets very much out of it except the comparatively few dealers who buy the pelts."

American Homes

"According to the census of 1900," said the man who looked prosperous, "there are 16,239,-797 families in the United States living in 14,-474,777 dwellings, which shows that in some sections of the country there are a good many more than one family to a dwelling, as in some of the crowded cities where the poor are packed like chickens in a coop. There are 6,920,143 families living in their own homes, but there are mortgages on 2,180,229 of these, the others being free. Nearly eight and a half million families live in rented houses. Of those owning their own homes over five millions are native whites, and 372,444 are negroes. Over 48,000 Inwhites, and 372,444 are negroes. Over 30,000 Incidents have homes of their own, and 2.274 Chinese and Japanese. The average size of the families is 4.7 persons. The density of the population is 25.6 persons to the square mile, with the greatest density in the District of Columbia, where it is only one tenth of one person to the square mile, or one person to every ten square miles. Of the states, Rhode Island is the most densely populated, with 407 persons to the square mile; Massachusetts is next with 348.9; New Jersey third with 250.3; Connecticut fourth with 187.5, and Nevada last with 4 of a person to each square mile. If the whole country were as densely populated as the District of Columbia, our population would be about thirteen billions of people, or about eight times the population of the whole world, now. But none of you need be afraid that we shall have that many people to the square mile, because Uncle Sam is the provider for the density in the District of Columbia, and he will not scatter out much beyond the limits of the District." dians have homes of their own, and 2.274 Chi-

Beauty Makers

"The beauty specialists have developed greatly in the past few years," said the man from New York, "and in my town there are scores of them scattered all about. They do a from New York, "and in my town there are scores of them scattered all about. They do a rushing business, too, for the women seem to think that beauty is the first consideration. They pay good prices, and some of the specialists are getting rich at the business. I don't think they can improve much on nature, but the women seem to think differently, and as long as the bills don't come to me, I suppose it is none of my business. I was talking to one not long ago, and I'll just give you a few tips as to what it costs to have your beauty done over. This one was a man and he knows how to charge. For making the face of an old person look young, the price was \$150, and no guarantee to keep it that way. To remove, wrinkles costs from \$3 to \$5 each treatment, and it may require a dozen to get them out, and, probably \$5 a week to keep them so. Home treatment costs \$20, and electrical face massage from \$30 to \$60. A face mask to beautify will cost \$100, and lotions of some mysterious beautifying effect cost from \$5 to \$50 a bottle, or box. A crooked nose may be straightened at a cost of \$100. When the skin gets too loose on the face, from age or other causes, the skin is cut out and patched up, and operations of this kind cost from \$100 to \$5.000 according to the wealth and vanity of the person—and it is not always a woman, for the men have some vanity also, and patronize the beauty makers to a considerable extent. Complexions may also be improved, and to turn out one that is really and truly beautiful Complexions may also be improved, and to turn out one that is really and truly beautiful turn out one that is really and truly beautiful will cost \$500. There are people to 1 sy that much, too, but how well satisfied they are afterwards, I can't say. In improving the figure, all kinds of appliances are used, and they cost from \$5 up. Flesh reducing may be had as low as fifty cents a treatment, but it may require a hundred treatments to show any results worth considering. I think I like to see a fine specimen of human beauty about as well as anybody, but blamed if I don't want it to be natural beauty. and I wouldn't recommend to be natural beauty, and I wouldn't recommend the homeliest woman I know to trust her beauty repairing to anybody but herself with the usual simple applications known to every

The Great Chicago Mystery or,

The Man With Many Aliases

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Four men sat in a luxuriously appointed room, their heads close together, while outside roared the life of a great city
"It can be done," one of the men said decidedly.
He was a powerful man, with a hare-lip, and there was a conscious leadership in his manner.
"I supppose so," chimed in another, licking his lips.

was a conscious leadership in his manner.

"I supppose so," chimed in another, licking his lips.

"If we were in New York, I would pause, but here in Chicago, we're safe enough, for there is no danger of Crit Truman. In New York we all tremble at the thought of Crit Truman and his men."

"Whose dem?" asked a young fellow, with the curiously contracted eyes of an opium fiend.

"The Trumans, as they are called? Why, where have you lived not to have heard of them? Just as slick a bunch of detectives as you want to meet. I owe Crit Truman this," laying a forefinger upon the disfiguring hare-lip. "He split my lip open, and it has never healed. There is Crit himself, a giant in strength; Ralph Dayton, his chief assistant, and Peter Strongman, an Irish boy. Those three are terrors."

"Dis ain't Noo York," grinned the opium fiend.

"You can bet it ain't." replied the man with the hare-lip, then he added:

"When we get things agoin' I'm going to spring a mine. I've had my eye on a fellow in New York, a swell guy, who is connected with a bank. He's a slick one, and I think we can get him on here. He not only is good at doctoring accounts, but the way he can pinch the shiners, is something to open a fellow's eyes."

The other men looked interested.

"I have another lay. We need a swell-looking girl. I know who we can get. She'll come fast enough. No, she's straight as a string, but when we've broken her in, she'll fall in with our plans," and he laughed a wicked laugh, and the others joined him.

That very night Chicago was stirred by a very bold Stickup game, and as usual, the police made

joined him.

That very night Chicago was stirred by a very bold Stickup game, and as usual, the police made no arrests, the crooks escaping with the goods, without turning a hair.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN APPEARS AGAIN.

"UMPH!" ejaculated Crit Tru-The great detective and his

assistant, Ralph Dayton, were seated in Crit's office, examin-

ing the morning mail.
"What is it, Crit?" Ralph asked.
Crit finished reading the letter in his hand, and then paused, passing it to Ralph, saying:
"Read that aloud, I want to get it right."
His assistant read the following:

Office of the Chief,
Police Department of Chicago.
Mr. Crit Truman, New York City,

Mr. Crit Truman, New York City,

DEAR SIR:

Although I have never met you personally, I believe that several of my men have worked under you in cases you have had in our city, and I am also well acquainted with your methods and ability.

Doubtless you have read of the reign of crime now existing in Chicago, which, however, I hope to be able to dispel.

The matter which I wish to call to your attention, however, is the work of what I believe to be a thoroughly established bunch of crooks, of the most desperate and degenerate character. Their lay lies in the holding up of saloons and cafes; at least, ten of these occurrences have happened in the city within the last week, and the similarity of the methods used have brought home to me the conviction that they are all pulled off by the same gang.

methods used have brought home to me the conviction that they are all pulled off by the same gang.

The leader has been variously described to me and my captains, some victims saying he is tall and fair; others that he is short and dark, and one even made the assertion that from his manner of talk, he was convinced that the man had a hare-lip.

Mr. Truman, I am forced to admit that my men are powerless to cope with the situation. I have had my Flying Squadron and Murder Squad out night and day (several murders have been committed by this gang during the depredations), but so far they have accomplished next to nothing. Every stool-pigeon who has ever given us the least information has been rounded-up, and sweated by me personally, and by my officers, but nothing of value has been learned by us.

Chicago is a proud city, and we who are in control of her welfare, like to feel that we can manage our own affairs, but as the Chief of Police of this city, I realize how heavily the responsibility of my position rests upon me. I have-to, and will, stop the nefarious proceedings of this band of crooks.

Therefore, Mr. Truman, admitting that my men are unable to find any clue which will break up this awful state of affairs, I ask you, as man to man, to give us some of your valuable time (I fully appreciate how busy you are), and to come to the Windy City to lend us your able assistance. Hoping to receive a satisfactory reply, I remain, Very sincerely

The letter was signed by the Chief of Police

of Chicago.
"Well, Ralph," Crit said, after a moment's silence, "what do you think of it?"
"What do you mean? Of the request, or of

'First, of the facts regarding the leader of

Ralph silently turned to the paragraph regarding the description of the leader, and placed his finger on the word "hare-lip."

Crit smiled.
"Well, what does that mean, boy?"
"Can't you think?"
"Better tell me."

"It just brought up a little case we participated in on the East Side, about two years

Again Crit smiled.
"I often wonder, Ralph," he said, "if you're a

mind reader."
Ralph smiled, too.
"So that's what you're thinking of, too?" he

asked, leaning forward a little in his earnest-

"Just the same, boy. Let's see if I recall the case," and the great detective drew thoughtfully upon his cigar as he commenced:

"We were called to investigate a series of

"We were called to investigate a series of crimes, principally connected with the holding up of small saloons on the East Side, and after some little trouble, managed to corral many of the members of the gang, which had committed these crimes."

Crit looked at Ralph for confirmation, and

By Rosser W. Cobbe

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

some time, at least, to find the leader, for each man had evidently been so intimidated by him and so impressed by his desperate and cruel deeds, that none could be found, even to save

deeds, that none could be found, even to save himself, who would reveal the name or whereabouts of the leader."

Crit paused to relight his cigar.

"However," he continued, rather grimly, "we caught him. One of his pals while in jail, awaiting trial, caught a fever, and in his delirium gave his chief away."

"Yes," Ralph said, with a wise nod of the head.

head.

"Yes," Ralph said, with a wise nod of the head.

"I was there myself, and learned that the leader of these desperadoes was one Jim Hollis, alias Jim Holmes, alias Chris Dougherty, alias so many other names it seemed impossible to get to the end of the list."

As Crit paused, Ralph shifted expectantly in his seat, his eyes glistening with the light of recollection, as his chief continued:

"After a little time, during which you, my boy, did some exceptionally clever work, we captured this Hollis, alias Holmes and all the other names, and saw him safely landed in Sing, only to learn later that he had killed his guard, and broken jail, escaping no one ever found out just how, probably through the aid of confederates."

"And then we got him again," Ralph interrupted, laughing grimly.

"We did," Crit acknowledged, and for a moment these two, the great detective and his chief assistant, were silent, the well-trained minds of each busy with recollections of this case, which was but one out of thousands of others they had taken and carried to a successful termination.

After a short time. Crit resumed:

"An leave of these desperadoes was one Jim Hollis, and do a lot more mischief. This practice of settling when money is returned is some-thing alittle against my principles," and Crit threw aside his cigar, and lit a fresh one. After it was fairly going, he asked:

"Anything new on the lists?"

"Several, but not in our line. Two would-be clients want our services in obtaining evidence in divorce cases—"

Crit violently shook his head, and Ralph with a smile on his lips continued:

"Another wants his son watched to discover if he is paying attention to a popular actress."

"What kind of people do they take us for?"

Crit asked indignantly. He and his men only dealt with remendous cases.

"There's a missing girl, but I am afraid it is only the usual foolish runaway episode, which makes work for the divorce courts later."

"Several, but not in our line. Two would-be clients want our services in obtaining the clients want ou

ful termination.
After a short time, Crit resumed:
"Yes, we did recapture him, but while we were doing it, The Man with Many Aliases and I had a little misunderstanding, which led

"Perhaps," he answered doubtfully. "Then relative to the bank robbery? Are the officials satisfied with the return of the money?"

"Perfectly."

"That ends it, then, though I think they are wrong. They ought to have prosecuted, for their man's no good, and we'll have trouble with him later on."

"It will be no lesson to him, then?"

"None in the least. Percy Mandeville has the making of a confirmed criminal in his composition, and will eventually land in the pen. Better put him there now, than to let him run wild, and do a lot more mischief. This practice of settling when money is returned is something a little against my principles," and Crit threw aside his cigar, and lit a fresh one. After it was fairly going, he asked:

"Anything new on the lists?"

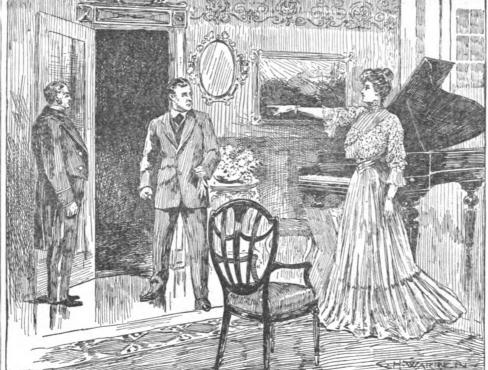
"Several, but not in our line. Two would-be clients want our services in obtaining evidence in divorce cases—"

Crit violently shook his head, and Ralph with a smile on his lips continued:

"Another wants his son watched to discover if he is paying attention to a popular actress."

"What kind of people do they take us for?"

then?"
"Nothing, except—" and Ralph paused.
"Except what?"
"That jewelry robbery on Fifth avenue."
"I remember. Well, I think we have that case pretty well in train, so it can be left for a few days, eh?"
"I think so."
"Yes. Then, Ralph, I've made up my mind



THE MAN TURNED, HIS FACE LIVID WITH RAGE.

to blows," Crit looked at Ralph from under his eyelashes, "and I am afraid that the work I left on him will remain for life."

"It will," was Ralph's admission.

"I suppose I hit him a little harder than was necessary, and I know that my knuckles ached the rest of the day, and—"

"I remember," Ralph broke in. "Oh, what a fight that was! There was I in the corner, drugged and bound, and only half alive, and you half-blinded with blood, standing up and handing out the gaff as fast as it came to you. Then when he came in, you handed it to him proper, a magnificent right swing on the mouth. If I remember, it split him from his nostril to his mouth, and that wound when healed might pass for a —"

"I to catch this man who has twice escaped; who openly boasts that he is greater than all laws."

"Good!" cried Ralph who was already game.

"Yes, sir, I am going to get him, if it takes me to the end of time. I think that I can get him, too, if the fellow our friend in Chicago describes, is one and the same as Mr. Man of the many Aliases."

"Think he is?"

"I do, Ralph. What's your opinion?"

"You've stated it," was the quick reply, as Ralph threw aside the cigar he had been smokling, and rising stretched himself.

"Then wire the chief of the Chicago police department that we start for his city at 8.15, on the Chicago Flyer, on the Pennsylvania line, and we will be with him at eight the next

"Yes," said Crit, quietly, "for a hare-lip."
Again they meditated, then Crit continued, looking at the end of his cigar, which he was

"We landed Hollis in jail all right, but he remained only a short time. I honestly believe that man is the very—the very—"
"The very old boy himself," suggested Ralph

laughing.
"You're right," Crit said, but his face was grave. "Yes, the very old boy himself for breaking away from all bonds. I tell you, Ralph, that man is a very dangerous character."
_"Well, I should say he was," came the quick

response.
"Such a man must not be left at large," Crit

aid musingly.

Knowing his chief as he did, Ralph comprehended just what was passing in the active

brain.
"How is our work?" Crit asked at last, raising

his head, which had sunk on his breast, and striking a match, which he held with steady fingers to the much neglected cigar.
"Well, pretty fair," Ralph said hesitatingly.
"How's that conspiracy case?"
"I think the confessions we got last night from those two released in the Tomba vertice.

the latter nodded. from those two we landed in the Tombs yester-"We failed, however," Crit continued, "for day will square that."

him, too, if the fellow our friend in Chicago describes, is one and the same as Mr. Man of the many Aliases."

"Think he is?"

"I do, Ralph. What's your opinion?"

"You've stated it," was the quick reply, as Ralph threw aside the cigar he had been smoking, and rising stretched himself.

"Then wire the chief of the Chicago police department that we start for his city at 8.15, on the Chicago Flyer, on the Pennsylvania line, and we will be with him at eight the next morning. Have him meet us at the Union depot there. No, tell him we will drop in upon him, that will be better."

"All right."

"And, I say, boy, when you do that, get

"All right."

"And, I say, boy, when you do that, get Peter, and come back, so we can outline a general plan."

"Shall I'phone the Pennsylvania office for a stateroom?" Ralph asked.

"Pil do that myself. You send the wire, and then I think we'll be ready to think about that very slick criminal of ours," and as he spoke, Crit turned in his chair, and took up his telephone receiver. phone receiver.

CHAPTER II.

TOO STRANGE FOR BELIEF.

"But I really don't."
"Are you sure?"
"Why not? I have asked my heart a question, and it says no. I am sorry for you, but this must be final." "You have encouraged me."

"Mr. Mandeville, I deny that."
"And I tell you that it is so."

The two speakers were standing, and both looked angry. The girl, one of the sweetest to be seen in New York, held her little head high,

scornful of the man and his imputation which was utterly false. She had never liked him, and being without any desire to win a love she could not return, had never given him the slightest encouragement.

"You'll pay for this," the man hissed between his teeth, but the girl refused to notice his remark, but crossing the room, pressed the electric button. To the servant who appeared almost immediately, she said almost coidly:

"James, show this man out. If he ever cails again, I am not at home."

The servant bowed. The orders of the daughter of the house were obeyed without question.

The man turned, his face livid with rage, and with a look and gesture the girl never forgot, he left the room. With a bitter sigh Sylvia Lyster sank into a chair, and said half aloud:

"Oh, the wretch! How I hate him! Still I could but spare him on account of Kathie," then she again pressed the bell, and ordered that Miss Gordon be summoned.

As she sat there waiting, she presented a charming picture of a representative American girl of the upper classes of unusual intelligence. Her hair was a soft gold, her eyes were those of a story-book, deep violet, and her skin, delicate as a rose petal, glowed with perfect health. As the door opened, she sprung to her feet, and ran forward, throwing her arms about the young woman who entered.

"Dear Kathie," she whispered, kissing her.

No one but these two knew what Sylvia Lyster had done for Kathie Mandeville, who, deserted by her worthless husband, had been discovered by the society favorite in some of her settlement work, utterly destitute. Sylvia had taken her to her own house, treated her like a rister, and gained from the wife, with her dark Spanish beauty, a passionate devotion nothing would ever change. Sylvia had heard much from Kathie, and could have given information which would have placed the man who had just asked her to be his wife, behind the bars, but on account of his young wife, and a child yet unborn, she remained quiet, although her blood boiled as she thought of his wick

gently.

"Because I have something to tell you."

"What is it?"
"Percy Mandeville has just been here and asked me to marry him."

The young wife gasped, then threw back her head:
"Wretch!" she half sobbed.

"Wretch!" she half sobbed.
"You can't love him, yet."
"Sylvia, dear, when you once love a man," she did not notice Sylvia's deep blush, "you will know that it is not just for fair weather. I can't help loving Percy. It's a part of me. Sometime he will be glad of my love, and turn towards me, I am sure of that" and there was a devotion in her face beautiful to see.

Sylvia's face was still flushed when Kathie went back to the suite of rooms assigned to her

sylvia's lace was still fushed when kathle went back to the suite of rooms assigned to her by Sylvia who was mistress of her father's big Fifth Avenue home, and at last she went to the telephone, and raising the receiver called a number. When it was given her she was almost too bashful to talk, but at last she managed to ask softly.

aged to ask softly:
"Is that you, Custer?"
"Of course it is."

"Recognize my voice?"

"You know it is the sweetest music in the world to me," was the ardent response and it brought still more color into the lovely face, for Sylvia Lyster's engagement to Custer Quex was only of two days' length.

"Will you come to disper tonicht?" she con-

"Will you come to dinner tonight?" she con-"Will I? Just wait and see. But, darling, a moment, I want to see you alone when I first

"All right," came in sweet tones over the

wire. "Then until I see you tonight, good by, sweetheart. I wish I could kiss you right here and now." "Custer!"

"Honest. In half a minute I'll come right up now."
"Wait until dinner," she said with a little

laugh.
"Then you'll be waiting for me, where?"
"In the small reception-room, James will show you in." "You blessed one. Say, Sylvia, wear that sweet blue dress you had on night pefore last, will you?"

"It's awfully old."

for in it you promised to marry me, you know. I say, Sylvia, I can't wait for my kisses until tonight, I'm coming right up." How afterwards he wished he had carried out his half-

serious threat. serious threat.

"If you do, I'll not be at home," she said with pretty imperiousness, and so after calling her so many endearing names over the wire that she was covered with blushes, Custer Quex at last rung off, and kept looking at the clock to see how the moments dragged, for it seemed ages before he could decently call at the home of his beloved.

of his beloved. That was the last happy afternoon he was to know for many a long day, for when he reached the Lyster mansion that night, he found that Sylvia was missing, and that she had left no trace behind her. trace behind her.

CHAPTER III.

THE DETECTIVES ARRIVE.

"And now to business, Chief," Crit Truman said gravely, two days after his conversation with Ralph, as he and the latter were sitting with the Chief of Police of the city of Chicago, in the latter's private office at head-

quarters.
"I'm yours truly," responded the chief. "Ask
any questions you desire."
Crit and Ralph had at once made their way
from the Uinon depot, at Adams and Desplaines
streets to the city hall, having breakfasted on
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st; roll stitch l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate

Terms Used in Tatting

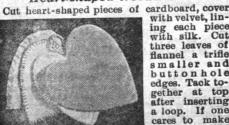
d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Distributing Christmas Gifts

Distributing Christmas Gifts

HERE I was visiting one Christmas they had a wide open fireplace. The crane still hung in it to be used upon occasion. Christmas morning we found the big iron kettle swung in its place, and both crane and kettle were covered with moss and evergreens. The brickwork of the mantel was decorated with holly. The back log inside the fireplace was a monster selected for Christmas for its rustic beauty. It was a white birch and its silvery bark was covered with lovely lichens and fungus growths. Santa Claus dispensed his Christmas gifts from the capacious depths of the iron kettle hanging from the crane. Then we started that back log to blazing. A lively game which begins and ends at the Christmas tree serves to amuse a crowd of children for a long time. In distributing the gifts one child receives a note reading "Look in the scrap basket." There is a general rush for that receptacle, and in it they find another note telling them to look in "father's hat on the rack," another note indicates somewhere else, and the merry hunt takes them to various places all over the house. When they reach the farthest limit, perhaps the attic, the notes lead down again, and finally to the Christmas tree where a substantial gift is found and pinned to it these words, "Here I am." A cobweb hunt is a jolly one for the whole family. One member of the family arranges the balls of twine after the others have all retired. A central starting point is selected, either the chandelier of the living-room or hall. Each ball of twine has a card attached with the name on it and the end fastened to the starting point, then you unwind the ball as you go, leading it a dizzy maze up and downstairs, behind pictures, around piano legs, through registers and so on. When your work has ceased and you have sought your couch tired but happy, probably someone else will steal out of a room and softly lead your ball of twine a merry dance. One young fellow last Christmas, after a mysterious time followed the lead of his ball of twine

Heart-shaped Needlebook



with vervet, ining each piece with silk. Cut three leaves of flannel a trifle smaller and button hole does Tack tobutton hole edges. Tack to-gether at top after inserting a loop. If one cares to make this for a gift, it would glad-den the heart a with needles of

sewing, pins, needles, scissors, etc. A glance at the illustration will

show the arrangement.

In confining the four points do not do it too closely, or the folding will not be satisfactory. A little practice will enable one to cut a cool

able one to cut a good pattern and if they fold as shown in the illustra-

HEART-SHAPED NEEDLEBOOK. it would den the of any woman, to find it filled with needles of

of any woman, to find it filled with needles of all sorts and sizes, and as they used them bring pleasant thoughts of the giver, making the hours brighter.

For the needlebook which is shown both opened and closed cut out four heart-shaped pieces of cardboard, covering the outside of each heart with some attractive material, silk, satin or velvet—nearly everyone has a box, from which the desired pieces can be taken, and a can be taken, and a small bit is all that is required. The inside of each heart is covered according to the fancy of the maker and arccording to the convenient things peaded in

ranged for the convenient things needed

tion they will see how easily it is accomplished. Sew ribbon at the top and lower heart and

NEEDLEBOOK CLOSED. when closed tie it, and you have not only a durable, but a useful gift at this blessed season—Christmas, when love and goodwill should one all hearts. open all hearts.

An Emergency Bag

Select for this useful bag any attractive durable material. Cover two pieces of cardboard, shaped on both sides as shown in the illustration, and then connect and form the bag by fulling in a piece around three sides; this can be cut either on the straight or bias. On the outside of one side place a pocket for holding some of the smaller articles.

This bag is designed for emergencies, and to fulfill its mission should be fitted out with



For a table cover or centerpiece medium weight linen should be used. In drawing out your pattern, have the center star about three times the size of the smaller ones. Draw this and twenty-five little stars on your linen, these can be placed quite close together, run a thread around on each outline, then buttonhole over this closely all around each star, when finished dampen and press well with a hot iron. Now cut out the stars close to the buttonholing.

On heavy paper draw a perfect circle; put the large star in the center of the circle and baste firmly in place. Now divide the circle into five equal parts, and place five stars, each with a point at the points of division, baste securely. It will now be easy to arrange the three in each corner around this star, and finish by placing one, as shown in the illustration, on each side of the large star.

This much accomplished one can fill in the space between with any sort of wheels or stitches which are usually used in drawnwork.

For a handkerchief proceed in the same way, only using fine linen and thread. A star about seven inches from point to point, makes a good size when finished, and is most dainty and lacy. For a table cover or centerpiece medium weight

dainty and lacy.

Centerpiece

See Illustration on Opposite Page.

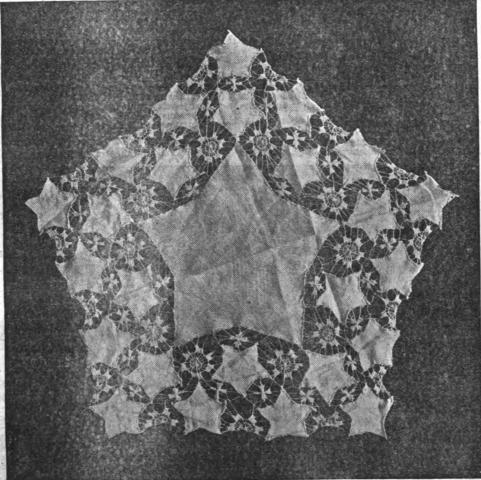
Wheels for edges.

Wheels for edges.
Material required—one spool linen No. 60
and fifteen inch square of linen for the center.
Making chain of eight stitches, join.
1st round.—Ch. 4, 1 d. c. in ring,* ch. 5, 4 d. c.
in ring, repeat twice from *, join.
2d round.—* Ch. 5, 12 d. c. under the ch. 5 sts.
in previous row. Catch to the 2d d. c. in group
of 4 d. c. in previous row, repeat from * three
times.

times.

3d round.—* 2 d. c. under chain between groups of 12 d. c., ch. 2, 2 d. c. under same ch. Ch. 6, 1 d. c. in 6th d. c. of previous row, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in 7th d. c. of previous row, ch. 6, repeat three times from *.

4th round.—* Start from ch. 3 between groups of 4 d. c. in previous row, ch. 8, then 6 r. sts. under ch. between group 2 d. c. in previous row. For



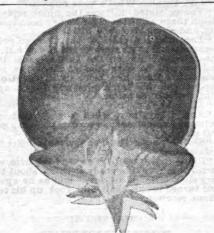
DRAWNWORK CENTERPIECE OR TABLE COVER. Designed by Sophie Blascke, Beeville, Texas.

of strong white thread, a pair of scissors, a paper of needles, a paper of pins, a package of adhesive plaster, and one of court plaster. In the pocket place a small bottle of brandy, one of spirit of camphor, one of ammonia, one of arnica. These to be used as restoratives, and soothing lotions. Many a mother would gladly welcome such a sensible serviceable gift.

Drawnwork Centerpiece

For this handsome and unique design we are indebted to one of the Southern sisters who is quite an expert in this line of needlework.

The five pointed star is used in two sizes for



BOOKMARK.

Children can easily make little bookmarks for teachers or friends by cutting colored flowers from catalogues, and pasting at the top to rather heavy paper of the same outline.

the base of this work, and a table cover, center-piece or handkerchief could be made by this pattern, according to the quality of the mater-ials selected.

r. st. throw thread over the needle twenty times, draw through all and fasten with sl. st.
Then crochet eight, repeat three times from *.
5th round.—S. c. over ch. of eight until firm, 1 s. c. in each other st., continue all around.
6th round.—Ch 4.5 to in at above.

6th round.—Ch. 4, 5 tr. in st above ch. 5, ch.

other st. of last row.

These wheels can also be made of silk or silkateen, and are very ornamental for scarf ends or tidies.

Crocheted Cup and Saucer

1st row.—Ch. 5, join.
2nd row.—Ch. 3, 24 d. c. in ring.
3rd row.—Ch. 3, *2 d. c. in 1 st., and second
d. c. of 2nd row, 1 d. c. in next d. c., repeat from
* to *

4th row .- Ch. 3, * d. c. in 1 st. and 2nd d. c., 2 d. c. in next, repeat from star. 5th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each of the 1 st., and 8 d. c., * 2 d. c. in next, 1 d. c. in next 9 d. c., re-

peat from star.
6th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each of the next 9 d.
c., * 2 d. c. in next, d. c. in each of next 10 d. c.,

c., *2 d. c. in next, d. c. in each of next 10 d. c., repeat as before.
7th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each of the next 16 d. c., *2 d. c. in next, d. c. in each of next 17 d. c., repeat.
8th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each d. c. of row.
9th row.—Ch. 5, d. c. in 2nd d. c., d. c. in next, * ch. 2, sl. st., d. c. in next, ch. 1, sl. st., d. c. in next, repeat from * and you will have 38 spaces.

10th row .- Ch. 3, d. c. in each stitch of 9th 11th row .- * 5 d. c. in first stitch, sl. st., next, fasten into next with s. c., repeat; this finishes

To make the cup fasten the thread into the

To make the cup fasten the thread into the outer edge of the third row of the saucer.

1st row.—Ch. 3, d c. in each d. c. of 3rd row.
2nd row.—Ch. 3, 2 d. c, in next d. c., * 2 d. c. in next, d. c., in each of the next 3 d. c., repeat.
3rd row.—* Ch. 3, d. c. in each of next 8 d. c.,
2 d. c. in next 9 d. c., repeat.
4th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each d. c. of 3rd row.
5th row.—Same as 4th row.
6th row.—Same as 5th row.

7th row.—Ch. 5, d. c. in 2nd d. c., ch. 1, sl. st., d. c. in next d. c., * ch. 1, sl. st., d. c. in next,

8th row.—Ch. 3, d. c. in each d. c. of 7th row. 9th row.—*5 d. c. in 2nd d. c., sl. st., fasten in next with s. c., repeat around.

For the Handle For the Handle

Fasten thread to cup at the bottom of top, or ribbon spaces, and work d. c. into each of 5 d. c. of cup, * ch. 3, d. c. in 4 d. c., repeat until there are 8 rows, then fasten to bottom of cup; sew the sides together so as to form a roll, Stiffen with starch or gum arabic and draw the saucer into place over a large saucer. Place a large cup in the crocheted cup and pull the latter into place over it. Shape the handle and dry well. Run baby ribbon through the spaces.

Miss Handy, Athol, Mass.

Shield-shaped Wall Pocket



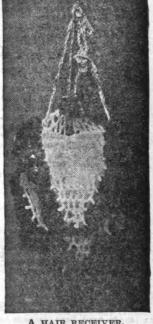
ne ime of the pattern, and catch down with thread or floss. For this, brown braid and orange crochet silk was

for its effective-ness, its economy, its speed in working, its adaptability.

A Hair Receiver

For some reason every woman seems to take delight in making bags of one sort or another;

they certainly are useful and are useful and one can scarcely have too many, and for this rea-son they are always a safe of-fering. This crocheted one, designed for redesigned for receiving combings, would certainly be a handy article. Darning cotton edged with wool are the materials required. Begin with a chain of nine. Treble crochet in sixth stitch of chain: stitch of chain: chain one, treble crochet in ninth stitch, chain six, three treble crochet in each of the three spaces, chain three, one treble crochet, and so on increasing trebles until you have thirteen, then decrease one every other



A HAIR RECEIVER.

one every other row to the point.

Make three of these, join and then finish the edges with a scallop made by working eight treble crochets in each space, finish the bottom with a ball and hang by cord and balls. When done place a tumbler which has been broken off, a tin can gilded, or a cornucopia of heavy paper inside to hold the combings and keep the bag in place.

Duster Bag

For this bag one could use a figured material, or something of solid color decorated, as shown, or with any appropriate design.



DUSTER BAG.

The hoop makes it convenient tohang it up-by, and to keep it in place.

A bag made in this way and filled with cheesecloth dusters is a treasure which any housekeeper would surely appreciate.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in stead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work—we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it—we also give, when possible, the name and address of the party who submitted it, and any further information must be obtained from them. It is absolutely useless for you to write us.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar re-

quests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel ut-terly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

DEAR READERS:

DEAR READERS:

Perhaps some of you seeing this page for the first time will wonder just what is the aim and and object of this corner; this and other queries which naturally arise will be answered if you carefully read the above rules. To them I desire to add a few words. We sincerely wish to give you each all the privileges possible, and have, relying upon the honesty of each, individually, inserted offers of various sorts, freely; however, as several cases have been brought to our attention of notices which have been inhowever, as several cases have been brought to our attention of notices which have been inserted purely for advertising purposes (although appearing innocent enough), hereafter only formulas of remedies for various complaints will be published. This method will benefit all without the trouble of corresponding, and also make it impossible for some few to profit in this unfair way.

The writers who have responded to these offers have either been asked directly for money or have been advised to patronize some medical company. As it is impossible for us always to decide whether an offer is made in good faith or has a string of this kind attached we make the above ruling for the protection of all.

We ask the continued interest and help of all that this department may increase in interest and helpfulness as much in the next twelve months as it has in the last.

Many thanks, Mrs. Laney, for the postals.

Many thanks, Mrs. Laney, for the postals. Mrs. J. E. Glover. The quotation to which you referred is:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all."

tis from a translation by Longfellow, Retribution by Friedrich Von Logau, an author of the 17th century.

Miss Annie Wand. We could not publish your request; read rules given above.

Wishing you each a happy, happy Christmas and bright New Year, I will step aside for the many who are anxiously waiting their turn.

many who are anxiously waiting their turn.

Mishing you each a happy, happy Christmas and bright New Year, I will step aside for the many who are anxiously waiting their turn.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Sisters:

I'm only a girl of nineteen years; quite young to ask for admittance, but I'll try my best, although it's the first time I've ever written to so interesting a circle. I am writing about Christmas presents and how to make them. The prettiest presents and how to make them. The prettiest presents I like to make are hemstitched handkerchiefs with either hand-made or lace one can buy; collars and cuffs are also pretty, and besides, are useful. A handkerchief case is made as follows:

Buy two common wire stands, used to set teapots or flatirons on, and one half yard each of two contrasting colors of silk, pale blue and pink. Using a common dinner plate, cut a circle of paper for a pattern, and by this cut two large circles of pink silk, the same of blue and of sheet wadding. Split the latter and sprinkle with sachet powder, if you wish. Place the circles together, pink on one side, blue on the other, with wadding between, stitch around edge on the sewing machine and turn them, finishing the open place neatly by hand. Press both circles thus completed; press with a hot iron. Find the center of a circle and attach to the center of the wire stand, on the bottom or side that curves, having the blue side come next to the wire, and attaching with pink baby ribbon, forming a small bow on the inside. Next, attach all around the edges, allowing the silk to form a frill over the edges, allowing the silk to form a frill over the edge. Make the other side just the same, only fastening a bow of wider pink ribbon on the outside; twist the last over the first and form hinges of the baby ribbon. When finished, you will be pleased with your case. Another handkerchief case is made this way:

Take two pieces of cardboard, each three by three inches, covering with white silk, and padding one slightly. Holding together the two uncovered sides, buttonhole stitch them with st

Here are a few ways to make presents for the "pen" and "pin" friends:

A Blotter

This is especially designed for a gentleman.

Take a large piece of blotting-paper and upon it
mount water-color paper; the blotter when finished is about six by twelve inches, perhaps a trifle

larger. At one end appears the face of a girl done in sepia, and below it these lines:

"Blot out all the faults in me; Remember only the good in me

The other corners of the blotter may have crossed pipes or some bachelor comfort pictured.

Holder for Hat Pins

Holder for Hat Pins

An odd holder for hat pins is made of a flat bottle, five or six inches high. Make a loose bag of ribbon, place the bottle in it, stuff it out smooth with cotton batting, gather the fullness around the neck of the bottle, leaving a frill, and suspend by a narrow ribbon. Decorate the bag with a bit of embroidery or painting, and use it for stick pins, etc. The bottle holds the hat pins.

I hope that someone will be benefited by these hints. Sisters, here is a verse which I've always loved and repeated many a time:

"Teach me to feel another's woe.

oved and repeated many a time:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I, to others, show,
That mercy show to me."

I would like to say more about fancy work and
myself, but my letter is too long already, and I'm
taking the room of some others which are more
interesting and useful, so will close with best
wishes to all and success to our Comfort.

MISS IDA R. IRVING, COURTBAL:

wishes to all and success to our Comfort.

Miss Ida R. Irving, Courtland, R. F. D., 1, Minn.

Hello, Central:

Give me the Comfort Sisters' corner, please. Sisters, how are everyone of you? I have wanted to write many times. I greatly enjoy this cozy corner of ours and I know that everyone of you do. Our September issue was full of interesting things.

Mrs. Lizzie Warner. Your Hardanger doily is beautiful, and I wish I understood the work. I am going to make a crocheted collar after the pattern of the corner table cover, sent in by Margretta Quinn. I will make it out of very heavy linen thread.

Mrs. Van Dyke. I always look for your interesting letters.

Mrs. Joseph Linden. Your remarks about fires are very good. Our big barn burned to the ground Saturday morning, September 22nd, and all its contents, including wheat, hay and farm implements, were destroyed. It was only the rare presence of mind of my husband that what stock there was in the barn at the time was saved. Our loss was \$1,600, with but small insurance.

Helen Carr. I am glad you have such a pleasant place to rest in.

How many realize how much is paid out every year for hats? I know one woman who had five

think I should have them published. Any information on this line would be thankfully received. Sisters, keep yourselves dainty and fresh looking. Always do your hair becomingly. I am thirty-four years of age, but look young as a girl. I wear my clothes to harmonize with the rest of myself. I have a fine head of hair and a good complexion; am a blonde.

We hear so much about clean housekeeping, do you ever think it is all right to keep clean hearts and lips?

you ever think it is an right to keep clear heart and lips?

Mrs. J. O. V. Remington. I agree with you about gaining the confidence of our children.

What a good mother you must be, Ina Kellogg.

Write, please, and I will answer. Sisters, send words of cheer to Mrs. Sinai Smith, Slicker, Tyler Co., W. Va. With best wishes for the coming year, Co., W. Va. With best wishes for the coming of Mrs. Carlyle Haverly, Box 30, Alpine, R. F. D.,

Don't fail to promptly renew your sub-scription to COMFORT while the present low 15-cent yearly rate is in force. We may be obliged to advance at any time, but if you send 25 cents now, it will pay for and ex-tend your subscription for two years from the time of its expiration.

the time of its expiration.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I have just received my October number of Comport and some of the shut-ins.
I must say that I think more of Comport than any paper I have ever seen. And I especially love the "Sisters' corner."
I will now describe myself. I am eighteen years old, five feet two inches in height, have dark, almost black hair and blue eyes, and am married to the dearest man you could ever imagine.
I quite agree with Miss Handy in thinking we should begin to plan for Christmas even thus early. I will send in a few little hints in regard to making candies that I hope will help someone.

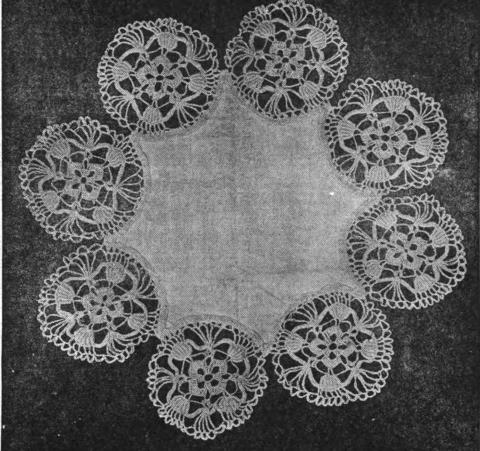
Christmas Candles

Christmas Candies

Christmas Candies

By the way, do you know that a pretty box filled with home-made candies makes a very nice present? A box can be covered with crepe paper, filled and tied up with red ribbon and with a spray of real holly on the cover is a dainty sweet gift.

Take two pounds of confectioner's sugar with half a pint of hot water and bring sharply to a boil; then allow it to boil steadily for eight minutes without touching or stirring it; as soon as it begins to thicken, test it by dropping a little from the spoon, and if it threads lift from the stove, and rub a small spoonful of the mixture against the side of the pan.



CENTERPIECE WITH CROCHETED WHEEL EDGE. By Mrs. Stephen Heckman, Stroudsburg, Pa.

new hats last spring and summer, and then got angry at her husband because he wouldn't pay out eighteen dollars for another one. One of the most stylish hats I have I made myself. It is a beautiful shade of red and is a scratch felt. The breast is a beautiful one with shades of red, blue and green. There is a large choux of navy silk ribbon in front. I am very proud of it for it was made out of a large hat of my little girl, and has been in use three years. The crown is bell shape. I have also a blue silk shirred turban, a jet turban and a black velvet hat. The blue turban and velvet hat have done duty for more than three seasons, but have been taken care of. One can save quite a good bit of money in this way. I have a pyrography outlift and can make many useful things for my home. I made me a set of buttons of rich tan leather and burned a design on them.

How many have a pillow of the leather post cards? They are very odd. The cards are laced together and it takes about twenty-four, I believe, to make a top. I haven't any yet, but intend to start one. It is time to think of Christmas gifts. Mine this year will be inexpensive. It will take about all to build our barn. Cushion tops of green velveteen with a burned head will be among my gifts.

A pretty twine holder is made of a bisque doll

about all to build our barn. Cushion tops of green velveteen with a burned head will be among my gifts.

A pretty twine holder is made of a bisque doll head and a roll of crepe paper. Take a salt sack or make a slip about the size of a salt sack. Stuff the upper half with cotton, sew the doll's head onto it; use the lower half of sack to hold the ball of twine. Buttonhole a small hole in bottom of sack for twine to slip through. Always unravel ball of twine from center of ball, for the ball will stay in place and will not roll. Use twine the same color of paper if possible. Take paper and cut in halves the length. Use one half for the skirt; pull out lower edge to form a ruffle. Take a small plece from the other half and form a turban; use the rest for collar and cape. Use for the collar about one third of the length and just turn over, gather and fasten around the neck. This makes a cunning suit for the doll, cape, collar and skirt, also turban. Use baby ribbon to the asmall pair of scissors to the doll's waist under the cape; let them hang down far enough to be handy to use. I hope this is plain enough to follow.

What do the sisters think of the phonetic spelling?
I made my little nine-year-old daughter a sus-

What do the sisters ing?
I made my little nine-year-old daughter a suspender suit out of a pair of brown and white checked trousers. I cut it seven gored and stitched pieces down the seams and trimmed with

buttons.

Have any of the sisters a recipe for corn pone,
Southern style?

I would like to receive letters from you and will
answer all that I can. Can anyone give me information about having music published? I have composed a great many pieces and have some written out. They are all good music and my friends

buttered paper.

Chocoic
late. To melt it, place bowl and set in a hot melted, do not let it be not melted.

cream carefully until meteors.

With this as a foundation many different combinations can be easily made. Take a small amount and flavor with peppermint, then dust with sifted sugar and roll out quite thin, cut in inch squares or circles with a small tin cover, put on buttered platter or paper to cool and you have fine peppermints.

Nut Creams

Can be made by melting a little of the cream until fairly thin, flavoring with coffee and stirring in nuts until thick, cut or roll into balls, dip into some of the cream which is melted to the consistency of syrup and set away to cool.

Nut Balls

Can be made by taking a whole nut, covering with cream and then dipping into the syrup.

Walnut Creams Make little pats and place a half walnut on each

Date Creams Remove the seed, fold the date over a small roll of the cream, then dust with sifted sugar.

Fig Paste

Can be made the same as Nut Creams, only do not melt the cream quite so thin before putting in the chopped figs.

Cocoanut Cakes

Mix the cream thick with cocoanut and drop on

Chocolate Candies

For chocolate candies use the unsweetened chocolate. To melt it, place some in an earthenware bowl and set in a hot oven till the chocolate is melted, do not let it boil, then place in a pan of

Chocolate Creams

Mold the cream into pieces the size of a nutmegether balls or fancy shapes, dust lightly with sitted sugar, then with a toothpick, knitting needle, or something similar, take each up and dip into the warm chocolate, then place in rows on well buttered paper. Wintergreen, coffee, vanila, or other flavors can be used and other dried fruits such as raisins, currants, citron or orange peel, so a great variety of nice bonbons can be made very easily, after one has made up enough of the foundation cream. cream.

For Uncooked Cream Candies

Mix one pound powdered sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cold water, one teaspoonful of vanilla and the white of one unbeaten egg to a stiff paste. Shape in little balls, dry, dip in melted chocolate, and press the halves of walnuts or any other nut meat on either side. Stoned dates or large raisins can be used if wanted.

Peanut Candy

Take one pint of nuts that have been shelled and chopped, stirtwo pounds or four cups of granulated sugar over a slow fire. It will gradually melt, but it is easily burned. When it is of a pale coffee color add the nuts and pour quickly on buttered plates.

Mix two cupfuls of white sugar, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cup of milk, butter the size of an egg and two squares of chocolate. Stir all the time it is boiling and boil until it bubbles up and looks thick. Flavor with vanilla and pour in buttered pans. Then take two cups of brown sugar, two cups white sugar, one cup milk, butter size of an egg. Cook as you did the other, only when taken from the stove add chopped nuts and pour over the brown part.

MRS. JAMES MARSHALL, Clay Center, R. F. D., 8, Kansas.

Kansas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my first visit, and I do hope you'll make me welcome. I have received many helps from the sisters' corner, and I want to thank you for them. I am twenty-three years old, five feet one inch tall, weigh one hundred and forty pounds, and have blue eyes and light hair. I live in the Blue mountains, am a bachelor girl, and have a homestead here. We have a beautiful, and best of all, a healthy country. For anyone suffering from pulmonary troubles, these pine-covered hills will certainly benefit them.

benefit them.

Now sisters, I want to ask a favor of you. I wish those who conveniently can, would send me a sofa pillow cover for my "Comfort Cozy Corner." Any kind, color, or shape. I will gladly return all favors.

Now if the sisters do not object, I would like to come again. I would be very glad if some of the sisters would write to me.

Miss Jessie Stewart, Grouse, Oregon.

Miss Jessie Stewart, Grouse, Oregon.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson:
Again I am asking permission to enter the happy circle over which you preside. When I came last year I guess the Comfort room was filled. I have made many delightful acquaintances, both among those who are shut-in and those who are not. It is a great and good work, this helping the sick and afflicted, or even those, who are only sad and lonely. Mrs. C. S. Anderson. The work you have begun is noble, and if you keep it up, you will always find it pleasant; for there is no greater happiness on earth than that of making others happy. I trust that you may continue in the good work of aiding the shut-ins.

My dear Mrs. McCapprey. I sincerely sympathise with you in your troubles. I will write you later. Now, sisters, one and all, I wish you would write me. I am fifty years old, but don't think for one minute I look it, for I do not. I have such a sunny cheerful disposition it keeps me young.

Now dear Mrs. Wilkinson, with many thanks for your attention, will bow myself out that others may have room.

Mrs. Lena T. Tayler, Stamford, Texas.

MRS. LENA T. TAYLOR, Stamford, Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:
I enjoy reading Comfort, and especially these letters.
I wish I could send all the lonely, suffering ones something, but money is so scarce around this house.
I know how to sympathize with those who have lost their children, as God has taken my precious darling almost five years old. It seems sometimes as though I can't live without her. But God has promised that all things shall work for our good. Oh, for more faith and trust in these lonely hours. I suppose you all have hours of trial.
What terrible calamities have befallen some of our cities during the earthquakes. Our house only trembled a little. I should like to hear from all those interested in the meaning of all these earthquakes, cyclones, fires, etc. I believe I have some light on the subject, which I should like to pass along to those interested.
We are just starting on a new place, and if any have seeds to spare from what they save this year, I would be glad to have some, especially sweet corn or peas.

LOTTIE BRIGGS, Madua, Cal.

DEAR SISTERS:

As I have been a reader of Compose in my cold.

or peas.

LOTTIE BRIGGS, Madua, Cal.

DEAR SISTERS:

AS I have been a reader of Comport in my old Indiana home, ever since it was first published, I will now write you from my new home in the wilds of South Missouri.

We left Sims, Grant Co., Indiana about the middle of June, arriving on our Walnut Grove Farm of one hundred and fifty-four acres, in time to plant a truck-patch.

This is a healthful place to live in; there is an abundance of clear, soft water obtained from driven wells, and the springs and rivers. There is also an abundance of large timber, and the soil is dry, sandy, and rather rocky, but gives good crops of grain, hay and fruit, and is also a good region for cattle.

Neighbors are rather scarce as yet, but we are

grain, hay and fruit, and is also a good region for cattle.

Neighbors are rather scarce as yet, but we are fortunate in having five within three quarters of a mile. Still we do not have much time for visiting as yet, for we are all struggling to get a start in this rugged, picturesque section of the country.

Poor, houest people willing to work find this a good place to secure homes, for land and taxes are still low in price.

I will write again when I have had more time to become acquainted, and have seen more of the country.

We are eleven miles northeast of Cabool, and ten miles from Houston.

With many good wishes for all, and our most excellent magazine,

CELIA R. COMER, Elkcreek, Texas Co., Mo.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 219 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "St. Elmo," which will be continued for some months into 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

Into 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

Dear Ladies of Comfort Magazine:

Will you kindly give me your attention while I tell you very briefly how successful I was in cooking a pumpkin today. I selected a fine pumpkin and set it in the oven where I was baking light-bread; by the time the bread was done the pumpkin was well cooked. Then I removed the pumpkin from the oven, cut out a small round piece at the stem and took out all of the seeds from the inside, then the rind peeled off just like paper, and I think that of all the pumpkins ever cooked you would say with me if you were here that this is certainly the best.

Thanking you for your kind attention,

MYETLE M. HOLADAY, Ridgefarm, Ill.

MYRTLE M. HOLADAY, Ridgefarm, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
May I come in? I can't stand outside any longer.
Would you like to know who this intruder is? I am a Norway girl, and came to this country four years ago, to my father. I have no mother, you see, so I am my father's housekeeper, and I really do like housekeeping.

Oh sisters! but I do enjoy my single life. I am past the twenties already, but I am having a good time, still don't you think I am right, sisters? I fully agree with Cousin Marion when she advises the cousins to wait. Isn't she a sweet lady? I am really in love with her.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a bov fourteen years old, lives with figuire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and stop. Nerol Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, awing the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When Jerry is his own master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it and rides off. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He will find out some day, but he does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. He tempts the man with money, and the Indian, reticent by nature, and Dick Clarke, occupied with thoughts of his own, travel in silence.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE TO THE DARING.

ROBABLY neither the Indian nor his companion was sorry to come in sight of the building which was known for twenty miles around as Hill's Tavern.

It was not a large building, and the accommodations which it could offer travelers must have been very limited. But its chief business was not providing lodgings. Travelers were too few in number to make that a very important item. The bar was decidedly the leading feature of the establishment, and the amount of liquor con-sumed in the rude barroom would have appalled an advocate of temperance. It was sumed in the rude barroom would have appalled an advocate of temperance. It was not unusual, when the evenings were pleasant, to find a majority of the settlers living within five miles gathered in the barroom alternately drinking and gossiping. Nor was the patronage confined to the whites. Here, as elsewhere, one of the earliest lessons in civilization for which the Indians were indebted to their white brethren was the taste for rum, or "firewater" as they not inappropriately designated it, and a large share of the proceeds of Indian industry—whenever they could be induced to work—went for intoxicating drinks.

On this particular evening the fury of the elements had prevented the usual collection in the barroom. The landlord had not opened the door for a single customer through the evening, and he had about decided to close for the night when a knock was heard at the door.

Pricking up his ears with professional eagerness, the portly landlord, who rejoiced in the military designation of Captain Hill, hastened to the door which he had already fastened, and withdrawing the bolt, looked out to see who his late guests might be.

At first he only caught sight of the In-

Iastened, and withdrawing the bolt, looked out to see who his late guests might be. At first he only caught sight of the Indian, who was generally known in the settlement as Indian John, or Jack. With a feeling of disappointment, for the Indian's patronage would hardly be sufficient to make it worth while to forego his purpose, he said: "You're too late, Jack. I am just going to close." going to close."

going to close."

"Hallo there, landlord!" exclaimed Dick Clarke. coming forward in some alarm lest he should after all be deprived of the shelter which had cost him so much trouble to reach. "Is it the custom in your neighborhood to shut your doors upon guests that reach you no later than nine o'clock, and in such a storm too? If it is, I must say it is the most inhospitable region I ever came into, that's all."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the landlord with deference. "I didn't see you. I thought it was only Jack here and I knew he might have come in the daytime for the glass of liquor which I suppose is all that

lass of liquor which I suppose is all that

"I must do Jack, if that is his name, the "I must do Jack, if that is his name, the justice to say that he would never have thought of coming at all, if I had not tried the effect of a little silver upon him. But being here, I suppose he would not object to a little something hot to make him forget the wet and cold now which he as well as myself is suffering."

The Indian who had been standing by in growing a pathy, seemed to understand the

meaning of what had been said, for his eye brightened with eagerness, and he ejacu-

brightened with eagerness, and he ejaculated eagerly:

"Yes—yes. Me like rum."

"No doubt about that," commented the landlord, adding, "Don't you think you'd feel better for taking a little yourself, sir?"

"Faith, it's not a bad proposition. I think I'll accept it." said the traveler, throwing off his dripping overcoat, and taking a seat near the fireplace in which a large backnear the fireplace in which a large back-log was burning brightly. "I begin to think better of your country, landlord, than I was

disposed to do a couple of hours since."
"It's a pleasant country, sir—fine soil."
"I dare say," returned his guest care-"but you'll admit that my reception until now has not been of a nature to make

my first impressions very pleasant."

"Then you've never been this way before?" said the landlord, indulging a curiosity for which his fraternity is somewhat "Never in my life before. I didn't know

the settlements extended out so far."
"You come mayhap from the city of New York?" suggested the landlord in an in-

quiring tone.
"Mayhap I do," was the not very decisive "At any rate I have been there. is quite a promising place; a good deal of

where I can have plenty of elbow room. However, I might feel differently if I were in a good business in the city. Perhaps you are so engaged, Mr.—ahem, your name es-

are so engaged, Mr.—ahem, your name escaped me."

"I don't remember having mentioned it," said Clarke, with a little malicious enjoyment in disappointing the landlord's evident desire to find out who he was.

"Ah, indeed, perhaps not," said the portly host, not abashed. "I only thought it would be convenient to know what to call you. I'm thankful to say that I am not one of those landlords that are constantly prying into the business of their guests and all about them. Are you intending to stay long in this part of the country, sir?"

The inconsistency between the first and the last parts of the landlord's remarks brought a smile to the face of Dick Clarke, who, however, saw fit to cease quizzing his host and communicate at once all that he

host and communicate at once all that he

"You may call me Clarke," he said. "As to my stay, that will be guided entirely by circumstances. For an idler like myself I don't knew but I may be as well off here

don't know but I may be as well off here as anywhere."

"He is not in business," inferred the landlord. "I dare say he is looking about with the intention of settling down here. I hope he will. He looks like a young man of some means, and would no doubt contrive to spend a part of it with me. The larger the settlement, the better my chances of growing rich." ing rich."
"I trust you will favor my house with

"I trust you will favor my house with your presence as long as you see fit to remain," he said obsequiously.

"I dare say I shall," said Clarke carelessly. "By the way, how long have you been located here?"

"It is four years since I first set up this tavern, called after me, as you see. At that time there were fewer people in the settlement than now, and my customers were few, but more families have come in since, and I am doing pretty well now."

Meanwhile Dick Clarke drew off his boots and proceeded to dry his wet feet at the fire. Leaning luxuriously back in the rocking characteristics.

and proceeded to dry his wet feet at the fire. Leaning luxuriously back in the rocking chair which he occupied, he turned to the landlord, and asked with the air of one not much interested, but who only asked for the sake of keeping up the conversation: "Pray tell me who are some of your chief settlers? It is just possible that I may have met or heard of some of them before."

The landlord, nothing loath to gossip with his guest, commenced: "There's Isaac Davenport; Major Davenport, most people call him. I believe he was an officer in the war. He's about the earliest of our set
"Yes, sir. I can give you a good comfortable room, where I have no doubt you will sleep as sound as a top. But perhaps you will take another glass to serve as a night-cap. It's a sovereign thing to give one a good night's rest."

"That I will with great pleasure," said Captain Hill with a heartiness which left no doubt of his sincerity. "I'll drink your health in a bumper."

"And success to my suit, eh, landlord?"

"Yes, sir. I can give you a good comfortable room, where I have no doubt you will sleep as sound as a top. But perhaps you will take another glass to serve as a night-cap. It's a sovereign thing to give one a good night's rest."

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The landlord, nothing loath to gossip with his guest, commenced: "There's Isaac Davenport; Major Davenport, most people call him. I believe he was an officer in the war. He's about the earliest of our settlers, and owns a large tract of land. A fine man the Major is."

"Any family?" queried Dick Clarke, half closing his eyes.

"Yes he's got a son; nigh on to twenty-

closing his eyes.

"Yes, he's got a son; nigh on to twentytwo he must be now. Henry, the Major's
only son, he's taken a good deal of pains
with him—sent him off to the East to be
educated. Let me see, there's a coilege at
Cambridge, isn't there?"

"Yes, Harvard College."

"That's the place. Well, the young man
got his schooling there, and a fine scholar
he was—at the head of his class, I've heard.
But he's been back here now about a year
and a half. Some say he brought home a

and a half. Some say he brought home a lot of law books, and is studying law at home, but I don't know for certain about that?

that."
"Who else have you among your principal
"The guest who apparently took men?" asked the guest, who apparently took less interest in young Davenport than the narrator.

narrator.

"There's Squire Parkhurst—"
The traveler started. "What is his first name—his Christian name, I mean?"

"Joseph, I believe. D you know him?"

"Probably not, although I have known a man of that name. But go on, tell me something of this man."

"I don't know very much to tell," answered the landlord. "He lives about five miles from here in a lonely place, and keeps himself very much to himself, which I think is a pity, not so much on his account, but is a pity, not so much on his account, but it must be dull for his daughter, who is as pretty a damsel of eighteen summers as you will be likely to see anywhere about."

"Ah, he has a pretty daughter, then, has he?" said Clarke, veiling under an indif-

ferent manner a stronger feeling of curi-osity than he had yet felt.
"That he has, and I rather think there's

a certain young gentleman has found it

"Ha, has she a suitor?" demanded the traveler with a visible air of chagrin, which was somewhat surprising in one who professed to have heard of her for the first time only the moment before.

The landlord, however, was somewhat ob-

The landlord, however, was somewhat obtuse, and noticed nothing remarkable in the tone of his guest.

"It's that same young man that I was just telling you about," he continued, "Major Davenport's son Henry. I oftentimes see them walking or riding together, and I guess Major Davenport's is the only house where Squire Parkhurst goes. As I told you only a minute or two since, he isn't inclined to be very social, and keeps himself pretty much to himself."

"Does Mabel Parkhurst, think you, en-

is quite a promising place; a good deal of business done there."
"So I have always heard," returned the name was Mabel Parkhurst, otherwise?"

Iandlord. "But after all I don't like being cooped up in a city. Give me the country, landlord," said Dick Clarke with unblushing.

now," continued Clarke, "your representations have so stimulated my curiosity that I shall certainly take the earliest opportunity of making her acquaintance; that is, if I remain here long enough."

"They ain't so come-at-able as some," said the landlord dubiously.

"All things are possible to the daring," said Dick with a careless laugh. "Perhaps I may yet out this college stripling of

may yet cut out this college stripling of

"He is a good-looking fellow," said the landlord, who had been won by the young man's frank and affable bearing to take man's frank and affable bearing to take quite a strong interest in his success. As he said this, it was only natural that he should cast a glance at the not over prepossessing countenance of his guest.

Dick Clarke penetrated the landlord's meaning with no great difficulty, but it was not one of his foibles to be sensitive on the score of his personal appearance. Accordingly he said, in a good-humored way:

"And you mean to intimate, friend landlord, that in that respect he has the decided advantage of me."

"I don't deny, sir," said the landlord hastily, not wishing to offend his guest, "that you are a very good-looking man of your years."

your years."

Dick Clarke smilingly surveyed his host's proportions and replied: "Perhaps they don't regard personal appearance so much as you think, my good friend. It isn't all that can sound a woman's heart, or read her preferences. However, it isn't worth that can sound a woman's heart, or read her preferences. However, it isn't worth while to spend too much time upon a girl I have not seen and may not like. I may be very willing to leave her to this young Davenport after all. But I see by your clock in the corner that it is getting late, at any rate for one who has been on a horse's back pretty much all day. I suppose you can furnish me with a comfortable chamber?"

"Yes, sir. I can give you a good com-

"Yes, provided you don't trespass on another's manor."

other's manor."
"That qualification spoils all. But here's one I warrant will drink without any such qualifications. Do you think you can stand another glass, Jack?"
The Indian came forward from the settee on which he was reclining and expressed

The Indian came forward from the settee on which he was reclining and expressed his eager assent.

"Jack is always on hand," said the landlord. "If he keeps on drinking at this rate,

he'll lose half his name and become a demi-

The landlord laughed obstreperously his own witticism, which so far put him in good humor that he gave Indian John permission to spend the night on the settee which he had already occupied.

CHAPTER V.

SQUIRE PARKHURST'S HOUSEHOLD.

Presuming that the reader may feel desirous of knowing more of the Parkhursts, in whom Dick Clarke appears to take so mysterious an interest, we propose to change the scene from the rude tavern to the dwelling of Squire Parkhurst. It may be mentioned, by the way, that the title "Squire" was a title of courtesy only, being conferred out of deference to the supposed wealth of the bearer.

The site of the dwelling was well chosen. It crowned the summit of an elevation sloping gradually to a beautiful pond, which, though not large in extent, was a considerable depth. Except on the side that looked toward the house the banks were adorned with sightly trees, some throwing their branches far out over the placid water, and so furnishing a refreshing shelter from the fervor of the summer sun. Mayel Barkhurst often floated in a host kert Mabel Parkhurst often floated in a boat kept for her use upon the pond under the shadow of these fine old trees, sometimes in company with Henry Davenport, who was always ready to

r his assistance. Contrary to the usual custom (for the pioneer is not often a man who has an appreciation of the tasteful and beautiful), a few trees had been left standing in the neighborhood of the house, so that its first appearance, when seen through so that its first appearance, when seen through
the leaves of the stately trees which stood before it, was pleasingly rural. For this evidence
of taste the present occupant was not entitled
to the sole credit since the clearing had been
originally made by another, who was induced to sell out in consideration of a
handsome advance upon the original cost.
In like manner the nucleus of the present
dwelling had been erected by the first settler.
It had been but an ordinary log cabin vou only a name clined to be very social, and a seed of punning or pretty much to himself."

"Does Mabel Parkhurst, think you, encourage the attentions of this young man?"
One point, however, his caution had overlooked. He had unwittingly used the young lady's Christian name. The landlord did not fail to notice this slip, and asked with an air of surprise, "You know her, then?"
"From what do you infer that?" inquired Clarke unsuspiciously.

"How should you have known that her are unsuspiciously."
"How should you have known that her are as not provided its accommodations. On two sides ran a rustic piazza, around the columns of which vines had been taught to clamber. It was but a log cabin in the highest a log cabin with the her are set of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as the alog cabin in the highest as the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of the interest of the boys It had been but an ordinary log cabin containing two rooms, and wholly without architectural ornament. The purchaser, in-

voted to the culture of flowers, and presented with its many hues, crimson and golden pre-dominating, a very attractive picture. This was under the especial charge of Mabel, who had brought the seeds with her from the East.

assurance. "How else should I know it?"
"I suppose I did name it, then," said the landlord, overborne by the other's confident declaration, "although I don't remember it."
"However, though I don't know her now," continued Clarke, "your representations have so stimulated my curiosity that I shall certainly take the earliest opportunity of making her acquaintance; that is, if I remain here long enough."
"They ain't so come-at-able as some," said the landlord dubiously.
"All things are possible to the daring."

As Mehitable had attained the age of thirty-seven years without marrying, it was quite doubtful whether she would ever have an opportunity to do so. It was her habit, however, to indulge in mysterious hints respecting a certain Joshua Perkins, who, she would have it believed, was madly in love with her at some period in the past, but whom she had disappointed with a flinty refusal. She further hinted, for on this point she never came directly to the point, out spoke with a degree of circumlocution and indirectness, that the said Joshua was plunged into such a state of distraction by his disappointment that he made frantic efforts to put an end to his existence, and was only deterred therefrom by the united efforts of his relatives. As Mehitable had attained the age of thirty efforts of his relatives.

Mehitable was in her secret heart jealous of the superior youth and beauty of her young mistress, and was won't to deprecate as far as

Mehitable was in her secret heart jealous of the superior youth and beauty of her young mistress, and was won't to deprecate as far as she dared the tastes and employments to which Male's war partial.

"I doi.'t see the use of giving up so much time to flowers and such trash," she was heard to say more than once. "They ain't good to eat, 'like cabbages and onions. All they are fit for is to smell of, and a body doesn't want to be smelling all the time."

"Didn't you like flowers when you were young, Hitty?" asked Jerry, whose great delight it was to provoke Mehitable.

"When I was young?" retorted Mehitable, pausing from her work. "One would think from the way you talk that I was an'old woman. I'd have you to know that I am not so very much older than Mabel."

Jerry whistled.

This Mehitable correctly interpreted to indicate incredulity, and proceeded, "if you want to whistle, you'd better go out of the house. It's improper and impolite. You'd better be out in the field hoeing them turnips instead of idling 'round here."

"Well, I will, Hitty—"

"There's no call for to address me with such familiarity," interrupted the spinster in a dignified manner. "My name is Mehitable."

"Well, then, Mehitable, would you be willing to tell me how old _ou are?"

"Thank goodness, I ain't ashamed of my age. I'm about twenty-five."

"The wenty-five!" ejaculated Jerry in comise consternation. "Oh, dear me!"

"What's the matter now?" demanded Mehitable sharply.

"Nothing; only I was thinking how bad I'd feel to look old when I was twenty-five."

The spinster gazed vacantly at Jerry for a moment. Then, when she realized what his words meant, she shook her finger at him wrathfully.

"Clear out of this room instantly, Jerry Blue!" she cried. "It you don't, I'll go after you with a brecom!"

"Clear out of this room instantly, Jerry Blue!" she cried. "If you don't, I'll go after you with a broom!"

you with a broom?"
"Don't grow excited."
"Will you go?" and she picked up the broom
and flourished it freely.
"All right, I'll go. But I was going to tell
you a great secret."
"A secret? What about?"
"Oh, never mind. new."

"Oh, never mind, now."
"But what was it?" demanded the spinster, all her natural curiosity coming to the surface.
"It was about—but I'm afraid of the broom,"

may be as well to describe the other members of the Parkhurst household. The squire was of the Farkhurst household. The squire was tall of stature, and though but little over forty years of age had begun to stoop somewhat. There were in his face certain indications that his life had been clouded in the past, from the effects of which he had not yet recovered. His temperament was mild, and in speech he was somewhat sparing of words. There was a contrast between his manner and that of his daughter, who was disposed to be lively, and who habitually looked on the bright side of things.

The praises in which the landlord indulged The praises in which the minuted interpretation of medium stature, her figure combined plumpness with rerfect grace and ease of movement. The freeperfect grace and ease of movement. The free-dom with which she exercised in the open air had been in the highest degree beneficial to health, and her clear eye and the rich bloom that mantled upon her cheek evinced nothing of that delicacy and fragility that too often characterize the young ladies of the present day, in large cities.



LEAGUE RULES :

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

to the Leadue of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome COMFORT for one year and

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all.
Another year gone. It seems only a few weeks ago that I was telling you about Billy the Goat swallowing the turkey, and here I am with another Christmas dinner to be thought out, and planned for. The turkey Billy swallowed last year, after six months' sojourn in Florida, was no worse for the ordeal, and he's ready for business. He is going to out his own head off on the 2th of December, as I simply couldn't do the job myself. After he is decapitated he is going to pick his own feathers off to save us the trouble, and is going to roast himself over the top of Mount Vesuvius, as that is the only fire in the world big enough to do the job. After he is roasted we shall carve him into twenty-five thousand ten-pound chunks, and souse the sections with gravy and cranberry sauce, and attach each chunk to twenty-five thousand picture postals, and mail them to every one of the League members. I think that is a neat way of disposing of my Christmas obligations to you, don't you think?

I want to beg you all to renew your subscriptions as early in the month as possible, so as to give the help this end a chance to have a MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all.

tions as early in the month as possible, so as to give the help this end a chance to have a littile time for holiday making and enjoyment. From Christmas to March, the pressure in the subscription department is tremendous, and so to avoid the rush period, and the errors that are always liable to occur, when a person is trying to do forty-eight hours' work in twenty-four, get busy now, and send in your renewals, and send in all the new League members you can. Every reader of COMFORT should come into the C. L. O. C. and help the good work along. It only means adding five cents a year to your "sub" and you're then one of the elect. Don't hesitate, but come in at once. It costs twenty cents to get in; nothing less goes. I want to thank you all for the lovely way you remembered me on my birthday. To Anthony Good, of Willow, Pa., Lawrence Whitby of Chilton, Wis., and Jennie Snyder, Neosha, Wis., I return hearty thanks for five dollars sent in currency. I returned books of my poems to these good souls to cover amount donated. To those who sent their greetings by postal cards, I am just as grateful, and my only regret is I cannot see you all personally, face to face, and tell you how much I appreciate the affection you all lavish upon me.

Will the cousin who sent a dollar anonymously from Oxford, Ohio, send in name? This amount will be retained by the business office until name of sender is received, and it breaks my heart to think I can't get it. To the three cousins who send in the most League members before the first of January, I will send autographed copies of my book of poems; one to to give the help this end a chance to have a little time for holiday making and enjoyment.

cousins who send in the most League members before the first of January, I will send autographed copies of my book of poems; one to each. These are exceedingly handsome books, and well worth trying for. The cousin who sends in three new members is likely to win a book, as the majority of people stay out of contests, thinking they have no show, and so a few hustlers get in, and with very little exertion win everything in sight.

Don't forget the shut-ins at Christmas. This

exertion win everything in sight.

Don't forget the shut-ins at Christmas. This is the hardest time of the year for them. Everyone is reveling in health and plenty, while they lie with wan faces on beds of pain, without the necessaries of life. Get ten dimes, without the necessaries of life. Get ten dimes, and mail one to ten individual shut-ins and Christmas will be so much happier to you, and God will send you a blessing for your goodness

Any girl, or woman, desiring a good home and liberal wages, write to Mrs. Collison, Cloverlea Farm, Mayo, Maryland.

Cloverlea Farm, Mayo, Maryland.

A number of you have been sending in five cents, and asking for our club badge and certificate, and League membership. Why do you do this? You know perfectly well it costs twenty cents to join this League. If you are a subscriber, you must subscribe again for another year, as it doesn't pay cost of time to verify your statement that you are already a subscriber. Unless your letter contains twenty cents you will positively not get into the League. Sending five cents is paltry. We want to consider your pockets in everything, but this is not a League of Nickelites. We're all swell twenty centers, and nothing less goes. all swell twenty centers, and nothing less goes.

If you want to get your name on the correspondence list, you must write your name, and address legibly on a slip of paper.

Not one in a hundred do this, though I give

you a scolding every month about it. A little bride will now talk about the joys of married life.

Married life.

San Augustine, Texas, Sept. 29, 1906.

Dear Uncle Charlie and Oousins:

I have something to tell you. The last time I wrote to you, I signed my name Miss Willie M. Gray, but there has been a change and now I sign my name Mrs. G.R. Alvis. I was married August 5th to Mr. George Alvis. Uncle, I surely do wish you and the cousins could have been there. My wedding dress was white silk, trimmed with white lace, and I had white flowers in my hair. Mr. Crocket, the Episcopal rector of San Augustine, married us. There was certainly a large crowd there, and we received more bridal presents than you could count. We received glassware of every description, and a set of silver teaspoons, and I just can't tell you what and all we did get, but the nicest was a fine Jersey cow. Uncle, I want you and the cousins to come to see me some time, and see how you like my husband. Uncle, tell the girls if they were to see him, some of them would be attempting to kill me to get me out of their way so they could get him. He is the best and kindest husband to me you ever did see. Uncle, I haven't gone to housekeeping yet, we are boarding. Mr. Alvis is at work in Hemphill, on J. O. Toole's house. We are staying at Hemphill about twenty-one miles from my father's house.

Uncle, do you approve of novel reading, I do. I have read a good many, among them are "Woman Against Woman," "Dora Thorne," Lyndail's Tempiation," "Lorna Doone," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Jessie Graham." and I am "reading 9t

have read a good many, among them are "Woman Against Woman," "Dora Thorne," Lyndall's Temptation," "Lorna Doone," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Jessie Graham," and I am reading St. Elmo at present, and have read a good many more too numerous to mention.

Uncle, I am the proudest woman that walks the streets of San Augustine, or any other place. I

streets of San Augustine, or any other place. I wish you could see my sweet and loving husband.

He treats me so good and nice. Some people say that a woman's husband ought to be about two or three years older than her, but there are a good many years difference in mine and my husband's age. I was seventeen the 26th of July, and he was thirty-two the 14th of August, but that doesn't stop me from loving him. I love him better than I do my own life. Uncle, please print this for my sake. I'll close for this time. From your loving niece,

MRS. G. R. ALVIS (No. 7,783).

Mrs. Alvis, your letter is very enjoyable, as there is nothing so delightful as looking into a little bride's heart, bubbling over with love for the only man in the world. All the world loves a lower, that's why all the world loves me, because I love everybody. A little seventeen-year-old bride is just the sweetest thing in all the world, and Mrs. Alvis is no exception. I'm glad you've changed your name dear, as Willie for a girl's name gives me a bad case of blind stargers. So, you had white flowers in your hair, that must have been very fetching, and that's where you've got the bulge on me. It you gave me a million dollars I couldn't put flowers in my hair. If you wanted to put flowers on my head, you'd have to nail 'em on. flowers on my head, you'd have to nail 'em on. There's only one thing that grieves me in the letter of this little girl-bride and that is, she has gone boarding. I've had nine letters in the last few weeks from League cousins who have married, and all have gone boarding but one. I know of no worse place for a man to take his wife than into a boarding-house. Mind, I've nothing to say about the man whose business keeps him moving from place to place, as he can't have a home in fifty different places, but I do most emphatically protest against the habit young married folks have of going boarding. A man who can be content with a measily shabby room in a boarding-house and boarding-house food, and can take his wife into such a place and call that "home" has got some queer notions of what home must mean. I've made a study of the folks who frequent boarding-houses, especially the women folks, and I've got opinions of them that would have to be soaked in chloride of lime before they could be put in print. Personally, I'd like to could be put in print. Personally, I'd like to see a law passed in Congress, compelling all able-bodied married couples who live in boardingbodied married couples who live in posturing-houses and hotels, and are permanently located in those places, to go housekeeping at once or pay a fine. I don't mind speaking out fearlessly upon this subject, as I know that every home-making father, and every house-keeping mother, will endorse every word I say. Satan finds employment for idle hands and the women who live in boarding-houses are invariably victims of chronic inertia, or in plain English, laziness. A great many of these variably victims of chronic inertia, or in plain English, laziness. A great many of these women never even get down to breakfast, and the poor idiotic dolt of a husband packs it up on a tray, and she'll lie back on the pillows like a chronic invalid and pick a little bit here and there and waste the rest. "I've a headache, John, dear," she'll say in a half-dying tone, "and I don't seem to have any appetite. I don't know what's come over me." Poor John goes to work worrying about his wife's health, instead of yanking her out of bed and chasing her round the block with a club a half dozen times. Of course she's got a headache and no appetite. The human body to be in a healthy condition, needs exercise, and your female boarding-house habitue never takes any exercise; she either breakfasts in bed or crawls down to table in a wranger of some kind end cise; she either breakfasts in bed or crawls down to table in a wrapper of some kind, and then she nibbles, and crawls back to her room then she nibbles, and crawls back to her room, and overcome by the strenuous exertion, collapses in the rocker, or subsides on a lounge. Later the hired girl fixes up her room, and makes the bed for her. Possibly during this operation, she'll crawl into Mrs. Jones' room next door, to talk about the newly married couple that's come to board, and wonder what the husband does for a living, and where the bride got that dreadful-looking dress, with the green bows and red flounces down the front. Then after an hour of scandal, she returns to her room, grabs a novel, and reads and dozes until lunch time, then she crawls down to her room, grabs a novel, and reads and dozes until lunch time, then she crawls down to lunch, and cackles faintly with other derelicts of her stamp, and crawls back to her room and gets at the novel again. Maybe in the afternoon she'll muster up sufficient energy to dress, and crawl to the corner and get aboard a car and go to the store. It is only two blocks, but she'd die if you asked her to walk it. Then she goes to the counter, and has all the clerks having down goods for her to look at have hauling down goods for her to look at, buys five cents' worth of ribbon, which she has charged and sent home for her, and crawls aboard the car, and crawls back to her home and room. When the poor "gink" of a husband gets home in the evening she is lying on the lounge, and the following conversation takes place: "Oh, John, dear" (she says this in a whisper), "I've had such an exhausting day, a whisper), "I've had such an exhausting day, I never was so tired, I ache all over. It is not good for me to work as hard as I do." "What did you do, dear?" inquires the poor Goop of a husband. "I went to the store for some ribbon," the wife replies proudly, and by the way she says it, and the look of delight on Mr. Gink's face, you'd think she had discovered the North Pole. "Ah," replies the husband, "you always were ambitious Jane, you should not try to do so much, I think you had better have Doctor Dope and stay in bed and rest up tomorrow," and she does. You think this is overdrawn, but it isn't. I've met scores of such women as this. The young woman, the bride, has more energy, and she sews a bit, and gads and gossips, but after awhile she falls into the same rut as the others, her energy and ambition dies, and she lolls around in a wrapper, and crawls to and from the table, and per, and crawls to and from the table, and reads and dreams, and dreams and reads, until she is as useless as the other female curios that rust out in boarding-houses. There is another danger in boarding-houses, and that is the worst of all. There are a whole lot of men in these places that you have to meet and know,

ones will be the ones that will appear the nicest to you. They will offer you cigars, and after awhile you will invite them to your room, after awhile you will invite them to your room, and introduce them to your wife, and maybe you have a friendly game of cards, and you all get to be very great friends, and the man makes himself as much at home in your room, as though it were his. He's a good fellow you think, and don't mind. Then business calls you away for a couple of weeks, and what more natural than your male friend knowing your wife is lonely, should try to make things agreeable for her in your absence, and he does, and that is the beginning of the end. If you analyze the divorce records, you'll find that seventy per cent. of them occur among boarding-house and hotel folks. The boarding-house atmosphere is distinctly demoralizing, and tends to take off those fine edges that are the safeguard of virtue, and throws one into the society of all sorts of people, many of and tends to take off those fine edges that are the safeguard of virtue, and throws one into the society of all sorts of people, many of whom are mere human flotsam and jetsom—adventurers of the worst type. To all young married folks I say, keep away from the boarding-house. It will ruin your energy; it will kill your ambition, and maybe ruin your happiness and blight your life. Boarding-houses are admirable institutions for single men, and those whose business keeps them on the move, but they are not admirable institutions for young working girls, who at once become the target of every man in the house. Girls, don't marry a man unless he can give you a home. If he can't afford to furnish a house of a few rooms, wait until he can. Better live in a soap box or a chicken coop, that's your own, than a palace rented of others, where you've nothing to do but loll and gab and read and acquire habits of sloth. The strength of a nation lies in its homes, its weakness lies in its boarding-houses. A man will die for his home, but the man never lived that would raise a finger to protect his A man will die for his home, but the man never A man will die for his home, but the man never lived that would raise a finger to protect his hash house. Now, little bride, these remarks are not for you, as your husband's business keeps him moving, and I know you'll have a home soon, and a happy one. I'm glad you got so many presents. One present I certainly envy you, and that's the Jersey cow. If I could get a present like that I'd marry every man, woman and child in America. In fact, if I could get that cow I'd, yee, dad binged if I wouldn't marry the cow herself, but if I did marry her, I'll be hanged, drawn and quartered, and eternally bejiggered if I'd ever take her to a boarding-house and hash dispensary.

Our next letter is one of great interest.

tered, and eternally bejiggered if I'd ever take her to a boarding-house and hash dispensary.

Our next letter is one of great interest.

CHILENO VALLEY, CAL., Sept. 28, 1906.

UNCLE CHARLIE AND COMFORT COUSINS:

This is a very beautiful part of California—right in the Coast Range, and only about seven miles from the beach of old ocean. The wind blows up the valley almost every day in summer; but we are very nicely situated in a little valley that branches off from the main one, and the wind seldom reaches us. The crops slaway grow nicely for the people here; no matter how they blight in other places. Our house is situated at the foot of three hills which rise on the west, northeast and east. At the top is a tableland from which we can see for miles in every direction.

How many of the cousins experienced the earth quake of the eighteenth of Aprill It caught us in bed, as I suppose most everyone was. It did not take us long to get into the open, you may be sure. It seemed as if the earth would surely open and swallow us up. The ground heaved, roiled, rocked and tossed like the waves of the sea. It is said that the shock lasted less than a minute, but, for at least fifteen minutes, here at our place, the shake seemed to be almost continuous. Of course, not hard all this disturbance was going on in the earth, the sky overhead was serene and blue, with a few flecks of white clouds on its surface, the sir was balmy, and the sun had just kissed the highest mountains. It seemed strange that such a mighty convulsion of nature should come on such a lovely morning. We believed a volcano had burst out somewhere—there are several extinct ones near here. When we returned to the house, we found everything in chaos; stove down, soot all over, milk all over the floor, mixed with the other mixture. We had to pick our way subst for a little while till we could clean up the mess.

We lived in fear and trembling all that day expecting a heavier shock all the time. In one ofour fields it broke open the earth in cracks from one to

now live in on the same ranch we call our home.
Chileno Valley was settled by Spaniards long ago.
Jesse's ancestors owned this whole township, known as Rancho Laguna de San Antonio. It was long ago sold, and now Swiss people own all the land around here and the Spanish people are all gone.
Well, our letter is long, enough. If Billy the Goat, does not get this will write again some day. So good by.

JESSE AND MAY WILLIAMS (Nos. 12,065). Cousin May, your letter is indeed of deep and stirring interest. We have had a great many "quake" letters, but none like yours. You were far away from those who compare notes, and exchange news with you, and I've no doubt suffered more from mental shock than those who were in the cities, and were sustained by excitement and the presence of fellow sufferers. It is always hardest when we suffer alone. For all you knew, all the rest of your state had been engulfed in ruin and utterly destroyed. The suspense must have been terrible. May and suspense must have been terrible. May and Jesse, we are proud to have such genuine Americans in our League. Not many Californians are living in the same house in which they were born, and thirty-five years of residence on one ranch in a comparatively new country, speaks well for you and yours. We are all grateful your homestead was saved from complete destruction, and Billy the Goat restrets he was not on hand to like but he country. grets he was not on hand, to lick up the soot and milk, as he says a few yards of that across one's chest before breakfast is an excellent tonic worst of all. There are a whole lot of men in these places that you have to meet and know, that you would not allow over your doorsill, if you had a real home. The most objectionable ried. I don't like to see prosperous, handsome,

thirty-five-year-old boys single. Cousins, get after Jesse

Here's a letter from a youthful, but old friend of ours.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, Sept., 23, 1906. DEAR UNCLE DOUGLAS:

I am in my first year at High School. I drive four miles into the Bluffs every day. My sister is a graduate of the Boston College of Oratory, in Boston, Mass.

Boston, Mass.

I should like to hear you sing. Sometime I may go to New York and study vocal music; then I shall go and see you and if I sing good enough you may write a song for me.

I use my hog money for my music lessons.

My red pig got to be a hog and I sold it, and have to feed another piggie. I guess you remember me as the girl with the pigs.

I hope you will have a lot of birthdays.

I have one brother and a sister teaching school.

Did I tell you my grandfather Garner was a cousin to Alexander Stephens of the South, and my grandmother was a cousin to Hon. W. H. Grady, the orator of the South? You seem to like the South. With lots of love.

Bravo. Hazel. your letter is finely written.

Bravo, Hazel, your letter is finely written, and you give every promise of becoming a very smart young lady. Hazel says she drives four miles into the Bluffs every day. My, oh, my, did you ever hear the like of that? Fancy that poor faithful gee gee tunneling four miles into the earth, burrowing all that tremendous distance into the towering Bluffs. Fancy what a time Hazel's mamma must have washing her pretty frocks after she's been digging her airy, fairy, dainty, little nose into four miles of dirt. Oh, Hazel, my dear, do, do, give up that very unladylike habit of driving four miles into the Bluffs. We should all like to hear Hazel's sister make a speech. Oratory is a divine gift, but it is not to be wondered at that Hazel's sister can declaim, when we consider the fact that she is a relative of the late Hon. W. H. Grady, the great Southern orator, and late editor of the Atlanta Constitution. The gift of oratory is a rare one. Webster was a great orator, so was Henry Ward Beecher and Patrick Henry. Oratory and speech-making are very different things. Most anyone can make a fairly good speech, but orators are very scarce. Orators make language into rippling music, and by the magic of their words, and the magnetism of their personalities, sway human hearts, and play on the human emotions as a pianist plays on the notes of a piano. Maria is a great orator when she gets on the roof at night, and lays down the law to her gentleman felline friends, as to what is and is not dignified conduct for midnight observation by gentlemen cats in the presence of their lady friends. Hazel hopes I will have a lot of birth-Bravo, Hazel, your letter is finely written, by gentlemen cats in the presence of their lady friends. Hazel hopes I will have a lot of birthdays, and so do I. I remember having thirty-seven in one month once. Every place I visited (and I still keep up the practice.) I'd say "This is quite an important occasion for me, it's my birthday." Then everyone hustled around for lemonade, cake and coffee, and I held the center of the stage. Whenever conversation is lagging, and you want to be "IT" just say, "Isn't it strange, I never thought of it, but it is my birthday." You will say, "Oh, but it is my birthday." You will say, "Oh, but it is my birthday." You will say, "Oh, but it is my birthday." You will say, "Oh, but it is my birthday." You will say the latter it is in't right to have more than one birthday every year." No more it is for ordinary people, but men of genius like Toby and myself have got a right to be born as often as we like. Folks tell me I was born on the Fifth of September, and I ought to know as I was there at the time, but somehow I forgot to make a note of the occasion, and people might have got mixed on the date, so to make sure of getting it right, I have a birthday celebration all the year round. Hog money, Hazel! I never got a show to hog money. I'm sorry your pig got to be a hog. What made a respectable piggle get to be a hog. You should have taught him better, Hazel. Toby got to be a hog the other day, and I had to chastise him, now he's just a plain dog again. If you'll divvey up with the hog money, Hazel, I'll write you a heart touching ballad entitled, "The day we chewed the bristles off the old hog's tail." You could have the bristles off the old hog's tail." You could have the bristles off the old hog's tail." You could be sell the other half for music lessons. You'd better have the front half, as there's more music that end, and you like music, for I remember now that you are studying to be a piggydonna. I'll have the part that goes under the fence rails last. It isn't as handsome as your end but I think it is more meaty, and wi by gentlemen cats in the presence of their lady friends. Hazel hopes I will have a lot of birth-days, and so do I. I remember having thirty-

Our next letter is capital, read it and judge for yourself. PEACH, WASH., Sept. 30, 1906.

PEACH, WASH., Sept. 30, 1998.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I've come to take you on a short trip through the country in which I live. I have been a member of the League of Cousins since last October. I am five feet seven inches in height, with gray eyes and brown hair. I was sweet sixteen last July. I live 100 miles from Spokane City, one of the busiest little cities in the northwest, the population of which in 1904 was 73,852, of which 11,585 were school children, over five years of age. Well, Uncle, here ittile cities in the northwest, the population of which in 1904 was 73,862, of which 11,585 were school children, over five years of age. Well, Uncle, here we are at Davenport (Queen City of the Big Bend,) ready to start on a ride through Lincoln Co. We'll now drive northwest from town, down along the ranges of Cottonwood Creek for a number of miles, passing many prosperous ranchers' homes. Now we see acres of grain where the reaper's are busy, and again in the distance we hear the toot-toot of a steam thresher at work, or again we see large straw stacks where the thresher has already passed. And next we come to the head of Hawk Creek Canyon, and commence the gradual descent towards the Columbia river. In some portions the canyon is very narrow, showing a sheer descent of several hundred feet, and now again the canyon widens and we see the home of the hardy rancher nestling beneath the high basaltic rocks. A short distance further down the canyon and we approach one of the richest hay and fruit sections known. Stack after stack of hay we now see which have just been cut and harvested from the rich bottomiand. We drive on further down and Hawk Creek can now be seen dancing through the meadows. And next we come to Hawk Creek Falls, a straight drop of fifty feet. The valley from here widens, and the fruit farms are in sight. Here irrigation is king, and this is one of the richest and most developed fruit districts in Eastern Washington. Almost any kind of fruit can be grown in this lovely valley. The first fruit shipped out is strawberries and dew-berries, and blackberries follow in quick succession. Great quantities of peaches also grow in this little valley. The peach crop is so importent a part of its yearly output that this postoffice is called "Pesoh," and the same name would apply to the whole valley. In passing through, it looks like a village, the farms being divided into tracts of a few acres each. And now, Uncle, the majestic Columbia comes into view, and the scene is a grand one. The river winding singu

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Arthur Leighton rector of St Marks, is in love with Anna Roman from Thornton Hastings, his college classmate, and opens to the second page. He will spend the summer at Saratoga, where Mrs. Julia Meredith takes her niece, Miss Anna Ruthven. He's expected to fall in love and marry her, but he has presentiments that Arthur is interested in 19 as if she were already his wife. Arthur Leighton determines the matter shall be settled before Anna leaves Hanover with Mrs. Mcredith He writes a letter, asking her to be his wife. Mrs. Julia Meredith arrives at the farmhouse. She and Anna go down to the Gien. Cunningly when the heaves he had a down to the Gien. Cunningly when the heaves he had a down to the Gien. Cunningly when the heaves he had a down to the Gien. Cunningly when the heaves he had a down to the Gien. Cunningly when the heaves he had a down to the Gien. Cunningly when the heaves he had a down to the Gien. Cunningly when the heaves at her death goes to Anna and she expects her to make a brilliant match. There is no one in Hanover whom she, as a Ruthren, would care to marry, and as she ask the question, the rector comes around a rock where they are sitting. It for Anna, and slips the letter into it, and trusts to faithful Esther, who takes it to Anna's room. Mrs. Meredith suspects something, and finding the letter in the book, partially unsealed, thinks it her duty, as the sister of Anna's dead father, not to let her throw herself away, and Anna little suspects how her and the how feverally Arthur Leighton prays that night that God will grant him the priceless gift of Anna Ruthven's love. The following Sunday the rector listens to Anna Ruthven, as she sings, "Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord," and he cannot think she means to darken its church. Anna Ruthven is introduced to Panny Hetherton how she had met Mr. Leighton range is a single she had great regard for him and the single she had great regard for him, or how she had net Mr. Leighton many Hetherton how she had met Mr. Le

CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED.)

HERE is a way to stop the gossip and make it right for me to see you. Promise to be my wife, and not even Captain Humphreys will say aught against it."

Arthur's voice trembled a little now, for the mention of Capt. Humphreys had brought a thought of Anna, whose brown eyes seemed for an instant to look reproachfully upon that wooing. But Arthur had gone too far to retract—he had committed himself, and now he had only to wait for Lucy's answer.

There was no deception about her. Hers was a nature clear as crystal, and, with a gush of glad tears, she promised to be the rector's wife, hiding her face in his bosom, and telling him, brokenly, how unworthy she was, how foolish and how unsuited to the place, but promising to do the best she could do not to bring him into disgrace on account of her shortcomings.

"With the knowledge that you love me, I can do anything," she said, and her white hand crept slowly into the cold, clammy one which lay so listlessly in Arthur's lap.

He was already repenting, for he felt that it was sin to take that warm, trusting, loving heart in exchange for the half-lifeless one he should render in return, the heart where scarcely a pulse of joy was beating, even though he held his promised wife, and she as fair and beautiful as ever promised wife could be."

"I can make her happy, and I will," he thought, pressing the warm fingers which quivered at his touch.

"I can make her happy, and I will," he thought, pressing the warm fingers which quivered at his touch.

But he did not kiss her again. He could not, for the brown eyes, which still seemed looking at him as if asking what he did. There was a strange spell about those phantom eyes, and they made him say to Lucy, who was now sitting demurely at

"I could not clear my conscience if I did

"I could not clear my conscience if I do not confess that you are not the first wo-man that I have asked to be my wife." There was a sudden start, and Lucy's face was pale as ashes, while her hand went quickly to her side, where the heart-beats were so visible, warning Arthur to be careful how he startled her, so when she

her? Did you love her very much?" he answered indifferently:
"I would rather not to"

answered indifferently:
"I would rather not tell you who it was, as that might be a breach of confidence. She did not care to be my wife, and so that dream was over and I was left for you."

you."

He did not say how much he loved her, but Lucy forgot the omission and asked:

"Was she young and pretty?"

"Young and pretty both, but not as beautiful as you," Arthur replied, his fingers

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

softly parting back the golden curls from the face looking so trustingly in his.

And in that he answered truly. He had seen no face as beautiful of its kind as Lucy's was, and he was glad that he could tell her so. He knew how it would please her, and partly make amends for the tender words which he could not speak for the phantom eyes haunting him so strange.

But Lucy was not done yet, and Arthur der words which he could not speak for the phantom eyes haunting him so strangely. And Lucy, who took all things for granted, was more than content, only she wondered that he did not kiss her again, and wished that she knew the girl who had come so near being in her place. But she respected his wishes too much to ask, al. what he had said, and she tried to make herself glad that he had been so frank with her, and not left his other love affair to the chance of her discovering it afterwards at a time when it might be painful to her.

at a time when it might be painful to her.
"I wish I had something to confess," she thought, but from the scores of her flirtations, and even offers, for she had not lacked for them, she could not find one lacked for them, she could not find one where her own feelings had been enlisted in ever so slight a degree, until she remembered Thornton Hastings, who for one whole week had paid her such attentions as made her drive around on purpose to look at the house on Madison Square where the future Mrs. Hastings was to live. But look at the house on Madison Square where the future Mrs. Hastings was to live. But his coolness afterwards, and his comment on her frivolity had terribly angered her, making her think that she hated him, as she had told Anna. Now, however, as she remembered the drive and the house, she nestled closer to Arthur, and told him all about it, fingering the buttons on his dressing-gown as she told it, and never dreaming of the pang she was inflicting, as Arthur thought how mysterious were God's

But Lucy was not done yet, and Arthur felt as if the earth was giving way beneath his feet when, as he lifted her into the saddle and took her hand at parting, she said, "Now, remember I am not going to be jealous of that other love. There is only pearous of that other love. There is only one person that could make me so, and that is Anna Ruthven; but I know it was not she, for that night that we all came from Mrs. Hobbs', and she went with me upstairs, I asked her honestly if you had ever offered yourself to her, and she told me that you had not. You showed a lack of tests you had not. You showed a lack of taste, I think, but I am glad that it was not

Lucy was far down the road ere Arthur recovered from the shock her last words had given him. What did it mean, and why had Anna said that he had never proposed? Was there some mistake and he the victim of it? There was a blinding mist before the young man's eyes as he returned to his study, and went over again, with all the incidents of Anna's refusal, even to the reading of the letter which he already knew by heart. Then, as the thought came over him that possibly Mrs. Meredith had played him false in some way, he groaned aloud, and the great sweat-drops fell upon the table where he leaned his head. But this could not be, he reasoned. Lucy was mistaken. She had not heard aright. Somebody, surely, was mistaken, or he had com-Was there some mistake and he the victim

frosts. Anna had been very sick since that morning in September when she sat on the plazza at the Ocean House and read Lucy Harcourt's letter. The faint was a precursor of fever, the physician said, when summoned to her aid, and in a tremor of fear and distress Mrs. Meredith had had her at once removed to New York, and that was the last that Anna remembered.

From the moment that her aching head touched the pillow in Aunt Meredith's house all consciousness had fled, and for weeks she had hovered so near to death that the telegraph wires bore daily messages to Hanover, where the aged couple who had cared for her since her childhood wept, and prayed, and watched for tidings from their

Hanover, where the aged couple who had cared for her since her childhood wept, and prayed, and watched for tidings from their darling. They could not go to her, for Grandpa Humphreys had broken his leg, and his wife could not leave him, so they waited with what patience they could for the daily bulletins which Mrs. Meredith sent, appreciating their anxiety, and feeling glad withal of anything which kept them from New York.

"She had best be prayed for in church," the old man had said, and so Sunday after Sunday Arthur read the prayer for the sick, his voice trembling as it had never trembled before, and a keener sorrow in his heart than he had ever known when saying the solemn words. Heretofore the persons prayed for had been comparatively strangers, people in whom he felt only the interest a pastor feels in all his flock, but now it was Anna, whose case he took to God, and he always smothered a sob during the moment he waited for the fervent response the congregation made, the "Amen" which came from the pew where Lucy sat sounding louder and heartier than all the rest, and having in it a sound of the tears that fell so fast on Lucy's book as she asked that Anna might not die. Oh, how he longed to go to her, but this he could not that fell so fast on Lucy's book as she asked that Anna might not die. Oh, how he longed to go to her, but this he could not do, and so he had sent Lucy, who bent so tenderly above the sick girl, whispering loving words in her ear, and dropping kisses upon her lips which uttered no response, save once, when Lucy said:

"Do you remember Arthur?"

Then they murmured faintly:

"Yes. Arthur. I remember him and the

"Do you remember Arthur?"

Then they murmured faintly:

"Yes, Arthur, I remember him, and the Christmas song, and the gathering in the church; but that was long ago. There's much that has happened since then."

"And I am to marry Arthur," Lucy had said again, but this time there was no sign that she was understood, and that afternoon she went back to Hanover loaded with Testaments for the children of St. Mark's, and new books for the Sunday school, and accompanied by Valencia, who, having a serious difference with her mistress, Mrs. Meredith, offered her services to Lucy, and was at once accepted.

That was near the middle of October; now it was towards the last, and Anna was so much better that she sat up for an hour or more, and listened with some degree of interest to what Mrs. Meredith told her of the days when she lay so unconscious of all that was passing around her, never even heeding the kindly voice of Thornton Hastings, who more than once had stood by her pillow with his hand on her feverish brow, and whose thoughtfulness was visible in the choice bouquets that he sent each day, with notes of anxious inquiry when he did not come himself.

Anna had not seen him yet since her convalescence. She would rather not see anyone until strong enough to talk, she said; and so Thornton waited patiently for the interview that she had promised him when she was stronger, but every day he sent her fruits and flowers, and books of prints which he thought would interest her, and which always made her cheeks grow hot

which he thought would interest her, and which always made her cheeks grow hot and her heart beat regretfully, for she thought of the answer she would give him when he came, and she shrank from wounding him.

"He is too good too poble to have and the short of the state good too poble to have and the short of the state good too poble to have and the short of the state good too poble to have and the short of the state good too poble to have and the short of the state good too poble to have and the short of th

wounding him.

"He is too good, too noble, to have an unwilling wife," she said, but that did not make it the less hard to tell him so, and when at last she was well enough to see him, she waited his coming nervously, starting when she heard his step, and trembling like a leaf when he drew near her chair. It was a very thin, wasted hand which he took in his, holding it for a moment between his own, and then laying it gently back upon her lap.

He had come for the answer to the ques-

He had come for the answer to the ques-tion put six weeks before, and Anna gave

tion put six weeks before, and Anna gave it to him.

Kindly, considerately, but decidedly, she told him that she could not be his wife, simply because she did not love him as he ought to be loved."

"It is nothing personal," she said, working nervously at the heavy fringe of her shawl. "I respect you more than any man that I ever knew, but one, and had I met you years ago—before——"

"I understand you," said Thornton, coming to her aid. "You have tried to love mc, but cannot, because your affections arg given to another."

but cannot, because your affections are given to another."

Anna bowed her head in silence. Then

Anna bowed her head in silence. Then after a moment she continued:
"You must forgive me, Mr. Hastings, for not telling you this at once. I did not know then but I could love you—at least I means to try, for you see this other one—"
The fingers got terribly tangled in the fringe as Anna gasped for breath, and

went on:

"He does not know, and never will; that is, he never cared for me, nor guessed how foolish I was to give him my love unsought." Then it is not Arthur Leighton, and that

Mr. Hastings said, involuntarily, and Anna looked quickly up, her cheeks growing paler than they were before, as she replied:

"I don't know what you mean. I never "I don't know what you mean. I never

"You never refused Mr. Leighton."
"You never refused Mr. Leighton?"
Thornton exclaimed, forgetting all discretion in his surprise at this flat contradiction.
"I have Arthur's word for it,
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



WITH A MOAN SHE STRETCHED OUT HER HANDS TO THORNTON.

ways, and wondered that he had not re-versed the matter, and given Lucy to Thornton Hastings rather than to him, who up his pallid face. "God forgive the wrong

versed the matter, and given Lucy to Thornton Hastings rather than to him, who did not half deserve her.

"I know now that I never cared a bit for Thornton Hastings, though I might if he had not been so mean as to call me frivolous." Lucy said, as she arose to go, then, suddenly turning to the rector, she added: "I shall never ask you who your first love was, but I would like to know if you have quite forgotten her."

"Have you forgotten Thornton Hastings?" Arthur asked, laughingly, and Lucy replied, "Of course not; one never forgets, but I don't care a pin for him now, and did I tell you that Fanny writes that rumor says that he will marry Anna Ruthven?"

"Yes, no, I did not know—I am not surprised," and Arthur stooped to pick up a book lying on the floor, thus hiding his face from Lucy, who, woman-like, was glad to report a piece of gossip, and continued: "She is a great belle, Fanny says—dresses beautifully and in perfect taste, besides talking as if she knew something, and this pleases Mr. Hastings, who takes her out to drive and ride, and all this after I warned her against him, and told her just what he said about me. I am surprised at her."

Lucy was drawing on her gauntlets, and

Lucy was drawing on her gauntlets, and Arthur was waiting to see her out, but she still lingered on the threshold, and at last said to him, "I wonder that you never fell in love with Anna yourself, I am sure if I were you I would prefer her to me. She

I have done in asking Lucy to be my wife when my heart belonged to Anna. God help me to forget the one and love the other

help me to forget the one and love the other as I ought. She is a lovely little girl, trusting me so wholly that I can make her happy, and I will; but Anna! oh, Anna!"

It was a despairing cry, such as a newlyengaged man should never have sent after another than his affianced bride. Arthur thought so, too, fighting back his first love with an iron will, and, after that first hour of anguish, burying it so far from sight that he went that night to Captain Humphreys and told of his engagement; then that he went that night to Captain Humpireys and told of his engagement; then called upon his bride-elect, trying so hard to be satisfied that, when, at a late hour, he returned to the rectory, he was more than content, and, by way of fortifying himself still further, wrote the letter which

Thornton Hastings read at Newport.
And that was how it happened.

CHAPTER IX.

SOMEBODY PLAYED HER FALSE.

Through the rich curtains that shaded the windows of a room looking out on Fifth Avenue, the late October sun was shining, and as its red light played among the flowarthur was waiting to see her out, but she still lingered on the threshold, and at last said to him. "I wonder that you never fell in love with Anna yourself, I am sure if I were you I would prefer her to me. She knows something and I do not, but I am

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

river closely for some two miles further up the valley, and the banks are lined with magnificent orchards and charming homes. Two miles from Peach we turn to the right, and after driving a short distance we some to where my home is, where we will be welcomed by father, mother and two grown brothers of mine. Then after eating a bowl of Johnny-cake and milk, we are ready to resume our journey. The next place of interest is the ferry where the Indians cross the river; the Colvil Reservation being on the other side of the river. Driving on a couple of miles now, we are where the Spokane river empties into the Columbia. Then ascending a high plateau Old Fort Spokane can be seen. This fort was established in 1879 and was so used until 1898 when it was abandoned for military purposes. It is one of the most picturesque locations in Eastern Washington, and was considered one of the finest military posts in the Northwest for many years, but is now used for schools for the Indian children of the adjoining reservations.

reservations.

There were sixteen teachers last year, and nearly three hundred pupils in attendance. Leaving the valley by another route, we start back through the famous Egypt country, "the garden spot of the Big Bend," where thousands of acres of wheat land is to be seen. Of the 25 miles from the Fort back to Davenport, nearly the entire distance is lined with farms, having large well-built houses and barns. But now we are to town, so after seeing you on board your train back to Augusta, and with a farewell wave of the handkerchief as the train pulls out of sight. pulls out of sight,

I am your loving niece,

ETHEL PAIGE (No. 9,693).

Fine, Ethel, fine! Why can't more of you write bright descriptive letters like Ethel's? Nearly all your letters are as like as two peas, and not one in a thousand of you ever attempt to make your epistles worth while. All you seem to crave is to get in print, and you jumble up a few sentences about nothing, and are wild-eyed because I don't print what you send. You all have as good opportunities of writing interesting letters as Ethel has. Ethel's letter had lots of little errors, and very few attempts at punctuation, but I've fixed all that up, and anyhow it had news and information and gave us a capital idea of this favored section, and you all want to thank Ethel heartily for writing so entertainingly. Now, Ethel, just a moment, I want you to tell me what you mean by saying you saw the road hugging the river. I've been a close observer of Nature for years, but I never saw a road hugging a river in my life. You'll excuse me from hugging anything as damp as a river. When I hug anything, I want it dry, you bet. You also say that Hawk Creek is dancing through the meadows, and I fear your imagination is running wild. Who ever saw a dancing creek, why that's almost as bad as a hugging road. I don't wonder the creek has some falls, and drops fifty feet, if it makes a jack mule idiot of itself, and goes dancing and prancing all over the country. Ethel, you live at Peach, and Peach is rightly named if you live in it, for your letter is a peach, and so are you.

Another poet wants to give the flowers of her soul to the world. This time it is a poetess that

Another poet wants to give the flowers of her soul to the world. This time it is a poetess that yearns to be heard.

yearns to be heard.

Pana, Ill, Aug. 29, 1906.

DEAR Uncle Charlie:

I love to read the cousins' letters and will tell you about myself next time.

Mother has taken Comfour three years. I have every number of the three years, of which I have made books of each year's reading in each book, they are sewed and bound and they look fine. I also have your photograph in my locket so you see you are thought of more then you know. Inclosed I send you a little verse I wrote one moonlight eve under a big maple tree. I wish you had been there, but as you were not I send the verse to you. Hoping you will not find this tiresome, I will close with love to all.

Your niece,

Chloie M. Simons, Pana, R. F. D., 2. Ill.

The Moon

The Moon
It was a still summer's eve,
The moon had just rose.
A kind smiling face it was.
Which, shone so brightly—
In the deep blue of the sky.
No frown or care-look was there.
So unlike the faces, it looked apond.

Oh! If we could all-ways smile, Allways be as bright as He. Would we not be happy? "Yes" in-deed we would. And why not you ask? Ha me! you could not if you tryed, Keep as smiling a face as the moon.

Chloie, I thank you for the lovely things you say about me. I thank you for wearing my picture in your locket, though I think it mighty tough on the locket, and as for being mighty tough on the locket, and as for being under the maple tree with you, while you were composing that exquisite poem you sent in, well dear, I'd have given three legs, and half a dozen wings to have been Johnny on the spot, and watched the noble and beautiful thoughts coming to a boil, in your fertile and sublimely poetic brain. You say it was a still summer's eve. I'm glad it was still, because if it had moved, you might not have been able to write as divinely as you have. If it had been one of those wobbly evenings, that keep bobbing up and down and won't stand still, you never could have put Shakespeare on the blink, and given us this masterpiece of verse. But for Heaven's sake, whose face was it you saw smiling up in the sky? Toby says you refer to the Heaven's sake, whose face was It you saw smining up in the sky? Toby says you refer to the moon's face, but I never liked the moon, as it gets full every month. I don't like the moon to get full, and certainly no moon that gets full is entitled to shine in a prohibition state. But oh, if it is the moon's face you refer to, how could it "looked a pond" as you say in the dark like of your first snasm. The moon looked a pond, surely you must have been out in a rainstorm, and not a still night. The moon found a still and got full, and that accounts for its looking like "a pond." Toby says you mean "upon," and that you've been butting inmean "upon," and that you've been butting into Carnegie's reformed spelling, and have got a new and improved method, and have converted "upon" into "apond." If you have put upon into apond, dearie, pull it out before it gets drowned. I had an idea that the moon was referred to as a "she" instead of a "he," but there's supposed to be a man in it (unless he fell into the pond), so I guess Chloie is nearer correct on the matter of sex than I. You mean "Ah me!" don't you, Chloie? not "Ha me!" There's a lot of difference in that little expression. Ah me! is poetic, Ha me! is where you're supposed to get the laugh, and most poets get that. Anyway you've done finely, Chloie, though you've ignored rhyme entirely, and as for rhythm and meter, dear, you've told them to skiddoo entirely. Anyway, Chloie, I still wish I'd been under the maple tree, when you composed your poem, and I don't wonder the moon smiled when you were doing it, if I'd been there I'd have more than smiled, I'd have had a fit. smiled, I'd have had a fit.

A little Pennsylvania girl is bursting to say

EXPORT, PA., July 5, 1906. DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE.

EXPORT, PA., July 5, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will come now with a few lines, and try to get a seat on your precious lap. And I hope, Uncle, that you are well.

I am five feet, five inches tall, have chestnut colored hair and eyes, weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds.

Uncle Charlie, I wore my League button, and one day a man accosted me, and looking at the button he read aloud; "Counterfeiters Cousins," and then he said, he was going to have you and the whole bunch of cousins arrested. I told him he was mis taken, and that if Uncle Charlie ever got hold of him that he would knock him sprawling, and that Billy would eat him up for lunch.

Uncle, were you ever at a park, they are very nice places. I would like to see you ride in a roller coaster. I was at a large park not very long ago, and was on a merry-go-round, and as it went around the people would grab for the rings at the side, and everybody tried to get the brass one; for who ever got it, got a free ride. My companion got the brass ring the first time we got on, but I would have liked to have seen you and Billy there grabbing for them.

I suppose, Uncle, you are busy picking cherries now, and Maria is busy canning them.

I live on a farm of one hundred and six acres, with plenty of fruit of all kinds, and there are three cross roads in front of our house. We had three hundred little chickens, but a good many died with the gaps. Uncle Charlie, I suppose you never had the gaps. Uncle Charlie, I suppose you never had the gaps. Uncle Charlie, I suppose you never had the gaps. Uncle Charlie, I suppose you never had the gaps that all the cousins to write to me, and I will answer all their letters, even if I have to pile them on a hay wagon to haul them to the office.

Your loving cousin,

Anna Rose Paulisik (No. 12,889).

Anna, yours is a bright, jolly, cheery little letter, and I fancy I see you digging your nose

Anna, yours is a bright, jolly, cheery little letter, and I fancy I see you digging your nose in the ink bottle and inscribing it to me in your spare moments. You ask me if I ever had the "gaps?" deedy and I have lots of times. I

your spare moments. You ask me if I ever had the "gaps?" deedy and I have lots of times. I remember once I was taking a swim in the sea, and a tramp stole all my clothes, except my coat and shoes. When I got out of the water I put on my coat and shoes, and made a run for my hotel at the other end of the town. I had to go all up the Main St., and I had seven thousand people chasing me, though there were only six hundred living in the place. You'll wonder why they chased me. Well it was because I had the "gaps." There was a gap between my coat and shoes that caused all the excitement. Once, when I was calling on Miss Ermyntrude Poodleface, the family Ki Yi bit out three yards of my rearward clothing. I had a most painful attack of the "gaps" then. A lady pinned a bedspread over the gap, or I'd never have got home. On, I know all about the gaps, and if your chickens had "gaps" similar to mine, I don't wonder they cashed in their checks, and skiddooed for a better world. Billy the Goat has requested me to tell you he swallowed two merry-go-rounds last week, and they were fine eating. When he wants a ride he opens his mouth and falls in. You tell that guy that made sassy remarks about me that I will soak him a punch in the rotunda if he gets too gay. There is nothing counterfeit about us, we are the genuine eighteen-carat goods, and nobody can hand us a lemon. We have no counterfeet in our bunch. I had a girl once, and folks said she had cork legs and counterfeit feet, so I got down on my knees to count her feet, I'd counted two, and was going once, and folks said she had cork legs and counterfeit feet, so I got down on my knees to count her feet, I'd counted two, and was going to count the other three, when she lifted one that hit me a kerzazzer in the boko. I never tried to count her feet after that, but I'll swear by the way that hoof got busy on my smeller, that she had sixty-seven feet on each leg, and real feet at that. I met with defeat from defeet that time. Anna, you say you have cross roads. What have you been doing to make your roads cross. All our roads around here are in the best of humor, we have not a single cross road in this section. I suppose you have been doing this section. I suppose you have been doing something naughty to make the roads cross. Poor roads, don't annoy them and they won't be cross.

Here is an interesting letter from a sailor

ROYAL MAIL STEAMER CEDRIC, WHITE STAR LINE DOCK, NEW YORK CITY, June 29, 1906.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I suppose you have no objection to admitting a sailor boy into your happy circle. As you will see, I am on the great White Star Liner, the Cedric, which plies between New York and Liverpool, England, I have crossed the ocean scores of times, for I have been going to sea for over thirty years, and am now just over forty, so you see I began early.

and am now just over forty, so you see I began early.

I am an Englishman by birth, and my home is in Liverpool, England, but I am just as much at home in America, as on the other side. To show you that I like America, when I was a very young man, I enlisted in the American Navy, in which I spent three years. I was first on the old "Constellation," and then joined the "Trenton," which, shortly after I left her was wrecked off the coast of Samoa.

I have been on the White Star Line for nearly twenty years. We make twelve round trips per year, so you can calculate how many times I have crossed the pond. I was in the "Germanic" many years, and was aboard of her when she sank at her dock in New York harbor.

She was a grand ship, the pride of the seas in her day, 'but you could put her inside the giant "Cedric" on which I am now. The "Cedric" is over seven hundred feet long, and was the biggest ship in the world until the other day, when the German's built



"JACK ASHORE." FUN AT CONEY ISLAND

one a few feet longer. The "Cedric" is so enormous that it takes a very heavy sea to shake us up. We carry enough people aboard each trip to start a good-sized town.

carry enough people about the carry the wireless telegraphy apparatus, and are never long out of touch of land, and we talk to the other vessels as we cross, though they are often hundreds of miles away, and we can't see them.

After the "Germanic" went out of service, I was aboard the "Majestic" for a long time. During the Boer war we quit our regular trips, and took troops to South Africa. We took out hundreds of poor fellows who never came home again. From the "Majestic" I was sent to the giant "Cedric" where I am now.

A P 550 What With 00000000000 This You Can (D) Oi1 00000000000 Heater motore, motore

With a Perfection Oil Heater you can heat a cold bed-room, make a sick-room more comfortable, warm a chilly hallway, heat water quickly, and do many things better than can be done with any other stove no matter what fuel it burns. The superiority of the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

lies in the fact that it generates intense heat without smoke or smell. The oil fount and the wick carrier are made of brass throughout, which insures durability. Gives great heat at small cost. Fount has oil indicator and handle. Heater is light and portable. Absolutely safe and simple—wick cannot be turned too high or too low. Operated as easily as a lamp. All parts easily cleaned. Two finishes—nickel and japan. Every heater warranted. If not at your dealer's write nearest agency for descriptive circular.

The Rayo Lamp and is the best all-round house lamp made. Gives a clear, steady light. Is the safest lamp you can buy. Brass throughout and nickel plated. Equipped with the latest improved burner. Handsome—simple—satisfactory. Every lamp warranted. Write to nearest agency if you cannot get it from your dealer.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

them many times, and I know them well, and have had pleasant chats with them all. Pierrepont Morgan always crosses with us, and he always has a cheery "Hullo, Clegg" for me.

It's all hard work at sea. It's midnight before I'm through, and we are up at 5 A. M. in the morning, and I'm on my feet all day. We are about eight days at sea then six ashore.

The salaries for our work are not large, but there are plenty of tips, and that makes our positions enviable ones. When we get ashore we are like birds let loose from a cage. I inclose you a picture so you can see how we cut up and enjoy ourselves ashore.

Now, Uncle Charlie, tell all the cousins to write to me, and I shall be especially glad to hear from all the girl cousins, as we sailors dearly love the gentler and sweeter sex. I forgot to say I am never seasick, and it doesn't matter if the seas are running mountains high it does not bother Jack. Love to you all. Write to me all, please, and I will have the whole ship dying with envy. The address I gave will find me.

Your nautical cousin, Jack Clegg.

Jack, old boy, I am delighted to hear from keep the contractions of the course o

I will have the whole ship dying with envy. The address I gave will find me.
Your nautical cousin, Jack Clegg.
Jack, old boy, I am delighted to hear from you. It's fine to go to sea if you only know how. Most of the cousins don't know much about the sea, so I'll explain a little about it. First you board the ship. It costs a good deal of money to board a ship, as a ship eats lots of coal, and you need a big room to accommodate a boarder that's 700 feet long. Still you can't go to sea, unless you board the ship. When you get on the ship you are on the deck. When you get on the ship you are on the deck. When you want to play cards you go up on the deck and deal it. When you want eggs you go to the main hatchway, when you get short of food you either wait for a choppy sea, or wait until the ocean rolls. Ocean rolls are very fine, they don't fill you, they empty you instead. When the captain wants to tell the time, he looks at the larboard watch. The sailors attend the sails, you can also attend the sails, but you won't pick up any bargains. Whatever you do you must be careful not to sit on the starboard tack. If you want exercise you can go up and box the compass. If you run short of girls, wait until the ship strikes eight belles and make a mash on one of them. The ship travels not by miles but by knots. The ship goes into port on the tide, you see it gets all tied in knots; you must unravel this the best way you can. When the ship goes into harbor, she crosses the bar. This is a Prohibition bar, water only is served. The rear of a ship never looks pleasant as it has a stern appearance. Jack gets lots of tips. Let us all pray Cousin Jack, to quit his evil ways, and be good. Here is a fine and intellectual young man, spending the best years of his life running a bar aboard ship, and handing out jags, brannigans, coffin nails highballs, liquid degeneracy and alcoholic death, to the thirsty and unwary of all nations. Half the strawberries on people's sniffers, have been irrigated and fostered by this erring young ma us see if we cannot reform Jack. It will be a tough proposition, but we'll do it yet. I forgot to say that girls are fond of going to say, and they are particularly fond of rough weather as that is the time the heavy "swells" come aboard, and the girlies are dead stuck on the heavy swells. the heavy swells.

Our monthly shut-in letter is an unusually sad and pathetic epistle.

"JACK ASHORE." FUN AT CONEY ISLAND.

One a few feet longer. The "Cedric" is so enormous that it takes a very heavy sea to shake us up. We carry enough people aboard each trip to start a good-sized town.

We carry the wireless telegraphy apparatus.

We carry the wireless telegraphy apparatus, and are never long out of touch of land, and we talk to the other vessels as we cross, though they are often hundreds of miles away, and we can't see them.

After the "Germanic" went out of service, I was aboard the "Majestic" for a long time. During the Boer war we quit our regular trips, and took troops tellows who never came home again. From the "Majestic" I was sent to the giant "Cedric" where iam now.

My duty is handing out the drink to thirsty passengers. Nearly all the greatest men in America and England have crossed with me, some of

sufferer from indigestion and nervous troubles. Is uffer constantly with sick stomach, caused by indigestion, and I have been this way now for over six years. The only peace I get is when I sleep, and that is very little. Sometimes I will go for several nights in succession and don't sleep at all. I have been confined to my bed, entirely helpless, for twenty-one years, and during all those long, weary years not able to sit up, walk or turn myself in bed, and no one to care for me but my poor old mother, who is now seventy-two years of age.

Uncle Charlie, you know my mother has had a hard road to travel as well as myself. She has watched over me, and worked over me day and night with unceasing care. I tell you, as I lie here in a semi-living condition, when a mother is gone, your all is gone, for there is no one that will care for you, and has the true, heartfelt love that a mother has for her children. Sometimes I think, what am I kept here suffering for, as my life is ne enjoyment to me in this condition. Without health there is no real enjoyment. We don't know how to appreciate health until it is lost. I had rather have my health and be compelled to labor hard every day of my life as a bireling, from dawn of day until nightfall, and nothing for my daily fare but dry bread and water, and nothing but the bare earth for my bed, and the canopy of heaven above for my roof, than to be in the condition. The thought of having to give up all my cherished hopes and aims and having to live helpless the rest of my days, at times seems more than human mind can stand. What I have suffered in the past twenty-one years in body and mind God only knows.

All those kind friends who wrote me, forgive me for not answering. I've been too ill to do much corresponding. Won't you all write to me and make my Christmas bright enough to deaden the pain for a few days? I'll do my best to reply. And now God bless you all and God have pity on all who are in my condition.

Lawrence wrote me a personal letter of thirty pages, that told a ta

who are in my condition. LAWRENCE M. BIRD.

Lawrence wrote me a personal letter of thirty pages, that told a tale of suffering he mercifully spared you. Lawrence is allowed five dollars per month by the county authorities for his own and his mother's support, an amount insufficient to keep them in any sort of comfort for three days, let alone thirty. Lawrence and his mother went to the poorhouse, but conditions there were so terrible that it made my blood boil when I read of them. Lawrence's mother (God bless her dear, brave, devoted, noble soul) is a terrible sufferer from rupture, and she has to do the hardest physical labor, lifting her son, chopping wood, etc.,—enough to kill her in her condition. Often she has to lie for hours, until she can regain strength enough to attend to her helpless son. For over twenty years this patient, heroic soul has nursed her sick boy, and in a sense he is better off than she, for when she succumbs, no one is there to wait upon her. Lawrence's great trouble is that he has to do without milk and trouble is that he has to do without milk and trouble is that he has to do without milk and butter, and eat coarse food that his weak stomach rejects. Five dollars a month won't buy delicacies, and how they exist on it at all is a mystery to me. If the county gave them, or loaned them a cow, this poor fellow would be able to get proper nourishment, and this cruel nausea that racks and weakens him would cease. If I had the spending of the Russell Sage millions, I would organize a traveling hospital equipped with a staff of expert surgeons, physicians and nurses—an operating room on wheels. Chronic cases, tens of thousands of them that are scattered over the country could be examined, and if necessary, opertry could be examined, and if necessary, operated on, and a trained nurse left to take charge ated on, and a trained nurse left to take charge of the case until the patient could be left in the care of his friends. Sick folks in the back woods and rural districts never get proper medical attention, and do not have a fair chance to get well. A skilled surgeon could put at least forty per cent. of these sufferers on their feet, and skilled physicians could outline a general course of treatment that would greatly relieve those who could not be cured. I like to talk in a practical way, not in the air. God would rather we did things ourselves, when we can do them, than pray about it. There are billions ready for bloody warfare, billions for drink, show and pleasure, but our sick are sent to the poorhouse, which is generally several times worse than Sheol itself, or given five dollars a month to starve on. Some day perhaps we so-called Christians will know

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED PROM PAGE 5.)

Sisters. don't you think that a divorce is a sin? I do. I think that a man and a woman ought to know and fully understand each other before they are bound together for a lifetime. I don't see what alis the American girls. It seems to be a fashion to get married as quickly as possible, and then in a half year or perhaps a year, they are having a divorce case. No, I am for a happy married life, if I can't have that it is a great deal better to stay single.

Would you like to hear something about my fancy work, and other spare time occupations? I can do most anything in the line of fancy work, and Hardanger is my favorite; it is a little more work, but I think it is very simple. I play the piano and sing a little, and I do some reading and studying. I can translate books from English into Norwegian and other languages, and vice versa, and that's what I enjoy the most of all.

My father and I have taken some very interesting trips in this country and in Europe; and sometime I will tell you all about them.

May I give you some good hints?

When washing clothes in the winter dip the top ends of napkins, handkerchiefs, towels, etc., in very strong salt water, and it will prevent them from tearing.

Don't pile up your fine china after washing them, they are apt to crack, but spread them out until cold.

On't use soap on gilt china.

A few lemon drops on stewed chicken improves it.

it.

Put a sprinkle of flour in the pan when frying eggs; they will brown better and won't pop.

A little kerosene instead of soap, put in the water when washing woodwork, will make the grease spots and fly specks disappear quickly.

Viola Stephenson, Crooksville. Did you ever try to pick out patterns from lace for cross-stitch patterns. You can get some pretty ones that way.

Minda Horgue, Irma, Lincoln Co., Wis.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our merry Christmas still.

Well keep our merry Christmas atill.

Mr Planas: The process of the well of cool to be appeared to this old, old porm. I am thinking of the many that have not the wood or cool to be appeared to the old, old porm. I am thinking of the many that have not the well of cool to be appeared to the old of the process of the cool of the process of portion of the process of portion of plants, is case of poverty and price. Profile of the process of MY DEARS:

As I sit writing in my comfortable room, my mind reverts to this old, old poem. I am thinking of the many that have not the wood or coal to "heap on", also to a circumstance that occurred in one of our Chairling communities some years ago. A young

have been forthcoming had there been a stamp inclosed.

A. P. Hollwood. "J. A. D." lives in a land abounding in the most beautiful laurel and holly, where wreaths and roping are made a business of. Can you not write to some florists, who might like to handle your goods?

Mrs. Josephine Doern. I could tell you of many goor and suffering ones that have been helped by our dear Compostr people, and they keep right at it, too, no let up.

Mrs. Pitts. I shall surely send some of my girls shat are contemplating matrimony, to see you, you have so many useful hints and ideas. Do come with another bright, instructive letter. Keep your Comports in one of those paper racks, or have some other way of keeping our valuable magazine? "Love Comport?" of course you do, so does everyone that has ever seen it.

Estella F. Your banana cake is fine, for "J. A. D." tried it. Come again. There are so many useful hints, patterns and ideas in our paper, among them, those cute little brownie dolls, I would enjoy seeing one, and I am not a youngster either.

How that Venetian gentleman is swearing to his lady-love, that he and she will go boating and floating through life, I should think it would be slighting through life, I should think it would be slighting them.

for a change, further along I see they "marry." Now they go riding and a gliding while he's guiding, they must be in an automobile, wonder what make it is? I am referring to the beautiful piece of music the Comport people gave us in the September number, if you have not tried it do so at once; did you hear me playing it? Such music, reading, instruction, and information all in the pages of our own dear Comport.

Ere another month rolls around nineteen hundred and six will be gone, let us be merry and jolly while it lasts those of us who can, and amid all our joys let us not forget the needy, the poor little ones, the lonely old man or woman, toiling along life's rough path alone, forsaken, friendless, forgotten. Their name is legion, look for them. To all my girls, and boys, that have sent me souvenirs and gifts, I say God bless you, to our kind Comport people I send greetings, to one and all a merry, merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

"J. A. D." (Mrs. Van Dyke.)

Dear Comport Readers:

DEAR COMFORT READERS:
I will give E. Davis and others, two recipes for

Book Lovers' Paste

Soak one fourth ounce of gum arabic crystals in two ounces of cold rain-water. Mix one ounce of rice flour with one half pint of rain-water (first dampen the flour with a little of the water, and pour on the rest boiling,) add the gum water, and cook for ten minutes, remove from the fire, and stir in five drops of cloves; keep in covered jars.

Perpetual Paste

Dissolve one ounce of alum in one quart of soft water; add flour to the consistency of cream; stir in one tablespoonful of powdered rosin, two or three cloves, and boil to a mush, stirring constantly. Keep corked, and it will keep indefinitely. I hope the above will supply the wants of all interested, perhaps there are several like myself who enjoy making scrapbooks.

enjoy making scrapbooks.

Mrs. J. A. D. I should like to shake hands with

enjoy making scrapbooks.

Mrs. J. A. D. I should like to shake hands with you.

Mrs. J. T. Kinsella. You surely have to hustle to get around to all the tasks, and teach school, too.

I live on a farm, and have six in the family, and really, sometimes I seem to get so far behind I cannot see my way clear, but I generally get there after awhile. If one has strength to push their work they have much cause for gratitude, but if their work pushes them it is apt to make things look a bit dark.

I milk four cows, raise chickens (when they don't die of the gapes), turkeys, etc., sew, wash, scrub, cook, iron, paint pillow shams, etc., when I can find a market for them, tend the garden, pickle, preserve, jelly, can and powder fruit for table use, and really sometimes I think no set of people ever eat so much, vet I am anxious when one of the family loses his or her appetite, and try all sorts of remedies to get the digestive organs in good working order again. After all, good health is the mainspring of happiness, and the little chubby bears around our feet with clinging fingers, mussing our most treasured dress, of more worth than all the world. God bless the bables, what is home without them.

We farmers' wives sometimes live a sorry life—

EDITOR AND SISTERS OF THE CORNEE:

I have been a silent listener to your social chats, but now I should like to draw my chair closer into your circle. I am only a common little married woman of twenty-two years, and I live in one of the earthquake stricken cities, the once beautiful City of Roses, the county-seat of Sonoma. Our city was quite severely shaken and the business portion laid in ruins, and many private dwellings. The smoke from burning San Francisco appeared like a fog from here. But our sorrowful catastrophe was only a calamity as liable to happen at one place as another. It is only a fulfillment of the scripture. "There shall be earthquakes in divers places." California is no more unsafe to live in now than any other state. Our city is fast building up.

divers places." California is no more unsafe to live in now than any other state. Our city is fast building up.

I notice many recipes are given in the corner, and I am going to give one that may be of benefit to many troubled with rheumatism. It cured my husband in a few days. Simply dissolve in a wine-glass of water a slight half teaspoonful of common cooking soda and drink once or twice a day, before retiring is best.

I wish the sisters would send me velvet or silk pleces for a quilt. I cannot promise anything in return, but my heartlest thanks and sincere appreciation. I do love nice piecework, but find it hard to get the material. And I want to make some pretty articles for baby.

And now, sisters, a word about a dear sweet but afflicted member of your circle whose letter I noticed in July Comfort. It was a sad and pitiful letter but very encouraging, written by a dear Christian lady, Mrs. Lizzie Billingslea. She wished a letter party on her 55th birthday the 23th of July, and I hope she received a very nice encouraging one, and if you did not write in time for her birthday, why write anyway, sweet and cheering letters. Let us endeavor to do all the good in this world that we can; it should be a pleasure as well as a duty to brighter and cheer our fellow travelers on the road of life, and remember:

"Just a little sunshine makes the roses grow; In the darkened places flowers begin to show."

"Just a little sunshine makes the roses grow; In the darkened places flowers begin to show."

So let us all be sunbeams and brighten and cheer so let us an be sunocams and origine and cheek the tired and weary, that are drooping by the wayside, pointing them to that Homeland shore where
all is brighter still and suffering is unknown. Let
us, however, help them to enjoy this life as well as
to be ready for that better one.

MRS. OLIVE DUCHARM, 222 2nd St., Santa Ross.

Sonoma Co., Cal.

MRS. OLIVE DUCHARM, 222 2nd St., Santa Ross., Sonoma Co., Cal.

My Drar Mrs. Wilkinson:

I have been a reader of Comport ever since I learned my a, b, c's. I caunot say like so many do that I like the sisters' corner best, for each department is good in its own way, and I enjoy them all. I have been an invalid for nearly a year, and last spring I lost my little baby; it died without ever opening its eyes to the light of this world. It is far better off I know, but it was so hard, so bitterly hard to give it up. I used to enjoy all outdoor exercise, and could walk miles and miles, but I can never do it again for I am partially paralyzed. I have but little use of my hands and can hardly walk. I try to be patient and say, "thy will be done," but it is hard for one so young, as I to be deprived of all that goes to make life bright and cheerful.

I am a writer, with some success, and a hope of better things for the future. I have been married a short time, only a year, and we have lived with my parents, so I have had no experience in house-keeping. I am a very good cook and have tried a number of Comfort's recipes.

Betta Sweeny. You say truly "there are no ghosts," but it is equally true that the spirit of the dead comes to us, some of us are gifted with eyes to see, some of us are not. That is one of the gifts God gave to me and for which I thank him. Any of you who wish to know more about spiritualism and will write inclosing stamp, I will try and answer to the best of my ability.

I wonder how many of you are interested in autographs? I am and should like for everybody to send me a scrap of paper with their name and a verse or bit of sentiment, any thought of your own, or some favorite author. I would appreciate a photograph, too. I assure you I will treasure them as a miser does gold. You need not be afraid to send them, for I shall treat them as I would the photograph of my sister or brother, if the boys choose to send one to help cheeran invalid's cheerless days. Send me your baby's photograph with the dear l

MRS. MAY A. PAYTON, Stuarts Draft, Virginia.

DEAR MRS. WILEINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of Comport for a long while.
I think every page is well worth the price paid for the many columns of good sound reading matter which it brings to so many homes.

Did any of you ever make books of cloth for the little ones. They are attractive made of colored cambric or white, overcast with bright zephyr around the leaves to keep them from fraying or curling, and put on a back of table oilcloth. Fill with pictures from magazines, seed catalogues, and fruit cans, or any pictures that will interest the little ones.

would some of the sisters send me some pieces for a patchwork quilt. I am making one for my baby's crib, and I will try and return the favor any

baby's crib, and I will try and return the ravor any way you wish.
I enjoy cooking and have some very nice recipes, and try the sisters' recipes every month.
I will send two of my tested recipes, Lemon Queens and Mocha Tart.
I have some nice postals of the great disaster that befell our lovely city; I will be very glad to send them to anybody who wishes them.

MRS. JOHN LYNCH, 524 1-2 Noe Street, San Francisco. Cal.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

Your letters are all read with much interest.

A good way to curl ostrich plumes and boas is to hang in a sunny window. They will fluff up beauti-

fully.

As it will be nearly time for Christmas presents when this is published I'll send a few hints of home-made articles.

For the laughter-loving friends why not cut out all the comical sayings you can find and paste in a small album labled, "Book of Laughter." They are fine for dreary days. Butchers' linen at fitteen cents per yard can be used in many ways, hemstitched, embroidered, etc.

Get some lavender flowers and make large pads of silkolene with the flowers in for bureau drawers.

Get some lavender nowers and make large pads of silkolene with the flowers in for bureau drawers, or any sachet can be used of course.

Take an old tin pail and cover with putty and press pieces of broken crockery closely all over it. Gild between pieces and you have the prettiest Mosaic jardeniere with hardly any cost. An old tray can be used the same way and make a placque for the wall, or easel.

I could give more hints, but I am afraid my letter is too long.

D. A. FANEY, Lynbrook, N. Y.

Is too long.

D. A. Faney, Lynbrook, N. Y.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Comfort is a dear little magazine and I would not be without it. It is indeed a comfort to me, and to many others, I am sure, especially to those who are afflicted and unable to get around. To those persons, confined to their beds and chairs, and shut-in from all active pursuits year after year, the helpful and interesting letters of the readers, are what an oasis in the desert is to the thirsty wanderer; and the fancy work department and entertaining stories brighten many an otherwise lonely hour. And it means so much to shut-in people to have their wants made known. I know, for I am a shut-in.

Now, my friend, you have never printed any requests for me before, and I've never had a real letter party; so will you please ask the many readers of Comfort to give me a shower of letters on Christmas day, Dec. 25th, and to send me crochet patterns. I'll answer as many letters as possible, but those inclosing a stamp will be sure of a prompt reply.

Miss Edith E. Sholl, 77 Newton Ave., L. I. City,

Now, my friend, you have never printed any redetermined for the sails. Is it
not hard, sisters, for just think his mother may
die before he comes back. So for our sakes please
pray for his safe return.

I like the song department in our paper; who can
send me the song, "Don't Cry Little Girl, Don't
Cry." I would be very pleased to receive it, and
will return the kindness in some way.

This is my favorite cake recipe:
One cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, one half
cup of milk, whitas of four eggs, two scant cups of
Sour, one rounding temporal of baking powder.

Now, my friend, you have never printed any redeasts for me before, and I've never had a real
letter party; so will you please ask the many readers of Comport to give me a shower of letters on
Christmas day, Dec. 25th, and to send me crochet
patterns. I'll answer as many letters as possible,
but those inclosing a stamp will be sure of a
prompt reply.

Miss Edith E. Sholl, 77 Newton Ave., L. I. City,
N. Y.

Dear Sisters:

As I never see any letters from this part of Arkansas, I will write a short one. I have been a
comstant reader of Comport for six years. I think
we have a great little paper, so much valuable in-

formation it brings to us every month. I would like to correspond with some of the people in the South as I am thinking of going there. My father has bronchitis, so the oold winters here are bad for him. I hope this may chance to meet some eye that will inform me of the best place to go to for my father's health. I would like to get where he can get the sea breeze, and I would like to correspond with some doctor in some of the warmer states on this subject. Please tell me all about the chances for a girl to get work, etc. I can do most any kind of work in the house or out of doors.

DELLA WILLIAMS, Watalula, Arkansas.

Letters of Thanks

DRAR COMPORT SISTERS:

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

I want to thank all those who have answered my request in regard to sending quilt blocks, and literature. I have certainly received some good papers, but I am sorry to say that my husband has been so sick that he could not read them. He has been sick for fourteen months, and has been worse for about five weeks. I am thankful to say that since I wrote my first letter he has professed religion, and has been baptized.

I have had a hard time since he has been sick, all the work to do. The horse, the cows, the hogs, and the chickens to feed, the milking, the churning, and all the inside work to do, besides my husband to wait upon.

I find a great deal of comfort in reading the contents of our dear, little paper, when I have time.

read it.

May God bless all the readers, and especially the
dear shut-ins. Pray for me, and the restoration of
my dear husband's health.

MES. W. F. WILKERSON, Montpelier, Va. dea

DEAR SISTERS OF COMPORT:
I cannot say too much in praise of this monthly visitor. In response to my request in the May number, I received over two hundred letters, all of which I answered, and from among them I have which I answered, and from among them I have secured several good correspondents, one letter written in red ink, from a doctor in South Carolina, remains unanswered, as my little girl destroyed it while I was reading another, so if you see this, doctor, please excuse me for not writing.

I notice many say "send stamped envelopes for reply." I do not think this fair for one to pay the postage both ways; how many agree with me, of course, I except the invalids and shut-ins.

I expect to move to Mississippi soon, and when settled will tell you how I like my new home.

DEAR SISTERS:

DEAR SISTERS:

I have moved from Dogwood, Ala., and while sending my new address, I also wish to thank all who have in any way cheered and brightened my suffering life. Success to Comport.

Miss C. A. Barger, Box 91, Montevallo, Ala.

Requests from Shut-ins

DEAR SISTERS:

I come from a little town of four hundred and fifty inhabitants, situated about sixty miles from the coast, and seven from the Ohoopee river. I am a shut-in and through Comport have become greatly interested in drawmork. Will some of the sisters who do it send me samples. I would certainly appreciate it and only wish I could say I will return the favor, but think I could.

Hoping all of this large band will spend a happy Christmas and enjoy a bright New Year, I remain, MRS. B. KENNEDY, Collins, Gs.

MRS. B. KENNEDY, COHINS, GR.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been an invalid for three years, and they seem long years to me, for there is so little I can do to pass the time. I am the youngest of fourteen children and am twenty-nine years old. I enjoy this circle and should appreciate letters. I will answer all containing stamps. I would also like pieces of slik or velvet, twelve by twelve inches square.

May God be with you all through the trials of this life and give you help and strength is the wish of your suffering sister,

"Tyrussie Stogsdell, Bent, Ky.

DEAR SISTERS:

I can sympathize with you all. I thought I was heavily afflicted till I read of so many others, so very much worse off. I can walk with crutches and manage to do most of my work and sewing, though I have curvature of the spine, and am badly out of shape.

As I have seen requests for California beer seeds thought I would offer some to the sisters. I also have fly poison. I will give seeds to all sending stamps and addressed envelopes.

This paper is truly a comfort to cripples and shut-ins. I always watch auxiously for its coming. MRS. CLEMEN SMITH, Mandeville, R. F. D., 1, Ga. DEAR SISTERS:

MRS. CLEMEN SMITH, Mandeville, R. F. D., 1, Ga.
DEAR SISTERS:

I am a helpless invalid, and haven't walked for two
years. I am: twenty-six years old. I would gladly
appreciate silk pieces, crochet thread, reading
matter or anything to pass away the lonely hours.
MARY L. Anderson, Farmington, New Mex.
Miss Eugenia Moon. Cody, Va., a sufferer confined
to the house, asks to be remembered by the sisters
in any way.

in any way.

Will the many readers of Comport kindly send reading matter and little gifts to Mrs. Charles Davis of Bristol, New Hampshire. She is a widow and suffers much pain from rheumatism; especially in her hands, and is worthy of all the help you can give her. She will be very thankful for what you send her.

wint you A Friend.

Will the sisters give letter parties to Enid M. Leslie, Germania, R. F. D., 12, Iowa, an invalid girl of sixteen years, and also Mrs. Christina Tarup, Box 19, Germania, R. F. D., 1, Iowa, a Danish woman of seventy-three, alone in this country without a relative. Christmas surprise parties would be greatly appreciated. Mrs. H. W. Rosa.

Drew C. Cochrane, Box 124, Plain Dealing, La., is a helpless invalid from inflammatory rheumatism, who needs bright reading matter, and cheery letters.

Mrs. Abbie Borrill, Delano, Minn., was paralyzed six years ago, the entire right side rendered useless; kindly remember her in any way which will be cheering and helpful.

A FRIEND.

Aggie Whitfield, Somerset, Manitoba, an incurable patient, asks for good papers or books, also a letter party, Christmas or later.

Will someone send me the novel, "The Mystery of Raven Rock," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. It is the sequel to "Unknown." I will return the book or return favor in any way possible.

MISS ADDIE NEWMAN, Port Okla, R. F. D., 2, Okla.

I would like flower seeds of all kinds. I will try to return favors in some way.

MRS. FRANK WHITMAN, Longfellow, Texas.

Will some of the sisters send in their recipes for making biscuits and biscuit rolls.

VALLIE WALEER, Orange, Texas.

Miss Bertha Bertelsen, Annawan, Ill., would like March, 1905, Comfort.

would like back numbers of Comport from April to August. Postage will be refunded.

I would like to receive any kind of a little son-venir of remembrance and your name and address; should like something from each state. Mrs. Bers. F. Corry, Box 142, Greenwich, Conn.

Will the sister who sent four two-cent stamps and requested me to write her, please send her address as I could not make it out.

MES. C. A. GODARD, East Nassau, N. Y.

Will the Compour sisters help me celebrate the twentieth anniversary of our marriage, January 20, 1907, by giving usa letter party; seeds and bulbs would also be appreciated. Mrs. Belle Coss, Sprule, Ky.

Will the sisters of Componer please send me ribbons two or two and one half inches wide and tan inches long, any bright color, for bookmark. I would like one from every state.

Muss Alson N. HAT, 630 Race St., Logansport, Ind.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

The Hidden Wedding Treasure

The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake

Copyrigh , 1906, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Rosalle Bronson, one of the belles of San Francisco, is to marry Ireton Kensington, who whispers, "tomorrow evening, my darling, you will be my bride, and all the world will envy me my wife," "and me my husband," she answers. As she utters these words, John Bronson, her father, who has worked his way from a penniless boy to a wealthy man tells how he made his first fifty dollars, and that with all that has come from it in bright twenty dollar gold pieces is to be her wedding gift. Judgs Kensington asks, "Is it wise to put any great amount of money where it may be stolen?" Bronson tells the Judge not to worry. More than a million from fifty dollars! Bronson says every cent is made honestly. "Men of the Western coast have chances such as come to few. It is the Garden Spot of the World. San Francisco will be the metropolis of America." Lawrence Felton, a New Yorker, thinks no city can equal New York. The lovers part for the night. Ireton Kensington and his father start for the Palace Hotel. They meet Gerald Phayeton and Lawrence Felton, who tells Ireton his punishment is to stay with them all night. Violet Hilton is to be maid of honor and later will marry Gerald Phayeton. Lawrence Felton a startacted to a beautiful widow. Once they had been nearer and dearer. Suddenly the three are thrown on their faces and before they can rise a tall building falls, burying Gerald beneath its ruins. Ireton rushes to the Palace Hotel and bears his father out, while Lawrence Felton goes to Mrs. Roton's rescue. They hear, "This way, quick!" and looking up see Rosalie in a motor.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRESENT DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THE PRESENT DAY OF JUDGMENT.

ANY years ago, Rosalie had seen a picture depicting the Day of Judgment, and as she gazed wildly out of her window she was strongly reminded of it. Suddenly, with trembling limbs, and shaking fingers, she reached for her strong field glasses, and trained them upon the quaking buildings in the valley.

No written or spoken words will ever convey a proper idea of the horrible sight. Way up on Nob's Hill as she was, she could feel the mighty shock, and her eyes, straining through the glasses, could see the terrific havoc.

Building after building tottered, swayed, and then fell into a pile of ruins, and quicker than it takes to speak of the catastrophe. With a mighty start, she forced herself from the window, and tottered out of the house, a white silk motoring cloak thrown about her nightrobe, her bare feet in bedroom slippers. Guided almost by instinct, she hastened to the garage, and as skillfully as a man, drove her car from the building, and out into the road. Once more a thought came to her, and she almost flew into the house, caught up a medicine chest her father always kept on hand in memory of the days when he had to be his own physician, and a pair of his boots. Softly she called him:

"Dear, dear," but no answer came, and so deciding that he had left before her, she returned to her machine, sprung to the wheel, and sent the machine thundering along the road, over which so many happy ones had journeyed that very night before.

"My wedding day," she suddenly whispered, her face flaming, then turning very white, for the

"My wedding day," she suddenly whispered, her face flaming, then turning very white, for the sounds from every side made her turn faint.

"The Palace Hotel," next came from her lips, already bleeding, and she turned her wheel in that direction. Never before had such sights been borne in upon a girl's sight, and may they never again. She had been just a gay girl, with a tender uplifting of spirit the night before, but now she was a heartbroken woman, with hands like iron, nerves of steel, racing against time to save those whom she loved.

Many cried to her for help, but she did not stop.

whom she loved.

Many cried to her for help, but she did not stop.

In those sad moments, she could not think of anyone save Ireton. To rescue him, she would have trampled everybody under foot. To keep his dear face from harm of earthquake and fire, she would

face from harm of earthquake and fire, she would have given her own life.
Only too well she realized the meaning of those dread words, now. Earthquake and fire! Perhaps not a single soul in the city had been in an earthquake before, yet all knew what those mighty shocks meant. Few had been involved in a city fire, yet none needed any explanation. From lips to lips came the seething words:
"Earthquake and fire!"
Over the wheel bent the girl, her long hair blowing back in the wind, her face set and white as death, and through her own lips hissed the words:
"Earthquake and fire."
Just then, with a terrible crash, the Palace Hotel, the pride of the great city, fell, its walls falling in upon the famous palm gardens, and crushing out life from many who had gone to rest in perfect rest and security.

and security.

Then there was borne in upon her eyes, her

Then there was borne in upon her eyes, her lover's voice:
"My father."
Another voice, and one she recognized, that of Lawrence Felton:
"My wife," and she understood in the light of the blazing fire, what had puzzled her, and knew Lawrence's secret.
"I pray that they may become re-united," she breathed, keeping her keen eyes in constant action, for she hoped to deliver these two loved ones into the arms of those who were seeking them.

It was terrible, and she feared that her machine would be stopped every moment, when she saw, in the brilliant light Ireton's father fall into her lover's arms, and at the same moment, Lawrence catch up the stately Mrs. Roton, and then she said in a cool, clear voice, which rang out over the noise and terror: and terror:

and terror:
"This way, quick!"
Both men turned, crazed with grief, and saw, sitting above them, in her white and gold motor, in her white garments, showing up against the murky flame lit sky, what looked like an angel, and the next instant they and their sacred burdens were in the tonneau, and whirling away, saved for the moment. the moment.

the moment.

The Judge, dressing as quickly as possible, he run into the street in somewhat scanty attire, but proved how calm was his presence of mind, for they were barely rescued, when he asked with tru

they were barely rescued, when he asked with true dignity:

"And where is your good father, Rosalie?"

"He? Oh, dear's all right. He's been through too many things not to know how to take care of himself," and she laughed gladly, driving along toward her home on Nob's Hill. "If this were only New York," Felton groaned, bending over his wife, and Rosalie still smilling, cried:

"If you use your eyes, Lawrence, you'll find a'bag of medicine under the seat there."

Judge Kensington sighed deeply, then asked slowly:

Judge Kensington sighed deeply, then asked slowly:

"Where did you get this bag?"

"It's father's. He always has it in the house. A man who has gone through everything out here, keeps prepared for all accidents. Lawrence, is Mrs. Roton about aroused?"

"You took your father's medicine chest? Wretched girl, you have undone him!" stormed the old man, glad to discover a flaw, for he was hungry, dirty, and thoroughly upset.

"I undone my father! What does he mean, Ireton?" and the tears streamed down her face.

"Nothing, dear, he is just beside himself, forgive him," came the re-assuring whisper, and she started to send the motor still faster, when she was stopped by half a dozen men in uniforms, who demanded her automobile.

By William T. Valentine

"This is a private machine, and is used to convey injured people to places of safety," Ireton said sternly.

"We must seize it. The injured ones will be given shelter with the rest," came from the blue uniforms.

The young bride to be rose in her seat, drawing her white cloak about her, and said very simply:

"It and all I have will be placed at your service as soon as two injured people are put in the hospital," but she was interrupted by one of the soldiers, who said quietly:

"I am sorry, Madame, but we have orders to treat all alike," and seeing that there was no use to remonstrate, Ireton lifted first his promised bride, and his father out, and then helped Lawrence Felton with Mrs. Roton. He was keen enough to take with them the chest of medicine, and as they looked after the vanishing automobile, the sun burst over the city.

Turning toward Rosalie, he whispered:

"Our wedding day, darling," and then she broke down, buried her face on his shoulder and sobbed bitterly, while Judge Kensington said bitterly:

"That great fortune in twenty dollar gold pieces, I'd just like to know where it is now."

CHAPTER VI.

THE RENEWAL OF A LOVE THOUGHT DEAD.

Like some stricken creature, Katherine Roton lay, her head on Lawrence's shoulder, and with sympathetic tears in her violet eyes, the beautiful Rosalie laid her gently on the ground, and reaching for the medicine chest, used several medicines, the value of which she well knew, and she soon had the satisfaction of seeing the dark eyes open, and a crimson flush spread to the young face.

"I do not know where I am," whispered the lovely widow, trying to cover her face.

widow, trying to cover her face. "You are with me, dear," Ro Rosalie returned, her

own face sympathetic. "But my dress," gl "But my dress," glancing with dismay at her handsome evening gown of violet gauze.
"Never mind, you are better off than I," Rosalie returned, then she said decidedly: "Heard what? Do not keep me longer in sus-

"Heard what? Do not keep me longer in suspense."

"Do you want to know?" she said, snuggling up against him, and smiling tenderly.

"Kathie, are you going to drive me crazy?"

"Is it possible that your lawyers never told you?"

"Tell me dearie, what? please."

A soft, white hand stole about his neck, a wife's smile claimed his eyes, as she said gently:

"Lawrence, my love, we have never been divorced, for there was a flaw in your bill."

"Never divorced?"

"No, but I was so cruelly hurt that you did nothing to make my position more bearable, for I was neither wife nor widow," and there was a sob in the soft voice.

For an instant Lawrence looked at her, then drawing her face against his, he said like a man taking an oath:

"As long as I live hereafter, sweetheart, your position can never be questioned," and he doubtless would have said more to assure her, had not their second love making been broken in upon by the wailing tone of Judge Kensington, who cried plaintively:

"I'm hungry. I want something to eat." the waining was ...
plaintively:
"I'm hungry. I want something to eat."

CHAPTER VII.

SAINT AND SINNER TRAVELED THE SAME ROAD.

saint and sinner travelled the same road.

Ireton had always admired his lady-love, believing her possessed of all the desirable qualities for a bride, but as he watched her flying about administering to the wounded, strengthening the weak, and sympathizing with the bereft, he realized that there was another woman within, and that he was even more fortunate than he had thought.

With other rich men he labored, performing tasks way beyond his strength, yet not feeling the tax he placed upon himself, spurred on by his manhood and athletic love of sport.

The hours flew by, and when new detonations told that water was being used to check the flames, he felt a little of the dread leave his heart, but he shuddered for fear the awful confusion would part him

dered for fear the awful confusion would part him from the woman who was to have been his bride



WITH A LOW TENDER CRY, SHE SLIPPED HER ARM ABOUT HIM. It was nearly sunset, and he had been looking nearly an hour for her, his hands burned and bleeding, his face singed, and his eyes bloodshot. Here and there he came upon strange little groups, and at last discovered their meaning. In the middle of streets, by water mains, huddled in piles of debris, anywhere that promised the slightest hope of security, Ireton saw men and women kneeling to receive a blessing from one of the representatives of the Man of God, clothed in the dignity of his office. Once he overheard several men talking:

"Yes, it's much better that these men and women marry, for the men can then protect the girls. Oh.

"Take this," pressing a medicine glass to her lips, "and then you will feel able to borrow an evening coat," holding out her hand for Lawrence's coat which he had been tendering her for at least ten

which he had been tendering her for at least ten minutes.

Mrs. Roton gave a little sob, and started to put it on, then shook her head.

"I cannot take it," she said in a very low voice.

"Why not," Rosalie said, picking it up, and trying to cover the dazzling arms and shoulders.

"I could not take a coat from anyone else," came in a low voice, and Lawrence shivered as he heard it, but not from the cold

in a low voice, and Lawrence shivered as he heard it, but not from the cold.

"Who is it? Who owns the coat?"

The woman's face grew ghastly pale, she looked as though she would faint, then she whispered:

"It belongs to a man who was once my husband," and Rosalie, with a tender laugh, almost pushed Lawrence Felton forward, and drew Judge Kensington away, asking him something about the treasure he had mentioned, but about which she took no interest, feeling too worried about the great catastrophe.

Mrs. Roton raised her great dark eyes, then as they rested upon Lawrence's grimed face, she gave a little cry, and held out her hands:

"Darling," he sobbed catching them, and covering them with mad kisses.

"Darling," he sobbed catching them, and covering them with mad kisses.
"You recognized me all along?" she asked in a

whisper.
"Didn't you?"
"To be sure, but then I'm a woman," she said

"To be sure, but then I'm a woman," she said softly.

"I can love, too," was his prompt reply.
All about them was carnage and death. A mighty city was being devoured by earthquake and flames, and yet these two, once husband and wife, now reunited, saw nothing of what was going on, but begged the other for forgiveness, and vowed never to be parted again.

"As soon as we can find a prescher or instice of

to be parted again.
"As soon as we can find a preacher or justice of the peace, we'll be married again. I cannot endure life without you, and if you can forgive my cruelty, if you can!" wonder if I can forgive?" Katherine said half

"I wonder if I can forgive?" Katherine said half coyly.

"Tell me, tell me?" Lawrence cried, carefully wrapping his coat about her, and wondering if a man ever had so lovely a wife before.

"There is no real need," came from the lips of her who had so long been known as Mrs. Roton.

"Yes, darling there is, because through my blind way of acting, we really are not husband and wife."

Katherine hesitated, then asked, with an entrancing expression on her sweet face:

"Then you never heard?"

"You bet, this is the kind of work that tries out the good in both sexes. A woman who is unselfish and forgets herself to aid another can be trusted, so can she trust a man of refinement who works side by side with a day laborer, and has nothing to say about caste distinctions," and Ireton recognized in the first speaker, a bank president, and in the other a labor leader.

Perhaps it was only then that the idea came to him; perhaps it had been there all day, although unrecognized, but suddenly it sprung into being, and he started almost on a run for Rosalie.

According to their plans she was to have become his bride that night at eight, and not even an earthquake should prevent.

"Our match was made in Heaven," he said to himself, "and not even Heaven shall intervene." but it seemed as though he would never find her. On and on he went. Intruding into family groups, always welcomed, for people facing such a calamity are akin with the world, but he could not discover his promised bride.

"I know her, she is an angel," came from many throats, but none could give the now frantic man any instructions, until at last one, draped in a shawl, with his feet in golf bags, said in a voice sadly out of gear with his costume, so cultured was it, for he was a leading singer:

"I saw her at four o'clock, moving toward Telegraph Hill, helping Judge Kensington. Know her? Why boy, I knew her when both of you were in nurse's hands."

Telegraph Hill! Oh that was so far away. On the opposite side of the city, and he was weary and worn, but he must find her and guard her. On he stumbled, a blood-red mist before his eyes, his hands clutching out before him, when a soft clasp of his arm, made him stop, and he gazed vacantly into Mrs. Roton's eyes.

marry, for the men can then protect the girls. Oh, no, that one never saw the girl until they were thrown together in the morning's work," and the

other replied:
"You bet, this is the kind of work that tries out

the good in both sexes. A woman who is unselfish and forgets herself to aid another can be trusted,

"You?" he gasped, and he looked long at the

"You?" he gasped, and he looked long at the woman.

"Yes, I'm here, and I have poor Lawrence over here with me. My friend, we want to be married again, get us a clergyman."

"You married," he whispered. Somehow it did not seem quite delicate for Felton to marry a third time, and especially when his second wife was still living.

"We thought we were divorced, but now we see that was wrong, and that we still love each other," she said bravely, and Ireton, with a quick, half mad cry caught both her hands, saying delightedly:

"Of course you must, but, my dear, Rosalie and I must marry, too."

"Yes, of course, but where is Rosalie?" Mrs. Roton asked wearily.

"Where? That is just it. Where is she, I am mad," and Ireton stumbled, then fell heavily to the ground.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PURIFICATION OF SOULS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PURIFICATION OF SOULS.

As Rosalie heard poor, old Judge Kensington, whom she had known as so honored and dignified a member of the bench, wailing for iood, she regained her self-possession, and reaching into the medicine chest, took out several little biscuits, which contained great sustaining properties and slipped them into his hands.

"I want food," moaned the old man pettishly, "not pills."

Rosalie gave a merry laugh:
"Nonsense, Judge," she said gayly, "you know that my father never made a mistake about such matters. Eat the biscuits, and you will be better right away," and the Judge knowing that she spoke the truth, ate the biscuits, grumbling all the while over the fact that he was to be found in dressing-gown, at nine o'clock in the morning.
"Never mind, Judge," she said sweetly, as she labored among the dead and dying, "it is comfortable for you," and this helped him a little, for he realized that a good many of the lost in the streets would have given a little fortune to be as well clothed.

While grumbling that his son failed to give him undivided attention, he absorbed all he could of Rosalie, and pleasantly informed her that he felt that his son was to be congratulated:
"Why?" Rosalie asked, laughing at his serious voice.

"Because I approve of you," the Judge returned, then asked in the rest learner.

Rosalie, and pleasantly informed her that he felt that his son was to be congratulated:

"Why?" Rosalie asked, laughing at his serious voice.

"Because I approve of you," the Judge returned, then asked in the next breath:

"Where is your father?"

"In a safe place, father knows how to take care of himself," was her reply, as she rejoiced that she had such a father. Other women might have to care for men of his age, but not she, for John Bronson had passed through too much not to understand California, his dear old state, too well to be harmed by it.

"I hope he is," came in a gloomy tone.

"Oh I know it," Rosalie laughed, then started off, working along the line of injured, steadily followed by the tottering old Judge.

Soldiers and physicians spoke in-words of praise of this tall, strong young girl, who could do the work of three, and never seemed weary. All the time, too, she was followed by her future father-in-law, and no one tried to separate them, although there were many who wished that the hitherto dignified judge possessed some of the qualities he admired in Rosalie.

Gradually the soft grays of evening began to shadow the scene of frightful carnage, and there were those who lost sight of Rosalie and her whining body guard, yet all could testify that Judge Kensington was with her, for each had heard his supplications, as he begged her to keep away from the common people, and her cheery voice replyin that it would be difficult to discover social status in the strangely dressed crowds which thronged the streets.

Some had, like the Judge himself, caught up the graments lying near the bed. Others had not un-

in the strangely dressed crowds which thronged the streets.

Some had, like the Judge himself, caught up the garments lying near the bed. Others had not undressed, as was the case with Mrs. Roton, who was sitting by her window thinking about her husband, and wondering if they would ever be brought together again. There were many who were so frightened that they had rushed out in nightrobes, while still others had managed to loot from those more fortunate. It was a day none would ever forget, and through it all Rosalie had worked steadily, always trying to guide her ill-tempered charge back to the spot where they had left Lawrence and Mrs. Roton.

back to the spot where they had left Lawrence and Mrs. Roton.

Now that evening was stealing over the desolated city, her eyes instinctively filled, for she could not but think of her wedding, and of the emotions this hour would have brought forth, had it not been for the terrible moments of life and death, through which she had passed since she had been awakened from her dream that terrible morning. With the memory of her dream came a thought of Gerald, and she cried suddenly:

"Judge, have we seen Gerald?"

"How should I know?" he returned, then asking petulantly:

"How should I know?" he returned, then asking petulantly:

"Where's another biscuit?" and forgetting entirely to thank her for it, when Rosalie pressed it into his greedy old hands.

"Now tell me, if you remember anything about him?" she asked again.
"I don't know," the Judge replied testily, "you're always thinking of someone else. We, Ireton and me are the ones for you to keep your mind upon, and yet I believe you are in earnest when you say you love him!"

"Oh, Judge! In earnest! How can you be so crue!! You know my whole mind is bound up in him," then she started forward a little, slipped to her knees, gazed at a man lying on the grass, and with a low, tender cry, slipped her arms about him, and even the Judge did not need to be told that Ireton was found.

CHAPTER IX. HOW BRAVE IS LOVE.

The stone which struck Gerald, was not a large one, but when he recovered himself, he was drenched with blood, and thankfully bound up his cut head with one of the silk handkerchiefs he had used in dancing with Violet the very night before, for he realized that another day was present, filled with horror and perhaps the deepest bereavement he was to know, for "Violet, where was she, the love of his life?"

Staggering, thrown to the ground by the second shock, yet struggling almost blindly towards her home, he was delighted to find her, wandering blindly in the street. When she saw him, she made a wild rush, and was nearly trodden underfoot. With a rare presence of mind, Gerald cried:

"Go slow, Violet, I'm here all right!" but when he reached her all their surroundings faded, he remembered that in spite of the terrible catastrophe, he held his darling in his arms, and kissed her like one would a being risen from the dead.

Violet saw nothing out of the way in her lover's kisses, for her mind was filled with him, and their love of each other, and it is difficult if anyone about noticed, for when the dead still walk, and the living are missing, ordinary conventions are forgotten.

"But you are hurt, Gerry," Violet cried, calling

the living are missing, ordanal forgotten.

"But you are hurt, Gerry," Violet cried, calling him by an old, childish pet name.

"Never mind, you are not, sweetheart," he replied, again kissing her, until she stopped him, to retie his head, and Gerald wondered at her deftness.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

Comfort Recitation Club

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the sixth article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appearing in January issue where first article appeared.

MERRY, merry Christmas to you, and a happy new year. May every day in it bring some good thing to you, to each and every one of you. One thing I can safely prophesy, and that is that you will all take Comfort the whole year through. I have three selections for you this month and, in order to find space for them, I must cut my letter short, so good by till next time.

Cousin Hal.

A Christmas Blessing

Years ago, while Christmas carols echoed all adown the

In their home a lonely couple sat, their evening meal to eat; "What's thy sorrow?" asked the good man of his wife, who silent wept;
"Mourning am I for our Rachel." To her side he softly crept;

Talked they long, till call for service to the cottage swift Loth to leave his wife so lonely, sadly forth old Jerry

went.

Past the windows brightly lighted, all aglow with Christmas cheer. mas cheer, Meeting parents hasting homeward with their gifts for children dear;

Pausing where his aid was needed, heard a child's voice singing low All about the Christ-child, coming to our earth so long

ago.
"'Tis an orphan," said the porter; "much she wanders sad and lone; sad and lone; Homeless child! I fain would take her, but I scarce can feed my own."

Jerry at his work was musing, thinking of his dear lost When he caught the sweet words ringing, "Peace on earth and mercy mild."
Surely 'twas a time for mercy. Quick to think and act,

ne said,
"To my home I'll take the singer: she shall no more beg
for bread." As the midnight bells were ringing out upon the frosty

reached the little cottage with his Christmas gift so When the good wife heard the story,-"We can't do too

great a thing."

Said she softly, "Since God gave us His own Son to be our King!"

Then a heavenly guest was with them, for when warm hearts, beating true. hearts, beating true, Open to take in the lost ones, Jesus Christ will enter, too.

Lesson Talk

The above selection conveys the true Christian spirit, giving help and happiness to others. Give it in a clear narrative style. It is more effective if recited rather slowly and quietly. The gestures are simple and graceful. The selection may be rendered quite as well by a child as by an adult. In the first line prolong the word "Years" a little, to give an idea of the lapse of time. In the first and second stanzas! The your voice

and expression convey the quiet sadness felt by the old couple. Impersonate their voices when they speak, letting your voice be heavy for the man and lighter for the woman. Do not overdo this, however, lest child's voice sing-you descend to the ridiculous. Fig. 30 shows you the wife's gesture when replying to her husband. Let voice and face express her emotions.

In the third verse you have still another character introduced. If the porter speaks from the left, let Jerry speak from the right. Let some difference be shown in the tone of their voices also. Fig. 31 shows the gesture when Jerry first hears the singing. He is somewhat startled and surprised to hear a child sing there. He also strikes a listening attitude when the words "Peace on earth and mercy mild" are recited. These words could be sung from behind the scene, if desired. In the last verse show how gladly the wife undertakes the care of the orphan. Also bring out the idea clearly how, in blessing others, they, themselves, were blest.

Christmas in Other Lands

Christmas in Other Lands

FOR FOUR CHILDREN.

FIRST CHILD.

From the wild Northland where the wolf's long how!

Stirs the depths of down in the ocean fow!,
And the white bear prowls with stealthy creep
To the spot where the seal lies fast asleep,
And the sledges flash through the silence vast,
Like a glittering dream, now here, now past,
On this waste of sparkle and waste of snow
'Neath skies aflame with a crimson glow;
The feet of the Christ-child softly fall,
And Christmas dawn brings cheer to all. FIRST CHILD.

SECOND CHILD.

In the homestead low in the quiet vale
Where the farm-dog follows Dobbin's trail
To the pasture lot, now cold and bare,
And sniffs with glee the snow-filled air.
In his home of busy houshold joys,
'Mong the rosy girls, and sturdy boys,
Bweet Peace descends on wings of light,
And all exclaim, "'Tis Christmas night,
The dear Christ-child is hovering near,
Let each one share our Christmas cheer!"

THIRD CHILD.

On the prairies vast where cyclones sweep,
And where sturdy men world-harvests reap,
Where the skies are such an airy blue
An angel's robe might flutter through;
And the lark flings down her music sweet,
A chain of song, each link complete;
Then a white day comes, so bland so wild,
It bears in arms the sweet Christ-child,
And hearts touch heart, and hands touch hand,
While Christmas light illumes the land.

In the land of palms and of orange trees, Whose lamps of gold swing in the breeze, Where the pickaninny's black eyes glow, O'er swarthy cheeks and teeth of snow, And the dusky hand is raised to bless The gift that makes his misery less! For rich and poor and young and old FOURTH CHILD.

Lo, want and sin

Flee from the blessed eyes of Him,
The dear Christ-child, who far and near
Gives Christmas love and Christmas cheer.

-G. A. Brown.

In every Christmas entertainment there are sure to be pieces desired in which more than one child can take part. Such selections are not easy to find, and I feel sure that this one will be welcomed



"NOW HERE, NOW

she is telling, the first child pointing toward the North, etc. At the last they join hands and recite

North, etc. At the last they join hands and recite in chorus.

First child:—Show how the winter bear prowls. Indicate the spot where the seal sleeps. Fig. 32 shows the gesture for the sixth line, on the words "now here" raise the right hand, "now past" bring the right hand up, completing the gesture, as shown in the illustration. In the next line throw both hands out to show what a wide "waste of snow." Look up to the sky in the next line. The last lines are spoken softly.

Second child:—Indicate where the dog follows Dobbin. Your gestures throughout are nearly all "indicating gestures." With the words "Sweet peace descends," etc., bring the hands up and let them descend softly and gracefully. Fig. 33 shows the finished gesture. The last lines are spoken joyfully.

the finished gesture. The last lines are spoken loyfully. Third child:—The gestures here are also simple, and if you have studied the previous lessons you will have no trouble. Speak the entire verse in a bright, clear voice. Fourth child:—Indicate the "lamps of gold" (oranges of course.) Show how the pickaninny's eyes snap, and also his smile. In the firth line raise the hand in blessing. The last three lines are given in a clear, ringing voice, and rather slowly.

How He Does It

He comes right down the chimney
When the Christmas bells are rung,
When little folks are fast asleep,
And stockings are all hung,
All loaded down with pretty things,
With guns and dolls and drums;
So be sure and hang your stockings
Where he'll see 'em when he comes.

You might hear him swiftly coming, Riding on the Winter blast,
His reindeer team a-jingling
And their hoof-beats failing fast.
His furs are black with chimney soot
His beard is white with snow,
His sleigh is full of pretty toys,
You ought to hear him go!

He lights upon the sleety roof
And doesn't stop a minute.
He jumps upon the chimney top,
And down he plumps within it.
He pauses on the hearthstone,
And be takes a little peep
To see if all the curly heads
Are safe in bed asleep.

He goes about on tiptoe,
Nor makes a bit of noise,
He fils up all the stockings,
With sugar plums and toys;
And then he gives a little laugh,
Pops up the chimney quick,
And off he jingles on the wind,
This jolly old Saint Nick.

Lesson Talk

Lesson Talk

This selection may be given by a little girl or by a little boy, between three and seven years of age. In the first verse show wonder. The gestures are simple and natural throughout. In children's pieces it is better not to put in too many gestures. The child himself will feel where they are needed. Teach the little one to enter into the spirit of the piece and, as far as possible, let him give it in his own natural way. In the second stanza the child may assume a listening attitude. In the third stanza indicate the furs and beard. The last two stanzas have a little more acting. Indicate, with the hand, how he jumped down the chimney. Show how he pauses and takes a "little peep," and "goes about on tiptoe." Fig. 34 shows a gesture which may be used when Fig. 34. "POPS UP the "pops up the chimney." It THE CHIMNEY should be made quickly. The whole piece is to be recited in a bright, childish manner.

Address all letters for this department to Cousin Hall, care of Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

written to me last June, while Mrs. Meredith was there, I think."
"He surely could not have meant it, because it never occurred. Once I was foolish enough to think that he was going to, but he did not. There is some great mis-take," Anna found strength to say and then she lay back in her easy-chair panting for breath, her brain all in a whirl as she thought of the possibility that she was once so near the greatest happiness she had ever desired, and which was now lost

o her forever. He brought her smelling salts, he gave her ice water to drink, and then, kneeling beside her, he fanned her gently, while he beside her, he fanned her gently, while he said: "there surely is a mistake, and, I fear, a great wrong, too, somewhere. Were all your servants trustworthy, no one who would withhold a letter if he had written? Were you always at home when he called?" Thornton questioned her rapidly, for there was a suspicion in his mind as to the real culprit; but he would not hint it to Anna unless she suggested it herself. And this she was not likely to do. Mrs. Meredith had been too kind to her during the past summer and especially during her illness, summer, and especially during her illness, to allow of such a thought concerning her, and, in a maze of perplexity, she replied to his inquiries: "We keep but one servant, Esther, and she, I know, is trusty. Besides,



who could have refused him but me? Grandfather would not, I know, because—be-

cause——"

She hesitated a little and her cheeks blushed scarlet, as she added: "I sometimes thought he wished it to be."

If Thornton had previously a doubt as to the other man who stood between himself and Anna, that doubt was now removed, and laying aside all thought of self, he exclaimed, "I tell you there is a great wrong somewhere. Arthur never told an untruth; he thought you refused him; he thinks so still, and I never shall rest till I have solved the mystery. I will write to him today."

For an instant there swept over Anna a feeling of unutterable joy as she thought of what the end might be; then, as she remembered Lucy, her heart seemed to stop its beating, and with a moan, she stretched her hands towards Thornton, who had risen as if to leave her.

"No no: you must not interfere." she

as if to leave her.

as if to leave her.

"No, no; you must not interfere," she said. "It is too late, too late. Don't you remember Lucy? Don't you know that she is to be his wife? Lucy must not be sacrificed for me. I can bear it the best."

She knew that she had betrayed her secret and she tried to take it back, but Thornton interrupted her with "Never mind now. Anna: I guessed it all before and it.

Thornton interrupted her with "Never mind now, Anna; I guessed it all before, and it hurts my pride less to know that it is Arthur whom you prefer to me; I do not blame you for it."

He smoothed her hair pityingly, while he stood over her for a moment, wondering what his duty was. Anna had told him plainly what it was. He must leave Arthur and Lucy alone. She insisted upon having it so, and he promised her at last that he would not interfere; then, taking her hand, he pressed it for a moment between his

it so, and he promised her at last that he would not interfere; then, taking her hand, he pressed it for a moment between his own and went out from her presence. In the hall below he met with Mrs. Meredith, who he knew was waiting anxiously to hear the result of that long interview.

"Your niece will never be my wife, and I am satisfied to have it so," he said; then as he saw the lowering of her brow, he continued: "I have long suspected that she loved another, and my suspicions are confirmed, though there's something that I cannot understand," and fixing his eyes searchingly upon Mrs. Meredith, he told her what Arthur had written and of Anna's denial of the same. "Somebody played her false," he said, rather enjoying the look of terror and shame which crept into the haughty woman's eyes, as she tried to appear natural and express her own surprise at what she had heard.

"I was right in my conjecture," Thornton thought, as he took his leave of Mrs. Meredith, who could not face Anna then, but need restlessly up and down her spa-

ton thought, as he took his leave of Mrs.
Meredith, who could not face Anna then, but paced restlessly up and down her spacious rooms, wondering how much Thornton had suspected and what the end would be.
She had sinned for naught. Anna had upset all her cherished plans, and, could she have gone back for a few months and done her work again, she would have left the letter lying where she had found it. But that could not be now. She must reap as she had sown, and resolving finally to hope for the best and abide the result, she went up to Anna, who, having no suspicion of her, hurt her ten times more cruelly by the perfect faith with which she confided the story to her than bitter reproaches would have done.

have done.

"I know that you wanted me to marry Mr. Hastings," Anna said, "and I would if I could have conscientiously done so, but I could not; for, I may now confess to you. I did love Arthur so much, and once I hoped that he loved me."

The cold, hard woman, who had brought this grief on her niece, could only answer that it did not matter.

that it did not matter.

She was not very sorry, although she had wished her to marry Mr. Hastings, but she must not fret about that, or about anything. She would be better by and by, and forget that she had ever loved Arthur

forget that she had ever loved Arthur Leighton.

"At least," and she spoke entreatingly now, "you will not demean yourself to let him know of the mistake. It would scarcely be womanly, and he may have gotten over it. Present circumstances would have proved as much."

Mrs. Meredith felt that her secret was comparatively safe, and, with her spirits lightened, she kissed her niece lovingly, and told her of a trip to Europe which she had in view, promising that if she went Anna should go with her, and so not be at home when the marriage of Arthur and Lucy took place. took place.

It was appointed for the 15th of January, that being the day when Lucy came of age, and the very afternoon succeeding Anna's interview with Mr. Hastings the little lady came down to New York to direct her bridal

came down to New York to direct her bridal trousseau making in the city.

She was brimming over with happiness. and her face was a perfect gleam of sunshine, when she came the next day into Anna's room, and throwing off her wrappings, plunged at once into the subject uppermost in her thoughts, telling first how she and Arthur had quarreled.

"Not quarreled as Uncle and Aunt Hetherton and lots of people do, but differed so seriously that I cried, and had to give up, too," she said. "I wanted you for bridesmaid, and, do you think, he objected! Not

objected to you, but to bridesmaids in general, and he carried his point, so unless Fanny is married at the same time, as perhaps she will be, we are just to stand up stiff and straight alone, except as you'll all be round me in the aisle. You'll be well by that time, and I want you very near me," Lucy said, squeezing fondly the ley hand whose coldness made her start and exclaim:

hand whose coldness made her start and exclaim:

"Why, Anna, how cold you are, and how, pale you are looking! You have been so sick, and I am well. It don't seem quiteright, does it? And Arthur, too, is looking thin and worn—so thin that I have coaxed him to wear whiskers to cover the hollows in his cheeks. He looks a heap better now, though he was always handsome. I do so wonder that you two never fell in love, and I tell him so nearly every time I see him."

It was terrible to Anna to sit and hear all this, and the room grew dark as she listened; but she forced back her pain and, stroking the curly head almost resting in her lap, she said kindly:

"You love him very much, don't you, darling, so much that it would be hard to give him up?"

give him up?"
"Yes, oh, yes, I could not give him up now, except to God. I trust that I could de that, though once I could not do that, I am sure," and nestling closer to Anna, Lucy whispered to her of the new-born hope that she was better than she used to be that

whispered to her of the new-born hope that she was better than she used to be, that daily interviews with Arthur had not been without their effect, and now, she trusted, she tried to do right, from a higher motive than just the pleasing of him. "God bless you, darling." was Anna's response, as she clasped the hand of the young girl who was now far more worthy to be Arthur's wife than once she had been.

been.

If Anna had ever a thought of telling Arthur, it would have been put aside by that interview with Lucy. She could not harm that pure, loving, trusting girl, and she sent her from her with a kiss and a blessing, praying silently that she might never know a shadow of the pain which she was suffering.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

S a Day Sure and we will show you address and we will show you will be to make \$3 a day absolutely sure: we absolutely sure: we absolutely sure: we applain the business fully, retuenber we guarantee a clear profits as plain the business fully, retuenber we guarantee a clear profits of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. BOYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1700 Detroit, Mich.

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pupil."
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SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 12 J, 19 Union Square,
New York City.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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For Fattening

E have coops six feet long by two and a half wide, with yards six by ten, into which from five to ten birds are placed three weeks before killing. Fowls of a year old, when properly prepared, make good roasters; taken from the general yard, they are tough, and fit only for soup. Cockerels of ten or twelve weeks old will, by special fattening and inactivity, become plump very quickly. The roost in a coop is only a foot from the floor; yard and floor of coop are of firmly trampled earth, with no loose gravel, sand, or scratching material of any description, the object being to keep the birds as placid as possible.

Morning, noon and night, mash is fed, as it is more easily digested and assimilated than whole corn. The first ten days, mash consists of ground feed, one third of a teaspoonful of salt, one pint of boiled and mashed carrots, potatoes or beets, mixed and moistened with skim milk; last ten days, one quart of corn meal, one dessert spoonful of powdered charcoal, one pound of potatoes and two onions, boiled and mashed. Mix all together, and make quite soft with skim milk in which beef such has been boiled. Such is only about six cents a pound. Half a pound, chopped fine, is sufficient for two quarts of milk. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Feed in V-shaped troughs, as much as the birds will eat in fifteen minutes. It must not be allowed to stand before them continually, or they will become satiated. It was an old Frenchman who gave me the hint about suck, which is excellent, making the flesh deliciously tender and juicy.

After the fattening has been successfully accomplished, correct killing and dressing must follow, to insure excellence. Twenty-four hours before killing, birds are removed to individual coops, a foot and a half square, with wire netting sides, floor of slats half an inch apart, and legs two feet high. The open flooring and elevated position allow the droppings to fall through, and out of the birds' reach. For twelve hours they have milk before them all the time, but no food; last twelve hour

Killing and Dressing

The most humane and best way of slaughter-The most humane and best way of slaughtering the poor things is to have a string with a moose at one end, suspended from a beam in some out-house. Slip the bird's feet through the noose. Instruct the operator to stand with his back to the bird, take the body under his left arm, breast uppermost, the read in his left hand, open the beak by pressin; at the sides between thumb and finger, and, with a French killing-knife, stab up into the roof of the mouth. Give a quick turn to the left, and withdraw the knife. Leave the bird suspended for a few minutes before taking the feet from the noose.

Plucking must be done at once. Commence with the long wing and tail feathers; then from the shanks, down the inside of the thigh, and over the breast to the neck. Take only a few feathers at a time; grasp as closely to the skin as possible, and pull quickly towards the head. At first it may be difficult to remove the feathers without tearing the skin, but a little assurance and some practice will render it quite easy. After the feathers, all the pinfeathers or quills have to be extracted. Then hang the bird up to become quite cold before drawing; but don't delay more than two hours.

Cut off the head with a sharp knife, leaving about three inches of the neck, slit the skin at the back lengthwise, push back, and cut out the neck bone close to the body. With the point of the knife, sever the membrane which holds the windpipe close to the breast, cut off the shanks, make a straight cut from the end of the breastbone, being careful to sever the

of the breastbone, being careful to sever the skinny flesh only. Continue to cut in a circle around the vent, and the bird can be drawn without any unseemly exposure or soiling of

Birds Should Be Drawn at Once

Place a peeled onion or piece of charcoal in the body, and hang up in a cold cellar for twenty-four hours. Following the above method of drawing leaves the bird unmarred, and the neck skin, being folded under the back, after the stuffing has been put in, holds it firmly in place for roasting and carving. The few stitches necessary, from the breastbone down, do not show when the bird is trussed. down, do not show when the bird is trussed. The gizzard and liver must be carefully severed from the remaining parts to avoid breaking the gall-bag, which is a small sack lying between the two parts of the liver. Hold the gizzard with the narrow, smooth line that runs on one side, uppermost. Lay the edge of the knife on the line, and make a small, shallow cut, which will reveal a gray colored inner bag, that is to be removed intact; hence the necessity for the cut being shallow.

that is to be removed intact; hence the neces-sity for the cut being shallow.

It has not yet become the general market custom in this country to draw and truss birds at once; but private customers will quickly appreciate the improvement in flavor that immediate attention to cleanliness makes, and before long, I firmly believe, the present cus-tom of keeping and shipping undrawn birds will be condemned by the health authorities. will be condemned by the health authorities. When birds are going to customers, instead of being sent in a sprawling condition, they are trussed as for roasting, leaving a piece of charcoal inside to insure perfect sweetness.

Ducks are treated in the same way, except

that we give them quantities of water-cress and green celery during the fattening process. The former we have a quantity of, both wild and under cultivation; and the latter is sown broadcast, just to cut green for this purpose.

Correspondence

I have received several letters asking for the description of the Rhode Island Reds. Colorespecially seems to be troubling many of our correspond-Silk or satin pieces. Favors returned.

ents, and it really is the most difficult point to

ents, and it really is the most difficult point to describe on paper.

Broadly speaking, the Rhode Island Reds resemble the old-fashioned game fowl in color, though in shape and weight they are widely different. The folks who write, expressing doubt about the purity of birds which are like Buff Wyandottes, have cause for their doubt. The pointed end of a chestnut freshly taken from the burr, and rubbed until it shines, is about the quality of color, though almost two shades darker. Healthy, lustrous feathers catch and radiate so much light, that even a well-colored bird may look pale in a strong light, or too dark in a heavy shade. The well-bred bird will have good under-color, even the quills being slightly tinted. The Rhode Island Red Club publishes the following as the standard of color:

Color of the Male

Beak, red horn color or yellow; Eyes, red; Face, bright red; Combs, Wattles and Ear-lobes, bright red; Neck, red, harmonizing with back and breast; Wings, primaries, lower web, black, upper web, red; secondaries, lower web, red, upper web, black; wing bows and wing coverts, red; Tail, main tail feathers and sickle feathers, black or greenish black, tail coverts, mainly black, but may become russet or red as they approach the saddle; Shanks and Toes, yellow or red horn color, a line of red pigment down the sides of shanks is desirable; Plumage, general surface rich brilliant red except where black is specified. Free from shafting, mealy appearance, or brassy effect. Depth of color (red) is slightly accentuated on wing bows and back, but the less contrast between these parts and the hackle, or breast, the better; a harmonious biending is what is desired. The bird should be so brilliant in luster as to have a glossed appearance. The under-color and quill of the feather should be red or salmon. With the saddle parted, showing the under-color at the base of the tail, the appearance should be red or salmon, not whitish or smoky. Black or white in the under-color of any section is undesirable. Other things being equal, the specimen having the richest under-color shall receive the award.

Color of Female

Beak, red horn color or yellow; Eyes, red; Face, bright red; Comb, Wattles and Ear-lobes, bright red; Neck, red, the tips of the lower hackle feathers should have a black ticking, not a heavy lacing; Wings, primaries, lower web, black, upper web, red; secondaries, lower web, red, upper web, black; flight coverts, black; wing bows and wing coverts, red; Tail, black, or greenish black; Shanks and Toes, rich yellow, or red horn color; Plumage, general surface color lighter and more even than in the male, free from shafting or mealy appearance, Except where black is specified, the color is a rich even shade of bright red, not so brilliant in luster as the male. The under-color, and quills of the feather should be red or salmon. Black or white in the under-color of any section is undesirable. Other things being equal, the specimen having the richest under-color shall receive the award.

having the richest under-color shall receive the award.

B. J. S.—How large should a house and flying-yard be for one pair of Homer pigeons? I only have a small lot, so cannot keep more, but would like to have a squab now and then to eat.

A.—As one pair of birds would not supply much bodily heat, the coop would have to be made very warm. Two thicknesses of wood, with an inner lining of tar-paper, and the outside covered with the same, would be necessary. Four feet by three feet, and four feet high, would make a comfortable home for one, or even two, pairs of birds. There must be two nests for each pair of birds. A box two feet long, one foot deep, and one foot high, with a partition through the middle, and an earthern nest (specially sold at all poultry supply stores) in each compartment, is the correct accommodation to provide. Fasten the box up, about a foot from the roof, at the back or side of the house. Put up a perch, and keep a drinking fountain into which the birds cannot step, in the house during the winter. The yard will do if it is as high as the house, and four feet long; but every additional inch of height and length, up to twelve feet, will be an advantage.

L. W.—Please tell me, if possible, what is the matter with my turkeys? They seem to sleep and

additional inch of height and length, up to twelve feet, will be an advantage.

L. W.—Please tell me, if possible, what is the matter with my turkeys? They seem to sleep and eat, but seem to stand and sit around sleepy and dumpy, and their manure is streaked with yellow. Their heads stay nice and red. They are four months old, and did very well until a week or so ago. They have plenty of oyster shells for grit, and I have been giving them barley and the new whole corn lately. Has that anything to do with it? A.—At this time of the year I always receive letters giving similar descriptions to the above, about turkeys and chickens. The trouble arises from the use of the new corn, which causes indigestion. New grain of all kinds should have been in a crib for at least a month before feeding. In your case, another mistake is considering oyster shell as grit. If your birds are still suffering, put them on a vegetable and meat diet for a few days, and feed little until in condition.

L. W. P.—How long are pigeons profitable as

L. W. P.—How long are pigeons profitable as breeders? and what is generally done with them

A.—For the best results, not more than three years. After that age they can be skinned and stewed, but it is quite as profitable to kill and feed to the other poultry.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Miscellaneous Requests

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

Will the sisters remember one who lost her home in the San Francisco disaster, with any kind of fancy work and also letters. Mrs. LILLY BARQUIN, Great Falls, Cascade Co.,

I have a canary whose feet and legs are getting pink and swollen, and he will sit on one at a time and hold the other up in his feathers. He cannot shut up his claws as the inside of his foot seems to be swollen. One of our birds had to be killed a ne swollen. One of our birds had to be killed a few months ago on account of same trouble, but was much worse and seemed to be in such pain. The cushion part of her feet cracked open and were raw and sore. Who can tell me what to do for my suffering bird. Please write direct to me.

Miss ELLEN BENSON, 5205 First Ave., Woodlawn,

Mrs. M. F. Russell, Nobleboro, R. F. D., Maine. Blocks of bleached cotton, nine by nine inches, with sender's name and address worked in blue silkateen in the center.

Mrs. H. Skjerven, Michigan, N. D. Calico of gingham pieces, seven by five inches. Favor re-turned if possible.

Miss Inez Sherck, Box 32, West Lodi, Ohio. Silk. satin and velvet pieces.

Miss May Rhoads, Milton, Ulster Co., N. Y. Silk r wool pieces and scraps of wool yarns and silka-

Alta Hugle, Box 5, Parkersburg, R. F. D., 1, Ill Pieced blocks of calico, nine inches square, with name and address of sender worked on each.

Ollie Smith, Piney Creek, N.C. One half yard ribbon, two inches wide, with sender's name and address. I will return favors.

Mrs. H. A. Dickinson, Box 165, Lake Park, Iowa Blocks of worsted crazy-work, twelve by twelve inches, with sender's initials on each. Favors returned.

Mrs. Mary Farley, Whitepost, Ky. Pieces o calico for friendship quilt. Bertha Upshaw, Guilford, Kans. Woolen or silk pieces for patchwork.

Mrs. Effie L. Van Alstine, Box 39, Paris, R. F. D. 2, Mich. Pieces of gingham, any size or color. Miss Ellen Meier, Spirit, Mo. Silk, satin or velvet pieces and address of senders.

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Terms: 75c. cash, 50c. each month.

Miss Ollie Smythe, Box 36, Piney Creek, N. C. Silk, satin and velvet pieces. Favors returned. Miss Annie C. Yendrik, Belt, Montana. Silk satin and velvet. I will return favors.

Correspondents Wanted

Correspondents Wanted

Mary Austin, Gabriel, Ark. Ellen Blazer, Box 40, Parrottsville, R. F. D., 3, Tenn. Miss Fannie Laytham, Alburn, Ky., young people. Miss Hazel Smith, Del. Water Gap, Pa., young people. Daniel Smith, Eureka, Kans. Mr. Robert S. Landergin, 627 Bailey St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Iredell V. Lee, Fairoaks, N. C., young people. especially from the; West. Thos. Lee Mann, Glamorgan, Va., young people. Everett Hughes, Box 691, Storm Lake, Iowa. Mary Ownbey, Kirksville, Mo., young people. Mr. C. E. Johnson, Box 99, Tyler, R. F. D., 1, Texas. Miss Frances Davis, So. Akron. Ohio. Mrs. Kaiser, 2nd and Arch St., West Palmyrs, N. J. Miss Margie Oloflin, Lakin, Kearney Co., Kans. Charles Claar, Springfield, R. F. D., 6, Ohio. Frank Ownbey, Kirksville, Mo., young people. Miss Verda Melbourne, 2841 N. 17th St., Kansas City, Kans. Mrs. Geo. L. Bowman, Box 24, West Charleston, W. Va. Miss J. Johnson, Box 99, Tyler, R. F. D., 1, Texas. Ida Miller, Box 24, Jamesport, R. F. D., 2, Mo. Mr. A. R. Cooper, Box 124, Melbourne, Ark. Ruth Parker, Box 477, Manistique, Mich., young people. R. L. Peters, Jr., Charleston, R. F. D., 1, Miss. Miss Mary Hughes, 1159 Wash. Ave., Racine, Wis., young people. Isabelle Taylor, Laurel, Indiana. Clarence H. Scholl, 536 Wythe Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., young people. Hattle Musgrove, Chattahochee, Fla. Miss Leona V. Callen, Beckwith, Cal., young people. Miss May Kramer, Kramer Ranch, Mancos, Colo. Mrs. Jennie Arnold, Petersburg, Ind. Mrs. C. L. Bugbee, Lillibridge, Fla. Miss Hazel Hamet, Pulaski, Ohio, young people. Mrs. Mamie P. Reagan, McLoud, R. F. D., 3, Okla. Katie Smith, Mt. Savage, Alleghany Co., Md., young people. Miss Idie Hanna, St. Amant, La., Dec. 21, 1906. Mr. Edward Acorn, English, R. F. D., 2, Ky., young people earing the surname of Sabin from all parts of the country.

Comforting Hints from the Sisters

Comforting Hints from the Sisters

To cure catarrh. One tablespoonful of black pepper, one tablespoonful of table sait, one tablespoonful of plug tobacco. Pulverize all together and snuff up in nostrils a number of time seach day.

Mrs. F. C. Prouty, Brattleboro, Vt.

day. MRS. F. C. PROUTT, Brattleboro, vt.

For hard breasts. Take catnip and fry it in
lard until it becomes hard and crisp like crocklings, then strain and apply to the breasts, rubbing
it in well. I have also used it with great success
on a mare, ewe and sow.

MRS. M. J. HOSTETTER, Shipshewana, Ind.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH. Use the white of an egg beaten to a froth and sweetened; it is also excellent for whooping-cough.

MRS. J. H. F.

To cure EARACHE. Take the kernels from peach seeds, tie them up in a cloth and beat into a pulp, and put a drop or so in the ear until relieved. I have never known this to fail.

MRS. E. J. PHILLIPS, Manchester Mills, Macon, Ga.

To REMOVE IRON RUST or whiten clothes, soak in butternilk a day or so. FOR SORE GUMS when baby is teething, rub wel with camphor; this heals them and makes then cut their teeth much easier.

MRS. LIZZIE YATES, Onyx, Ark.

To cure Boils. Bind on prunes, changing frequently, until they come to a head.

Mrs. H. A. Stewart, Hill City, Kans.

MRS. H. A. STEWART, Hill City, Kans.
GASOLINE FOR WASHING CLOTHES. Sisters, try this and report success: To one half tub of very hot water add one half bar of soap, shaved up, and one half teacup of gasoline. Clothes can be washed in this, after soaking or not, with one half the rubbing and will be clean and white.

MRS. HATTIE NICHOLS, Deltabridge, La.

To MAKE A GOOD STOVE POLISH. One ounce asphatom varnish, one pound plumbago, one bar good laundry soap, dissolve in one quart warm water; first the soap, then plumbago; last stir in

MRS. JENNIE LEONARD, To CLEAN KITCHEN PAINT SO it will not become shabby and dull looking, use bran water made by putting one pound of bran in one gallon of water, allow it to set an hour or so before using.

ALICE L. GURNEY, Box 128, Jackman, Me.

To wash Flannels. Put one tablespoonful of glycerine to each pail of water.

H. E. Nantz, Eadston, Ky.

REMOVE HOT GREASE from a floor, cover quickly with flour and the control before taking up.

MRS. H. W. ROBA, Germania, Iowa.

Lie down with

To cure severe headaches. Lie down with a hot water bottle applied to the spine and indulge frequently in hot mustard foot baths.

GOOSE OIL rubbed into the joints will often benefit one and relieve the pain caused by rheumatism. To cure fever blisters. Touch with a drop of sweet spirits of niter.

To remove fish scales. Pour on hot water until the scales curl up. Then scrape quickly with a sharp knife; wash in several waters, having the last cold and well salted, so no slime will be left.

To cure infant's Cold. A mixture of a teaspoonful each of turpentine, camphor and quinine, and a tablespoonful of lard is a good liniment to use for summer colds in infants. Rub in well.

MISS QUEENIE V. BLACK, Whiteville, N. C.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Roman Punch, No. 1

One pint of lemon juice, one quart of water, one pound of sugar, six eggs, whites, two tablespoonfuls of rum. Freeze lemon juice, water and sugar, then add the whites of the eggs and the rum; turn freezer a few minutes after adding these.

Roman Punch, No. 2

Make two quarts of good rich lemonade, quite sweet, put into freezer and turn until it begins to congeal, then add one half pint of brandy, and one half pint of Jamaica rum and finish freezing. To the same amount of lemonade can be added if desired after partly freezing, the whites of three eggs (without beating) and one half cupful each of brandy and wine, then freeze.

Roman Punch, No. 3

Put into the freezer a pint of cold water, add the juice of six lemons, and two oranges, one pound of powdered sugar; when partly frozen add one gill of rum (eight tablespoonfuls,) half pint champagne, half a gill of brandy (four tablespoonfuls,) and freeze. Any of these can be made without the liquors and are very nice, or plain, every-day ise cream can be substituted.

Hungarian Goulash

If one wishes it pickled use one cup of vinegar, two cups of water, or as much vinegar as suits the taste. Now take whole cloves, black pepper, onlone cut fine, and salt; lay your meat in this; let it stand twelve hours or even longer. Then put over a gentle fire and boll slowly until done; strain the broth, and pour over the meat, put into frying-pan and let get hot; add four tablespoonfuls of flour to the lard, stir till smooth and thick, add some of the broth until it is a nice thick gravy. Pour over the meat. If too thick can be thinned with water.

WHAT SHALL Xmas?

Consider this practical suggestion—a savings bank book. No gift is more appropriate for child, relative or friend. With ONE BOLLAR or upward you can open a savings account by mail at

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The Citizens Savings and Trust Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

The pass-book will be mailed in a holiday envelope with your compliments, in time to be received on Xmas morning. The practice of depositing additional sums will cultivate the habits of thrift and economy, leading to independence.

cultivate the habits of turne and cooled.

dependence.

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Money in Poultry F. FOY, Box 2 .Des Moines, lows



Hats, and How to Make Them

By Comfort's Home Milliner

EDITOR'S NOTE:-This is the second article on Hat Making. We invite you to read the first installment appearing in COMFORT'S November number. Any questions you desire answered relating to this department should be addressed



table with the front towards you. Lay a corner of the velvet over the back (which is the open space on frame, between the high points), far enough so it will go underfirmly. Then draw the velvet loosely around from the back toward the right (which will be the left side of hat), laying small plaits every inch, and when about half way between back and front, lay a bunch of plaits and let the velvet stand up six inches; draw down a little to edge of brim, and then full up another bunch, and draw this down to edge of brim, which should be exactly in front. Continue to carry the velvet around hat until the back is reached, where you started. You will have fulled in enough all along the brim to entirely use the yard and a quarter, without cutting it at all. Have it go a little beyond the wire around head size. Take a lot of pins and pin the looseness in brim and crown into creases and careless folds; this will take some time. Try it on during this process, to adjust the fullness so it will be becoming. Some faces need the yeivet yery

adjust the fullne faces need the velvet very loose and fluffy at the sides, while others look better if the hat is rather narrow; it all depends upon the shape of the face and the way the hair is worn; if the hair is worn pompa-



the shape of the face and the way the hair is worn po m padour, or if fluffy and loose, the velvet can be left looser and the hat will be round, when finished: but if the hair is worn plain and parted, the hat should be narrower and follow more closely the outlines of the head. You may have to change the arrangement two or three times before it is satisfactory, but don't be discouraged, for this is the whole trimming of the hat. When all the folds are pinned exactly right, take a large needle and coarse thread and tack the velvet firmly to frame, removing the pins as you go along. The space at the left front, between the two high folds, is where the plume is put in. Sew it firmly to velvet and frame, and then lay a fold of the velvet ap against it at the back. This is all there is to the making of a toque, as shown in our initial cut, except the lining.

Linings are usually made of China silk, black or white as preferred, but a cotton lining material comes in both black and white, which wears even better than silk and is usually used on medium-priced hats. One eighth of a yard is the usual width, cut on the straight way. Run a hem one half inch wide, for the draw ribbon, before putting lining in hat. Then start at, the back; lay raw edge toward crown (the wrong side up), and sew firmly to velvet around head hole, all around the hat, lapping an inch at the back. Then with a tape needle run in narrow ribbon or galloon; draw up as tight as you wish it, and tie ribbon in a tiny bow knot. If the hair is dressed high, do not draw the lining up very tight, as plenty of space should be left in the crown for the hair.

Milliners usually have their names and addresses, sometimes with a crest, stamped in gold on silk or ribbon—and one of these is sewn into each hat lining. This is called a Tip.

It is difficult to describe clearly the puffings of velvet and the exact way the folds are laid, in making a toque, but if the illustrations are looked at carefully, our description, we hope, will be perfectly clear. No bandeau is



left side to raise the hat to a becoming angle.

Now COMFORT Subscribers Can Secure an Outfit to Make the Above Toque Hat Without Cost.

In order that Comport subscribers may get the practical value of these lessons, we have arranged with a large Boston millinery establishment to furnish the frame, ostrich plume and other material to complete an outfit for making the hat illustrated and described above, so you can by getting a club of only 14 subscribers to Comport at 15 cents each, make one without cost for yourself, or to sell. As a made-up hat of this description sells at from \$4.98 to \$8.50 at the city milliners', you can at once see what a favorable offer it is. The outfit consists of one Toque frame, one and one fourth yards black velvet for trimming and outer covering, one egnuine, Black Ostrich Tip Plume, one eighth yard Black Material for lining, assorted milliners' needles—all of which will be sent by COMFORT HAT DEPT., Augusta, Maine, free, express or postpaid.

If you have material of your own for trimming, we will send only the hat frame—extra hat wire—enough for making two extra frames—tie wire and assorted needles, for a club of 4 subscribers at 15 cents each.

About Covering Frames

About Covering Frames



In our last article we said we would describe this month how to cover a frame plain—with velvet or any material of similar weight—which is one of the most difficult things in millinery to do well.

Use a frame with buck-ram brim, if possible; if you have to use a wire frame, cover both sides of brim with muslin, as described in last article, so the wires will not show on the velvet when it is drawn tight across them. Lay velvet face down on table and place frame on it so the front comes on the bias, or in a corner; hold firmly, and cut velvet one half inch larger than brim. Then lay this circle

and describing this month a Toque Frame Fig. 1, and two illustrations of the Toque Hattmade up—which is specially suitable for a middle-aged wo m an. The materials used are a wire frame, black velvet, black plame, and lining.

One and one fourth yards of velvet, both ends cut streight, are used—all in one piece. Lay the frame on a table with the front towards you. Lay a corner of the velvet over the back (which is the open space on frame, between the high points), far enough so it will go underround head size; pinelvet loosely around the two whole and truin in edge over wire around head size; pinelvet loosely around the two whole will be the sold within and draw this down to exactly in front. taround hat until the tarted. You will have the brim to entirely use hout cutting it at all. wire around head size, he looseness in brim wireless folds; this will aring this process, to



these broad-brimmed hats, sometimes a small, high crown, commonly known as a bell crown, and sometimes a large, loose crown, or Tam O' Shanter. The small crown s would be covered plain and the large ones loose. To cover a crown plain, cut a piece of velvet an inch larger than top, of crown than top of crown and lay on top and bring down over edges and sew there. Then cut a bias band one inch wider than height inch wider than height of crown; catch-stitch both edges, turning in each edge one half inch. Draw this band smoothly around crown, starting at the back, and let top edge go just even with top of crown. If a loose, large crown is desired, cut a circular piece of velvet about one half yard across; turn in edge and gather, making four or five rows of gathering; fit around crown and draw all the threads up tight and fasten. This gives a shirred effect around the crown, and the location in the start of the same and the crown, and the location in the same and the crown, and the location in the same and the crown, and the location in the same and the crown, and the location in the same as a shirred effect around the crown, and the location in the same and the same and the same as a shirred effect around the crown, and the location in the same are same as a same and the same are same as a same and the same are same as a same are same are same as a same are same as a same are same as a same are same as a same are same are same are same as a same are same ar

A SEVERE HAT. P. 3. 5.



to the hair; or a ruche of tulle or lace; or simply a band of velvet with two short loops and ends and a small buckle to match the larger one on top. The trimming of the bandeau depends entirely upon how the hair is worn. The majority of present style hats have more trimming on the bandeaux than on the hats themselves.

majority of present style hats have more trimming on the bandeaux than on the hats themselves. Our next article will describe the making of petal edge, rosettes, gauze wings and butterflys, and will describe a hat which may be trimmed with this sort of decoration.

The Great Chicago Mystery or, The Man with Many Aliases

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

the train, and were cordially received by the anxious Chicago dignitary. The three had exchanged greetings, and the usual common-places, when Crit settled down upon the business which had brought him from New York

City.
"You say, Chief," he asked briefly, "that a gang of guns are operating here, apparently well organized, and their game consists chiefly in the holding up of small saloons and the like?"

"That's just it, Mr. Truman," replied the

official, repeating:
"That's just it, hir. Human,
official, repeating:
"That's just it. They have a pretty good game,
too, and one we can't break up, so it seems, but
I am hoping great things," and he smiled cor-

Crit did not stop for any courtesies. His time was so very valuable, and he knew he was even then required in New York, for while the

even then required in New York, for while the train was rounding the Horseshoe bend and he and Ralph were enjoying the superb scenery, a telegram was handed him, which read:

"Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him."

The name signed was that of the president.

nim."
The name signed was that of the president of the bank Percy Mandeville had robbed.
Ralph had started when he saw the name of the girl, and exclaimed:
"Crit, that's the girl whose people wanted you to look after. I mentioned it the other morning." morning.

morning."
Crit smiled, and replied:
"It's not the first time that cases which seem very simple on the surface develop into thrilling ones," and Ralph nodded.
Crit remembered this and many other matters, as he said brusquely:
"Well,Chief, to facilitate matters, I want you to give me and my assistants a complete account of the doings. Any point that might prove of the least assistance, I want you to let me have."
"Then you'll have a good lot."
"All right, Nothing you know about the

"Then you'll have a good lot."

"All right, Nothing you know about the case is too small to be overlooked. You have been a police official too long for me to remind you of that," and Crit smiled, to soften the severity of his words.

The chief passed cigars, and after they were comfortably settled, he began:

"About a month ago, a report was made to me regarding the holding up of a small saloon on the South Side. Now, although this saloon was a small one, it was located on a very busy street, and had an excellent trade."

"Ralph, take that street, number and name of

"Ralph, take that street, number and name of proprietor," Crit interrupted.

After giving the desired information, which Ralph recorded, the chief continued:
"Right at the busiest time of the night, a young man entered and bought a drink of whiskey, and immediately went out of the place. At the time there were several customers in the place, three at the bar, and four playing cards at a table.

place, three at the bar, and four playing cards at a table.

"Not five minutes after the lad had left, in walks four guys, all masked to below the eyes, and each with a drawn cannon. The foremost one spoke quickly and brusquely, and as cool as you please, saying:

"'Up with you hands, you. Not a move now. Red, get that dough. I'm in a big hurry now, men, and I don't want to waste any time.'"
"He seemed to have a proper appreciation of

Red, get that dough. I'm in a big hurry now, men, and I don't want to waste any time."

"He seemed to have a proper appreciation of the value of his time," Crit said gravely, exchanging glances with Ralph. Both men remembered hearing almost the same words in another place at another time.

"All this time he had the barkeeper covered," the chief continued, "and they said his hand was just as steady as a rock, and while he spoke quickly, he was not the least excited." "An old timer, all right," Crit suggested.

"Yes, undoubtedly," agreed the chief. "They lined the customers up against the wall, and a systematic search was made of them. Nothing was overlooked; even a pair of diamond cuff buttons were taken from one of the men."

"Cool," Ralph said in a low tone. Really the man was theirs without any doubt. His methods had not changed in the least.

"The cash register was rifled, and the man behind the bar thrust a bottle of whiskey into his pocket. This, however was detected by the leader, who made him return it."

Here Crit smiled at Ralph, who winked back at him.

"Go on with your story. Chief." Crit cried.

Here Crit smiled at Ralph, who winked back at him.

"Go on with your story, Chief," Crit cried.

"This as I said occurred about a month ago. Since that time places have been stuckup without number, and all in just about the same way, showing that it is a case of one gang."

"Same methods all through?"

"That's it, Mr. Truman, and my men can't get the bunch. Can you?"

"I think I can," Crit answered, smiling at the eagerness of the chief.

"And you'll take up this case?"

"Yes, I think I will."

"Well then, Crit Truman, if you'll solve the mystery, you'll have the gratitude of the Chicago people, to say nothing of mine."

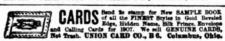
"Hold on, Chief, hold on," laughed Crit, "I haven't caught the man yet."

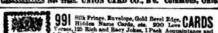
"No—but you will, I'm sure. In case you need any assistance, every member of the force, including myself is at your service, at any time, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



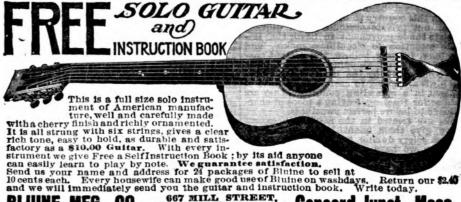
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By Uncle John

Miniature Mill Wheel



on the outside, and stick into each a fan-shaped piece of tinor card board. Mount the wheel on a notched pasteboard box, and

poard box, and pour sand or water down upon the paddles, making it revolve after the fashion of an old mill wheel. The whole device, made plain by the cuts, can be rigged up in a few minutes.

Physical Exercise

We all know that regular exercise increases the size and strength of the muscles, but few know exactly why this takes place. The reason simply stated is this. The moving of a muscle causes heat and heat in turn caused an increased flow of blood. The blood leaves after the sediment which some grows to be muscle. increased flow of blood. The blood leaves after it a sediment which soon grows to be muscle. Any other way of producing heat, such as rubbing, tapping with hand, slipping iron rings over the arm will have the effect of accelerating the flow of blood and likewise enlarging the muscle, but there is no muscle as good as that developed by natural motions of the limbs such as walking and running.

Stained Hands

If you stain your hands with anything that will not wash off with soap and water, use salt of lemons if you have it handy, and if not, common salt. Use it as you would common boap, and if you are not successful in removing the stains, wash your hands in horseradish and milk. Never use saids or alkales to cleaned milk. Never use acids or alkalies to cleanse the skin, for it has a tendency to dry it up and cause chaps.

Blackboard

A blackboard is handy for drawing and figuring during the long winter evenings.

may be made of four long strips.
When you have secured three of the same length cut small tri-angular pieces off the corners of two of them as shown in "a". Now place the three together in the shape of an inverted "v", and drill a hole, into which put a loosely fitting bolt. Nail on a crosspiece to crosspiece to keep the outside legs spread out at the right angle, and in the front or face of this crosspiece put two hooks for the black-board to rest upon. Put an eye screw in the hadden



screw in the back of it about the center, and another in the single or back leg, and connect them with a piece of cord. A good wide piece of pine, painted black several times will do for the writing-board. A grooved block to which a piece of carpet has been tacked will do for an

Corns

A corn is simply a callous spot and is caused by the constant rubbing of the shoe on the foot or one toe against the other. The first thing to do is to get a larger shoe, and if possible, one without tips. Next pare off as much as possible, and before going to bed at night soak the feet in warm water and apply on the corn a poultice of sugar and common laundry soap kneaded together. This does not act as quickly as some remedies, but it is harmless and unfailing.

Game of Guess

There are few games as absorbing as the game of guess, played with pennies, marbles, grains of corn or any small object. The two players who take part begin by equally dividing the number of forfeits. Then the first one secretly places any number of the objects in his hand and presenting it to the sight of his opponent, the players have the sight of his opponent. asks him to guess how many it contains. It his answer is seven and it is found to contain ten, he must pay over the difference between his guess and the real number, which in this case is three. Each take a turn at guessing, and the first one losing all, is, of course, beaten. If you give this game a trial you will find yourself as deeply engrossed as if the forfeits were dollars instead of grains of corns.

The Coat Hold

Here is a quick and harmless way to render a fractious companion helpless. Grasp him firmly by the coat lapels and with the same sudden movement push them downward and



backward till they are only a few inches above his elbows, then quickly draw them together and button the first button of the coat and you have him as helpless as if he was tied with rope. The whole thing can be accomplished in about a second, and as may be imagined, is

Won Through Death

By Orna Anice Eastman

Copyright, 1906, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.

LICIA stopped, her merry eyes spark-LICIA stopped, her merry eyes sparkling, her red lips parted, and looked
up into the face of Kenneth.
"Honestly?" she asked, with that
bewitching little flicker of her eyelashes, which in another might have been
termed the shadow of a wink.
"Honestly," Kenneth cried, trying to lay his
hand upon her rounded arm, but failing, for
she kent just out of his reach.

hand upon her rounded arm, but failing, for she kept just out of his reach.
"You love me?"
"Don't play, Alicia," Ken said sharply, his mouth trembling, "I've said it, and I can't tell you any more."
"Oh, yes, you can. I want to know just when you first felt that I was "The Only Woman;" when you realized my many perfections, and just how you summoned up sufficient courage to ten me of your great secret." and the girl's merry laugh rang out secret," and the girl's merry laugh rang out upon the still air.

'Alicia, you are cruelty itself," he said

hoarsely.
Alicia laughed again. She was so young,

Alicia laughed again. She was so young, barely sixteen, and knew nothing of the strength or power of love.
"Don't, Ken, dear boy," she said gaspingly. "I'm just a little girl, and I can't take you scriously," she pleaded.
"I tell you I love you," he said doggedly, but she could only laugh, and dance away from him, her gay voice ringing out on the air, heavy with the scent of pine needles, for they were walking in the immense pine woods back of her father's house.

As the sunlight flickered through the green

As the sunlight flickered through the green needles, upon her golden head, it brought out new beauties in the sweet fresh face, guiltless of any artificial aids, and plunged the stalwart young farmer all the deeper in love, although through the very strength of his feeling he could not plead as one less in earnest might.

"Don't you understand love?" he asked, a

"Don't you understand love?" he asked, a tender tone coming in his voice.
"I love father and mother, and you, but as to wanting to be silly over the matter, no," she replied, her happy young face free from care, her lovely violet eyes unshadowed of the grande passion.
"It'll come to you some day, and hit you

"It'll come to you some day, and hit you hard," the young man cried moodly, but she only danced before him, laughing and singing, her heart as light as her little feet, which barely touched the heavy carpet of pine

Kenneth Marling had loved the dainty little Kenneth Marling had loved the dainty little creature from the day she had been shown to him, a boy of ten, in her little white clothes, dancing about the house. Six years separated them in age, but just now he f it old in comparison with her girlish thoughtlessness and he wondered if the girl would ever mature into the woman, grudging her the carelessness of youth. He had waited to press his suit until he had a home ready for her, but when this had been obtained rather unexpectedly through the death of an uncle, he could keep still no longer, and had poured out his overfull heart, to be met with laughter and jest.

"Alicia, let me teach you what is in my

"Alicia, let me teach you what is in my heart," he said brokenly, and the girl turn-ing her head saw the misery in his face, and stopped. you really feel bad, dear?" she asked

"Do you really feel bad, dear?" sne asked sympathetically.
"Of course," he replied quite simply.
"I'm awfully sorry. Teach me if you can, I'm willing," was her sudden gracious reply, and trembling, hoping, and yet fearing, he gently took her in his arms, and kissed her upon her girlish lips. "Is that love?" she asked, looking earnestly

at him. .
"No," he said with a sudden passion, "t..at is only what I hope for. I cannot kiss you as I would for fear I turn your heart away from me, but, darling, I love you, and I would die for you," and his dark eyes glowed. Alicia shook her head very gently, yet de-

cidedly. "Ken, give it up, I can't love you," she said oftly, "because I'd rather you didn't kiss

The young man's face paled, but he still kept his arms about her, whispering tenderly:
"But, Alicia, my life is bound up in you.
My darling doesn't care for anyone else?"

"Is there anything in me you don't like?" "No, but you are just Ken, that's all. I'd do a lot for you, but I only love you as a dear friend, that's all."

'Do you want me to marry someone else?' he asked, hope once more making a sugges-

"Yes, if it would make you happy," she replied without the slightest hesitation.

Kenneth Marling turned away with a groan.
Evidently there was no hope for him, and he

felt that life was not worth the living. He staggered slightly, then stumbled, and fell. Allicia's merry laugh rang out, but was checked in its birth, for she understood the terrible danger.

They had been walking on the shore of a little bay, noted for its fatal quicksands. Hitherto none had been found outside the matter to none had been found outside the water, but when Kenneth fell, he sank immediately to his knees, and Alicia realized that one of these terrible spots lined the shore and that Kenneth had fallen into it.

"Ken!" she cried in horror.
The young man looked at her, then with the sweat pouring down his face tried to draw out first one leg and then the other. In vain, the dread sand sucked him in further, and he knew that it was only a matter of a few moments until he would be drawn down to

moments until he would be drawn down to an awful death. "Alicia, darling," he cried. How cruel it was to die, loving her as he did! She did not answer for an instant, and he looking about helplessly gave a sudden cry

of admiration. With all the strength of her strong young with all the strength of her strong young body, nourished in the open air, she wrenched off one of the pine boughs, and running, threw it across the quivering sand, until its branches were buried in the sullen waters of the ghast-

With a face set and tense with excitement With a face set and tense with excitement, she crawled out on the limb, wondrously large for her hands to have jerked off, and held out her arms, saying with a tone in her voice Kenneth had never heard before:

The cords stood out in their necks; Alicia's whole body was wrenched, but as they pulled, their teeth set, she saw that they were gaining on the horrible sand.

"Pull," she cried, straining back, then she felt that he was weakening against the frightful suction of the guickened.

felt that he was weakening against the frightful suction of the quicksand. A marvelous glow came into those eyes, and she said in gasps that could scarcely be heard:
"One more try, Ken, darling, for my sake, for I love you," then she gave a superhuman heave of her body, and the two rolled utterly exhausted into the plus needles safe while

heave of her body, and the two rolled utterly exhausted into the pine needles, safe, while the cruel sands glutted on the pine branch, sucking it in until its last needle was lost, and nothing but the treacherous dimples of the brown sand marked the death hole. Bruised, trembling, gasping, they sat and watched, then as the sands closed over the last one of the green needles, Kenneth turned to Alicia, and whispered:

"Your dear words saved me as much as your strength, but tell me, sweetheart, did

your strength, but tell me, sweetheart, did you really mean them?" Alicia, her lips bleeding where she had bitten them in her terrible efforts, returned

softly:
"Yes, I meant them, and a lot more, Ken dear, I learned when I saw you there, that I did know what love means," and he realized that the girl had grown into the woman, and that through death he had won his bride.

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

(CONTINUED PROM PAGE 12.)

CHAPTER X.

MRS. MEREDITH HAS A CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. MEREDITH HAS A CONSCIENCE.

She had one years before, but, since the summer day when she sent from her the white-faced man whose heart she had broken, it had been handening over with a stony crust which nothing it seemed could break. And yet there were times when she was softened and wished that much that she had done might be blotted out from the great book in which even she believed.

There was many a misdeed recorded there against her, she knew, and occasionally there stole over her a strange disquietude as to how she could confront them when they all came up against her.

Usually she could cast such thoughts aside by a drive down gay Broadway; but the sight of Anna's white face, and the knowing what made it so white was a constant reproach, and conscience gradually awakened from its torpor enough to whisper of the only restitution in her power—that of confession to Arthur.

But from this she shrank nervously. She could not humble herself thus to anyone, and she would not either. Then, came the fear lest by another than herself her guilt should come to light. What if Thornton Hastings should find her out? She was half afraid that he suspected her now, and that gave her the keenest pang of all, for she respected Thornton highly, and it would cost her much to lose his good opinion.

She had lost him for her niece, but she could not spare him for herself, and so, in sad perplexity, which wore on her visibly, the autumn days went on until at last she sat one morning in her dressing-room and read in a foreign paper:

"Died, at Strasburg, August 31st, Edward Coleman, age 46."

That was all; but the paper dropped from the trembling hands, and the prond woman of the world bowed her head and wept aloud. She was not Mrs. Meredith now. She was Julia Ruthven again, and she stood with Edward Coleman out in the grassy orchard where the apple blossoms were dropping from the trees and the air was full of insects' hum and the song of matin birds. She was the wealthy Mrs. Meredith now, and he was dead in Stra

"I can at least do right in that respect," she said.
"I can undo the past to some extent and lessen the load of sin rolling upon my shoulders. I will write to Arthur Leighton. I surely need tell no one else; not yet, at least, lest he has outlived his love for Anna. I can trust to his discretion and to his honor, too. He will not betray me, unless it is

Anna. I can trust to his discretion and to his hopor, too. He will not betray me, unless it is necessary, and then only to Anna. Edward would bid me do it if he could speak. He was something like Arthur Leighton."

And, so, with the dead man in Strasburg before her eyes, Mrs. Merodith nerved herself to write to Arthur Leighton, confessing the fraud imposed upon him, imploring his forgiveness and begging him to spare her as much as possible.

"I know from Anna's own lips how much she has always loved you," she wrote in conclusion; "but she does not know of the stolen letter, and I leave you to make such use of the knowledge as you shall think proper."

She did not put in a single plea for the poor little Lucy, dancing so gayly over the mine just ready to explode. She was purely selfish still, with all her qualms of conscience, and thought only of Anna, whom she would make happy at another's sacrifice. So she never hinted that it was possible for Arthur to keep his word pledged to Lucy Harcourt, and, as she finished her letter and placed it in an envelope with the one that Arthur had sent to Anna, her thoughts, leaped forward to the wedding she would give her niece—a wedding not quite like that she had designed for Mrs. Thornton Hastings, but a quiet, elegant affair, just suited to a clergyman who was marrying a Ruthven.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LETTER RECEIVED.

Arthur had been spending the evening at Prospect Hill. The Hethertons had returned and would remain until after the fifteenth, and since they had come the rector had found it even pleasanter calling there than it had been before, with only his bride-elect to entertain him. Sure of Dr. Bellamy, Fanny had laid aside her sharpness, and was exceedingly bright and witty, while now, that it was settled, the colonel was too much a gentleman to be otherwise than gracious to his future nephew; and Mrs.

Hetherton was always polite and ladylike, so that the rector looked forward with a good deal of interest to the evenings that he usually gave to Lucy, who though satisfied to have him in her sight, still preferred the olden time, when she had him all to herself and was not disquieted by the fear that she did not know enough for him, as she often was when she heard him talking to Fanny and her uncle of things she did not understand.

This evening, however, the family were away and she received him alone, trying so hard to come up to his capacity, talking so intelligibly of books she had been reading, and looking so lovely in her winter crimson dress, besides being so sweetly affectionate and confiding, that for once since his engagement Arthur was more than content and returned her modest caresses with a warmth he had not felt before. He did love her, he said to himself, or, it least, he was learning to love her very much; and when at last he took his leave, and she went with him to the door, there was an unwonted kindness in his manner as he gently pushed her back, for the first snow of the season was falling, and the large flakes dropped upon her golden hair from which he tenderly brushes the snow away as he bids her goodnight.

"Pull" she cried straining back then she "Teanot let my darling catch cold," he said, "I cannot let my darling catch cold," he said, "I cannot let my darling catch cold," he

goodnight.

See illustration on first page.
"I cannot let my darling catch cold," he said, and Lucy felt a strange thrill of joy, for never before had he called her his darling, and sometimes she had thought that the love she received was not as great as the love she gave.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Testimonials prove it. Hon. II. I. Olsea, Northwood, Ia., member of State Legislature, says: "I was nearly blind and paid \$1,000 trying to get cured of granulated eyelids and ulcers on the eyeballs without success; two bottles of the Arntz Eye Cure cured me." Mrs. Henry Drehoft, 900 So. E. 7th St., Des Moines, Ia.: "I suffered from cataracts and ulcers on the eyes for 20 years. Three bottles of the Arntz Eye Cure have restored perfect sight." L. N. Walters, Hopkins, Mo.: "I suffered from corneal opacities, caused by neuralgia; got well by using the Arntz Eye Cure." Face & cents per bottle; 3 bottles, \$1.25. Testimonial letter sent Face, ARNTZ OPT. GO., 203 6th Awe., DES MOINES, IOWA.



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firm to Send \$1.00 deposite equal k. Send \$1.

ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edne Earl sings "He stood and measured the earth and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual messes a duel where "honorable satisfaction" is obtained, and Harry Dent's alles dead. The body is carried to the wife or too he will be a state of the wife or too he will be a state of the wife or too he will be a state of the person of the person of the person of the will be a state of the w

CHAPTER XXIII. (CONTINUED.)

DNA opened the locket, and if Gertrude had stepped into the golden frame, the likeness could not have been more startling. She looked at it until her lips blanched and were tightly compressed, and the memory of Gertrude became paramount. Murray Hammond's face she barely glanced at, and its extraordinary beauty stared at her like that of some avenging angel. With a shudder she put it away, and turned to the letters that St. Elmo had written to Agnes and to Murray, in the early, happy days of his engagement.

Tender, beautiful, loving letters, that breathed the most devoted attachment and the purest plety; letters that were full of lofty aspirations, and religious fervor, and generous schemes for the assistance and enlightenment of the poor about Le Bocage; and especially for "my noble, matchless Murray." Among the papers were several designs for charitable buildings: a house of industry, an asylum for the blind, and a free schoolhouse. In an exquisite ivory casket, containing a splendid set of diamonds, and the costly betrothal ring, bearing the initials, Edna found a sheet of paper around which the blasing necklace was

twisted. Disengaging it, she saw that it was a narration of all that had stung him to desperation on the night of the murder.

As she read the burning taunts, the insults, the ridicule heaped by the two under the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond, faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the apple tree upon the fond faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the indignant blood as the faithful, generous, absent friend, she felt the upon the felt given the departing and the prayer the filt was often as Love showed her the figure of Mr. Murray, indicated the proper faithful the apple to make a disparation and the proper faithful the apple tree upon her features, which told that she was calmly, deliberately shaking hands with the expelled, the departing hagar of her heart's hope and happiness.

"To the mercy of God, and the love of Christ, and the judgment of your own conscience, I commit you. Henceforth we walk different paths, and after tonight the Ringing for a servant, she sent back the box, and even his own note, which she longed to keep, but would not trust herself to see again; and dreading reflection, and too miserable to sleep, she went to Mrs. Murray's room, and remained with her till three o'clock.

Then Mr. Murray's voice rang through the house, calling for the carriage, and as Edna put on her hat and coat, he knocked at his mother's door.

"It is raining very hard, and you must not think of going to the train, as you intended."

"But, my son, the carriage is close and—"

"I cannot permit you to expose yourself so unnecessarily, and, in short, I will not take you, so there is an end of it. Of course I can stand the weather, and I will go over with

"ST. ELMO" IN BOOK FORM



Edna, and put her under the care of some one on the train. As soon as possible send her down to the carriage. I shall order her trunks strapped on."

He was very pale and stern, and his voice

strapped on."

He was very pale and stern, and his voice rang coldly clear as he turned and went downstairs.

The parting was very painful, and Mrs. Murray followed the orphan to the front door. (See tilustration in November.)

"St. Elmo. I wish you would let me go." I do not mind the rain."

"St. Elmo, I wish you would let me go." I do not mird the rain."

"Impossible. You know I have an unconquerable horror of scenes, and I do not at all fancy witnessing one that threatens to last until the train leaves. Go upstairs and cry yourself to sleep in ten minutes; that will be much more sensible. Come, Edna, are you ready?"

The orphan was folded in a last embrace, and M. Murans folded in a last embrace,

yourself to sleep in ten minutes; that will be much more sensible. Come, Edna, are you ready?"

The orphan was folded in a last embrace, and Mr. Murray held out his hand, drew her from his mother's arms, and taking his seat beside her in the carriage, ordered the coachman to drive on.

The night was very dark, the wind sobbed down the avenue, and the rain fell in such torrents that as Edna leaned out for a last look at the stately mansion, which she had learned to love so well, she could only discern the outline of the bronze monsters by the glimmer of the light burning in the hall. She shrank far back in one corner, and her fingers clutched each other convulsively; but when they had passed through the gate and entered the main road Mr. Murray's hand was laid on hers—the cold fingers were unlocked gently but firmly, and raised to his lips.

She made an effort to withdraw them, but found it useless, and the trial which she had fancied was at an end seemed only beginning. "Edna, this is the last time I shall ever speak to you of myself; the last time I shall ever speak to you of myself; the last time I shall ever speak to you of my for me, have some mercy on yourself. You cannot know how I dread the thought of your leaving me, and being roughly handled by a cold, selfish, ruthless world. Oh! it maddens me when I think of your giving your precious life, which would so glorify my home and gladden my desolate heart, to a public, who will trample upon you

While budding at thy sight, my pilgrim's staff Gave out green leaves with morning dews impearled.

I seek no copy now of life's first half:
Leave here the pages with long musing curled,
Write me new my future's epigraph.
New angel mine—unhoped-for in the world!"

He had passed his arm around her and drawn her close to his side, and the pleading tenderness of his low voice was indeed hard to

resist.

"No, Mr. Murray, my decision is unalterable. If you do really love me, spare me, spare me, further entreaty. Before we part there are some things I should like to say, and I have little time left. Will you hear me?"

He did not answer, but tightened his arm, drew her head to his bosom, and leaned his face down on hers.

"Mr. Murray, I want to leave my Bible with you, because there are many passages marked which would greatly comfort and help you. It is the most precious thing I possess, for Grandpa gave it to me when I was a little girl, and I could not bear to leave it with anyone but you. I have it here in my hand; will you look into it sometimes if I give it to you?"

He merely put out his hand and took it from her.

She paused a few seconds and as he re-

He merely put out his hand and took it from her.

She paused a few seconds, and as he remained silent, she continued:

"Mr. Hammond is the best friend you have on earth. Yesterday, having seen you enter the church and suspecting what passed, he spoke to me of you, and oh! he pleaded for you as only he could! He urged me not to judge you too harshly; not to leave you, and these were his words: 'Edna, if I, whom he has robbed of all that made life beautiful; if I, standing here alone in my old age, in sight of the graves of my murdered darlings, if I can forgive him, and pray for him, and, as God is my witness, love him! you have no right to visit my injuries and my sorrows upon him!" Mr. Murray, he can help, you, and he will, if you will only permit him. If you could realize how deeply he is interested in your happiness, you could not fail to reverence that religion which enables him to triumph over all the natural feelings of resentment. Mr. Murray, you have deciared again and again that

you love me. Oh! if it be true, meet me in heaven! I know that I am weak and sinful; but I am trying to correct the faults of my character, I am striving to do what I believe to be my duty, and I hope at last to find a home with my God. For several years, ever since you went abroad, I have been praying for you; and while I live I shall not cease to do so. Oh! will you not pray for yourself? Mr. Murray, I believe I shall not be happy even in heaven if I do not see you there. On earth we are parted—your crimes divide us; but there! there! Oh! for my sake, make an effort to redeem yourself, and meet me there!" __ne felt his strong frame tremble, and __heavy shuddering sigh broke from his lips and swept across her cheek. But when he spoke his words contained no hint of the promise she longed to receive:

"Edna, my shadow has fallen across your heart, and I am not afraid that you will give me as little thought as possible; you will struggle to crush your aching heart, and endeavor to be famous. But amid your ovations the memory of a lonely man, who loves you infinitely better than all the world for which you forsook him, will come like a breath from the sepulcher, to wither your bays; and my words, my pleading words, will haunt you, rising above the paeans of your public worshipers. When the laurel crown you covet now shall become a chaplet of thorns piercing your temples, or a band of iron that makes your brow ache, you will think mournfully of the days gone by, when I prayed for the privilege of resting your weary head here on my heart. You cannot forget me. Sinful and all unworthy as I confess myself, I am conqueror, I triumph now, even though you never permit me to look upon your face again; for I believe I have a place in my darling's heart which ne other man, which not the whole world can usurp or fill! You are too proud to acknowledge it, too truthful to deny it; but, my pure Pearl, my heart feels it as well as yours, and it is a comfort of which all time cannot rob me. Without it, how could I face my future,

have made, and here seal, all my own! Good by."

He strained her to him and pressed his lips twice to hers, then the carriage stopped at the railroad station.

He handed her out, found a seat for her in the cars, which had just arrived, arranged her wrappings comfortably, and went back te attend to her trunks. She sat near an open window, and though it rained heavily, he buttoned his coat to the throat, and stood just beneath it, with his eyes bent down. Twice she pronounced his name, but he did not seem to hear her, and Edna put her hand lightly on his shoulder and said:

"Do not stand here in the rain. In a few minutes we shall start, and I prefer that you should not wait. Please go home at once, Mr. Murray."

He should his head, but caught her hand and

Murray."
He shook his head, but caught her hand and leaned his cheek against the soft palm, passing it gently and caressingly over his haggard

ing it gently and caressingly over his haggard face.

The engine whistled; Mr. Murray pressed a long, warm kiss on the hand he had taken, the cars moved on; and as he lifted his hat, giving her one of his imperial, graceful bows, Edna had a last glimpse of the dark, chiselled, repulsive yet handsome face that had throws its baleful image deep in her young heart, and defied all her efforts to expel it. The wind howled around the cars, the rain fell heavily, beating a dismal tattoo on the glass, the night was mournfully dreary, and the orphan sank back and lowered her veil, and hid her face in her hands.

Henceforth she felt that in obedience to her own decision and flat

"They stood aloof, the scars remaining Like cliffs that had been rent asunder; A dreary sea now flows between; But neither heat nor frost nor thunder Shall wholly do away, I ween, The marks of that which once hath been."

. CHAPTER XXIV.

"IF I HAD NEVER GONE AWAY FROM HERE."

As day dawned the drab clouds blanched, broke up in marbled masses, the rain ceased, the wind sang out of the west, heralding the coming blue and gold, and at noon not one pearly vapor sail dotted the sky. During the afternoon Edna looked anxiously for the first glimpse of "Lookout," but a trifling accident detained the train for several hours, and it was almost twilight when she saw it. The kind and gentlemanly conductor on the cars accompanied Edna to the hotel, and gave her a parcel containing several late papers. As she sat in her small room, weary and yet sleepless, she tried to divert her thoughts by reading the journals, and found in three of them notices of the last number of — Magazine, and especial mention of her essay: "Keeping the Vigil of St. Martin under the Pines of Grutil."

The extravagant laudations of this article surprised her, and she saw that while much curiosity was indulged concerning the authorship, one of the editors ventured to attribute it to a celebrated and very able writer, whose genious and erudition had lifted him to an enviable eminence in the world of American letters. The criticisms were efforts, cut out the friendly notices, intending te enforts, cut out the friendly notices, intending te enclose them in a letter to Mrs. Murray.

Unable to sleep, giving audience to memories of her early childhood, she passed the night at her window, watching the constellations go down behind the dark, frowning mass of rock that lifted its

Unable to sleep, giving audience to memories of her early childhood, she passed the night at her window, watching the constellations go down behind the dark, frowning mass of rock that lifted its parapets to the midnight sky, and in the morning light saw the cold, misty cowl drawn over the venerable hoary head.

The village had changed so materially that she could scarcely recognize any of the old landmarks, and the people who kept the hotel could tell her nothing about Peter Wood, the miller. After breakfast she took a box containing some flowers packed in wet cotton, and walked out on the road leading in the direction of the blacksmith's shop. Very soon the trees became familiar, she remembered every turn of the road and bend of the fences; and at last the grove of oak and chestnut shading the knoll at the intersection of the roads met her eye. She looked for the forge and bellows, for the anvil and slack-tub; but shop and shed had fallen to decay, and only a heap of rubbish, overgrown with rank weeds and vines, marked the spot where she had spent so many happy hours. The glowing yellow chestnut leaves dropped down at her feet, and the oaks tossed their gnarled arms as if welcoming the wanderer whose head they had shaded in infancy, and, stiffing a moan, the orphan hurried on.

She saw that the timber had been cut down, and

shaded in infancy, and, stifling a mean, the orphan hurried on.

She saw that the timber had been cut down, and fences enclosed cultivated fields where forests had stood when she went away. At a sudden bend in the narrow, irregular road when she held her breath and leaned forward to see the old house where she was born and reared, a sharp cry of pain escaped her. Not a vestige of the homestead remained, save the rocky chimney, standing immemoriam in the center of a cornfield. She leaned against the low fence, and tears trickled down her cheeks as memory rebuilt the loghouse, and placed the split-bottomed rocking-chair on the porch in front, and filled it with the figure of a white-haired (CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom.

By the Author and Composer of "My Old New Hampshire Home."



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ELMO

eld man, with his pipe in his hand and his blurred

eves staring at the moon.

Through the brown corn-stalks she could see the gaping mouth of the well, now partly filled with rabbish. Close to the fence, and beyond the reach of plough and hoe, a yellow four-o'clock, with closed flowers, marked the location of the little garden; and one tall larkspur leaned against the fence, sole survivor of the blue pets that Edna had loved so well in the early years.

How carefully she had worked and weeded this little plat; how proud she once was of her rosemary and pinks, her double feathery poppies, her sweetscented lemon-grass; how eagerly she had transplanted wood violets and purple phlox from the forest; how often she had sat on the steps watching for her grandfather's return, and stringing those four-o'clock blossoms into golden crowns for her own young head; and how gayly she had sometimes swung them over Brindle's horns, when she went out to milk her.

With a sob she turned away and walked in the direction of the burying-ground; for there, certainly, she would find all unchanged; graves at least were permanent.

The little spring bubbled as of yore, the brush

With a sob she turned away and wared in the direction of the burying-ground; for there, certainly, she would find all unchanged; graves at least were permanent.

The little spring bubbled as of yore, the brush creepers made a tangled tapestry around it, and grimson and blue convolvulus swung their velvety, dew-beaded chalices above it, as on that June morning long ago when she stood there filling her bucket, waiting for the sunrise.

She took off her gloves, knelt down beside the spring, and dipping up the cold, sparkling water in her palms, bathed her aching eyes, and almost cheated herself into the belief that she heard again Grip's fierce bark ringing through the woods, and the slow, drowsy tinkle of Brindle's bell. Turning aside from the beaten track, she entered the thick grove of chestnuts, and looked around for the grave of the Dents; but the mound had disappeared, and though she recognized the particular tree which had formerly overhung it, and searched the ground carefully, she could discover no trace of the hillock where she had so often scattered flowers. A squirrel leaped and frisked in the boughs above her, and she started a rabbit from the thick grass and fallen yellow leaves; but neither these, nor the twitter of gossiping orioles, mor the harsh, hungry cry of a bluebird told her a syllable of all that had happened in her absence.

She conjectured that the bodies had probably been disinterred by friends and removed to Georgia; and she hurried on toward the hillside, where the neighborhood graveyard was situated. The rude, unpainted paling still enclosed it, and rows of headboards stretched away among grass and weeds; but whose was that shining marble shaft, standing in the center of a neatly arranged square, around which ran a handsome iron railing? On that very spot, in years gone by, had stood a piece of pine board: "Sacred to the memory of Aaron Hunt, an honest blacksmith and true Christian."

Who had dared to disturb his bones, to violate his leat the true recommended and the story for the

Asron Hunt, an honest blacksmith and clue Christian."
Who had dared to disturb his bones, to violate his last resting-place, and to steal his grave for the interment of some wealthy stranger? A cry of horror and astonishment broke from the orphan's trembling lips, and she shaded her eyes with her hand, and tried to read the name inscribed on the monument of the sacrilegious interloper. But bitter, scalding tears of indignation blinded her. The dashed them away, but they gathered and fell faster; and, unbolting the gate, she entered the inclosure and stepped close to the marble.

ERECTED

ERECTED IN HONOR OF AARON HUNT: BY HIS DEVOTED GRANDDAUGHTER.

These gilded words were traced on the polished surface of the pure white obelisk, and on each corner of the square pedestal or base stood beautifully carved vases, from which dropped glossy tendrils of ivy.

surface of the pure white obelisk, and on each corner of the square pedestal or base stood beautifully carved vases, from which dropped glossy tendrils of ivy.

As Edna looked in amazement at the glittering shaft, which rose twenty feet in the autumn air; as he rubbed her eyes and re-read the golden inscription, and looked at the sanded walks, and the well-trimmed evergreens, which told that careful hands kept the lot in order, she sank down at the base of the beautiful monument, and laid her hot cheek on the cold marble.

"Oh, Grandpa, Grandpa! He is not altogether wicked and callous as we once thought him, or he could never have done this! Forgive your poor little Pearl, if she cannot help loving one who, for her sake, honors your dear name and memory! Oh, Grandpa! if I had never gone away from here. If I could have died before I saw him again! before this great pain fell upon my heart!"

She knew now where St. Elmo Murray went that aight, after he had watched her from behind the sarcophagus and the mummies; knew that only his hand could have erected this noble pillar of record; and most fully did she appreciate the delicate feeling which made him so proudly reticent on this subject. He wished no element of gratitude in the love he had endeavored to win, and soorned to take advantage of her devoted affection for her grandfather, by touching her heart with a knowledge of the tribute paid to his memory. Until this moment she had sternly refused to permit herself to believe all his protestations of love; had tried to think that he merely desired to make her acknowledge his power, and confess an affection fattering to his vanity. But today she felt that all he had avowed was true; that his proud, bitter heart was indeed entirely hers; that this assurance filled her own heart with a measureless joy, a rapture that made her eyes sparkle through their tears and brought a momentary glow to her checks. Hour after hour passed; she took no note of time, and sat there pondering her past life, thinking how the dusty heart

days gone by, now lay on the step, blinking at the sun and the flies that now and then buzzed over the golden balsam, whose crimson seed glowed in the evening sunshine.

Over the rocky well rose a rude arbor, where a scuppernong vine clambered and hung its rich, luscious brown clusters; and here, with a pipe between her lips, and at her feet a basket full of red pepper-pods, which she was busily engaged in stringing, sat an elderly woman. She was clad in blue and yellow plaid homespun, and wore a white apron and a snowy muslin cap, whose crimped ruffles pressed caressingly the grizzled hair combed as amoothly over her temples. Presently she laid her pipe down on the top of the mossy well, where the dripping bucket sat, and lifted the scarlet wreath of peppers, eyed it satisfactorily, and, as she resumed her work, began to hum "Auid Lang Syne."

The countenance was so peaceful and earnest and honest, that, as Edna stood watching it, a warm, loving light came into her own beautiful eyes, and she put out both hands unconsciously, and stepped into the little arbor.

Her shadow fell upon the matronly face, and the woman rose and courtesied.

"Good evening, miss. Will you be seated? There is room enough for two on my bench."

The orphan did not speak for a moment, but looked up in the brown, wrinkled face, and then, pushing back her bonnet and veil, she said eagerly:

"Mrs. Wood, don't you know me?"

The miller's wife looked curiously at her visitor, glanced at her dress, and shook her head.

"No, miss; if I ever set my eyes on you before, it's more than I remember, and Dorothy Wood has a powerful memory, they say, and seldom forgets faces."

"Do you remember Aaron Hunt, and his daughter Heater?"

"To be sure I do; but you a'n't neither the one vertile the one

a powerful memory, they say, and seldom forgets faces."

"Do you remember Aaron Hunt, and his daughter Hester?"

"To be sure I do; but you a'n't neither the one nor the other, I take it. Stop—let me see. Aha! Tabitha, Willis, you children, run here—quick! But, no—it can't be. You can't be Edna Earl?"

She shaded her eyes from the glare of the sun and stepped forward, and looked searchingly at the stranger; then the coral wreath fell from her fingers, she stretched out her arms, and the large mouth trembled and twitched.

"Are you—can you be—little Edna? Aaron Hunt's grandchild?"

"I am the poor little Edna you took such tender care of in her great affliction——"
"Samson and the Philistines! Little Edna—so you are! What was I thinking about, that I didn't know you right away? God bless your pretty white face!"

She caught the orphan in her strong arms and bired becaught the orphan in her strong arms and

"Game of in her great affliction—"
"Samson and the Philistines! Little Edna—so you are! What was I thinking about, that I didn't know you right away? God bless your pretty white face!"

She caught the orphan in her strong arms and kissed her, and cried and laughed alternately.

A young girl, apparently about Edna's age, and a tall lank young man, with yellow hair full of meal-dust, came out of the house, and looked on in the stupid wonder.

"Why, children! don't you know little Edna that lived at Aaron Hunt's—his granddaughter? This is my Tabitha and my son Willis, that tends the mill and takes care of us, now my poor Peter—God rest his soull—is dead and buried these three years. Bring song seats, Willis. Sit down here by me, Edna, and take off your bonnet, child, and let me see you. Umph! umph! Who'd have thought if? What a powerful handsome woman you have made, to be sure! to be sure! Well! well! The very saints up in glory can't begin to tell what children will turn out! Lean your face this way. Why, you a'n't no more like that little bare-footed, tangled-haired, rosy-faced Edna that used to run around these woods in striped homespun, hunting the cows, than I, Dorothy Elmira Wood, am like the Queen of Sheba when she went up visiting to Jerusalem to call on Solomon. How wonderful pretty you are! And how soft and white your like the Queen of Sheba when she went up visiting to Jerusalem to call on Solomon. How wonderful pretty you are! And how soft and white your like the Queen of Sheba when she went up visiting to Jerusalem to call on Solomon. How wonderful pretty you are have the county. You are like your mother, Hester Earl; and ahe was the loveliest, mild little pink in the county. You are like your mother, Hester Earl; and ahe was the own of the provide the place of the provide his provide his

That she should prove competent to teach the neighbor's children had been Asron Hunt's loftiset ambition for his darling; and now she was deemed worthy to speak to her race through the solumus of a periodical that few women were considered able to fill.

She wondered if he were not really cognizant of tail; if heer the was a firled of the was a considered able to fill.

She wondered if he were not really cognizant of the fill if he was a firled been was a considered able to fill.

She wondered if he were not really cognizant of the fill if he was a power of the fill if he was a power of the fill if he was a considered able to fill if he was a firled been was a considered able to fill.

The shaft threw a long slanting shadow eastward as the orphan rose, and, taking from the box the fragrant flowers which she had brought from Le Bocage, arranged them in the damp soil of one of the vases, and twined their bright-hand petals among the dark green ivy leaves. One shining wreath she broke and laid away tenderly in the box, and and she stood there, looking at a garliand of poppy leaves chiseled around the inscription, neither flush nor tremor told aught that passed in her mind, and her sculptured features were calm, as the afternoon sun showed how pale and fixed her face had grown. She climbed upon the broad base and pressed her lips to her grandfather's name, and there was a mourntil sweetness in her voice as she said aloud:

"Pray God to pardon him, Grandpal Pray Christ to comfort and save his precious soul! Oh, Grandpat Pray Christ to comfort and save his precious soul! Oh, Grandpat Pray Christ to comfort and save his precious soul! Oh, Grandpat Pray Christ to comfort and save his precious soul! Oh, Grandpat Pray God to pardon him, Grandpat Pray Christ to comfort and save his precious soul! Oh, Grandpat Pray God to pardon him, Grandpat Pray Christ to comfort and save his precious soull can be supported by the case of the proper soull be supported by the save supported by the save supported by the save supported by t

She put her brawny brown hand on Edna's fore-ead, and smoothed the bands of hair, and sighed

heavily.
"Mrs. Wood, I should like to see Brindle once

She put her brawny brown hand on Edna's forehead, and smoothed the bands of hair, and sighed heavily.

"Mrs. Wood, I should like to see Brindle once more."

"Lord bless your soul, honey! she has been dead these three years! Why, you forget cows don't hang on as long as Methuselah, and Brindle was no yearling when we took her. She mired down in the swamp, back of the millpond, and before we could find her she was dead. But her calf is as pretty a young thing as ever you saw; speckled all over, most as thick as a guinea, and the children call her 'Speckle.' Willis, step out and see if the heifer is in sight. Edna, a'n't you going to stay with me tonight?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Wood, I should like very much to do so, but have not time, and must get back to Chattanooga before the train leaves, for I am obliged to go on tonight."

"Well, anyhow, lay off your bonnet and stay and let me give you some supper, and then we will all go back with you, that is, if you a'n't too proud to ride to town in our cart? We have got a new cart, but it is only a miller's cart, and maybe it won't suit your fine, fashionable clothes."

"I shall be very glad to stay, and I only wish it was the same old cart that took me to the depot, more than five years ago. Please give me some water."

Mrs. Wood rolled up her sleeves, put away her prepared some refreshments for her guest.

A table was set under the apple tree, a snowy cotton cloth spread over it, and yellow butter, tempting as Goshen's, and a loaf of fresh bread, and honey amber-hued, and buttermilk, and cider, and stewed pears, and a dish of ripe red apples crowned the board.

The air was laden with the fragrance it stole in crossing a hayfield beyond the road, the bees darted in and out of their hives, and a peacock spread his iridescent feathers to catch the level yellow rays of the setting sun, and from the distant mill-pond came the gable of gees, as the noisy fleet breasted the ripples.

Speckle, who had been driven to the gate for Edna's inspection, stood close to the paling, thrus

ville came thundering in, and the usual rush and bustle ensued.

Mrs. Wood gave the orphan a hearty kiss and warm embrace, and bidding her "Be sure to write soon, and say how you are getting along!" the kind-hearted woman left the cars, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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It Might Have Been Worse

It was very unfortunate that the brother of the groom should be stricken with typhoid fever just a few days before the wedding was to take place. But such things will happen in the best-regulated of families. As the wedding was to be a home affair, with but few guests outside of the immediate relatives, the plans were not altered; things were left quite as they had been arranged in the beginning. But in case the condition of the patient warranted it, the wedding would of course be postponed.

The bride-elect met the man of her heart just before they were to descend to the drawing-room be-

The bride-elect met the man of her heart just before they were to descend to the drawing-room below.

"How is your brother?" she asked nervously.

"He is quite ill tonight, dearest," was the reply.

"And in case he grows worse, the nurse is to 'phone me here. Of course then we shall not go away on a wedding journey."

"Oh, of course not," she returned. "So they will 'phone here if he gets worse."

"Yes, they will 'phone here."

* * The wedding ceremony was at its most critical point when the telephone bell tinkled loudly.

The bride-elect dropped her bouquet. The groom turned his head and watched Perkins, the butler, cross the hall and enter the den.

"Wait," whispered the woman in shimmering white, to the minister, "wait."

A deathlike silence followed. Every head was turned in the direction of the den.

A moment later the butler emerged.

"What is it, Perkins?" cried the bride-elect.

"What is it?"

Perkins halted, but said nothing.

"What is it, Perkins? Speak!"

Again her clear voice rang out. But the butler held his peace.

"Why don't you speak?" asked the troubled groom.

"It's nothing sir." Perkins now managed to artis-

"Why don't you speak?" asked the troubled groom.
"It's nothing, sir," Perkins now managed to articulate. "That is—well, it shouldn't be told now, anyway."
Shouldn't be told?" repeated the bride-elect. "Then he is decidedly worse. Oh, Perkins, speak. I must know, I must know. Don't you see how nervous I'm getting? Perkins, speak. I command you!"
Perkins cast a startled look at the assemblage.

Perkins cast a startled look at the assemblage.

"Perkins," the bride-elect exclaimed, "Perkins, do you hear me? I command you to speak! I command you to speak!

mand you!"
"Well," the butler began, "the dressmaker says
she forgot to send your hip-pads with your dress,
but she'll git 'em right over to you."

Papa.—"Willie, what piece of music is that your sister is playing in the parlor?"

Willie.—"That's the 'Angels are Sleeping,' papa."
Papa.—"Oh, is ti—excuse me, I thought it was 'The Battle of Manila Bay.' Well, you go in and tell sister if that's the 'Angels are Sleeping,' to put down the soft pedal hard, or she'll darn soon wake 'em all up."

Clerk.—"A friend of mine has died and he is to be buried tomorrow afternoon. I would like to go to the funeral. Can I get off?"

Head of Firm.—"No, you can't. Business before pleasure."

Obeying Instructions

Felicia was a little Polish girl. She held the position of nurse-maid in the family of a doctor. The first time she took her little charge out in his gocart the doctor's wife said to her:
"Now, Felicia, you can take the baby out riding for a little while; but be sure to stay on this street so I can call you if I want you."
"All right," Felicia said, and wheeled the baby out of the yard.
A short time afterward the doctor's wife thought she would go out and see how the nurse-maid was getting on. She became startled when she could see neither maid nor baby. She went to the sidewalk and looked up and down. But there was no out into the street. There she saw the little nurse-maid wheeling the baby down the middle of the roadway.
"Felicia" she called to her. "what are you doing

roadway.

"Felicia," she called to her, "what are you doing out in the street?"

And Felicia at once apprised her mistress that she had told her to be sure to stay "on" this street.

"Yes, it was turr'ble sad 'bout Weary Waggles," sighed Tired Thomas. "He got the tremens something awful, but we thought he'd pull through, till all of a sudden he said that he was workin' an'—an' workin' in a soap factory; an' then when he lay back an' smiled so peaceful we knowed poor Weary was goin' ter die!"

That Boy Once More

Willie (at table, company present).—"Papa, Aunt's got more hair on her head than she had this morning. Gee, it's grown quick."

Papa.—"Be quiet and eat your supper, sir."

Willie.—"Pa, that's a switch Auntie's wearing on her head aint it?"

Papa.—"One more word out of you and you'll be wearing one on your pants."

Willie.—"Couldn't Auntie wear hers on her pan—"

pan___"Silence, sir ! ! ! ! !"

He hailed from the old State of Ind., He left on account of the wina; He then built a new house, Bought his wife a fine blouse, After which he no longer sinned.

Rev. James M. Pullman, D. D., of Lynn, Mass, the well-known Universalist clergyman and a brother of the late George M. Pullman, founder of Pullman's Palace Car Company, possesses a genial personality and a fund of wit and humor that makes him a most entertaining companion. Dr. Pullman has traveled extensively and he is especially fond of relating anecdotes of a certain Western trip that he and his brother George took some years ago through a rough and but partially civilized mining district, in the Rocky Mountains.

After a hard day's travel they had reached a collection of miner's shanties, it could hardly be called a town, where they found both a hotel and a barber shop. To their eyes the latter was fully as welcome a sight as the former and they lost no time in availing themselves of its civilizing influence. Dr. Pullman was the first to submit himself to the mercy of the proprietor—a small, under-sized man who gave

every evidence of being a newcomer in those parts, or in the language of the locality, a "tender-foot." But he was a good barber and everything was going smoothly when the door opened and there entered a burly ruffian clad in buckskin and wearing an array of six-shooters that gave him an extremely formidable appearance. Striding across the room he marched straight up to the barber and in more of a growl than anything else, asked:

"Whose turn is it next?"

The barber kept right on shaving, but shook his head toward Dr. Pullman's brother as much as to say "That gentleman is next." Muttering an oath and drawing one of his weapons he walked over to the table where Mr. George M. Pullman was seated and laying the gun down on it with mach force turned to the barber and said in more of a growl than before:

"Now whose turn is it next?"

Without answering a word the barber stopped shaving, laid down his razor, opened a drawer and took out a large revolver which was the exact duplicate of the one the cowboy had drawn. Then he very deliberately walked over to the table and leaning over brought his own weapon down on the table beside that of the stranger and looking him in the eye said:

"In this here shop gentlemens takes their turns."

The bluff was called.

STUB ENDS OF INFORMATION

The Chinese had a dictionary as early as 1100

Silver was first coined by Phidon, King of Argos, 859 B. C.

Bandanna is from the Indian word and means to bind or tie.

The nickname of the present Prince of Wales is "The Sardine." The first coaca in England was made for the Earl

of Rutland in 1565.

The English had all their fine dyeing done in Holland until 1608.

Calico first came from the town Calicut, India, famous for cotton cloth. In 1905 there were 9,756 voluntary resignations from the government service.

The island of Zanzibar produces nine tenths of the world's production of cloves.

The bodies of three Apostles, Peter, Simon and Jude are buried in St. Peter's at Rome.

In the House of the 59th Congress, 20,475 bills were introduced, and in the Senate, 6,551.

Egyptian mummy bodies are used in making the finest liquid brown paint used by artists. The science of geography was brought to Europe by the Moors of Barbary about 1240.

The first volunteer fire company in the U.S. was the Union of Philadelphia about 1738.

In 1404 a Swiss manufacturer in Paris made the first hat as we know that useful article.

It is estimated that thirteen millions of the hu-man race have perished by earthquakes. Sir Humphry Davy invented the electric light about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The Shah of Persia has decided to give his country constitution and other modern conveniences.

Haakon, the new King of Norway, says he has an bsolute horror of the snap-shot photographers. Sound travels through the air at 1,140 feet per second, and through the water at the rate of 4,700

The finger nail of a person in good health grows at the rate of about one sixteenth of an inch every

Though the diving bell had been known since the time of Aristotle, it was not put into practical use until 1715.

Cotton was known in Arabia in the time of Mahomet, A. D. 627, and was brought to Europe by his followers.

Daguerre, the discoverer of the daguerreotype, in 1839 received a pension of 6,000 francs from the French government. By cremation, a body weighing 144 pounds can be reduced in fifty minutes to not more than four pounds of lime-dust.

Transparent glass is believed to have been first used about 750 B. C. The Egyptians were probably the first glass makers.

Corsets were first used in France and Germany in the thirteenth century, and a century later put on by English women.

Richard Canfield, the most famous and richest professional gambler in America, has not touched a card in twenty years.

About ninety-four per cent. of all human beings use the right hand in preference to the left. There is no good reason for it.

Sea birds, far from shore, get their drinking water by flying close under rain clouds and catching the drops as they fall.

The woman school teacher—the school marm as we call her, is not, as yet, popular in Germany, and she is struggling for recognition.

The annual pay-roll of government employees under civil service rules amounts to \$133,913,362. There are 300,615 names on the roll.

Alexander the Great was buried in a coffin of gold,

and the coffin of King Arthur of England was trunk of an oak tree hollowed out. Musk, placed in the mortar in building the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, has scented the structure for a thousand years.

Scientifically a "bite" of food should contain about three tenths of a cubic inch and should be chewed for half a minute before swallowing.

Last year the United States imported 87,000,000 pounds of crude rubber valued at \$51,000,000, which

was manufactured into products worth \$140,000,000 Miss Estelle Reel is the highest paid woman in the government service. She is traveling super-visor of Indian schools and receives \$250 a month

and expenses. William Winter, aged seventy-one, has been ramatic critic of the New York Tribune for forty six years. Last season he wrote ninety columns of matter for his paper.

Two hundred thousand Americans go to Europe annually, about half being first-class passengers, and it is estimated that they spend a hundred millions of dollars every year.

The salaries of our U. S. Senators amount to \$450,000 a year, and of Representatives, \$1,953,000. The total salary list of statesmen and their various assistants in and about the capitol building at Washington is \$5,565,075.

The first printing press in America was set up in 1639 at Cambridge, Mass., by Stephen Day, and the first book was printed in the following year. The first newspaper was printed at Boston in 1690. Its name was Publick Occurrences. The first newspaper established on the Pacific coast did not appear until 1844—154 years later.

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under my pillow, that explains why I have it," and he drew out of his pajama vest pocket, a neat leather case, and drawing Gerald a little aside from the crowd, bound it up professionally, Violet, under his instructions, making bandages from two clean silk handkerchiefs. In gratitude, Gerald insisted upon bestowing upon the physician knew how hard he would be pressed, and that he must reserve his vitality.

"Thanks," he said in his pleasant manner, "I find my card case is missing, too, but today we will have to trust to the honor of each other," and then he gave them his name, one which made them open their eyes, for it ranked among the leaders of his profession, not only in San Francisco. Both told theirs, and then Gerald said gently:

"Doctor, let us help all we can. Neither of us know the fate of our nearest and dearest. We are engaged to be married," he added, for suddenly he felt that an awful fate had fallen upon the women of San Francisco, thrown many of them upon entire strangers.

"I am glad to hear it. My advice is that you marry her as soon as you find a clergyman who is unhurt, she will need your protection. Help? Indeed you can, especially Miss Hilton, come with me," and following the almost furiously funny garb of the doctor, Gerald and Violet were soon working as never before in their happy young lives. Now and again they had an opportunity to whisper a word or two of love, and then learned to reverence their friend, the physician, who seemed possessed of a power beyond ordinary.

At last, at a time when the evening before they would have declared that this hour would have found them preparing for Rosalie's wedding, they heard her voice sobbing:

"Ireton, dear Ireton, open your eyes, dear. I am here, yes, and the Judge, too, and all our friends, our near ones, except father and Violet and Gerald God grant that they are safe!" and Violet and Gerald rushing forward were happy to add:

"And we are, too," when Ireton opened his eyes, and asked almost weakly:

"Where is Rosalie?" and none looked as th

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "The Wedding of Rosalie," when other hearts are united, and lives made brighter. 15 cents sent now, and you will receive COMFORT, the best paper published for the money, until January, 1908. The price will soon be admired.

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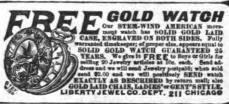
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SPECIAL CUT PRICES



John M. Smyth Co. Madison Street, Chicago

Comfort's League of Cousins

how to properly care for our sick and suffering poor, for we don't know how to do it yet, more's the pity.

Comfort's League of Cousins

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Comfort, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comfort's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of Comfort's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to Comfort for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the Comfort to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also Comfort for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a deall-fieldged League member

How to become a Member

the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance Comport subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join Comport's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuseration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

Shut-ins Needing Christmas Cheer

Shut-ins Needing Christmas Cheer

The following shut-ins need all the Christ-

The following shut-ins need all the Christmas cheer you can possibly send them:

Ben C. Knight (54), Enfield, N. C. Ben entirely depends on those who pity the suffering for his support. He is entirely helpless, and is desperately poor. Who will be his Santa Claus? Mrs. D. Morris (34), Mt. Vernon, R. F. D., 2, Ga. Crippled for fifteen years. Send her letters, reading matter, silk and woolen pieces, and anything that will help a poor and needy woman. Edith Fishleigh (27), 159 Fourth Street, Wyandotte, Mich. Great sufferer for seven years, is raffling a mandolin, twenty-five cents a ticket, so she can get an invalid chair. Victoria Lareau, Hemingford, Quebec, Canada. Her birthday falls on Christmas day, charming little girl, does beautiful needlework. Flora Nichols (20), Wellston, Ohio, is paralyzed. Needs letters only. Mary E. Luke, Baxter, R. F. D., 3, Tenn. Wants cheery letters, will answer if postage is inclosed. Put something in your letters besides words. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel, Province Quebec, Canada. An invalid for seventeen years, great sufferer from hip disease. Mother just dead, left all alone, wants cheer and sympathy. Fanny D. Cunningham (14), Mineral Wells, Texas. Helpless, poor and lonely. Who will be her good angel? Rebecca Whitford, Finleyson, Ga. You know of this poor little cripple. Make her Christmas worth while. Fred W. Bizell (24), Newton Grove, N. C. Writes an admirable letter, has been helpless for twelve years from rheumatism. Bear him in mind. Isaac Price, Lenoir, N. C. Has been in bed thirty-eight years. Friends are trying to get him a wheel chair, so he can be wheeled out into the blessed sunshine. Will he get it? Depends on you. Myrtle Poole (23), 627 East Temple St., Washington Court House, Ohio. Myrtle is bedridden and very needy, a sweet, patient little angel, a particular pet of mine, make her forget her trouble for one day in the year. Ellen Kinney, Brockport, N. Y. Friends are trying to pay for the little home she lives in, so she may at least have shelter. Eugenia Moon, Cody, Va poorhouse, unable to move. Cassie M. Brown (30), Alexander Place, Clinton, Ark. Helpless through an accident, desperately poor, refined, educated, writes beautifully. Wants cheery letters and good reading matter. Henry S. Bent, Turbine, Tenn. A dear, nice boy, fine writer, good Christian, helpless and needy. Please make his Christmas worth while. James Wall, Oxford, R. F. D., 4, N. C. You all know Jim, and his condition which cannot be altered, but you can do much to make him forget his sufferings, mind you do it. M. Edith Myers, Brush Valley, Pa. Fine writer. Send Santa Claus to her. Andrew Millslagle (30), Borland, N. C. Cripple from rheumatism, craves your sympathy and sunshine. Mildred Carpenter, 621 Bird St., Parkersburg, W. Va. Mildred is seven years old, and has been a cripple all her life; on the birthday of the Christ child, don't forget this little one. M. Lillian Perkins, Hemlock Creek, Lucern, Pa. Minister's widow, helpless in bed for thirteen years, poor and needy.

There's a dandy list. I shall get a report from all the shut, ins. and shell know evently.

There's a dandy list. I shall get a report from all the shut-ins, and shall know exactly what Santa Claus brought them. Your Christmas will be all the happier if you remember these poor souls. And now from the depths of my heart, a heart that loves every one of you, of my heart, a heart that loves every one of you, I wish you a Merry, Merry Christmas. Those who want to write me real Christmas letters should get them to Augusta by December 20th, and then I am sure to have time to read them all by the 25th. I would like to hear from every one of you, and only wish I could send you each a present, but the best I can do is to

send you my love, and that you have in abundance, and look out for the turkey. Once more a Merry, Merry Christmas, and God bless you all. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems-Sure cure for the blues, Uncle Charlie, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A blue topaz of sky blue color has been discovered in Rhodesia.

A recent French invention is shells filled with oil, which are intended to calm a stormy sea when fired into it.

A machine, which literally manufactures musical notes, is a recent invention. It is called a telhar-monium.

A Swiss watchmaker has made a watch with a phonograph attachment that calls out the hours as they pass.

Herr Gentsch of Vienna, has produced an artificial gutta-percha from a mixture of caoutchoe and polin rosin.

A sweat band which may be tightened or loosened, and thereby adapted to fit the head of the wearer is among the recent inventions.

Among the recent inventions is a hymnal and prayer-book, fitted with a purse in which money for the contribution can be carried.

Tantalite has found another use. Pens have been made of tantalite which are said to be harder than steel and more elastic than gold.

Dr. W. J. Goodhue, who has devoted many yes to the study of leprosy, says he has discovered t germ of the disease in the mosquito and vermin.

A process for tempering gold to the hardness of steel, and in making all kinds of surgical instru-ments out of the hardened metal has been invented.

Aluminum paper, which is practically a new article of production, is said to preserve the sweetness of butter that is wrapped in it for a very long time. A new process of manufacturing hollow tin soldiers has been devised. Hitherto the soldiers have been cast solid, and are some sixty per cent. lighter.

Baron Von Welsbach, discoverer of the incandes-cent mantle, has invented a device by which when the gas tip is turned on, a shower of brilliant sparks

lights the gas. A labor-saving device in counting and wrapping coin has been constructed by Edward Van Winkle an electrical engineer, for one of his clients who is the inventor.

A French horticulturist has discovered that roses and mignonettes cannot live together. Rose and mignonette, placed together in a vase, both wither within half an hour.

An Italian has invented a machine for printing railroad tickets as they are needed. The apparatus can print and register 400 different kinds of tickets, with station, date and fare.

A new species of rats has been discovered in South America that have phosphorescent skins, which burn with a terrifying greenish glare at night. In the daytime they look like ordinary rats.

A celebrated German specialist has recently been experimenting with ink to find which color gathers the least amount of microbes. They develop more rapidly in red than in black, violet or blue.

In Italy, an engineering feat has recently been completed in the effecting of complete drainage for a district of 460 square miles, by the cutting of a canal on which 6,000 men have been occupied since 1901.

A collar supporter for lace collars, which will hold the filmsy collar in an upright position, and not cause discomfort to the wearer, or be visible when the collar is worn, is among the latest inven-

Recent efforts to measure the duration of flashes of lightning seem to show that it is often as brief as one-forty-thousandth part of a second. A flash lasting the fitteth part of a second is considered about the extreme duration.

Among the recent inventions is an automatic sparring machine. It is driven by an electric motor, and can be made to rain blows as rapidly as the best boxer can receive them; or it can be operated slowly for the instruction of the novice.

A device, by which the amount of material remaining in a bolt of ribbon can be ascertained at a glance, has been invented. The tape is marked with inches, feet, and yards, and the paper slit at regular intervals, passing the ribbon in and out through the slits. It will lessen the work of stocktaking.

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Popular Fashions Magazine, Dept. 36

291-3 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Great Chicago Mystery The Man With Many Aliases

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

in any place, and I know there is not a lad on the force, likewise including myself, but what would be crazy to be of use to New York's great detective."

Crit was pleased, indeed there are few men who would not have been at so sincere a tribute

to his ability, and he smiled genially as he re-

"Thanks, Chief, thanks, but I think I've got about all the force I need, with me." The chief looked a little disappointed, but he

appreciated the fact that if he was to look for any help from the Easterner, he must permit him to work in his own way. He was a little astonished, when Crit asked:

"Chief, have you ever heard of a gun by the name of Jim Hollis?"

(Who?, 'Four-time Jim?''

"Who? 'Four-time Jim?'" "Well that may be another one of his many

"Who? 'Four-time Jim?'"

"Well that may be another one of his many aliases."

"Why yes, let me see. He was pinched about two months ago, it seems to me, when we raided a fence on South Clark street. Lack of evidence against him, caused his release."

"Where is the fence now?"

"Either up or down, Mr. Truman. He died in jail last week. Had quick consumption, but that wasn't known at the time."

"That's bad," Crit said. "He might have given us some valuable information. Who else was included in the arrest, Chief?"

"Just now, I don't know, but I can easily find out by consulting the records."

"How long will that take?"

"No time at all. Perhaps you and your assistant may like to take a bath and freshen up a bit, and while you are doing so, I'll get the information you wish," the chief suggested.

"All right, good idea," Crit said cheerfully. "Come on, Ralph, we'll stretch ourselves. Chief, be sure and get the names and if any, the aliases of all who were with Hollis at the time. We'll be back within an hour, and bring with us the remainder of our force. That'll give you time enough, eh?"

"Plenty, Mr. Truman," cried the chief, escorting his distinguished visitors from his office.

As they emerged from the City Hall, they

office.

As they emerged from the City Hall, they were joined by Peter, who had been waiting, Crit considering it better not to overburden the chief first shot.

"Everything looks like Hollis' work," Crit said in a low tone to Peter.

"Same old methods?" asked the lad, who was fully informed regarding the other case, upon which they all had worked some two years previously.

previously.

"Yes, everything so far as I can see points to him as the leader," Crit continued, half to

himself.

"See, there's a split lip; the episode of the cuff buttons (you remember he once tore a man's coat robbing him of a fine cameo he was wearing?); that of the whiskey bottle (for Jim Hollis never takes a drink nor will he permit his associates to do so when they are doing a job), and lastly his presence in this city, so short time ago, and in a fence's joint."

Peter listened eagerly, and from Crit's few words gathered a pretty good idea of what had been communicated by the chief.

"Mr. Hollis, I don't think you'd continue to do business with such boldness if you knew that Crit Truman was in Chicago."

Crit's face was very grave as he thus spoke,

that Crit Truman was in Chicago."

Crit's face was very grave as he thus spoke,
for he felt very strongly upon this matter.

"I don't think a thing about the matter, I
know," laughed Ralph.

"I say, Jim Hollis swore that if he'd get free
again, he'd never let you take him alive," Peter
broke in.

"That's just what he did say. When I came
around to his cell to try and get a confession
from him, he said:

around to his cell to try and get a confession from him, he said:

"I'll get out of this yet, Truman, and when I do, look out."

"I answered:

"Other guineas have answered me the same, but so far, I'm all to the merry, and most of the other lads are on the blink."

"He smiled grimly, that scar showing up in a nasty way, and said:

"Crit Truman, I swear you'll never take me alive.""

"Guess at that time, you never thought you'd

have to try," Ralph suggested.
"Not then, but it does now, and I mean to show him just how much attention I pay to his talk." Raiph and Peter, looking at the grim jaw and somber eyes, thought:
"He will, too."

"Mr. Truman, I have your information. I have a man who was taken at the same time as "Four-time' Jim, and got pushed through for something else. He only did ten days, and got out, but he's pinched again—this time for dipping—and he's waiting trial at the Harrison street station. We can go there at once, if you wish."

"Is dipping his regular lay?" asked Crit, as the three detectives with the chief emerged into the street.

into the street.

"Yes, but he's a cheap crook. Dips, does
second story work sometimes, and most anything in a crooked line if he has a leader to
earry him along. Can't do a thing without a
guiding spirit."

"Oftentimes the worst kind of a crook,"

Ralph suggested, while Peter asked:
"What's the lad's name, Chief?"
"Like the rest of them, he's got four or five,
although he's only about twenty, but I
think his real name is Christie Ferris. He's a product of Chicago's tough kid gangs and as for sweating him—well some of the best of the boys gave it up. You can have a try

yourself, though."

The three detectives said nothing, but they were confident they knew a thing or two about tweating, which would surprise the worthy chief, but they held their tongues, and entered the attains with their companion and constitution. the station with their companion, and were taken immediately to the cell in which Christie Ferris was confined.

Crit decided to see the lad alone, so telling

the others to remain out of earshot, much to the disappointment of the chief, he said

the disappointment of the chief, he said cheerily:
"Hello, Ferris, in again, hey?"
The prisoner looked at him in a sullen manner, asking defiantly:
"Where'd you ever see me?"
"That don't make any difference, you don't remember me, I see," Crit replied coldly.
"This is what I've come to say, and you'd better listen."
The prisoner could not meet the keen eyes

better listen."

The prisoner could not meet the keen eyes of the detective, who continued:

"About two months ago you were caught with Jim Hollis in a raid on a fence, and while there was no evidence against you, and Hollis escaped punishment, you were railroaded through for ten days."

The course fellow beoked interested now. He

The young fellow looked interested now. He did not know the man who was so well informed, but he recognized that he understood

"Well, what of dat?" Christie asked, as the

"Well, what of dat?" Christie asked, as the detective paused to light his cigar.
"Oh nothing much," replied Crit, "only that yesterday you were pinched for dipping a lady's pocketbook, when you had never done the job."
"Say, Mister, will you please go tell dat to de Loot?" cried the prisoner eagerly.
"Well, am I right or am I wrong?" Crit asked, although he did not need any reply. Ferris's face told the story.
"Right? O' course you're right. I don't know where yuh get your infermation, mister, but you're a wise cooper, an' dey got to give it to yuh. I wasn't widdin ten miles o' dat job yestiddy, and here I get it right away."
Crit smiled inwardly. This had been a bold stroke, and he was well pleased with his success.

His familiarity with the methods sometimes used by the police when they wish a scapegoat on whom to fasten a crime, the real perpetrator of which cannot be found, helped him to come to the decision that Ferris was innocent. He was also helped in arriving at it by the fact that Ferris had been "railroaded" through a

that Ferris had been "railroaded" through a short time previously, and so felt that his premise was a plausible one.

Having struck one good blow, Crit continued, speaking in that frank, yet kindly manner which won so many:

"Look here, Ferris, never mind who I am, just remember I'm your friend at present, and that's more than you can say of some you know."

The boy raised himself, and glaring cried:

The boy raised himself, and glaring cried:
"I say, Mister, what's yuh driving at?"
"Do you want to know who it was got you in

here this time?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "A Keen Bit of Work," and watch the coils as they slowly tighten around the guilty, bringing the desired results. If not a subscriber send 15 cents and read this story to the end. The price will soon be advanced.



herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COM-FORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is electome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (16) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such adeice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAW FER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

After having a shave and bath, the three detectives made their way back to the office of the chief, who greeted Crit and Ralph heartily, but looked at Peter.

"The rest of my force, Chief," Crit said, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Peter?" the chief asked, showing that he had heard of that young man.

"The same," Crit replied, and the chief and Peter having shaken hands, the former said:

"Mr. Truman, I have your information. I have a man who was taken at the same time as time as man who was taken at the same time as time as man who was taken at the same time as time as man who was taken at the same time as time as man who was taken at the same time as time as man who was taken at the same time as time as man who was taken at the same time as time as man who was taken at the same time as time as man who was taken at the same time as ti

Mrs. M. W. L.—We do not think there is any immediate danger of your son's being drafted for military duty. We cannot discuss the justice or injustice of female sufferage. If there has been a trustee appointed of your property, we think the trustee should be the one to convey your property.

property, we think the trustee should be the one to convey your property.

G. C. M.—Upon such a state of facts as you submit in your statement to us, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a husband, intestate leaving no children or descendants of children, the widow would inherit, and be entitled to his whole estate both real and personal in the following States, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Mexico, and Wisconsin. We think she would be entitled to his entire personal estate, but not the whole of his real property in the following States, Illinois, Maryland, Ohio, Oregon, and Texas, but we are of the opinion that in case he owned real estate in one State, and resided in another, that the descent of the real estate would follow the laws of the State where the property was situated, and not the laws of the State where he resided at the time of his death, and, of course, if he left a will the disposition of all his property would follow the terms of the will.

Miss B. A. T.—We are of the opinion, that your remedy would be by an action for damages for breach of contract against the firm you mention.

M. M. H.—We are of the opinion, that your chances of actablishing wourtile to the load deaded we haven.

against the firm you mention.

M. M. H.—We are of the opinion, that your chances of establishing your title to the land deeded you by your father have been damaged by your failure to bring an action at once, but possibly you could still prove your case and explain your laches. We think your claim for supporting your mother would be in the nature of a claim against her, and that you could not get a court to allow you to take real estate in place of money, except by way of selling the real estate to satisfy your claim, or by way of some settlement authorized by the court.

necessary for her to join in the deed of such property, but we do think it is the custom for purchasers to require the signature of both to deeds of such property.

the signature of both to deeds of such property.

J. L. D.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that, if a man die leaving a widow and no child or children, nor descendants of any child or children, and no will, his personal property would all go to the widow, and one half of his real estate; and the other half of his real estate, would go to his father, mother, brothers, or sisters, or their descendants; but if he leaves a widow and no father, mother, brother, sister, nor any descendants of any brother or sister, then the whole of the real estate also would go to the widow.

R. V. D.—Unon your statements to us we are of the

whole of the real estate also would go to the widow.

R. V. D.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that the people to whom you owe the money could collect either from your parents or yourself, even though you were a minor at the time the debt was contracted, as minors can be bound for necessaries. We do not think they could collect from your husband as he cannot be bound for debts contracted by you before marriage. If you have no property they, of course, would be unable to collect their judgment after they had recovered it. We think on your statements you owe it to your own self-respect to try to pay the money.

W. R.—It will be necessary for you to have a tax search

think on your statements you owe it to your own selfrespect to try to pay the money.

W. R.—It will be necessary for you to have a tax search
made in the County of the State in which the land your
grandmother owns is located, in order to learn whether
it has been sold for taxes, and it will also be necessary for
you to learn whether anyone else has held possession of
the land for long enough period to create a title by adverse possession. We are of the opinion that the statute
of limitations in the State you mention runs in ten years.
If no other person has acquired title to this property in
either of the ways mentioned above, and if your grandmother's title is an absolute one in fee simple, we are of
the opinion, that she is the owner of the land.

B. P.—Under the laws of the State from which you write,
we are of the opinion, that the woman you mention can
dispose of her separate property by will or otherwise
without her husband's consent except that she cannot
without his consent dispose of his right to curtesy in her
real estate. His right to curtesy in her estate is in case
he survives her, the use of one third of her real estate for
the term of his life. You state no grounds upon which we
think this man could be sent to prison.

B. F.—Under the laws of the State from which you write,
we are of the opinion that, unless your stepmother leaves
a will, you would not upon her death be entitled to any
portion of her estate; if she leaves no husband or children, her estate would go to her father, mother, brothers,
or sisters, or their descendants.

A. L. W.—Upon your statements to me, we are of the
opinion, that the local authorities can compel the two

or sisters, or their descendants.

A. L. W.—Upon your statements to me, we are of the opinion, that the local authorities can compel the two sons, of the old man you mention, either jointly or severally, to prevent their father from becoming a public charge, as we think that a man has no right to turn over his property to his children, and then become a public charge. We cannot imagine such a state of facts, as that an old man should turn over his whole property to his son, and become penniless in his helpless old age, unless either, a fraud was perpetrated upon him, in which event the deed could be set aside by an action in law or equity, or unless some agreement was made at the time the deed was executed providing for his future support, and care. Such a contract would not be set up in the deed, but might be a separate agreement, or might be even only an oral agreement. We advise you to investigate and see whether there was not some such agreement made at the time the deed you mention was executed.

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GIRLS!

Talks with @Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion In order that each cousin may be answered n this column, no cousin must ask more than hree questions in one month.

HIS is the last month of another year, dear Cousins, and we must look back a minute to see what there is in it to teach us how to make the new one better than the old, for we must improve, you know. But let us not waste time in useless regrets. We have all made mistakes, and will make more, but we must not think of them event as marks to show us where not to them except as marks to show us where not to go again. Let us take up the new with new energy and new faith and work onward and upward. I wish you all a Merry Christmas, and I wish you all to do what you can to make it merry for those who may not be so merry as you. Now let us get to work.

The first is from Sunshine, Petaluma, Cal., who is eighteen and wants to know if she should disobey her parents and marry a man forty years old. Most emphatically she should not. The man is old enough to be her father and should teach her to obey her parents. However, we mustn't ask too much of him, and if Sunshine will wait till she is of age, and the man is all right, she can marry him and obey him instead of her parents.

and obey him instead of her parents.

Cecilia, Hiron, Wis.—A young girl of sixteen teaching school will not add greatly to her ability as a teacher, by receiving very much attention from young men. (2) Girls of every age go to country dances. There is no rule, but don't begin too early. (2) The proper time to return from an evening buggy-ride is about ten o'clock, but custom varies. Or it might rain.

Educ Chicago Ill—Drop them both. When a

Edna, Chicago, Ill.—Drop them both. When a girl is "very much in love" with two men it is a sure sign she can't be very much in love with either. As for marrying, you had better wait until you can love but one. Divided love won't work in double harness.

in double harness.

Curiosity, Novasota, Texas.—My, my, and there is a dispute in Texas about which finger the engagement ring goes on? And hundreds of pretty Texas girls become engaged every week? I can hardly believe it. Try the third finger of the left hand and see if it doesn't feel more natural there than anywhere else. (2) It is permitted to kiss your fiance as often as you please. But you won't please if you do it too often. It is also your privilege to ask him to take you anywhere you want to go. He wouldn't want you to go with any other man, would he? Really, dear, I didn't think a Texas girl could be so green.

Pinkie, Petaluma, Cal.—If you are beginning to differ over your religion before you marry, you will do much more of it after you marry, so you had better not marry. (2) If the young man comes to see you three nights in the week, you should be satisfied. How many nights do you want him to

Agatha, Fon du Lac, Wis.—Write to him and ask what is the matter. But make your letter merely one of friendly inquiry.

what is the matter. But make your letter merely one of friendly inquiry.

Violet, Emerson, Ark.—Tell him what the people are saying and if you do not want him to come to see you, ask him not to. You say he is all right. If he is, he will respect your wishes.

Puzzled Girlie, Boonville, Cal.—If you love the man very much and he asks you not to go with a certain man whom he does not like and you do, do you think yourself you ought to disregard the wish of the man you love and who loves you? If you do, then go with the other man. (2) Don't marry the man you do not care enough for, and don't continue keeping company with him. (3) No.

Petunia Leaf, Maryville, La.—You should never marry one man when it brings tears to your eyes to look at the picture of another. You do not love the man you are engaged to, and are doing yourself and him a wrong to become his wife. Eighteen is too young to marry, anyway. Wait till you are twenty-one.

Gray Eyes, Goodwater, Ala.—Don't be too nice to

Gray Eyes, Goodwater, Ala.—Don't be too nice to him, but be pleasant and persuading, and wait awhile. If he thinks you are for him, you will know it in good time. (2) Rings may be exchanged without any serious results.

Sweet Girl, Weimar, Texas.—It is not customary for the lady to go part way home with the young man when he has called, but it might be done. (2) Better wait till he asks you yet more times. Once is too soon.

Rose, Elgin, Ill.—If it isn't in the Bible it ought to be, that cousins should not marry.

Black Eyes, Cape Girardeau, Mo.-It is quite proper to make the young man a Christmas

present.

Doubtful, Roseberg, Oregon.—It is not exactly improper for a girl to have her picture taken with a young man, if he is the right kind, but it is better not to, because strangers who see the picture do not know the circumstances and may make remarks not complimentary. Groups of three or more are well enough. In your case you should have asked the young man's mother to have come into the picture with you. Your sweetheart has acted very nicely, indeed, about it. He ought to make a very good husband.

Jack. Warsaw. Ill.—You are wise to wait till you

make a very good husband.

Jack, Warsaw, Ill.—You are wise to wait till you are older and better qualified to become a wife with a house on her hands. If the young man is doing well in California, and likes it there, of course, go out there and live. Wherever you can do the best and be happiest is the place for you. It is not wrong to accept the attention of another man as long as "Fred" does not object, and is too far away to look after you, socially. man as long as "Fred" does not object, and is too far away to look after you, socially.

Mary D., Mooresville, Ia.—He would probably make your married life unhappy and you had better not risk him.

Anxious Lassie, Orient, S. D.—If no one objects, why should you make the engagement long, and not marry this year? You have been engaged nearly a year, and that is long enough. (2) Wear a white evening dress if your fiance wants you to. He will think it is becoming, and what do you care for other people's opinions?

Anxious Ann, University Place, Neb.—If the young man is rich and respectable as you say, your parents' objection is uncalled for, and you might elope with him. They would forgive you as soon as they saw how well you were being provided for.

Friendless, Camden, S. C.—You may overcome your bashfulness by going into company as often as you can and trying to be agreeable to all you meet. Don't be afraid to talk, but compel yourself to take part in conversation. Go away from home as often as possible and meet strangers. You can make friends by thinking of others more than you do of yourself, which you are not now doing.

Blue Eyes, Springfield Mass.—If it takes the young man two years and a half to come to the point, he is too slow for any use, and you should send him along. Ask him flatly if he loves you enough to marry you. That will start him up some. I don't like that kind of a man.

Prox, St. Francisville, La.—I think you are really in love with him and are too young to know it. You show the usual signs. Tell him to keep on pleading for a year, at least. By that time you will be older. (2) Two years, though young peo-

ple do not wear mourning so long, and should not wear it at all, I think.

Doll, Carns, Neb.—It is hardly an appropriate present, but there are always idiots at weddings who seem to think they are privileged to do anything. You can only tell the person who proposes to make it that if she does, you will never receive her into your home when you are married.

Girl Wife, Nevada City, Cal.—I am glad to know that your marriage at fourteen has turned out hap-pily. Just the same I am glad to know that when a trainload of passengers is wrecked, at least, one person is not killed. Twenty years from now, your opinion may be changed.

opinion may be changed.

Theodosia, Pickens, N. C.—Your engagement is all right, and you will lose nothing by waiting. "Mizpah" is the word usually used in rings. Put that, or anything you wish. The less the better, because, as you say, the waiting may end it. Possibly you had better put the motto of the state of Washington—Alki, meaning, by and by.

Lonesone Girl, Mount Vernon, Nob. It is raise.

Lonesome Girl, Mount Vernon, Neb.—It is wise to be careful, and you had better not be popular, if you have to be "fast" to be so. Ask the young man to call and be pleasant to him. Maybe he is the one.

There, dears, all your questions are answered, and I am perfectly sure some of them are just the answers you wanted. You see this is the Christmas month, and the spirit of Santa Claus is in the air, and he never brings us anything except what we want. May he come to you all, and to all others this year with full stockings. By, by, until the New Year.

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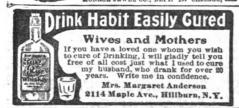
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.) Another Way of Making the Goulash

Two tablespoonfuls of lard put into a frying-pan add four tablespoonfuls of flour same as in number one, gradually add hot water and vinegar to suit taste. Or one can leave out the vinegar. Bread toasted brown and cut up in squares and dropped in, as in soup, is nice. It may be used as a gravy for potatoes, etc.

Mayonnaise Dressing

Mayonnaise Dressing

One teaspoonful each of ground mustard and powdered sugar, one half teaspoonful of salt, one quarter saltspoonful of cayenne, yolks of two raw eggs, one pint of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Mix the first four ingredients in a small bowl; add the eggs; stir well with a wooden spoon. Add the oil, a few drops at a time, stirring until it thickens. If by chance you add too much oil, do not attempt to stir it all in at once, but take it up gradually. When the dressing is thick, thin it with a little lemon; then add oil and lemon alternately, and lastly the vinegar. When ready to serve, add half a cup of whipped cream if you like; the cream makes it whiter and thinner. Never mix the dressing with the salad until ready to serve.

Home: made Marshmallows

Dissolve three ounces of gum arabic, in one half pint of hot water, strain, and add one half pint of powdered sugar. Boil ten minutes, or until the syrup has the consistency of honey, stirring all the time; remove from the fire, and add the white of an egg beaten stiff. Mix it thoroughly, and add two teaspoonfuls of orange flower flavor; pour the paste into a pan dusted with corn starch, and spread about one inch thick. Cut into squares, and when cold roll it in confectioner's sugar.

Fruit Candy

One cocoanut grated. Take one and one half pounds of granulated sugar, wet with the milk of the cocoanut, put in a saucepan, and let it heat slowly, then boil rapidly five minutes, then add the cocoanut, and boil ten minutes longer, stirring constantly. Try a little on a plate, and if it forms a firm paste take from the fire; pour half of it on a large tin lined with paraffine paper; then add to the remainder of the cream, one quarter pound of stoned raisins, one half pound of blanched sliced almonds (pouring boiling water on the almonds before slicing), one pound of pecan nuts, one half cup of hickory-nut meats, all chopped finely. Mix well; pour this over the other cream, and cut into bars.

Dine Peach Sweet Pickles

Vine Peach Sweet Pickles

Take one peck vine peaches, one quart vinegar, two pounds sugar, two ounces ground cinnamon tied in a bag; peel and halve the peaches, remove seed and stick two or three cloves in each half peach; heat vinegar and sugar and cinnamon together, then put in vine peaches and cook until tender, taking care not to let them get very soft; take out carefully and place in jar; let vinegar boil until thickened a little, then pour over fruit; repeat this two mornings, then cover closely and set away in cool, dry place until wanted.

Preserved Vine Peaches

Preserved Uine Peaches
Peel, halve and remove seeds from vine peaches
selected to each pound of fruit so prepared; allow
one pound of white sugar, sprinkle sugar over fruit
and let stand over night, pour off juice into a preserving kettle and let it come to a boil, then place
fruit in and cook until a fork will pierce it easily;
to each quart of fruit add one small lemon sliced
thinly and cook with fruit; take out carefully and
place in jars; let syrup boil a few minutes to
thicken, then skim and pour over fruit; seal closely.

Canned Vine Peaches

Prepare same as for preserving; to each can of fruit allow one half pound of sugar; half a lemon and one cup of water; let sugar and water come to a boil, then place in fruit and lemon, cooking until tender. Place in jars, boil juice for fifteen minutes and pour over fruit. MRS. L. M. MCGEE.

Apple Frosting

White of one egg, one cup of granulated sugar, one apple grated; mix all together and beat for fifteen minutes.

MRS. AURELIA SAYRE, Sibley, Mich.

German Coffee Cake

German Coffee Cake

One yeast cake, one medium-sized potato, one small cup of butter and lard mixed, one large cup of white sugar, two, eggs, one small nutmeg, one quart sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one and one half cups of seeded raisins, and flour enough to mix. In the evening, dissolve the yeast, and boil and mash fine the potato. Warm half of the milk, and make a sponge as for bread, using enough flour to form a thick batter. Let rise over night. In the morning warm the rest of the milk, and add the butter and lard. Beat the eggs well, add sugar, salt, grated nutmeg, and raisins, and stir all together. Work in flour to make a stiff dough, after adding the sponge. Flour the board, and knead the dough enough to get it into shape. Butter a jar, place the dough in it and set to rise in a warm place. When light roll out into a sheet about an inch thick, and place in a baking-tin. Let rise in a warm place till light, and bake in a moderate oven. While baking brush it over several times with a caramel made of one cup of sugar, one half cup of sweet cream, butter the size of half an egg. and a teaspoonful of cinnamon boiled together. Spread the caramel over-the cake just as you would baste a turkey while it was roasting.

MRS. J. H. STANEET, Pingree, N. Dak.

Lemon Queens

MRS. J. H. STANEET, Pingree, N. Dak.

Lemon Queens

One half cup of butter, and one cup of sugar added gradually, cream; four eggs, one and one fourth cups of sifted flour, grated rind of one half lemon, one tablespoonful of lemon muice, one fourth teaspoonful of salt, one fourth teaspoonful of soda. To creamed butter and sugar, add one egg at a time beating vigorously, then the lemon rind. Mix salt and soda with a little of flour, and lemon juice last. Butter gem pans, and fill half full, beating vigorously before putting in pans. Bake from twenty to thirty minutes.

Mocha Tart

Five eggs, beat-yolks with one and one half cups of granulated sugar, one cup of flour, one half pound of chopped nuts, use one half in batter, and one half on whipped cream, one and one half table-spoonfuls mocha in batter, the same in cream when whipped, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, bake in two layers, and put cream in between with chopped nuts sprinkled on each layer.

MRS. JOHN LYNCH, 6241-2 Noe St., San Francisco,

Maple Fudge

Cal.

Three cups of granulated sugar, one cup of cream or milk, one half cup of pecans (shelled), one half cup of walnuts (shelled), one cup coccanut, two teaspoonfuls of Henderson's Maple Essence. Put sugar and cream in granite saucepan, and bring to a boil, cook until syrup spins hair, then add butter the size of a large walnut, and stir in the Maple Essence, stir in the nuts and the coccanut, finely chopped, beat until the mixture begins to grain, turn into a greased pan, and when it is cool, yet not firm, mark into squares. Wrap the squares neatly in paraffine paper. in paraffine paper.

Maple Jelly

One half box of Knox Gelatine, scant cup of cold water, one pint of boiling water, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of Henderson's Maple Essence. Soak the gelatine in cold water until soft, then add the boiling water, sugar, and Maple Essence. Do not allow to boil. When well dissolved strain through a fiannel bag.

Sauce for Pudding

Whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, one and one half cups of sugar, one cup of milk. Cook until it thickens, then add the eggs, and one teaspoonful of tincture of vanilla.

MRS. J. L. ROGERS, 69 W. 94th St., New York, N. Y.



Comfort Postal Request

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return postals of all kinds, and will be in a position of a postal postals. Some parties have received his postals are ready of a postal postals and the postals and the postals are ready as a postal paper for 15 cents a year, and we have a very large assortment of elegant Souvenir Post Gards. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. As we have thousands of cards, we are ready to help you get a large collection without any outlay on your part whatever. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

HEREAFTER, we cannot insert requests for cards in this column unless you take advantage of this offer. Send us a club of twenty-live subscribers and we will send you our Banner assortment of one hundred American, Foreign and Comic Postals. Below we give a list of some of our regular cards: New York City Views including Flatiron Building, Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Crant's Tomb. Central Park Views, Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, New York Harbor, Post Office, Statue of Liberty, and hundreds of others comp

Stasia Burr, 561 S. 4th St., San Jose, Cal., colored views. Mary Birkel, 2350 Cedar Ave., Louisville, Ky. Allie M. Winslow, Wessfield, R. F. D., 23, N. Y. William Ray, 1222 7th Ave., Greeley, Col. Judson M. Erbe, Nora Springs, Jowa. Alden F. Keyes Jr., Box 141, Wareham, Mass. Mrs. I. B. Collins, Apache. R. F. D., 2, Okla. Miss Pearl Miller, 710 West 1st Street, Rome, Ga. Wauda A. Bergen, Masonic Home Cottage, Utica, N. Y. Clara M. Hinkley, 26 Kerr St., Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Ester C. Quigley, 724 Howard Ave., New Haven, Conn. Horacc T. Bailey, Box 52, Testus, Missouri. Fred H. Duttweiler, Box 24, Jeffersonville, N. Y. E. McNulty, 2292 15th St., San Francisco, Cal. Miss Grace Bergstresser, Locust Gap, Pa. Mary Day. Trinidad, Humboldt Co., Cal. Miss Rosina C. Lampert, 807 W. Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y. Miss May Dee Jones, Bridgeport, Ala. Miss Altha Perry, Kingman, Ariz. Blanche H. Velloz, 4 Pine St., Amsterdam, N. Y. Mrs. F. M. Richardson, Salisbury, N. H. A. W. Lanigan, 44 College Ave., Waterville, Maine.

Good Old Songs We All Love

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs, and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

"Au Revoir"

Say au revoir, but not good by,
For parting brings a bitter sigh;
The past is gone, though mem'ry lives,
One changing thought the future is.
Our duty first, love must not need
What might have been had fate decreed.
'Twere better far had we not met,
I loved you then, I love you yet.

CHORUS.

Say au revoir, but not good by, The past is dead, love cannot die. "Twere better far had we not met, I loved you then, I love you yet.

The waters glide; the oars lie still. A rippling laugh; a word at will. Where angels fear, fools dare not tread, Shall live for e'er, the past is dead. This one farewell may be our last, The word is spoken, the die is cast, And still my heart throbs wild with pain, For fear we ne'er shall meet again.

Beautiful Isle

Somewhere the sun is shining, Somewhere the songbirds dwell; Hush, then. thy sad repining; God lives, and all is well.

Somewhere, somewhere, Beautiful Isle of Somewhere! Laud of the true, where we live anew— Beautiful Isle of Somewhere!

Somewhere the day is longer, Somewhere the task is done; Somewhere the heart is stronger, Somewhere the guerdon won.

CHORUS.

Somewhere the load is lifted, Close by an open gate; Somewhere the clouds are rifted. Somewhere the angels wait

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with for bidding manners."-Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Miquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be ensurered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Blue Eyes, Amazonia, Mo.—You may ask the young man to call wherever you see him, if the epportunity is favorable. He should respond to your fondness for him by asking you if he might

Undecided, Malmo, Minn.—A girl at a party or dance without an escort, or a chaperon, is apt to be neglected and become a wallflower. Better stay at home than be that. Small parties where all are friends don't call for escorts, but dances do. (2) Mighteen, as a rule, is too young to marry, but there are exceptions to the rule. As you are supporting yourself, and have an opportunity to marry a good man who wants to give you his home to preside over, it would be quite proper for you to marry.

Julia, Arago, Minn.—Wear your hair in the most becoming fashion, no matter what the prevailing mode may be. (2) Long kimonas are not worn all day except by women who do not like to exert themselves to look spick and span. (3) White sateen will make a very becoming dress for a state occasion, but lighter material is better for simple affairs.

Speaking Potalers Col.

Sunshine, Petaluma, Cal.—You must eat simple food and no grease, to remove one cause of pimples. Take plenty of exercise in the open air, and let the sun shine on you. Take as long breaths as you can, and plenty of them. Keep the skin clean with hot water and pure soap. At night apply this cleansing cream: Lanoline, one and a quarter ounces; almond oil, same; sulphur precipitate, same; oxide of zine, five drams; violet extract, one dram; orangeflower water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; white wax, two ounces. Melt the wax in a double boiler, then add the oil, and before it cools put in the elderflower water, and beat until cold. Wipe off the cream thoroughly, bathe with hot water, and apply this lotton; precipitate of sulphur, one dram; spirits of camphor, one dram; glycerine, one dram; rose water, four ounces.

Brown Eyes, Bellair, Fla.—Yes, it makes her com-

Brown Eyes, Bellair, Fla.—Yes, it makes her common. (2) Don't mention love to a man until he mentions it to you, and tells you he loves you.
(3) It is quite proper.

(3) It is quite proper.

Rosebud, Buckhead, Okla.—It is difficult to reduce flesh, except by the most careful diet, eating no fats, no sweets, and only lean meat. Take vigorous exercise to convert the fat into muscle.

Red Top, Rockland, Pa.—See answer to Rosebud, above. (2) Unless your red hair is not red, you had better not try to doctor it. Red hair is really beautiful, and should make any woman proud to have it.

Skidoo, Greenup, Ill.—It is proper to give the man a Christmas present even though he does not give you one. But don't give it to him unless you know it will be acceptable from you.

J. McC., Jeffersonville, Ind.—You had better get such a formula from a druggist with advice how to use it as it is dangerous, and may result in per-manent injury, unless you know exactly how to apply it.

Black-eyed Beauty, Jamestown, N. Dak.—See answer above to "Rosebud."

Gray Eyes, Peck, Idaho.—The following astringent is recommended by those who have tried it: Aristol, two grams; white vaseline, thirty grams; essence of peppermint, ten drops. Rub with this very gently each night, and cover with a compress wet with the following: Alum, two grains; acetate of lead, thirty grains; distilled water, four hundred grains. Cover the compresses with olled-sitk, and keep on for twelve hours. It will require several months of treatment.

several months of treatment.

Gray Eyes, Sheridan, Ind.—This eyebrow tonic is said to be good to make the eyebrows heavy: Tincture of rosemary, five grams; tincture of cantharides, one gram; eau decologne, lifty grams; spirits of camphor, fifty grams. An eyelash ointment is made as follows: Sulphate of quinine five grains; sweet almond oil, one ounce. This is to be applied with a sable brush. We question very much whether it will make your lashes long and curly.

Curly.

Blue Eyes, Shelby, Ohio.—You are too young to be accepting the attention of young men, unless you are out of school, and have nothing else to do. Twin Sister, Claud, Ala.—As far as years are concerned a man nineteen years older than the woman he marries is quite young enough, but the man should be at least fifty years old. A man of thirty-three should not marry a girl of fourteen. If you and the man are thoroughly congenial and he is young for his age, you might take the risk.

Rosa, Lone Grove, Kans.—The lady may do as she pleases about removing coat and hat when she is married at a judge's office, or a parsonage. Rules of etiquette do not apply under such circumstances.

Ethel, Charlevoi, Mich.—At seventeen you can easily wait for three or four years to see how the young man will turn out. Don't be in such a hurry to get into trouble.

Black Eyes, Ramona, Kans.—You might make yourself a blonde by using peroxide of hydrogen, but you would be much more sensible and true to leave your hair as the Lord gave it to you.

L. R., Butte, Mont.—We think that you at twenty and he at thirty-seven are not too far apart in age to be as happy as most married people, if you are congenial.

Congenial.

Trouble, Gordon, Pa.—Yours is only a lovers' quarrel, and you will have to work your own way out of it. We hardly think either of your hearts will break if you never become good friends as you used to be. You didn't treat him fairly, though being a woman you may have some privileges that men don't always like.

men don't always like.

M. J., Livingstone, Mont.—Curly hair being natural you cannot make it straight. (2) It is not proper to whisper in company unless you can do so when you are not observed. (3) Lemon juice will remove berry stains. They will yield somewhat to hot water and soap, and time will remove them in a few days.

Rocky Mountain Girl, Pinecreek, Mont.—It is not good form for a man to call a girl by her first name until they become well acquainted and she gives him permission. (2) Try this on falling hair: Distilled witch-hazel, five ounces; corrosive sublimate, ten grains. (3) You can get a better tooth powder at the drug store than you can possibly compound yourself.

Blue Eyes, San Luis, Cal.—Under the circumstances you may go to him to be married, though he might come to you, and you could get married quietly and return to his home. If you go to him, you should take a chaperon with you.

DON'T NECLECT



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE Who Will Give Free Advice on Curing Catarrh to All Who Ask For It.

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Are you making that common, dangerous mistake of thinking Catarrh a trifling allment? Are you fooling yourself with the idea it's only a stubborn, obstinate head-cold that in time will "cure itself"?

Don't deceive yourself any longer! Catarrh can't cure itself. While you heedlessly neglect it, you're fast becoming a hawking, spitting, foul-breathed nuisance—an object of disgust to everyone you meet. Worse still—you're allowing Catarrh to get down to your lungs.

Once Catarrh settles on the lungs it's no longer

Once Catarrh settles on the lungs it's no longer Catarrh—it's Consumption. Consumption often results from neglected Catarrh, and great numbers of people die every year just because they've neglected Cafarrh.

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Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

ADDRESS.

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MRS. LUCILE AINSLEE

Send me your name and date of birth with a 2 cent stamp, and I will send you a horoscope of your life from the cradle to the grave, absolutely free of cost. I can tell you just what to do to become happy, and can so lay the future before you, that you will bless the day you first wrote to me.

When you look around among your acquaintances and can see those who are successful both in family matters and in business and money affairs, who you know are no smarter than you are yourself, don't you often think well "That's their luck," but I have had bad luck you say to yourself, now let me tell you something and there is no question about it, they are successial because they have been advised by some competent astrologer. This you can put down as certain.



HIRAM GUNTHER

Read what a few of my Patrons say:

I followed the advice you gave me, and everything has turned out grandly. Charley and I are now married, and in our happiness we pray that you may live long to continue in your grand and noble calling.

NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

Your wonderful power is beyond my understanding. You not only told me about affairs that thought no one new anything about, but all you predicted has come true. MRS. LUCILE AINSLEE.

I bless the day when I wrote to you—it was the turning point in my life—both in family and money HIRAM GUNTHER. matters.

Following your advice about becoming an actress, I am now on the road to fame and fortune. My last season was a complete success, and I now have many flattering offers from several managers, and just to think when I first wrote to you, I was only a poor country girl with no future. I owe it all to you, dear Professor, how can I ever pay you?

GRACE KARINTH.



STATE OF CONNECTICUT, \$ 85.
COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD, \$ BRIDGEPORT, July 15, 1905. I do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copies of photographs and testimonials with the original photographs and testimonials and that the same are correct transcripts therefrom.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal.

J. D. TOOMEY, JR.,

Notary Public
Remember I send you this

Remember I send you this horoscope absolutely FREE. Don't hesitate a moment, but write at once and I will prove to you just what I say, I have made thousands happy and prosperous and can do the same for you.



GRACE KARINTH.

NELLIE ARMSTRONG. Simply send me your name and birth date with a 2-cent postage stamp, and I will do the rest. Shakespeare said: The stars above us govern our conditions. Why should you doubt?

PROF. LEO AMZI, Dept. A. 6, Bridgeport, Conn.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 26th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

G. R., Bluffton, Ind.—We do not recognize the magazine by your description and cannot give you its name. (2) The fate of the spy depends upon what the officer in command thinks about it. The law is not so well defined that a court martial must be very particular.

If A. D. Y. of Lloydsville, O., will write to Elizabeth Osborne, Calla, O., he may hear of something to his advantage in the matter of photo-engraving.

R. Hekeler, Peterson, N. H., would like to hear from parties having goats for sale.

Mrs. A. J. T., Idaho Falls, Idaho.—We do not know how responsible they are. (2) Don't have a song published unless you can have it done on royalty, no matter what the firm is, from the highest to the lowest.

J. T., Carden Bottom, Ark.—We think you will not find tax assessors' duties set forth in the constitution of your State. However, you are on the ground and might read up on the Arkansas constitution. Otherwise, ask the sheriff of your

O. B., Beardstown, Ill.—Museums do not buy old relics unless they can see them. They are usually in the market to buy what they want, if some philanthropic person will not donate it. Write to Field Museum, Chicago.

B. S., Endersby, Oregon.—The best publisher is the one who will buy your stories. The publisher determines the price which runs from \$2 a thousand words to \$200. There are hundreds of publishers looking for good stories, but they must be very good stories, better than you can write, we

R. A. H., Rosie, Ark.—Write to Brentano, New York City.

Reader, Gulfport, Miss.—There have been various reports of premiums for bottles that cannot be used again, but we think they cannot be materialized. Indeed, we do not think they were ever very substantial. If you have such a bottle, you will have no trouble getting all the money for it you want. We do not know about the constituents of the beverage you ask about. It is a trade secret.

E. M. G., Jacksonville Mo.—De Lesseps was the engineer-in-chief of the Panama Canal under French authority. For detailed information write to Panama Canal Commission, Washington, D. C.—P. G. L. Dixon, Mo.—Write to the Simmons Birge.

P. G. L., Dixon, Mo.—Write to the Simmons Birge Hardware Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Hardware Co., St. Louis, Mo.

M. M., Durango, Col.—William Penn, the son of Admiral Penn, was born in England, and, though an aristocrat by birth, became converted to Quakerism at college and was an extremist. His father, angered at him, sent him to travel in order to free him from the influence. In the course of his travels he was in Ireland, where he met again, the Quaker who had converted him, and he took it up again, more vigorously than ever. He was imprisoned in Ireland for his opinions. He made friends, however, even among his enemies, by his honesty and firmness, with great amiability of temper, and at last received concessions of land in America, called Pennsylvania, in honor of his father, a friend of the Duke of York and King George. Haven't you an encyclopædia in Durango, where yon could find detailed history of Penn?

Mrs. T. H. B., Central Lake, Mich.—Why do you

Mrs. T. H. B., Central Lake, Mich.—Why do you wish to waste time and postage writing to rich people? We will not give you the address.

Thelma, Covert, Kans.—Send to the editors of any or all of the magazines. They buy short stories, if they are good.

T. M., Winchester, Wash.—Apply to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., for instructions how to proceed to secure a patent.

C. H. B., Bangor, Me.—Write to Brentano, New York City. They will tell you the best on the subject, and will give you the price. Be sure to ask what the price will be.

A. L. G., Dunnegan, Mo.—Unless the flint is of some peculiar and useful quality, there is nothing in it. Write to your State Geologist at Jefferson

D. L. G., Ethel, Mo.—You could get it from any bookseller in St. Louis, and cheaper at a second-hand place than elsewhere. We have no idea what the price would be, but nothing extravagant, as it is not rare.

Bookworm, Waldo, O.—We' believe the publishers are Street & Smith, New York City. The number of books will depend upon how many stories are in a volume. Inquire of the same firm as to the other book you ask about.

Mrs. Charles Adams, 1950 State St., Salt Lake City, Utah, would like to have enough balsam pine, or sweet grass, to fill a sofa pillow. Can any Com-roker reader accommodate her?

or sweet grass, to fin a sola phrow. Can any conroat reader accommodate her?

P. H. S., Beasley, Texas.—We have no means of
knowing, or getting such information. The Mayor
of Boston might give you some hints.

C. J. H., Morrisville, Vt.—You can get the book
from any bookseller in Boston, or from your own
town bookstore, if you have one. It ranges in price
from about ten cents, up, according to binding.

Basket, Fruithurst, Ala.—Whether it would pay
or not could only be determined by your making
inquiry as to what sale might be expected. Baskets are made so cheaply by machinery in large
quantities, that unless you could turn out something unique and original, or beautiful, there
would not be much money in it. You might build
up a small local trade. Ask your storekeepers if
they will handle your goods.

M. M., Ayenel, N. J.—We do not know the address

they will handle your goods.

M. M., Avenel, N. J.—We do not know the address of the S-W P. A., but we fancy it would be a good thing for a lot of people who pay money to find out what they should have known without cost. (2) Write to G. B. Calman, 42 East 23rd St., N. Y. City. Also inquire of him about extracting color from stamps. (3) There is a time limit, we suppose, but it varies in different states. Ask at your nearest bank. (4) Bad circulation is the cause. See a physician.

Oni Vive Santa Poss Call Vive

Qui Vive, Santa Rosa, Cal.—You can get copyright on music by applying to Copyright Division, Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. Ask for instructions and you will receive all that you require. (2) A drawing enlarged from another canot be honestly sold. Drawings must be in ink, and they must be original.

BED-WETTING WIE PAYS SAMPLE FREE. Dr. B. W. Tonkin, Box 01 2 Kd wardsburg, Bieh.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return.
A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic.
Trial box MAILED FREE. Address,
Dr.E.M.Botot, Box 978, Augusta, Ma.

One Way of Wooing

By Stanhope Guardian

ITH trembling fingers Mazie opened the letter, glanced at its begin-ning, then ran her eyes down the two closely written pages, her face growing whiter and whiter each minute.
"Darling Mazie," the letter began,

"Darling Mazie," the letter began,
"By this time you have heard of Fred Charleton's marriage, and I expect you are rejoicing to get rid of so constant an adorer,
Although I confess I was surprised to hear
of his marriage. I thought he was your private property, but then men will do such
strange things at times, and the girl is awfully rich, and in these days men care more
for money than anything else.
"If I were you I'd cultivate the new lady.

"If I were you, I'd cultivate the new lady, for if she is rich, she might help you along in society. Dear Mazie, I do hope that this is not news to you, for I wouldn't hurt you for anything, but I thought you ought to know. I believe it is all a secret. What is not the word of the you think?

ido you think?
"If I can do anything, let me know. If he has thrown you down, he and his wife ought to be blacklisted.

to be blacklisted.
"As ever, your devoted friend,
"Gertie Wingfield." "It is terrible," poor little Mazie sobbed, the tears running down her face and upon

the letter.

"Gertie knows that I knew nothing about it, and I'd like to kill her," with a burst of anger. "Fred was mine, mine, until that awful woman caught him, but who is she?" and her eager eyes searched the letter.

"She didn't tell me, but I'll find out," and the red lips closed tightly.

No wonder she was angry. For over a year Fred Charleton had been her shadow, devoted to her, and while there was no regular engagement between them, she had certainly expected to be his wife. To be sure she had the letter.

pagement between them, she had certainly expected to be his wife. To be sure she had been a little coquettish, that she knew, drawing back whenever Fred had been serious, and now she supposed she could not complain when he had chosen a wife.

"Still he knew I loved him," she sobbed, then stopped:

then stopped:

"Did he know? I never really let him know for certain," she thought, and then sobbed again as she thought of the bright, intelliyoung face she had grown to love so

'Why, I never thought of Fred leaving me,' che told herself, as she sat, alternately sob-bing, and reading the letter.
"Oh, if I only had my chance again," she

eried at last, springing to her feet, and con-fronting Fred.

"Why are you here?" she stammered, realizing that her face was tearstained, and that he had no right to seek her now that he was married man.

married man. Evidently the young man did not notice any signs of discomfiture, for he said cheerily: "Well, going to the picnic?"

All the anger which had been welling up the heart burst out, and she said angrily: "What business is it of yours?"

The young man smiled easily as he returned with the laugh she knew and loved so well: "None, except that I intend to take you, that's all, my dear Mazie."

Her face blazing with indignation, she tamped her little foot, saying: "And do you think I will go with your wife?"

You have mixed your prepositions slightly, dearest. I do not expect you to go with, but I would love to have you as my wife."

Mazie paused to look at him. There was

mazie paused to look at him. There was no expression of indignation, of confusion on his face, only of a great hope.
"I don't understand," she said slowly, two more tears rolling down her face. How dear he was now when she believed him lost for-

"Neither do I. Oh, I say, Mazle, dear, don't ry," and he sprang forward, his arms outstretched.

"Keep away," she cried, shrinking back, for she was terribly afraid that she would yield to the temptation, she did love him so. "Mazie, dear, tell me, what makes you cry and act so strange?' he asked gently. "You have no right to be here."
"I suppose I haven't any real right, but it to me, dear, tor you know I love you very dearly," he said quite simply.

Mazie's face took on a horrified expression, and she said abruptly:
"I thought you were a man of honor!"

"I thought you were a man of honor!"

"You are not, to come here and talk this

way to me."
"And why is that dishonorable? I love

you 'Hush, Fred, hush!"

"I tell you I love you, and I want to marry you above everything else in the world," and the earnest young face was flushed.
"Fred. Fred, how can you?" wailed the

young girl, her face now buried in her hands. "Mazie, explain. I love you, you know that. I want to marry you, you ought to have known that long ago. Now what is there wrong about that? Why do you cry and call me names?" and his voice was earnest enough to convince anyone, and no wonder Mazie thrust Gertie's letter into his hand. The young

man read it through from one end to the other, then asked slowly:
"Could you believe it?"
"It isn't true then, Fred, oh, tell me?"
"Mazie!" was all he said, but it was enough, for with a perfect storm of sobs, the threw herself into the waiting arms and the threw herself into the waiting arms, and some of the agony left her. As soon as she was able to speak, she said brokenly:
"It nearly killed me. Fred."

"And you could believe such a thing of me?"

he asked again.
"But it was so plausible, Fred."
"I know," he said, frowning as he glanced ht the cruel letter, then he started, and said

Mazie, it was a cruel jest. My cousin, Fred Charleton, was married last week, you remember I went to the wedding in Chicago, a thousand miles from here. Gertie has played

on that in writing you this way."

"I see," she said slowly, then she asked in slightly changed tone:

"Why should she want to injure you to me in that way?"

The young man's face flushed slightly, besere he said quite honestly:

"I'll tell you, dear, although it sounds a little caddish to say anything, once I paid her some attention, and she wanted to marry me, this is her revenge."

Mazie studied a moment, then asked slowly:

"You didn't give her any reason to think you were in earnest?"

'I give you my word of honor," was the straight reply.
"And you are free in every way to ask me

to be your wife?"
"Absolutely."
"Well," she said slowly.
"What is your reply, darling?" he asked,
bending over her.
"You haven't asked me anything," she said,
dimpling and blushing.

dimpling and blushing.
"You little tease, then will you marry me, sweetheart, and make me happy ever afterwards?" and there could be no doubt as to

his sincerity.

Without any hesitation, having learned her own heart, Mazie lifted her great blue eyes

to his, replying:

"Yes, dear," and she has never learned that Fred had Gertle write the letter she did, so as to force the little coquette to decide.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they will though their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

N. B. M., Covington, Ky.—Better see a doctor about your being sleepy all the time. You give no symptoms, and we do not know what might be the cause. In any event, unless you wake uppretty soon, you will be so the doctors will have to come to see you.

A. A., Independence, Ia.—We do not think you will get much benefit for your rheumatism from sassafras tea. Wintergreen tea might be of advantage.

Comfort Reader, Florence, Neb.—Ordinary depilatories will not kill superfluous hair. Their effect is only temporary. As far as we know there is nothing to remove superfluous hair permanently except treatment by specialists, which is very expensive. So expensive, in fact, that unless you are rich you could not afford it.

Brown Eyes, Rockwood, Tenn.—Epileptic fits are sometimes curable by specialists, but as a rule, epilepsy is considered to be incurable. You can only receive proper treatment from a physician who can see you and study your condition.

M. F. H., Negley, O.—How do you know your heart trouble is not from indigestion? Has any physician told you so? If you have real heart dis-ease you can get no help from newspaper treatment.

ease you can get no help from newspaper treatment. E. R., Ward, S. D.—There is no way to remove the hair from your face except by the use of depilatories which are not permanent in their effects. A depilatory may be made as follows: Orpiment, one part; starch and quicklime, each, ten parts. Powder the orpiment thoroughly, mix with the starch and lime. Make a portion into paste with water, when you wish to use it. Apply it on the hairy parts and let it remain a few minutes, four to six, then remove with a dull knife, wash in hot water and apply cold cream.

Blue Bell, Arkdale, Wis.—Lavender water is a preparation made from leaves and flowers of lavender, with water and spirits. Distilled water is water boiled and the vapor condensed. You can get muriate of ammonia at any drug store. A dram is sixty grains, and a grain is one-seventhousandth of a pound avoirdupois.

of a pound avoirdupois.

D. A. A., Richfield, N. Y.—You can reduce your size by vigorous exercise, and by eating only lean meats, no sweets or fat, and drinking very little water. Some obesity medicines are good and some are not, and you can only find out which are good by risking your health trying. (2) A so-called liquid powder for the face is made of zinc oxide, half ounce; glycerine, two ounces; rose water, two ounces. Shake the bottle, and apply with a sponge. We think, however, that some simple powder is preferable. preferable.

If "Distressed, Mozark, Mo.," making inquiry in this column some time ago, will write to Mrs. Lydia Roberts, 4301 Gass St., Denver, Col., he may find the remedy he is looking for.

M. A. Y., Oak Park, Ill.—We recommend that you go into Chicago, and subject your case to the physicians at any of the large hospitals. There you will get the very best advice and treatment, and at no cost if you are unable to pay.

Distressed Patty, Tracy, Minn.—The red face seems to be natural, and to remedy it will require treatment by a specialist in skin diseases, although it may be that a course of dieting and proper exercise might be of some avail. Have you ever consulted a physician? If not, why not?



unity relieves the most violent attack and insures com-bible sleep. NO WAITING for RESULTS. Being used by lation, its action is unmediate, direct and Cortaina and the state of the state of the state of the state ricca the most separate for the state of the state of the ricca the most separate for the state of the s or, or by mail. Samples Free for stamp.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.



IF YOU WANT TO RECEIVE

I CURE CANCER

My Mild Combination Treatment is not a NEW Remedy. It has the Experience of Years Back of it.

I have spent my entire professional life in the treatment of Cancer. I have so perfected my Mild Combination Treatment that it is free from pain. It quickly destroys the deadly Cancerous growth and at the same time eliminates it from the system, thus preventing a return of the disease.

My Mild Combination Treatment has removed

Cancer from the list of deadly fatal diseases and placed it among the curable. This is especially gratifying when it is known that cancer is increasing at an alarming rate, the disease having quadrupled itse'f in the last 40 years, statistics showing that it alone causes 100,000 deaths yearly in the United States

THE KNIFE DOES NOT CURE.

Anydoctor who uses a surgeon's knife in an attempt to cure Cancer is performing an act little short of criminal. The patient suffers untold agony, and after a short time finds himself in worse condition than before the knife was used.

Operations are not only unnecessary in giving relief for Cancer, but they produce most serious after-results. It is utterly impossible to know when all the diseased cells have been removed for the reason that the blood flowing from the fresh wound prevents the surgeon from determining the result of the operation. If you value your life, avoid the knife.

PAINFUL TREATMENT UNNECESSARY

There is no necessity for the patient, already weak from suffering, enduring the intense pain caused by the application of causties, burning plasters, fiery poultices, etc. I have cured many hundreds of the most advanced cases of Cancer by my Mild Combination Treatment without giving the patient pain or inconvenience.



CURED CANCER ON NOSE AND HEAD I had a very bad Cancer on my nose, and nothing seemed to help me. X - Bay treatment only made me worse. Three weeks of your treatment cured me. My only regret is lack of words to express my heart-felt thanks. Skin is now soft and smooth. I hope all cancer sufferers will read this and apply to you. Mrs. Blenhoff, of my town, whom you treated, is well.

H. W. W. BELL, Crete, Neb.

CANCER OF STOMACH CURED

After four doctors had given up my wire, who had cancer of the atomach, I immediately sent for your treatment. You cured her, and now, after nine months, she is as well as a fish in water. I would advise all sufferers from cancer to write you. You can certainly cure this dreaded disease. O. K. KIND AND WIFE, Holstein, Iowa.

CANCER OF BREAST, FOUR YEARS
STANDING, CURED IN A FEW WEEKS
I inform you, with great pleasure,
that I am now cured of a very bad
Cancer in the Breast of four years
standing. Four doctors, two of
them specialists, gave me no relief
and I was badly disheartened. I
tried your Mild Combination Treatment and it did what you claim.
I know you can cure Cancer for you cured my
mother also. MRS.C.W. SMITH, Yates Center, Kan.

CANCER OF THE LOWER LIP CURED IN A FEW DAYS
I suffered two years from cancer of lower lip. Tried everything. You cured me. I was discouraged for a long time, but when you cured Mr. Donnell, our postmaster, I decided you could cure me. You undoubtedly know your pusiness. My advice to sufferers is to not wait, but commence your treatment at once.

commence your treatment at once.

J. M. RATHMEL, Waverly, Kans

YOU CAN BE CURED AT HOME

I have so perfected my Mild Combination Treatment that patients may use it at their home with as good results as though it were applied at my offices. I will gladly furnish to every sufferer positive and indisputable proofs that my treatment does cure Cancer. I will furnish ample evidence of my integrity, honesty and financial and professional ability. No matter how serious your case may be—no matter how many operations you have had—no matter what treatments you have tried—write for my book. "Cancer and Its Cure." It will cost you nothing and will tell you how you can be cured at home. Address.

DR. O. A. JOHNSON, 1233 Grand 333 Kansas City, Mo. Have you a friend suffering from Cancer? Do him a favor he'll never forget by sending him this ad-

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days and never returns; no purge, no salve, no suppository. Remedy mailed so. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 695, New York, N.Y.

GALL STONES ARY LIVER DISEASE.
Write me all about it. Will tell of a cure FREE. Address
R. COVEY, 388 E. Chicago Ave., Chicago, III.



Diseases Cured by My New System. Examination, Opinien and Book Free, DR. J. F. SHAFER, Kidney Specialist, 51 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MAGIC NEEDLES & RODS

THE Worlds A Song and we will write the music and present to BIG N.Y. Publishers And we will write the music and present to BIG N.Y. Publishers A HIT will make you RICH. Send now for Free Booklet. Metropolitan Music Co., 730 St. James Bidg., New York

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

Can Be Cured My mild, soothing, it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. Stops the Itching and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY, DR. J. CANNADAY, Sedalia, Mo.



50 MAGIC TRICKS 109



A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined Warranted absolutely



pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston

FREE! FREE! Beauties 🗑 A Pair of Lace Curtains.

Adjustable Reclining Chair. It is made of the finest Oak and so arranged by a simple device in the back that the same of the finest of the range of th

pages i, nonest and straightforward offer ever pet out. We are paying our agents over two dellars for selling only one dollar's worth of goods in order to get them advertised. We want to prove there is a sure prevention and our for Lame Back, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Coughs, Colds, Freumsonia, Malarin, etc., etc. Senforthesix Platers

The Giant Plaster Co., Bez C. Asgusia, Haise. COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.



After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a COM-PLETE HOLY BIBLE, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm: a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with mine colored maps, soil binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient pew Bible, this is an unequalted opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. Bypco-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and what will please you most is the thorough manner in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded covers are the same as in FULL MOROCCO BIBLES costing \$10.00 each.

Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the FAMILY BIBLE elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purposes, but its more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these to the magazine at 15 cents each, delivered postpaid to your convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these to the magazine at 15 cents each, delivered postpaid to your convenient to carry

OXIEN REMEDIES

Help Old and Young. You Can Get a Lot FREE.



Now look into the strong-well-kindly face of 73 year old Mrs. Cooper, shown below, and you can fully

EE this dear old lady, worn and bent, with colorless lips, sunken in the chest, a victim probably of consumption; her joints stiff and crooked, because her system is charged with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have working of her mind. She had to prid liver and kidney trouble and was so nervous she could hardly talk. After taking four boxes of OXIEN and two bottles of OXIEN pills and Salve, she was so wonderfully improved that she is now as be to taken. OXIEN, she was so wonderfully improved that she is now as be to taken to the color back to her cheeks and be freed from the aches and pains that are making life almost unbearable, patient even as she is. OXIEN and pains the OLD FOLKS' REMEDY.

Undreds, yes, thousands of cases, eople have started on OXIEN remekiled the germs of consumption, are dolod and new life and vitality, but her nerves and stomach trouble of two years og of the best of her. She could find no remedies to do any good until she used OXIEN. Today she writes that she is as strong as ever, and could on new life and vitality, and the proposed of the pain of the proposed of the pr sunken in the chest, a victim probably of consumption; her joints stiff and crooked, because her system is charged with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have saved her from all this and made her a strong, well woman. Even now, with the aid of OXIEN, she could bring the color back to her cheeks and be freed from the aches and pains that are making life almost unbearable, patient even as she is. OXIEN and two bottles of OXIEN Pills and Sal as the OLD FOLK'S REMEDY.

We know of hundreds, yes, thousands of cases, where elderly people have started on OXIEN remedies and have killed the germs of consumption, driven out every particle of rheumatism from their system, cured indigestion and lung complaints and been given rich, red blood and new life and vitality. It is never too late. (See Mrs. Cooper's Photo below).

OXIEN helps many old people the same as it has Mr. Philip Knee of Shaw, Pa., who writes that he was 75 years old last December, and cured himself of Lame Back and other serious troubles by the use of OXIEN Remedies. OXIEN is also good for the young, as the same Mr. Knee writes that his grandson, a young man 20 years of age, was also cured of serious troubles by the use of OXIEN Remedies. OXIEN is also good for the young, as the same Mr. Knee writes that his grandson, a young man 20 years of age, was also cured of serious troubles by the use of OXIEN Remedies. OXIEN his lad Johnson, King, N. C., says lade to run a large hotel, doing all her own works as aported to run a large hotel, doing all her own works as aported to run a large hotel, doing all her own works as aported to run a large hotel, doing all her own works as aported to run a large hotel, doing all her own works as aported to run a large hotel, doing all her own works as aported to run a large hotel, doing all her own works as aported to run a large hotel, doing all her own works as aported to run a large hotel, doing all her own works as aported to run a large hotel, doing the color to run a large hotel, doing the color to run a large

OXIEN is wholly original and unlike anything ever offered to the public. Its effects are original, the nightmare of existence; constipation, to which and unlike the effects of anything else. It those of sedentary habits are predisposed; will give new strength, new life and new hope after everything else has failed. It is the only real food for the Nerves were discovered, and one trails were discovered, and one trails in the original enters. OXIEN different from every other discovered, and other of this in the original enters. OXIEN different from every other discovered, and other offerent effects of other so-called foods and medicines as aday differs from gray, lustreless lead, and its effects differ from the effects of other so-called "tonic," which merely excites the nerves. It nourishes and feeds the nerves, blood, brain and heart. It infuses new vigor and vitality into the broken-down system, and its effects are reading her tetter here given in predictions of the world and the praise of the thousands whom it has been submitted to vapor, but all the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the boiling-pot, the microscope, the spectroscope, the X-ray, by those who would imitate it. Alchemy can reduce a diamond to vapor, but all the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the boiling-pot, the microscope, the spectroscope, the X-ray, by those who would imitate it. Alchemy can reduce a diamond to vapor, but all the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the science of the world cannot make a diamond. Just so with the science of the world canno THE ABOVE IS THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. A. F. COOPER, 73 YEARS OLD.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., Augusta, Maine.

Gentlemen:—I am sending you my photograph, and, although 73 years old, thanks to OXIEN I feel like a young woman.

Nearly 15 years ago, in 1891 or '92, my attention was called to an advertisement of OXIEN in one of the papers. As I had just been attacked by a severe case of La Grippe, I sent for a sample, and it helped me, and also my husband and daughter almost like magic. I have not had attendance from a physician for all these years; and when I feel lill, I send for a supply of the GIANT OXIEN, which is all the doctor I need. Racine has a cold, wet, changeable climate, and people always have had colds here, and I cannot speak too highly of your great medicine. OXIEN, which not only keeps me well and free from all lills, but my husband, too, who is also 73 years old. His friends in the shop all say they have been greatly helped by the OXIEN Remedies.

Wishing you great prosperity, I remain, your friend.

MRS. A. F. GOOPER. 1530 Packard Ave.

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Martha L. Kayses of Cottage Grove, Oregon, writes that she gave OXIEN to one child that had been affected from birth with muscle and nervous troubles. It was never able to walk a step until he used OXIEN. Mollic Marsh of Clifton, Ark, says her baby is only two months old and she gives her OXIEN, and she is getting to be a fine, strong girl. Mrs. Barney Philpott, Guston, Ky, says her boy was ruptured when three years old. Doctors aid he would always have to wear a truss, but by using OXIEN and OXIEN plants are here of the wonderful OXIEN, it cured her id-year-old boy any good, but a box of OXIEN, and she is getting to be ritory, says dector's medicine did not do her sick laby any good, but a box of OXIEN entirely cured it. Mrs. Mrs. Laura O'Quinn, Jumbo Mines, Ista trus, Mrs. Laura O'Quinn, Jumbo Mines, Ista trus, Mrs. Laura O'Quinn, Jumbo Mines, Ista trus, Mrs. Banders, Griffin, Mo., who has used a great deal of the OXIEN Remedies, says she has given the tablets to young babies as well as old people, and finds them good to quiet both old and young. Iras Graves, Boligee, Ala, writes that he has used OXIEN Remedies in his family for many years, and sold them to others. They all derive great benefit from their use. His wife gave birth to twins, one of whom was very lit. Although being afraid of girls wonderful productions. The original production of the writes that he has used OXIEN Remedies in his family for many years, and sold them to others. They all derive great benefit from their use. His wife gave birth to wins, one of whom was very lit. Although being afraid to girls the production of the control of the oxient production of the control of the cot

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"Com'n' Home for Christmas"

BY F. M. VAN PELT.

Yes, guess they'll come home for Christmas, Least that's what our daughter writes, And we're awful glad they're com'n' Cause we'lle awake o'nights Almost count'n' every minute, And a wonder'n' if the train Will be late, or something happen

Now we're noth'n' but the common Now we're noth'n' but the common Folks, you meet with every day, And most every gray-haired couple Has a child that's gone away, And I'm sure what I'm relat'n' Bout, will touch some tender spot, With most everyone, don't matter Whether they've got kids or not.

That would spoil our plans again

When you think about the old times
With the circle all complete,
One can almost hear their prattle
And the patter of their feet As they slipped around and wondered What Old Santa Claus would bring, And each cup of joy gush over, Though he'd bring the same old thing.

Do you wonder why we're happy
Then, when they all get back home?
Though they laugh and whoop and holler,
Like a circus what had come.
It repays for all the worry
That we've had while they were gone,
And we sometimes can't help think'n'
It's the break'n' of the dawn.

Of the ever-last'n' Christmas Of the ever-last'n' Christmas
In the good sweet by and by,
Where each can act as Santa Claus
To some poor one if they'll try;
By dispelling all the darkness,
Making each day bright and fair,
For you know the poet tells us
That "It's always Christmas there."

So to those who can't be look'n' For their children to return, For their children to return,
There is surely one great lesson
That will do them good to learn.
Let them scatter rays of sunshine,
Give a welcome and good cheer,
Doing what they can in helping
Make it, always Christmas here.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

At last the locomotive signaled that all was ready; and as the train moved on, Edna caught a glimpse of a form standing under a lamp, leaning with folded arms against the post—a form strangely like Mr. Murray's. She leaned out and watched it till the cars swept round a curve, and lamp and figure and village vanished. How could he possibly be in Chattanooga? The conjecture was absurd; she was the victim of some optical illusion. With a long, heavily-drawn sigh, she leaned against the window-frame and looked at the dark mountain mass looming behind her; and after a time, when the storm drew nearer, she saw it only now and then, as

A vivid, vindictive and serpentine flash Gored the darkness, and shore it across with a gash.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT HAVE YOU WRITTEN?

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WHAT HAVE YOU WRITTEN?

In one of those brown-stone, palatial houses on Fifth Avenue, sat Mrs. Andrews's "new governess," a week after her arrival in New York. A few days sufficed to give the stranger an accurate insight into the characters and customs of the family with whom she was now domesticated.

Though good-natured, intelligent, and charitable, Mrs. Andrews was devoted to society, and gave to the demands of fashion much of the time which had been better expended at home in training her children, and making her hearthstone rival the attractions of the club, where Mr. Andrews generally spent his leisure hours. She was much younger than her husband, was handsome, gay, and ambitious, and the polished hauteur of her bearing often reminded Edna of Mrs. Murray; while Mr. Andrews seemed immersed in business during the day, and was rarely at home except at his meals.

Felix, the elder of the two children, was a peevish, spoiled, exacting boy of twelve years of age, endowed with a remarkably active intellect, but pitiably dwarfed in body and hopelessly lame in consequence of a deformed foot. His sister Hattle was only eight years old, a bright, pretty, affectionate girl, over whom Felix tyrannized unmercifully, and who from earliest recollection had been accustomed to yield both her rights and privileges to the fretful invalid.

The room occupied by the governess was small but beautifully furnished, and the windows commanded a view of the trees in a neighboring park, and the waving outline of Long Island.

On the day of her arrival Mrs. Andrews entered into a minute analysis of the characters of the children, indicated the course which she wished pursued toward them, and, impressing upon Edna the grave responsibility of her position, the mother gave her children to the stranger's guardianship and seemed to consider her maternal duties fully discharged.

Edna soon ascertained that her predecessors had found the path intolerably thorny, and abandoned it in consequence of Felix's uncontrollable fits of

resolved to humor his caprice in the choice of a teacher.
Fortunately the boy was exceedingly fond of his books, and as the physicians forbade the constant use of his eyes, the governess was called on to read aloud at least one half of the day. From eight o'clock in the morning till eight at night the whole care of these children devolved on Edna; who ate, talked, drove with them, accompanied them wherever their inclination led, and had not one quiet moment from breakfast until her pupils went to sleep. Sometimes Felix was restless and wakeful, and on such occasions he insisted that his governess should come and read him to sleep.
Notwithstanding the boy's imperious nature, he possessed some redeeming traits, and Edna soon became much attached to him; while his affection for his new keeper astonished and delighted his mother.

mother.

For a week after Edua's arrival, inclement weather prevented the customary daily drive which contributed largely to the happiness of the little cripple; but one afternoon as the three sat in the schoolroom, Felix threw his Latin grammar against the wall and exclaimed:

"I want to see the swans in Central Park, and I mean to go, even if it does rain! Hattie, ring for Patrick to bring the carriage round to the door. Miss Earl, don't you want to go?"

"Yes, for there is no longer any danger of rain, the sun is shining beautifully; and besides, I hope you will be more amiable when you get into the open air."

She gave him his hat and crutches and they want

open air."
She gave him his hat and crutches, and they went down to the neat carriage drawn by a handsome and set apart for the use of the

chestnut horse, and set apart for the use of the children.

As they entered the park, Edna noticed that the boy's eyes brightened, and that he looked eagerly at every passing face.

"Now, Hattie, you must watch on your side, and I will keep a good lookout on mine. I wonder if she will come this evening?"

"For whom are you both looking?" asked the teacher.

"Oh! for little Lila, Bro' Felix's sweetheart!" laughed Hattie, glancing at him with a mischlevous twinkle in her bright eyes.

"No such thing! Never had a sweetheart in my life! Don't be silly, Hattie! mind your window, or I guess we sha'n't see her."

"Well, anyhow, I heard Uncle Grey tell mamma that he kissed his sweetheart's hand at the party, and I saw Bro' Felix kiss Lila's last week." "I didn't, Miss Earl!" cried the cripple, redden-

"I didn't, Miss Earl!" cried the crippie, reaching as he spoke.
"Oh! he did, Miss Earl! Stop pinching me, Bro' Felix. My arm is all black and blue, now. There she is! Look, here on my side! Here is 'Red Ridinghood!"

Edna saw a little girl clad in scarlet, and led by a grave, middle-aged nurse, who was walking leisurely toward one of the lakes.
Felix put his head out of the window and called to the woman.

grave, middle-aged nurse, who was walking leisurely toward one of the lakes.

Felix put his head out of the window and called to the woman.

"Hannah, are you going to feed the swans?"

"Good evening. Yes, we are going there now."

"Well, we will meet you there."

"What is the child's name?" asked Edna.

"Lila Manning, and she is deaf and dumb. We talk to her on our fingers."

They left the carriage, and approached the groups of children gathered on the edge of the water, and at sight of Felix, the little girl in scarlet sprang to meet him, moving her slender fingers rapidly as she conversed with him. She was an exceedingly lovely but fragile child, apparently about Hattle's age; and as Edna watched the changing expression of her delicate features, she turned to the nurse and asked:

"Is she an orphan?"

"Yes, miss; but she will never find it out as long as her uncle lives. He makes a great pet of her."

"What is his name, and where does he live?"

"Mr. Douglass G. Manning. He boards at No.—
Twenty-third street, but he spends most of his time at the office. No matter what time of night he comes home, he never goes to his own room till he has looked at Lila, and kissed her goodnight."

For some time the children were much amused in watching the swans, and when they expressed themselves willing to resume their drive, an arrangement was made with Hannah to meet at the same place the ensuing day. They returned to the carriage, and Felix said:

"Don't you think Lila is a little beauty?"

"Yes, I quite agree with you. Do you know her uncle?"

"No, and don't want to know him; he is too cross and sour. I have seen him walking sometimes with Lila and her parties and

"Yes, I quite agree with you. Do you know her uncle?"

"No, and don't want to know him; he is too cross and sour. I have seen him walking sometimes with Lila, and mamma has him at her parties and dinners; but Hattie and I never see the company unless we peep, and above all things, I hate peeping! Mr. Manning is an old bachelor, and very crabbed, so my Uncle Grey says. He is the editor of the — Magazine, that mamma declares she can't live without. Look! look, Hattie! There goes mamma this minute! Stop, Patrick! Uncle Grey! Uncle Grey! Hold up, won't you, and let me see the new horses!"

An elegant phaeton, drawn by a pair of superb black horses, drew up close to the carriage, and Mrs. Andrews and her only brother, Mr. Grey Chilton, leaned forward and spoke to the children; while Mr. Chilton, who was driving teased Hattie by touching her head and shoulders with his whip.

"Uncle Grey, I think the bays are the handsomest."

"Which proves you utterly incapable of judging horseflesh; for these are the finest horses in the city. I presume this is Miss Earl, though nobody seems polite enough to introduce us."

He raised his hat slightly, bowed, and drove on. "Is this the first time you have met my uncle?" asked Felix.

"Yes. Does he live in the city?"

"Is this the first time you have met my uncle?" asked Felix.

"Yes. Does he live in the city?"

"Why! he lives with us! Haven't you seen him about the house? You must have heard him romping around with Hattie; for they make noise enough to call in the police. I think my Uncle Grey is the handsomest man I ever saw, except Edwin Booth, when he plays 'Hamlet.' What do you say?" you say?'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna Earl, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the January number of COMFORT. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. The price will soon be advanced. Back numbers of COMFORT cannot be furnished. Read our offer below.

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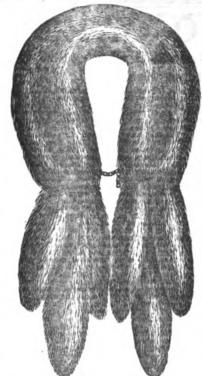
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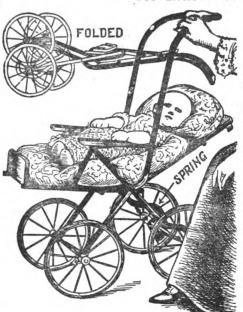
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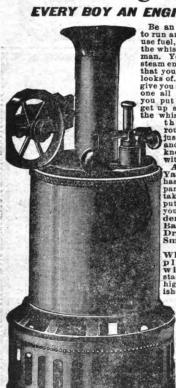


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Be an engineer, learn to run an engine, how to use fuel, oil up and blow the whistle, just like the man. You never saw a steam engine in your life that you didn't like the looks of. Now here we give you a chance to have one all your own that you put on a table and get up steam and blow the whistle and watch the wheels go round fast or slow in the wheels go will be green with envy.

A Genuine
Yankee Engine
has the following
parts and can be
taken down and
put up as often as
you wish: Cylinder with Spring,
Balance Wheel,
Drive Wheel,
Smoke Stack,

Whistle Complete, Boiler with Heater, stands 8 inches stands 8 inches high, highly finished in enamel and nickel, a jim-dandy engine and guaranteed way up. With this engine you can run all kinds of toy machines you can buy or make for yourself with spools, etc.

make for yourself with spools, etc. Great fun to make toy machinery using string for belting. We want of life is well demonstrated to any youth that interests himself; so we give for the balance of the season and to get new subscriptions one engine as a reward for sending us a club of only 8 yearly subscribers to this paper at the special subscription rate of 15 cents a year. This small club of eight, amounting to \$1.20, pays for the full subscription for the 12 addresses and obtains a prize Engine delivered prepaid by mail or express carefully packed and fully warranted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

IMPORTANT

The few items here offered as free premiums are but random selections from our big catalogue of gifts. As you are interested in first-class premium articles we introduce the first one to display their judgment in copying pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. This pattern has a very deep border it can be worked solid or outlined with exc. llent find many attractive offers, and we feel sure you will send find many attractive offers, and we feel sure you will send easily worked with some simple stitch.

Comport during the winter.

Address your request for catalogue to Comport during the winter.

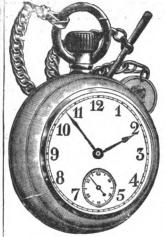
Comport, Augusta, Maine.

WILD ROSE PATTERN.

in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. From nature. This pattern has a very deep border it can be worked solid or outlined with exc. llent that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

For only 2 yearly subscriptions to this paper, at 15 cents each, we will send either one of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For 2 yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each, we will send any 3 of above Centerpieces FREE, and the set of 4 for only 5 yearly subscribers.

Comport, Augusta, Maine.



WE GIVE THIS WATCH FOR A CLUB OF 10.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 10 subscribers to this paper, at our special subscription price of 15 cents a year each. Do this, sending us \$1.50, with the names of 10 subscribers to this paper, and we will send our paper to each subscriber for one year, and we will send our paper to each subscriber for one year, and we will send our paper to each subscriber for one year, and we will send our paper to each subscriber for one year, and we will send our paper to each subscribers we guarantee every watch. If you get 12 subscribers and send us NOW \$1.80 for the same, we will also send you a nice chain. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Mainet

24-inch centerpieces.

Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work find our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand our simple needlework instructions furnished free. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, as well as all materials, thus naking it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one of more for her home, alse they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semilinen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Runch of Cranes Pattern.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidery shirt pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern



Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and per-



Carnation Pink Pattern.

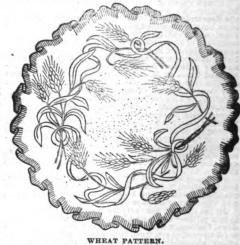
waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design.
We recommend this one to your consideration.

to aid you. To be done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the swellest and most stylish table centers one of the swellest and most stylish table centers. pieces ever conceived.

Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece haps erhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when dene





WOOD'S FAMOUS NATURAL HISTORY FREE.

A Genuine Revelation of the Animal Kingdom.

A Complete Encyclopædia of Zoology. Thrilling Adventures. A Panorama of Pictures. A Monster Menagerie.

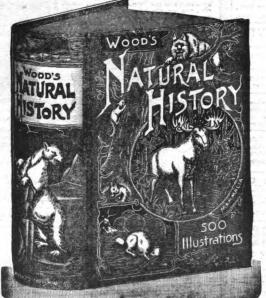
Great Book Free to All Club Workers.

A Revolution in Book Making, Dumps Thousands of Volumes on the Market at One Tenth their Former Price, Creates a Panic, Demoralizes the Book Trade, and Gives Our Subscribers the Benefit of a Most Wonderful Bargain. Read About this Great and Wonderful Work, WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY—the Standard Work for All

and Wonderful Work, WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY—the Standard Work for All Homes.

It is impossible to give in this announcement more than a slight idea of the magnitude of this great History, with its myriad pictures and accurate descriptions. It virtually goes into the haunts of all animals and shows them as they live.

Wood's Natural History is the recognized authority all over the world for accurate information regarding the habits, haunts, peculiarities and diseases of the Animal Kingdom. The work is a veritable treasure-house of valuable information, interestingly told, and replete with hundreds of accurate and artistic illustrations. This mammoth Cyclopædia of the Animal World consists of over eight hundred pages and is substantially bound in stiff paper covers. Size of open book, 8x11 inches, and nearly 2 inches thick. It is in clear print on good paper, with five hundred illustrations by special artists. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the hundreds of pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people, who traverse mountain and morass, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom undergo, will furnish true, heartfelt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old. As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, also, with treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the guat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the cuscus, no boy, no hunter, no student—in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of all offers. So thrilling and exciting are many of these adventures as to equal the wildest tales of the tropics, or the most blood-curdling ghost story; and yet they are all true, being the transcripts of personal experiences of noted travelers. Not only are they of sufficient importance to amuse and instruct the young, but they will absorb the attention and pass away many a dull hour for the old and worl

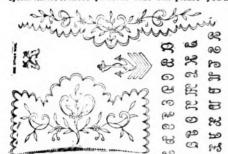


ENGLISH EDITION.

4 New Idea Transfer Designs FREE Over 2000 Square Inches of Patterns

Fancy Work Patterns, Readily Transferable

By the use of this new method which has proven superior to old style perforated paper patterns, one may have
an extensive variety of patterns on hand embracing an
alimited quantity of designs for every kind of work. One
special feature of these patterns that will please yours



ROWING ONE OF THE 16 PATTERN SHEETS REDUCED.

the case and simplicity of transferring the design. By

the case and simplicity of transferring the design. By simply dampening the material you are to stamp, laying the design on perfectly smooth and flat and slightly rubbing with a handkerchief or cloth the trick is done and the pattern can be laid aside for future use. The designs are furnished on large sheets of extra strong paper by a patented process and can be transferred to linen, lawn, or any material you may desire to use, with the aid of a cloth (full directions with each).

Our assortment of sixteen sheets, each sheet 10 x 14 inches or 140. quare inches of pattern, comprises a great variety of useful and practical articles for personal wear or home adornment, such as Shirt-waists, Doilles and Baby's Cap. Our illustrations give you an idea of some of the patterns we selected while the others are equally as attractive. We have arranged to distribute an immense quantity of these transfer pattern sheets, 10 x 14 inches cach, in Sets of sixteen, the equivalent of over twenty-two hundred square inches of standard patterns of the old or perforated style.

The following is a list of the chief patterns on each sheet: Shirt-waist Pattern; Cuffs and Collar: Baby's Cap; Maif Centerpiace; Doily Pattern; Picture Frame and Baby's Shees; Sofa Pillow: Bureau or Table Scarf; Back of Belt; Wail Pocket; Tumbler Doily; Oval Centerpiace; Baby's Maif Centerpiace; Shirt-waist Front; Cuff and Collar Set; Children's Small or Fancy Handkerchiefs; Chemisette.

In addition to these mentioned, others are put on to fill all the space so that in all, we actually give you 49 designs and five alphabets (all different).

Special Offer. These paper patterns are put up well send you one full Set by mail for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

riose supporters. Silk Elastic Web Hose Supporters for Ladles and Misses. far superior to the band hose supporter made of flat elastic and worn about the limb. These



A CHILD'S GOLD-LINES

200 and it is estrong and durable baby or child cannot run it while playing with it. Handsome embossed decoration, leaves, buds, flowers, etc., hand cut and very attractive. Fancy handle just large enough for baby's hands.

FOUNTAIN PEN. Until recently an all rubber Foun-tain Pen cost \$2.50 or \$3.00 owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new matchinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a good qual-

A PAIR OF SHEARS, Made of steel, cirki inches in the steel, cirki inches in the steel of steel, cirki inches in the steel of steel, cirki inches in the steel of stee

YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS POCKET KNIFE. The two-blade Chain Pocket Knives are made of the Finest English Steel with Cocobolo handles of the best selection with long steel chain. The two blades are full guage. This is an American made knife, hand forged and tempered in the most careful manner, is three and three quarters inches long, fully warranted, and we will replace if not found perfect in every way. We make this offer because we know the knives are free from flaws and will last a lifetime. these wonder-ful Gold-lined Dishes war-ranted quadruple plated sil-ver; flated top and beautiful RINGS The delight of THE

MAGIC HARMAPHONE.
Anyone can play on it. It is a
complete Orchestra and Full
Brass Band all in one. It is a
delightful instrument to



young lady is in having handsom finger rings of the lates style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones or each side. We have three each side. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selec-tions, Opal. Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation ohlp diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole rine.

THIRTY MINUTES is a short

The above few articles are selected as representing our most popular premiums, also a club of five is a very popular quantity. Many send five subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only five yearly subscribers to our magic monthly. COM-FORT, we will send your choice of any one of these Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. nine articles.

AIR RIFLE. Pneumatic ac-



You may have your choice of any one of the above excellent premium articles for a elub of only ten yearly subscribers to COM-FORT at 15c. each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE LAST CHANCE AT 15 CENTS A YEAR

This is the last month of the year that the FIFTEEN CENT yearly subscription rate is in force, and it means a great deal to you, whether you are a subscriber or not. Not only are we to maintain the variety of excellent features that have made COMFORT the peerless magazine with the greatest number of warm admirers, but we have arrangements in hand to perfect, as time will permit, that will make COMFORT so much more the leading magazine than it has been, that you will be amazed at our accomplishment. We have something new to tell you each month; this

"THE SHADOW OF A CROSS"

the sweetest and most interesting piece of American fiction ever written, which is to be for the

first time, offered to the readers of a monthly publication in serial form.

In giving our readers the great story, "St. Elmo," COMFORT expended a tremendous sum and surmounted, what to others would have been insurmountable, obstacles to secure this great privi-Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson has received more royalty from the tremendous sale of Elmo" than any living author. It is a story, while written a number of years ago, which enjoys the unique distinction of being one of the few most valuable copyrights in existence. Volume after volume has been prepared in six dollar editions, and less pretentious editions at two dollars and fifty cents have been sold in great quantities, while a popular edition at one dollar and fifty cents per copy has been sold in hundreds of thousands.

Our subscribers all say this successful work of Mrs. Wilson is the

Greatest "Humane Interest" Story Ever Printed

in COMFORT, or any other similar publication for that matter, and our readers will now well understand "St. ELMO" is the most fascinating and pleasing story they ever read.

The splendid character of the heroine, who transforms a wild, wicked and worldly man to one of the sweetest of gentle and manly men, is told in charming words by Mrs. Wilson and the phenomenal success of "St. Elmo," which has been increasing for the past twenty-five years, will be as enduring as time, and the story of the greatness of Mrs. Wilson and "St. Elmo" will al-

ways be told to generations to come.

There are several books that every reader of COMFORT should be familiar with, and they are the Bible, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "St. Elmo," and we now have the greatest pleasure we have had for years, which is to present you with the privilege of reading the whole of the story of "St. Elmo" in book form, if you but get up a club of seven subscribers to your favorite magazine, COMFORT at 15 cents a year,

IF YOU DO IT NOW,

as the rate is to be advanced and it will cost even more to receive COMFORT than at present. See special offer on page 27. "ST. ELMO" is but one of the good features; there are other attractive stories, features and departments sufficient for the whole family or of general interest to each reader. It is hard to conceive a magazine edited and arranged with the care and thought that is exercised in arranging the pages of COMFORT to please each person who reads it, and thoroughly appeal to their better senses, furnishing amusement or instruction that is elevating in

THINK IT OVER

and if you decide to subscribe, renew your present subscription or send us a club of seven or more new subscriptions; do it now while the favorable rate is in force; you will be satisfied with your expenditure, many times over.

This Is The Day to Extend Your Subscription Now Only FIFTEEN CENTS NOW EXTENDS Now Only YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR 15c.

Dear Reader:

Whether you have been a regular reader of COMFORT the entire twelve months of 1906, or received but few of the more recent issues, we feel certain that you are satisfied with the bargain that FIFTEEN CENTS procured for you, and are willing to advise your friends to subscribe.

All the good things are kept, and each month sees something added to enhance the value of the magazine from any standpoint. It is our constant endeavor to give our subscribers a magazine so entirely satisfactory and pleasing that each subscriber voluntarily encourages others to become regular patrons. There are yet a few days left in which to subscribe for a year or more at the favorable rate of Fifteen Cents, but this price is to be increased the first of the new year to TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, and we shall expect to make COMFORT worth the new price.

COMFORT has so many desirable features all cannot be gone over here; we will mention, however, the new and large perfecting press, which will enable us to print a greater number of pages, with half-tone illustrations, and we plan to use higher cost paper and ink. So that it is reasonable to expect that COMFORT will always give full value for its subscription price.

A large number of COMFORT sub-scriptions expire before the first of **DON'T** WAIT January, and we must call your special attention to the notice to expiring subscribers that appears on this page. Certainly there are none among our subscribers who can offord not to send the small sum of fifteen cents for a prompt renewal. DON'T WAIT until YOUR PAPER IS STOPPED or the price is advanced to 25 cents before sending in your FIFTEEN CENTS for a renewal, but send today AT ONCE and thus give us time to extend your subscription to January, 1908, then you can be sure to read all of "St. Elmo," and the other interesting stories, all of which run for some months yet, besides all of the other good things. Look over the fine premiums in this issue and get up a club, then send for the regular Premium List and get up one more club before the price of COMFORT goes up to 25 cents per year.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE WRAPPER IN WHICH THIS PAPER COMES

Every month a certain number of subscriptions expire. The expiring number this month is 218, and the Nov. number was 217, while for January it will be 219. If any of these numbers appear on the address seal in which we send your copy of COMFORT, please attend to the renewal of your subscription without futher notification from us; we do not carry delinquent subscription accounts nor send COMFORT to any whose subscription has expired.

Now we have appreciated your patronage during 1906, and wish to here thank you for every favor or courtesy extended. If you will continue to share with us in the up-building of COMFORT by repeated courtesies of similar character, we shall be enabled to make COMFORT the greatest home publication in the civilized world. Begin today by subscribing for a friend or neighbor using coupon below. Or better still, get up a club of subscribers as per premium offer here printed.

For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT for one full year from this date. Town State Dec. '06. You can copy the coupon if you do not care to cut the paper.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Christmas



The Christmas tree loaded with presents takes cheer to the heart of young and old. To assist in triming the tree, the various rooms of the home, for Churches, Halls, and Schools we now furnish the daintiest

Paperet Christmas Bells

with loop for hang-ing from the tree, or from the window fastening; hung un-

or from the window fasteining; hung under a hanging lamp, or in any suitable place where decorations are usually placed they add cheer and brilliancy to the room and particularly in the sick room, as they are made o, rich red papert ingeniously folded into the pretty bell eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, shown in our illustration, and being nearly sun proof may be kept hanging for months after the passing of evergreen which dries and falls. We have a special importation of a very large quantity of these Christmas Bells, n ade to fold compactly for sending away by mail, so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home postage and we will send you one Bell with our large premium catalogue, just to interest you in our immense line of usefui premiums all free. Address

COMFORT, Box R, Augusta, Maine.





THE MAGIC FORTUNE
TELLER, is a
Marvelous invention, 1ts
answers to
your questions answers to your questions are quickly given. Its replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immeranged that the will recast your you want to know if you but ask it. Being constructed on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it was alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. It is a money maker, You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and



A GREAT BIG BOX FULL of





APORTABLE MIRROR

DOLLS AS BIG AS A BABY.



Please read carefully our descriptive matter bove, also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, COMFORT, at 15c. each for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will go forward

same day at our expense. Address COMFORT, Auguste, Maine.

CHILD'S FUR SET. FREE! AS BIG AS BABY, FREE!



Designs on Linen

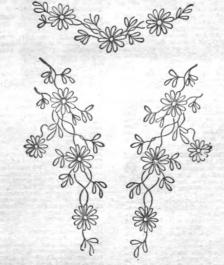


This outfit consists of 324 square inches of embroidery designs. A set of two collars, one Centerpiece, one Bookmark, one Pen-wiper, one Match-safe, one Dolley, two dress or naments, plainly stamped ready to embroider. An outfit of smaller designs, this suggests itself for those who are learning or do not have much time for fancy work.

Special Offer. As a special inducement we will give you one of these Outfits if you will send but one yearly subscriber at 15c. with 5c. additional, in all 20c. We send postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Perforated Shirt-Waist Pattern.



Perforated Shirt-waist and Collar design. We call your particular attention to this very dainty Shirt-waist and Collar design, perforated upon fine Linen Bond Parchment Paper, furnished with complete directions that any lady can stamp her own shirt-waist, worth in any art store at least 75 cents. We can furnish each in the following designs, if the one illustrated does not please you: Violet, daisy, forget-me-not wild rose or chrysanthemum.

Special Offer. We will send you one of these Shirt-but one yearly subscriber to this magazine at 15c., and include 5c. additional, making 20c. in all.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ladies' Three Piece Lingerie Marguerite, Corset Cover and Drawers.

This outfit furnishes the actual material for the three underwear garments, over 5 1-2 yards of imported linen lawn.
For the Marguerite or chemise, there are 2 2-3 yards of lawn
38 inches wide, for the Corset Cover there is one yard of
material 27 inches wide, and for the Drawers there are two
yards of material 38 inches wide. Each article has a stamped design for embroidery, buttonhole edge and French em-broidery, with eyelets in the Marguerite and Corset Cover for ribbons.

The Drawers can be finished with lace insertion, for which we include four yards of suitable lace.

The soft linen lawn makes the most delightful underwear and is in general demand being much superior to muslin, and lends itself readily to embroidery, lace and ribbon trimming making the daintiest and loveliest ladies' under-

garments imaginable.

The conventional pattern stamped on these three pieces alike, is readily worked with mercerized cotton, then ribbon and lace should be used to finish or adorn the garments and any lady has a three piece suit of her own handwork, that any lady has a three piece suit of her own handwork, that she can be very proud of, and a set of garments that it would cost five or eight dollars to purchase at retail. After embroidering the design, lay your own pattern onto the material and cut out, fit and make up to suit your own figure and tastes. You will be delighted with the result. We are very proud of this Underwear Set and are absolutely certain our lady readers will fully appreciate the opportunity to secure the set free in accordance with the liberal club premium offer below.



Club Offer For a club of only 12 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each we will send you this three piece Lingerie Underwear Set, including four yards lace for insertion, postage paid by us, guaranteeing perfect satisfaction or refund money. If you desire us to supply the paper patterns, add 30 cents and give sizes required. Mercerized cotton for the embroidery 25 cents per dozen. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Indestructible Stuffed Bolls that Stand Up or Sit
Bown. Their Heads Will Not Come Off.
These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged
they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautifus attractive for
either stand stockings and black shoes make the lattractive for
either or older children. You
the nose can't be broken off nor can baby
punch in the eyes; the bright colored
checks and ruby lips retain their color and
shape for all time. Every child delights to
have from one to twenty different kinds of
dolls in their family. Bright inventors,

dressed. The doll shown in just patiented, is a most wonand successful result of long,
trials. They are beautifully
d, and can be placed in any
1 position. Will last for
Are more lifelike than anyever gotten out before. For
arr and hours every child will

ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as to have a good, fat, plump dollie or 1 of lighter weight. We Send You 2 Dolls

Now Instead of 1. A new arrangement enables us to send you a 10 inch doll free, in connection with the 20 inch doll we have already described. So you get 2 dolls for the price of 1. We have arranged to give these dolls for chraising and will send 1, all charges for the preparation of the work of the Remember. We send this maga-remember. I year to

COMFORT. Augusta. Maine,

SHIRT-WAIST PATTERNS.

Two and One Half Yards Goods.



Chrysanthemum design stamped front, collar and cuffs, ready to be hand embroidered. Just think of it, you can now have an embroidered shirt-waist without the immense expense heretofore necessary to purchase one. Anyone familiar with needlework can embroider this simple design and make up the complete waist from any patterns you are familiar with. We place before you the opportunity to get the stamped goods, two and one half yards, so that all you have to do is to embroider the design with the Utopia Luster we furnish, then cut out the material according to your pattern and make it up. You will then have one of the most fashionable and dainty shirt-waists imaginable, all your own handwork. Embroidered garments are all the rage and we can supply not only this waist, but a Linen Hat to match, Corset Covers, Chemisette, Belts, etc., etc.

Club Offer. For a club of only 9 yearly subscribers to this magazine at only 15c. each, we will send you one of these 2½ yard stamped Chrysanthemum Shirt-waists, including sufficient skeins of mercerized embroidery cotton to work out the design.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Chrysanthemum design stamped front, collar and cuffs,

FOR A CLUB OF SEVEN. LADIES' GOLD FINGER RINGS.



The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish-set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold Rings you may be proud of and they will wear forever and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing \$25.00 or more. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and are sent in A Bronze Ring Box, plush lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings are Free. We bought these rings to give



Opal. These Rings are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.

The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring Free for a cool of 7 subscribers at 15 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



We have lately taken a large amount of triple plate silverware on a debt and will send you this Elegant, Gold Lined Silver Cake Basket free, all charges paid, for a club of 12 subscribers at 15 cents each. This Cake Basket is of the latest pattern and will wear a lifetime. It is the finest silver plate, highly decorated with beautiful patent rolled edge. We only have a few of them left so get up your club of 18 subscribers at 10 cents each, today, and you will always enjoy it.

These pieces of silverware are useful in your own home or they are acceptable gifts so that this is, a good opportunity to procure wedding presents, as we have an assortment including a fine five-bottle Silver Castor and a Superb Silver Butter Dish at the same price if you prefer either one to the Basket. Remember you are to send only 12 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, or 8 two-year subscriptions at 25 cents each, and get your choice. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUT

Make Money Printing Cards.



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickeled pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

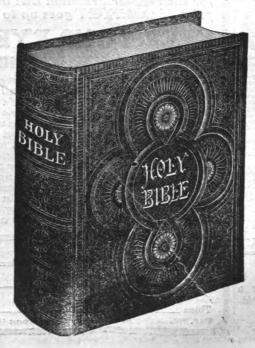
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

In getting up clubs, only actual subscribers count; those who agree to take the paper and pay you their money for it

FAMILY BI

THE WORDS OF CHRIST PRINTED IN RED

Marriage Certificate, Family Record and Colored Maps.



Printed from new plates cast from new type set this year. New Self-Pronouncing Family Bible containing: The Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments; The words of Christ are all printed in red in this new 1906 edition and although much more expensive to produce is an added feature free of any cost to you. The Standard Concordance; A Self-Pronouncing Dictionary of Proper Names; Maps in Colors; Over 100 Full-Page and other Illustrations; Index to Old and New Testaments; Marriage Certificate; Family Temperance Pledge; Family Record, etc., etc.

The largest and best illustrated Bible ever produced for the money. Size 12½x10½. This edition excels all others in the excellence of paper and exquisite typography, being printed from an entirely new set of plates costing many thousands of dollars. The size of the pages is 12½x50½ inches the print large and clear and over 100 full-page and other illustrations. The colored maps of the points of Biblical interest and a feature not found with the ordinary Bible and are of great help to Bible students and teachers. These and the other features mentioned above make this edition an invaluable one and it should appeal to those who are in need of a thorough and complete Bible. These Bibles are bound in Morocco Buckram Paneled Sides, with the words, "Holy Bible," on the side and back, stamped in gold, combed edges. Contains over 1,000 pages and weighs over 5 pounds. Specimen page showing size of sheet and type free upon application. Remember the Red Letter feature.

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Club Offer. We will send by mail or ex-these 1,000-page Bibles exactly as we have de-scribed it for a club of only 17 yearly subscribers at the regular rate of 15 cents per year, or a club of only 10 two-year subscriptions at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The few items on this page represent some of our latest selections, all new goods, each having the qualifications to make themselves attractive and at once especially desired by each reader. Now is the best time of all the year to get new subscriptions and renewal orders..

Accurate Weighing Scales 49 New Idea Transfer Designs



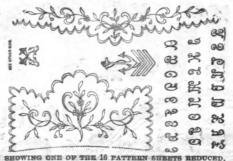
quantity by pounds and ounces up to 24 p o u n d s. Can be used without the without the scoop, as lever which can be urned back to take up the tare or weight of scoop. A pair of scales in the kitchen are of great assistance to the lady of the house. When preserving she can weigh her sugar or her berries; when purchasing of the grecer she can verify the weight of a package of sugar, meat or fish, and oftentimes detect an error. A

Weigh any

she can verify be weight of a package of sugar, meat or fish, and oftentimes detect an error. A few errors sare detect an error. A few errors sare the ease and simplicity of transferring the design. By simply dampening the material you are to stamp, laying the design of the design of the stamply dampening the material you are to stamp, laying the material you are to stamp, laying the design of the design of the stamply dampening the material you are to stamp, laying determined the sare are full fail in the stample of the stample of

Over 2000 Square Inches of Patterns FREE

Fancy Work Patterns, Readily Transferable
to any Material
By the use of this new method which has proven superior to old style perforated paper patterns, one may have an extensive variety of patterns on hand embracing an unlimited quantity of designs for every kind of work. One special feature of these patterns that will please you is





A practical set of table articles, seven pieces, including a sub stantial Nut Cracker with Six Picks. These articles are solid steel highly plated, impossible to wear off the finish, and they are so strong you cannot bend or break them. The Cracker is so made it can be inverted, use one side for large nuts, such as walnuts, and the other or narrower opening for small nuts. The leverage is so nearly perfect, that a slight pressure does the trick. The handles of the Cracker and Picks are perfectly round, a bit fancy, as shown in our illustration. The entire set is thoroughly good, and as solid gold or silver is naturally soft, there is no more suitable article than nickeled steel for a nut set. We guarantee these sets to be perfect, to be just as described, full family or adult size, and practically indestructable, or money refunded.

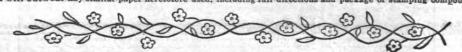
> Club Offer. For a club of only 5 yearly sub-each, we will send you one of these Seven-Piece Nut Sets, Six Picks and a Cracker, postpaid.

> Another Offer. If you already have a Nut Cracker, we will send you a set of six of these Nut Picks for a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, postpaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

> > I Pho. Frame, Pansies,

PRINCESS STAMPING

Over 60 Designs on Eight Sheets 17X22 Inches. Presenting a large assortment of perforated paper patterns for all new and staple fancy work, familiar to woman's idle. These patterns are stamped on a strong bond paper especially imported for the manufacture of this outfile.



In quantity and quality we give more in value than will be found in many dollar outfits, as we have always made a specialty of Stamping Outfits for our lady readers, and have had this outfit made up just as we wished, and with only new and pleasing patterns. You will not find these patterns in any other stamping outfit, offered else where. The following is a complete list of the various patterns included in the Outfit, and we ask that you read it over as there are innumerable designs and patterns new and not included in the assortment of any other outfit.

Two Complete Shirt

Waist Sets.

Two Complete Alphabets, 26
lefters in each alphabets, 26
lefters in each alphabet, 26
l

Two Complete Alphabets, 26
letters in each alphabet,
also many designs on 8
sheets of bond paper, a
box of Modern Stamping
Material, with full directions to stamp.

Large Tab Collar. Lace Collar. Lace Collar.
Turnover Collar.
Turnover Collar & Cuffs,
Fagoted Collar & Cuffs.
Sofa Pillow, Daisies Never
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10 in. Cut Work Doily. 8 in. Strawborn Doily.

18 in. Strawberry Dolly.
18 in. Forget-me-not Dolly.
18 in. Lace Boily.
14 in. Strawberry Dolly.
15 in. Whist Dolly.
Words and Letters, etc.
Photographs. Cleyte.

Photographs, Gloves, Handkerchiefs,



I Pho. Frame, Pansies,
3 1-2 in., Heart.
1 Pho. Frame, Pansies,
Double, 13 in.
2 Scallop Borders.
1 Border Design for
Braiding.
1 Pin Cushion Design, 6 in.
1 Border Snow Drops.
1 Lace Butterfly, 5 in.
1 Lace Tie End.
1 Corner Design for Table
Cover, 11 in.
1 Anchor, 3x4 in.
1 Large Spray Chrysanthemums, 11 in.
Also many small sprays.
Sweet Peas, Daisles,
Batch Buttons, Wild Rose,
Wild Rose Buds,
Garden Rose, Poppies,
Lilies, Violets, Buttercups,
Lily of Valley, Cherries,
Bowknofs, Holly, Chicken,
Butterflies, other outline
and floral designs.
dies wear hand-ambroidered neckwear, shirt
leent for all sorts of embroidered fancy work, 1 Suspender Design, EMBROIDERED

Style and custom now require that ladies wear hand-embroidered neckwear, shirt waists and underwear, also the fad is prevalent for all sorts of embroidered fancy work, such as doilies, table covers, cushion covers and many other articles of use and ornament. The most lastidious person will find this assortment so varied and yet complete; hardly a want can be imagined that will not be satisfied with this outfit. Our monthly home magazines are of interest to each and every member of the household, and today represent the efforts of the best writers and illustrators, contains clean, fascinating stories in great number, and have also many interesting and instructive departments. In order to enlarge their field of usefulness, we offer you, as an inducement to extend the circulation among your acquaintances, one of these Outfits free of cost.

Our Princess Outfit Offer.

For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine, at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these outfits at our expense.

Address COMFORT, August



SATIN GILT BRONZE MANTEL CLOCK

This beautiful new premium Clock really has to be seen to be fully appreciated. When we say it is an elegant present, we only half carry out the impression you get after seeing it. The style is the latest pattern, finished in Satin Gilt Bronze, that soft, rich, gold lustre that is used on all high-grade clocks. The width is six inches, with a good wide base to stand on, and the height of clock is nearly a foot. It is extremely ornamental, as well as useful. Movement guaranteed, a perfect time-keeper, and will last for years. We know of nothing better for a wedding gift than this clock, as the relief ornamentation has two cupids disporting themselves over the dial. cupids disporting themselves over the dial. Also as a holiday or birthday presentation gift this clock is bound to be fully appreciated by the receiver. Before you think of others, secure one for yourself under the terms of this liberal

Club Offer. For a club of only 14 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15c. each, we will forward to you one of these clocks by express or mail at our express. Address Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Silver Jewel Casket

String of Pearl Beads, Broach Pin and Scarf or Stick Pin.

For a lady's dresser or bureau, here is a new and very beautiful Silver novelty. Made of solid metal with a raised decoration on sides and cover, four standards, a hinged cover, the inside tastily lined with pink or blue silk, finished with silk cord to match, completes a useful and attractive ornament which serves as a holder for a watch, necklaces, rings, pins, or knick-knacks. There are hundreds of similar articles to be had, but this particular selection has merits superior to any. Being made of heavy metal which permits a bold decoration, the artist has made use of the surfaces for flowers, etc. The whole is finished in oxidized silver (black and gray), which cannot tarnish or or rub off, so that it is very durable for constant use.

In addition to the Casket we have arranged in each a very pretty Broach Pin, a Stick Pin and

each a very pretty Broach Pin, a Stick Pin and a long Pearl Necklace, with a swivel for watch or Fan, thus providing a few useful articles and a convenient Jewel Casket in which to put

such things when not in use.

We are very proud of the Casket; it is new and stylish, not anything like similar articles made of Aluminum or cheaply gold plated. On the contrary this is very desirable, so much so we willingly agree to refund the premium price to any not delighted.

As a holiday, birthday or wedding gift, nothing can excel this for a young lady or a young old lady.

Club Offer. For a club of only to yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we will send one of these Caskets including a long Pearl Necklace, a Broach Pin and a Stick Pin FREE.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BEST BOOKS



26. Miss McDonald.
27. The Rector of St. Mark's.
28. Rosamond.
29. Rose Mather.

Charles M. Sheldon.

Ralph Conn or

T. S. Arthur. 32. Ten Nights in a Bar Room.

Elizabeth Wetherell.

31. Black Rock.

M

G. A. Henty.

34. Among Malay Pirates. 35. Bonnie Prince Charlie

Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors! best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7½ inches long, 5 wide and vary in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, as shown in the illustration, and the titles are all done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book at once attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

USE NUMBERS NOT NAMES. When ordering kindly use numbers to aid in promptly handling orders at this end.

Marie Oorelli.

8. Macaria.

Marie Corelli. ce of Two Worlds.

Augusta J. Evans.

Beulahe Inez. Daniel Defoe. 55. Robinson Cruso The author of favorite juvenile books.

Harriet Beecher Stowe 56. Uncle Tom's Cabin. Charles Garvice. 57. Elaine. 58. Farmer Hoit's Daughter. 59. Her Heart's Desire. 60. A Wilful Maid. 61. Woven on Fate's Loom.

34. Among Malay Pirates.
35. Bomie Prince Charile.
36. By Pike and Dyke.
37. By Right of Conquest.
38. By Sheer Pinck.
38. By Sheer Pinck.
49. By Sheer Pinck.
40. Pogroa and the Rayen.
40. Progroa and the Rayen.
41. Precedom's Cause.
42. In Tracedom's Cause.
43. In Times of Peril.
44. Jack Archer.
45. Orange and Green.
46. Stardy and Strong.
47. Frue to the Old Flag.
48. Unider Drake's Flag.
49. With Clive in India.
50. With Lee in Virginia.
51. With Wolfe in Canada.
52. The Young Buglers.
53. The Young Midshipman. Robert Louis Stevenson 69. Ishmael. 70. Self Raised, Sequel to No. 69. 11. Charles 92. Simple Life.

9. Alkenside,
10. Bad Hugh.
11. Cousin Maude,
12. Darkness and Daylight.
13. Dora Deane.
14. English Orphans.
15. Edith Lyle's Secret.
16. Ethelyn's Mistake. 72. Bride's Fate, Sequel to No. 71. 73. Deserted Wife. Mrs. May Agnes Flem-

Mary J. Holmes.

74. Magdalen's Vow.
75. The Queen of the Isle.
76. The Midnight Queen.
77. The Dark Secret.
78. Gypsy Queen's Vow.
79. The Heiress Castle Cliff.
80. The Rival Brothers.

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Emma D. E. N. Southworth.

82. Wife's Victory.
63. Hidden Hand, Part I.
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65. Allworth Abbey.
66. Phantom Wedding.
67. Cruef as the Grave,
68. Tried for Her Life.
69. Ishmael.
60. Ishmael.
61. Charlotte M. Braem

82. Theorem on the World.
83. Repen:ed at Leisure.
84. Her Martyrdom.
85. For Another's Sin,
86. Weaker Than a Woman.
89. Wife in Name Only.
90. Woman's Temptation.
90. Hearlos Waccong.
91. Charles Waccong.

Charles Wagner.

Robert Louis Stevenson 70. Self Raised, sequel to no. w. 92. Simple Life.

33. Queechy.

Subscription Offer. For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we send you any book of 8 at 15c. each, we send any four books you may select. REMEMBER. We send our magazine to the subscribers you get, and to you we send the books you may select. Remembers of the subscribers to the subscribers to the subscribers of the

DECORATE YOUR HOME

The Editor Tells You Today of an Opportunity to Beautify Your Home Free of Charge

Every lady, rich or poor, likes to have a

Of course you want nice furniture and pretty decorations in your house and as

nice as any of your neighbors have.

Sometimes it is a pretty hard pull to keep up with the richer people and yet have that air of culture and refinement about the home of which every woman is proud.

But when you can get beautiful decorations and get them free—just for doing somebody a friendly turn without even any real work—then it's your loss, Madam, if you neglect this opportunity.

A Wonderful Liberal Offer

And just because I know that the readers of my paper will take advantage of this opportunity, I am particularly glad to tell my subscribers of a most honest and wonderfully liberal offer. Look on this page at the magnificent dinner set with the



"SAVED"-Beautiful free picture

initials in gold. Mr. Geo. Clark, publisher of the famous "High-Art Pictures," tells me that he will give every one of my lady readers one of these magnificent dinner sets absolutely free if she only helps him with a little recommendation of his pic-

with a little recommendation of his pic-tures. As you see, Mr. Clark does not want you to do any canvassing. Read on this page where it says in big black type, "Here is the Offer." I can guarantee you that Mr. Clark's offer is exactly as represented and I am proud that he has selected the readers of this paper. he has selected the readers of this paper, and shows his confidence in the honesty of my subscribers in making this offer here.

Two Pictures Free Anyway

You will also see that even if you do not succeed in carrying out the conditions of Mr. Clark's offer, he wants you to keep two of his famous pictures absolutely free just because you have made an honest

I would like to feel that every one of my subscribers will get not only the two free pictures but also the free dinner set. Imagine how your dining room will look

with the elegant monogram dinner set and

with the elegant monogram dinner set and the high-art pictures hanging on the wall. I have several of Mr. Clark's pictures in my home now and they are certainly very, very beautiful pictures. The way they are printed here I cannot begin to show you how beautiful they look in their many splendid colors. These pictures are real works of art, fit for the finest residence, 16 x20 inches. What is more they come ready to hang on the wall; for every picture is to hang on the wall; for every picture is



"NATURE'S GOODIES"-Also free,

finished with a lithograph scroll and fac-simile lithograph gold frame, ready for wall, just as received from Mr. Clark.

And I hope that every lady reader of this paper will sign the free coupon and send for Mr. Clark's high-art pictures to-(Signed)

Editor Home Folks.

Why He Stopped Drinking

BY A. W. KOENIG. ROUGH-LOOKING red-faced

man under the influence of liquor, sat in the rear room of a down-town saloon with several other men playing cards, being insensible as to what was going on around him.

On this particular evening he was losing heavily and became noisy and ugly. The proprietor had spoken to him; he was attracting a crowd, everyone expecting a quarrel at any moment; however, they were disappointed as the man became drowsy and fell asleep.

After his companions had won all of his money they departed, leaving him sitting there in a drunken stupor. The proprietor did not disturb him, allowing him to sleep where his companions had left him.

All was quiet in and around the saloon for about an hour, when suddenly a great deal of commotion was heard outside and a large crowd had collected in front of the saloon. A man was seen coming toward the door with a small boy in his arms, apparently lifeless. A handsome child with light curly hair and fair complexion; he was poorly clad and poorly nourished and without shoes or stockings. His mother had sent him out to find his father, as the baby had been taken sick quite suddenly during



This Elegant Dinner Set is a complete dinner set of 42 beautiful pieces—finest Parisien China, the kind engreat deal of money, we chose the Parisien China to give away; for we figure that by being very generous and liberal with you and giving you the best right now, we would at once win your friendship and recommendation, and the beautiful dinner set standing on your table and envied by all your neighbors—the best dinner set in town—ought to prove a fine advertisement for our proposition. As you can see from the picture every piece of the Dinner Set is decorated with the modern high art, and besides. If you write at once, every piece (except cups and saucers) with your initial in pure gold free of charge. Read what the aditor of Home Folks says in the first column of this page. This is no toy or small size dinner set, but everyone of the 42 pieces is regulation full size. The 42 pieces are: Six large size 9-inch plates, six smaller size 7-inch dessert plates, six large size cups, six saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, two large size vegetable dishes, six individual butter dishes, one platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, one gravy bowl. We guarantee that this Parisien China Dinner Set is exactly as represented and exactly as shown in the picture, with rose design in colors, gold initial, and edges traced in gold.

is the Offer: Send no money. Just mail the coupon at the bottom

of this page. You will then get 24 famous high-art pictures, richly colored, 16 x 20 inches, complete with facsimile lithographed gold scroll frames, for you to distribute, and two extra pictures for you to keep—a total of 26 pictures. The two extra pictures you hang up in your home. Invite your friends to see your pictures, and whenever a friend calls hand her one of the other 24 pictures at only 25c each. By giving away the 24 pictures at only 25c each you will take in \$6.00. Send us the \$6.00 and we will send you the aristocratic 42-piece monogram dinner set free.

As soon as people see the pictures decorating the walls of your room they will be eager to get a similar picture. But if for any reason you should not succeed, we will pay you for the number of pictures you distributed and besides we want you to keep the two extra pictures anyway, just for having made an honest effort. The art pictures are fully described by the editor in the first column of this page.

Mayor Grosse's wife writes us as follows:

'I received your beautiful monogram dinner set with initial in gold and it is certainly beautiful. The stores here do not carry anything like it. It

is so artistic and elegant. "Our dining room with the new set of dishes looks twice as good as before.

"I want to thank you also for the two extra pic-

tures you allowed me to keep. 'I shall always be glad to recommend you for fairness, promptness and generosity. Sincerely yours,

MRS. MARTIN W. GROSSE.

Harlem, Ill., October 9, 1906.

Cultured and refined people appreciate the value of this offer. They know that this is no ordinary premium offer. We have thousands of letters like Mrs. Grosse's and when you send us the coupon we will send you our mammoth circular of testimonials and one thousand references.



Dining room of Mayor Grosse, of Harlem, 21., whose wife earned the beautiful monogram dinner set and also the free pictures. (From photograph by Orville Hart, all rights reserved.)

Coupon

HERE is the Coupon for you to sign right now. GEO. CLARK, Mgr., You need not bother with a letter-just write your name and address plainly on the coupon and mail in an 63-69 Washington Street,

envelope. You will then get by return mail a magnificent colored circular picturing and fully describing Suite 1449, CHICAGO, ILL. our 42-piece Monogram Dinner Set; you will also get the mammoth testimonial sheet and a letter telling I would like to earn your Monogram you just what to do. At the same time you will also get the pictures so you can distribute them at once. Dinner Set. Please send me your art pictures at once, prepaid, as per your offer above.

REMEMBER! Everybody gets two 16x20 inch high-art pictures free anyway, just for making an honest effort. Sign this coupon and get the wonderfully liberal offer before anybody else gets it in your town. Don't delay - sign the coupon now.

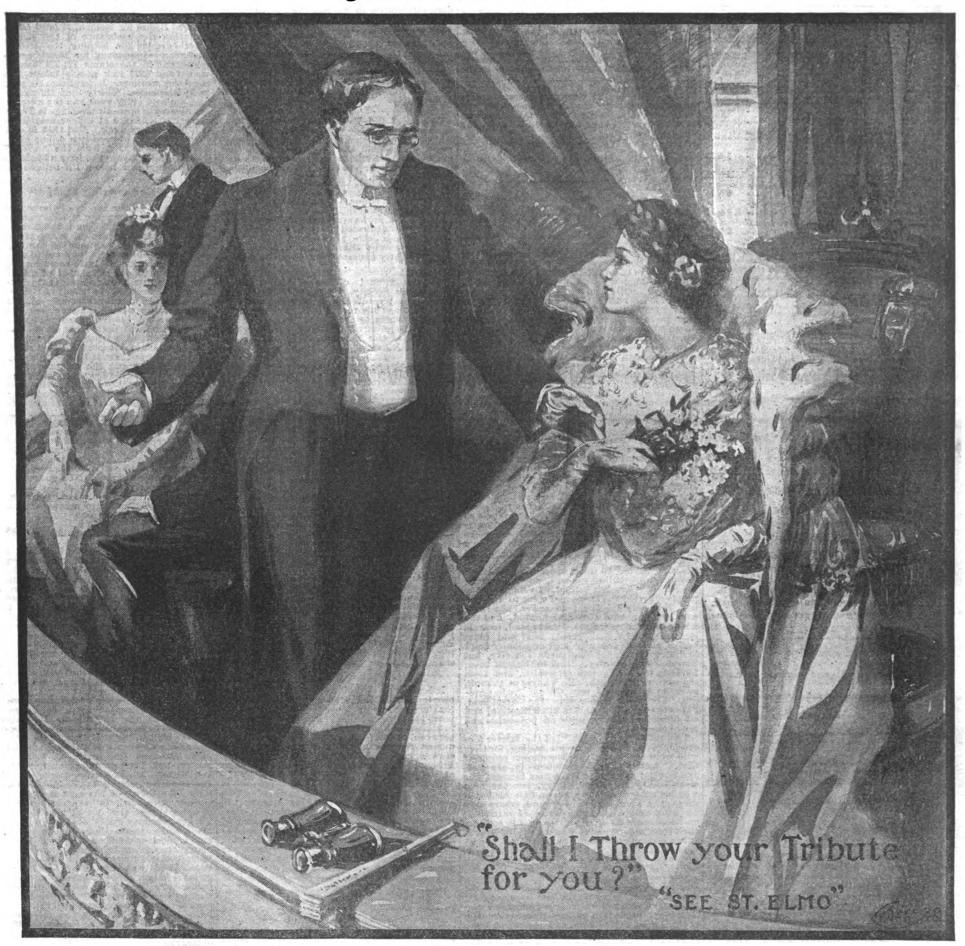
GEO. CLARK, Mgr., 63-69 Washington Street, Suite 1449, CHICAGO, ILL (Incorporated in Illinois for \$60,000.00.)



Vol XIX

January 1907

No 3



Published at Augusta, Maine

A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to

Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward." SUBSCRIPTION.

United States and Guba. England, Canada and loreign countries.

England. Canada and foreign countries. 320.

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To CONTENTIONS. All literary contributions should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return in case they are not available. Manuscripts should not be rolled.

Special Notice. We do not supply back numbers.

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January, 1907

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Crumbs of Comfort

The sunrise never failed us yet. Heaven is either now or never.

Many a trial is a test before promotion.

"Death is but a covered way That opens into light, Whereiu no blinded child may stray Beyond his Father's sight."

Not being able to have a thing, we scorn it. They who ask much should also give much. Good work is a prayer, prompted by a loving

If you were born to honor show it now:
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it. -Shakespeare.

The reward for a good deed is in having The happiness reaped today depends on that

sown vesterday. Woulds't shape a noble life? Then cast No backward glances toward the past, What each day needs, that shalt thou ask, Each day will set its proper task.

They hear best the angel's songs who listen for earth's sighs. No good thing is failure and no evil thing muccess.—Proverb.

Happy the man, and happy he alone, He who can call today his own; He who, secure within himself, can say: "Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived

-Druden Life is not so short but that there is always

time enough for courtesy.—Emerson, In Thy book, O Lord, are written all that do what they can, though they cannot do what they would.—St. Bernard.

A noble effort never dies.
What though we fail? Its fire will give
Desire in other hearts to rise,
And kindled there, it still will live!

Let us work with song and gladness. Let us rejoice in all the life that is ours. Then we will no longer exhaust ourselves in fighting

If there is a growing kindness in your own heart, take some spray and plant it in the heart of another and you will be surprised how quickly it will bloom.

On God's dial-plate of time
"Tis never late to him who stands
Self-centered in a trust sublime,
With mastered force and thinking hands.

The nearer the intimacy the more cuttingly do we feel the unworthiness of those we love; and because you love one, and would die for that love tomorrow, you have not forgiven, and you never will forgive, that friend's misconduct. And herein lies the magnanimous courage of love, that it endures this knowledge without change.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Few Words by the Editor

A Flower unblown, a Book unread;
A Tree with fruit unbarvested;
A Path untrod; A House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes.
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade, 'neath slient skies;
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed;
A Casket with its gifts concealed;
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.
—Horatio Nelson Pow

HAPPY NEW YEAR to you all. May it be a year of health and pros-perity. The precious months lie before us, with new duties to be done, new trials to be endured, new before us, with new duties to be done, new trials to be endured, new conflicts to be fought, and new opportunities to be used for our betterment and advancement. A Happy New Year it is bound to be, if we face the future unflinchingly, and meet every trial bravely, and do what is right by our Creator, and our fellowmen. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel of progress, and give it a mighty push in 1907. We don't want all the good things to come after we are dead. Let us try our very best to make ideal conditions come before we pass to other spheres. We can hasten the good days, by each individual doing his or her best in that sphere of life in which it has pleased God to call them. No matter how humble our position in life may be, we each wield an influence upon the rest of the world much greater than we imagine. Our influence is either for good or bad, and makes for progress or retrogression. If the world is to grow better, the work must begin with each individual. Bury your shortcomings, your bad habits, your failings in the ashes of the old year. Put on a new mantle of righteousness for 1907, take your place in the ranks of progress, and fight the good fight, onward and upward with brave and kindly hearts throbbing in dauntless breasts, determined to fight for the right, to protect the weak, and to be a man as God intended men to be. Face 1907 thus, and it will be a year of blessing to us all.

Commissioner Kolner of the Department of Agriculture, Richmond, Va., says that fifty thousand laborers are needed in that state. He

says:

"If the English, German, Irish, Scotch, Danish and Swedish laborers could be in this office for a few moments with me, and see the in-quiries being made for farm help, they would see that we have homes here for fifty thousand

of them right away."

It appears that all sorts of opportunities are presenting themselves to the farm laborers, and all they have to do is to go to Virginia and go to work. Men who want farm workers will pay wages, will farm on shares, or will rent lands, in fact, they will do most anything to get the men to come to Virginia, and will take get the men to come to Virginia, and will take pleasure in giving them as good homes as those occupied by the average farmer of that state. The Commissioner says that all sorts of farm labor is needed. Laborers, farmers, dairymen, poultry-raisers and stockmen are all in demand. A new impetus has been given to farming in this state, and more people are preparing to engage in agricultural pursuits there, in the coming year, than ever before.

We should advise all those who are making but a doubtful living in our over-crowded cit-

we should advise all those who are making but a doubtful living in our over-crowded cities to look into this subject, and we should also advise all those who are following dangerous and wearing occupations, such as coal mining, where a man tolls in the bowels of the earth, deprived of the blessed sunshine for the best veers of his life to investigate this mining, where a man tolls in the bowels of the earth, deprived of the blessed sunshine for the best years of his life, to investigate this appeal. In Europe the cry is "Back to the land," and soon that cry will be re-echoed on this continent from coast to coast. Mother Earth is indeed our mother. It is she who gives us everything that we possess, every fabric of value, every priceless work of art, every specimen of man's cunningest handicraft, all come from the soil, from Mother Earth. When a man comes into the city, he is practically divorcing himself from the great sustainer of life, and he has to live upon the product of those who are tilling the soil, and cultivating the land he has left behind. In England the people deserted the farms and went to the cities. Not only did the land suffer, but those who left the land also deteriorated, and the whole national physique deteriorated, too. It is the country that breeds men and gives health, and it is the city that eventually helps in destroying both. Man made the city, but God made the country. Back to the land then, for from the land comes all wealth, and from the country all health. He who owns the soil, owns up to the skies, says the old Latin proverb. The first farmer was the first man. Farmers were the founders of civilization, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of the land. all historic nobility rests on possession and

all historic nobility rests on possession and use of the land.

Thomas Jefferson says: "Let the farmer forevermore be honored in his calling, for they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God." Agriculture is, undoubtedly, the first and noblest science. "Trade may increase the wealth and glory of a country, but the man who makes two ears of corn, or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground where only grass grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."
It is a good many years ago, since Dean Swift made that remark, but it is as true today as it ever was. The man who invented the plough did more for the world happiness than the whole race of military heroes and conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood. Magnificent statues are raised to the men who kill their fellowmen, and who follow the practical of legitimate randers. follow the profession of legitimate murder, a profession of destruction, and the world bows down and glorifies these heroes of war, while the true heroes and benefactors of mankind the man behind the plow, and the man behind the hoe, lie in unmarked graves. But some day, a greater monument than has ever been raised to warrior or statesman will be raised in raised to warrior or statesman will be raised in memory of that nameless and noblest of all benefactors, the man who invented the plow.

The threatened trouble with Japan has been happily averted. The San Francisco board of education, decided to provide separate schools for Japanese pupils. This act aroused an im-mense storm of indignation in Japan, a country mense storm of indignation in Japan, a country with which we have been on the most intimate, and friendly terms for many years. In our treaty with Japan, it expressly states, that the citizens of either country are not to be discriminated against, but are to be allowed to enjoy the same privileges, as though in their ton, D. C., with a note of time and place and eliver it for that purpose to the United States consul at the nearest point.

If Peary makes another attempt to reach the pole, it is to be hoped his faithful friend will enjoy the same privileges, as though in their

own lands. The American Government promptly informed Japan that the action of the board of education in San Francisco, had not the approval of the national government. The matter was a purely local affair, of which it was entirely ignorant, and assured Japan that its citizens would not be discriminated against in any way, and would receive the same treatment and consideration as that given to our own people or the subjects of the most favored European nations. The Japanese are marvelous people, and the way in which they have adopted people, and the way in which they have adopted our civilization, and improved upon many of our methods in arts, in science, and in mechanical industries is astounding. The Japanese are a polite, charming and very likable people, and in this they differ from the Chinese, who always remain a race apart and neither who always remain a race apart, and neither racially nor individually win our sympathies, but usually incur our dislike.

Your friend Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

A case in which women are involved is to be tried in Chicago before a woman jury, the most of whom are club women and wives of lawyers.

Japanese are flocking to the Rio Grande borders, attempting to get into the United States. Most of them are said to have been discharged from the Japanese army.

Among the recent reports in the scientific world is the discovery of drawing electricity from the earth currents without the aid of coal, water, and costly machinery. If this is true the discovery will affect the industrial future of the world.

Officers of the Geological Survey have lately announced that the coal deposit in America will not be exhausted for four or five thousand will not be exhausted for four or five thousand years. Since 1875 the country has produced more than five billion tons of coal, whereas its total production up to that date was only seven hundred million.

An unusual honor, to the memory of John Hay, has been paid in Philadelphia. A stained-glass window in the synagogue of Kenesath Israel has been dedicated to Mr. Hay's services on behalf of the Jews at Kichnif, Russia; his efforts to prevent discrimination against Jews in this country endeared him to the whole race.

At the annual dinner of the National Geographic Society, Commander Robert E. Peary was presented with a gold medal in recognition of his recent trip. The presentation was made by President Roceevelt, who said he was proud of the fact that an American, an officer of the American Navy had reached "Farthest North."

Mrs. Esther S. Damon, the last surviving widow of a Revolutionary soldier died recently in Plymouth Union, Vermont. She was ninety-three years old. At twenty-two shamarried Mr. Damon, who was then seventy-five, and he did not receive a pension until fourteen years later. Mrs. Damon cannot be accused that the pension was an inducement to marry.

The Eiffel Tower, which has been the most conspicuous landmark of Paris since 1889, has recently tecome one of the most important wireless telegraph stations in existence. The French government intends to use it as a center for the transmission and reception of wireless dispatches, not only for land but also for marine purposes. Dispatches can be sent for a distance of 600 miles overland from the great tower.

An American woman was one of the first five who last October received the new theological diploma for women, 8. Th., which stands for Student in Theology. It was established by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in order to py the Archishop of Canterdury, in order to provide for women teachers of religious sub-jects in the schools a training similar to that which they receive in other branches of learn-ing. The examinations are practically the same as those for candidates for the ministry.

It is a matter of pride and gratification to the people in this country that the Noebel prize for the most eminent service in the cause of for the most eminent service in the cause of peace has been awarded to President Roosevelt in recognition of services in ending the war between Russia and Japan. The amount of money represented in the prize is 138,563 crowns, or \$27,127,65. The disposal of it by the President is in part as follows: "The amount of the Noebel prize will be conveyed by the President to the trustees to be by them used as the foundation of a fund the income of which the foundation of a fund the income of which shall be expended for bringing together in conference at Washington and especially during the sessions of Congress, representatives of labor and capital for the purpose of discussing industrial problems with the view of arriving at a better understanding between employers and employes and thus promoting industrial peace.

Commander Peary in his recent Arctic expedition had as companion Matthew A. Henson, a negro, who was not only with Peary on this expedition, but who has been his companion and personal servant in his previous attempts. Peary, willing to share the honor of his latest achievement, left a note in a bottle in which Henson's name was specially mentioned. note, which rests on the ice with miles of the pole reads as follows:

Arctic expedition of 1905-1906—Robert E. Peary, civil engineer, U. S. N., commanding, April 21, 1906.

Have this day with one companion, Matthew

A. Henson, and six dogs, reached this point via polar ice from Camp Hecla. We have traveled 570 miles.

Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the secretary of the navy, Washington, D. C., with a note of time and place at which it was found, or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the United States

Told around the Stove.

The Salvation Army

"There are some very good and respectable people," said the man who looked as if he might be one of them, "who think the Salvation Army is a fraud and that the religion it professes and practices is not the true religion. tion Army is a fraud and that the religion it professes and practices is not the true religion. I don't endorse everything that the Salvation Army does, maybe, but let me tell you right now that it is a great army fighting for good. Listen a minute and I'll tell you something about it. It began its work in Whitechapel, London, in 1865, under the direction of Rev. William Booth, as 'The Christian Mission,' and in 1878 it had developed into the Salvation Army. It now has 17,388 workers among children, and comprises 7,219 corps and societies, with 13,962 officers wholly in its service. It maintains 180 food depots and shelter for men, women and children, and last year it supplied 3,330,902 meals and 1,447,893 lodgings for the needy. It accommodates over 20,000 poor every night in its institutions, has 17 homes for former criminals, 45 homes for children, 116 industrial homes for women, 18 land colonies for visitation and assistance of the poor, and 24 labor bureaus for helping the unemployed. Last year, employment for 15,631 persons was found, and in the slums 127,839 families were visited and 7,933 sick people taken care of by the Army workers. It publishes 64 periodicals in 24 languages. Thirty-nine thousand meetings are held every week and the average number of weekly open-air meetings is 37,000. The average attendance at indoor meetings, only, is 1,202,885 every week. And that is only a few of the statistics of good it is doing all over the world. Maybe that isn't the right kind of religion, but I have got to have a higher authority than any man before I'll believe that it is not."

Concerning Rubber

Concerning Rubber

"The total rubber supply of the world," said the Chicago drummer taking off a pair of large-sized rubbers, "is 65,000, and 34,000 tons of it comes from Brazil. Six years ago the product amounted to 50,000 tons, but the coming of the automobile has increased the demand enormous-ly. Indeed, it looks a little sometimes as if we ly. Indeed, it looks a little sometimes as if we would have to get some kind of a substitute, though possibly the new areas that are developing may supply all we need. At present the total acreage in rubber is only 152,000 acres, but the valley of the Amazon has vast areas that have not been touched. They are between Brazil and Bolivia which will open up about 80,000 square miles of territory a greater part of which is suitable for rubber cultivation. Congo sends out about 4,500 tous annually of African rubber, and the balance comes from Ceylon and the Maylay Peninsula, and these sections lead in the intelligent cultivation of the plant. Ceylon has been producing it for sections lead in the intelligent cultivation of the plant. Ceylon has been producing it for about thirty years, and there are twenty companies working 45,000 acres. There are 50,000 acres of rubber in all the Maylay Peninsula. Rubber trees, under the impetus of the increased demand, are being cultivated in Africa, India, Samoa, Mexico, Central America, the West Indies and the Philippines. The price of rubber has doubled within the past five years, and for the men of means who go into its cultivation properly, and on a big scale, great fortunes are certain, but the man with small means had better stick to raising corn and hay on his home farm."

The Age They Marry

"In our country," said the large and portly "In our country," said the large and portly gentleman of lawyer-like manners, "young men and maidens seem to marry just about as they please as far as age is concerned, although parents do have something to say before they are of legal age, if they feel so disposed. In other countries certain age limits are recognized, but the much earlier marriages than with us are the rule, though, goodness knows, our children marry too young. In Austria, for instance, a boy and girl of fourteen are considered quite equal to the burdens of marriage, while in Greece while the man must be fourteen, the woman may marry at twelve. In Germany the system is somewhat better, and the man must be eighteen, though the age of the woman may be anything—that is left open as may be; she may be fifteen or fifty. In France and Belgium the ages are fifteen. In Spain the man must have passed his fourteenth birthday, and the woman her twelfth, and the same rule prevails in Portugal and Switzerland. In Hungary Catholics may marry at fourteen and twelve, but Protestants not before eighteen and fifteen, which is something in favor of Protestantism. Russia and Saxony show better sense, for they put the ages at eighteen and sixteen. Great Britain has about the same way sense, for they put the ages at eighteen and sixteen. Great Britain has about the same way of doing things that we do on this side. In Turkey they may marry at any age from the rurey they may marry at any age from the cradle to the grave. China is about as had, and among most uncivilized people children may marry, the custom being much more common in tropical countries than in the colder countries. Usually among these people very young girls are much more frequently married than young boys, though in some countries boys of a dozen years are heads of families—in name, at least. I think it is a compliment to the common sense of civilization that the more civilized people become the more they appreciate the fact that maturity should be the first requisite of marriage."

The Coal in the World

"We burn up a lot of coal and are not saving at all of it, except when there is a coal famine, or the prices have been put up on us," said the Professor man, "but estimates have ahown that none of us will ever live to see the time when we won't have plenty. Estimates by authority show that the coal supply of North America is 681 billion tons; Germany, 280 billions; Great Britain, 193 billions; Russia, 40 billions; Great Britain, 193 billions; Russia, 40 billions; Austria, 17 billions. By these figures Germany will have all she wants of her own coal for 2,000 years, but Great Britain will have used hers up in 400 years. America will have her own supply about as long as Germany. In the mean time Africa and Asia are to hear from." "We burn up a lot of coal and are not saving from.

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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CHAPTER I.

A WOMAN LOVES TO BE WON BY STORM.

OMEWHERE in the darkness a little bird awoke and began to chirp softly; there was an answering call and soon all the air was vibrant with the melody of bird notes; in the east a shaft of light appeared that grew in intensity until the sky blushed rosy red, like the cheek of a bride on her wedding morn; above this streak of brilliant color hung a cloud, black at the lower rim and shading to palest gray at the upper; the sun lifted his red disk above the horizon, rose gently till he stood fully unveiled, then slowly crept under the enveloping cloud and a gray mist settled down over the hills and valleys; when this mist cleared away the sun was revealed in all his glory riding high in a sky of cloudless blue. Such is the beginning of a June day in New Hampshire.

Nestled at the foot of a range of hills which broke into irregular masses against the sky line stood one of those typical New England.

Nestled at the foot of a range of hills which broke into irregular masses against the sky line, stood one of those typical New England villages that charm the casual visitor with their prim neatness; a river flowed through the valley, and below the town where the mill dam fretted the brown water into white foam stood the factory with its inevitable accompaniment of tenement houses whose angular ugliness of outline was the only blot on the beauty of the landscape; across the valley and up the ness of outline was the only blot on the beauty of the landscape; across the valley and up the adjacent hillsides extended rich farming lands, showing what Nature even in her most rugged moods can be made to do when driven by the tireless hand of man; three church spires, the largest of which was surmounted by a large cross, pointed skyward.

This particular church was half way up a long sloping hillside, above the town, in the midst of a little plot of ground where the dead lay calmly reposing. On the opposite side of the court house and a little further down was the jail.

the jail.

On the hilltop above the church stood a lone elm, one of those giants of the vegetable kingdom which would have delighted the heart of the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and against its rugged trunk leaned the tall, athletic figure of a young man of twenty years.

His dome-shaped head was covered with thickly clustering chestnut curls, and despite the almost womanish whiteness of complexion the face might have served as a model for the

His dome-shaped head was covered with thickly clustering chestnut curls, and despite the almost womanish whiteness of complexion the face might have served as a model for that of Cæsar at a like age, so full was it of indomitable resolution, and latent power. Just now, however, that look of power was less in evidence, for the firmly closing lips were softened by some unusual feeling and the deep gray eyes held a tender light as their gaze wandered involuntarily toward the village nestled at the foot of the hill.

"They are late," he soliloquized half aloud to the listening silence about him as was his wont when alone, "I wonder what is keeping them? She said they would be here at nine and it is now past the hour. Dear, shy little thing! I hope she will not fail to meet me, for I had hard work to induce her to say she would come, with that argus-eyed mother of hers watching so closely. Strange that a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should have embraced the Catholic faith. But then it is true Mrs. Rosslyn had many griefs and for these found surcease in the bosom of Mother Church. And is it for this, forsooth, that I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire!" He shook his clenched fist at the cross on the church below. "But have her I will in spite of it. She shall renounce it, too," he continued softly. "How often I have dreamed of the time when I could call her that name, wife! To kiss at will those lips of vivid red—I'd like no other heaven! My little love—shall I kiss her today, I wonder? Yet it seems almost like sacrilege, so wrapped about is she in that maiden modesty which seems to cling to her like a garment. But whether I dare to kiss her or not, I must have her promise to wed. She is true as death—my little Theta—and once I have her promise? What strength of resistance I have found in that frail girl! Hitherto her religion has stood between us like a wall of adamant, yet surmount it I must, else life will scarcely be worth the living. She is young—a few years' waiti

waiting ears.
"Therethey come!" he exclaimed aloud. "And yonder come the Confirmation girls in their white dresses, followed by a bery of older maidens, And there—that slender maiden walkwhite dresses, followed by a bery of maidens, And there—that slender maiden walking a little apart and gowned all in sober gray—is—yes, it is my little love. How her sweet soprano rises clear above all the rest. A voice to wilethe very heart out of a man's breast! What—did her voice falter? Ah! you do not see me—you only think that I am here watching and waiting for you! Yes, little sweetheart, today I'll kiss the lips that are pouring forth that melody. I think I will. A woman loves to be won by storm. How grand it must have been in the old days when men were savages! How I would have delighted in throwing you over my back and running with you to my cave!" These loverlike transports came to an abrupt end as the procession entered the church.

When he did speak nis voice that created to break the charm of this mystic spell which held them.

"Sit down with me, love, here on this mossy tone, for I have much to tell you."

And gently, without loosing his hold of her, he drew her down beside him.

"You are going away?" she raised to his a face from which a little of the bright color fied.

"Yes, dearest. You have not heard? There is an opening for me out West—Judge Blodgett will take me into his law office. But the waiting will not be for long. I shall soon carve my way, and then, when I have wealth and fame I am coming back to make you my little wife.

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"Well," he muttered as he threv: himself downward on the soft grass in the densest shade of the old elm, "as they will probably be along while at their worship, it may be as well for me not waste any more time."

Thus speaking, he pulled a law pamphlet from his pocket and propping his head on his elbow soon became so absorbed in the perusal of "Greenleaf on Evidence," that he was ob-

livious of the passage of time.

Meanwhile, in the church below a girl's heart. was beating almost to suffocation. Eugene had not been mistaken, for at the instant she had glanced up at the tree where she knew her lover waited, the sweet voice had quivered, then

Written in Collaboration

By Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. M. C. Henderschott

Once inside the church she sank trembling into her seat, wondering in her secret heart whether she would ever be pardoned for the tryst she had promised to keep that day, wondering whether Mary, sweet Mother Mary, would ever forgive her for loving that apostate so well.

"That thing!" he burst out impetuously, so well.

would ever forgive her for loving that apostate so well.

When the pretty service came to an end she lingered, ostensibly to place a wreath on a grave, until the procession had moved down to the village, then she turned and slowly climbed the hill.

The slanting sunbeams forming an aureole of gold about her sweet young face and shining in the depths of her serious dark eyes gave to her beauty an air of almost unearthly etherality as she stood there waiting even as Eve may have waited for the coming of Adam on that first morning in Paradise.

This Adam, however, did not keep his Eve waiting long, for at a bound he crossed the intervening space and reached her side.

"At last!" he said softly, "at last!"

He took both her trembling hands, twined his fingers with hers and so stood looking into her eyes, each reading the other's thoughts in language that only lovers know, then he stretched out his arms to their widest extent, thus lessening the distance between them until she half leaned, half lay, a vision of warm she half leaned, half lay, a vision of warm

or scorn that seeing it the girl shrank affrightedly away.
"That thing!" he burst out impetuously,
"you wear it—there! It hurts me—it hurts me
here—" he struck himself on the breast. "The
whole story of the Atonement seems to me so
improbable—it tortures me to think of that
lying there on your beautiful bosom!"
With a sudden movement of his strong fingers
he snapped the frail chain, and dashing the

he snapped the frail chain, and dashing the crucifix to the ground stamped upon it with his

with a cry like a wounded animal the girl fell upon her knees and caught the mutilated crucifix to her breast, then she ran a little way and half turned, tense, quivering and faced him

him.

"God forgive me," she cried, "if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us."

As she stood there flushed, excited, it seemed to him she never before had looked so beautiful, and the tenderness came back to his eyes.

"The gulf? If there be a gulf—I will bridge it over, and we will fly away together on the wings of the morning. Come back to me,

with a passionate intake of her breath, "in the city there—over there where that faint blue line fades into the sky—are lives so sunken in ignorance, so burdened by the pressing mass above—the rich, the successful, the happy—so steeped in shame and squalor they have never possessed one wreath of the laurels of life, never enjoyed one triumph, never experienced one hour of real happiness—surely—surely a just God will set all this right—somewhere! See—down there where the dead are lying—"she pointed to the grave stones gleaming white in the rays of the declining sun, "how many, many broken-hearted ones would lay themselves down in the eternal sleep of death if once convinced this life ended all! Take away the hope of immortality, and the whole wide world would become one vast graveyard."

She ceased, and as he looked into her beautiful face a worshiping tenderness came into his eyes.

"It is that already, dear. The very structure

ful face a worshiping tenderness came into his eyes.

"It is that already, dear. The very structure of the earth is made up of the bones of the creatures that have lived and died upon it. Only think of the countless organisms it took to form the limestones. It is these secrets wrested from the very rocks themselves which have slain the old beliefs. They are deadquite dead. Each in turn, 'abode its destined hour and went its way;' each in turn stamped its impress in blood on the nation from which it sprang. Yes—in blood—for could we summon back that spectral throng—those victims of the old beliefs—could we but once summon them back from lonely mountain heights where Persian priests offered sacrifice to the living mon back that spectral throng—those victims of the old beliefs—could we but once summon them back from lonely mountain heights where Persian priests offered sacrifice to the living flame; from the flowing hands of Moloch when the shouts of the worshipers drowned the cries of the victim; from the sands of the arena reddened with the blood of the Christians; from the Rock of the Holy Sepulcher when the victorious Christians rode in Paynim blood to their horses' knees in the days when the Red Cross and the Crescent struggled on the fields of Palestine; from the night of Saint Bartholonew when rivers of blood ran down the streets of Paris; from the rack and the stake of the terrible Inquisition; from the days of the Reformation when the heads of the noblest in England rolled upon the scaffold; from the flame of the fires of Bloody Mary; from those far dim days when man first erected altars and offered sacrifice to an awful and Unknown God—could we but summon back those pale specters a world might be peopled with the vastness of their mutitude, and the very hills be rent asunder with the cry they would send up against the tyranny of religion! Religion! What has it ever been but a clog on the wheels of Progress? Of a surety that shining goal toward which mankind is hastening will never be reached until men cast off the shackles of superstition, cease lifting dumb, beseeching eyes to the Unknown, search their own hearts for wisdom, and live and be free!" As he uttered the last words that voice to which thousands were one day to thrill in the halls of our nation's capitol, rose to a pitch of impassioned eloquence, then dropped swiftly, and for a time there was silence.

When he spoke again it was once more in a tone, low, soft, tender.

"But, dear heart, we will think no more of the bloody past," he said. "Through the thick darkness which now envelops us a new light is stealing. And the name of that light is love. It is the essence which permeates all things, animate and inanimate. It is a thing we share in common with

has power to fit us to the uttermost heights of bliss. It is the same mutual attraction that holds the planets in their places, that makes the rivers run to the sea, the metals in Nature's great laboratory rush to embrace each other. It is that which makes me want to kiss you— my dearest, come back to me—let us love while we may." we may.

we may."

His voice sank into low passionate, pleading.
"Hark," he said, "to that low cooing coming from yonder wood. Over there a dove is calling to his mate—as I am calling to mine. And see—there where the honeybee is flitting—be sure the queen is humming down there in the grass to guide him to his love. Nature with all her myriad voices is calling us to peace and happiness. Love is the first law of Nature—life may exist without it, but it is incomplete—the broken arc of a circle. Dear one, by all those powers of Nature I implore you—come back to me!"

As he spoke he stretched out his arms to the

back to me!"
As he spoke he stretched out his arms to the glorious sun, to the flowers and to the shadowy pines, as if to invoke their aid in making his plea. And as she listened the girl's power of resistance seemed broken, she seemed on the point of yielding to those tender entreaties. A smile played around her lips, her eyes grew tender, humid, they drooped, then suddenly a look of fear shot into them and her face blanched as she pointed dramatically to someblanched as she pointed dramatically to some-thing that lay on the ground at her feet.

The shadow of the cross on the church below had grown shorter and shorter until now it lay a black menacing shape between them.

As she gazed at the omen a great awe crept over the girl's soul, and her voice was hoarse and broken:

and broken:
"The cross! The cross! It is a miracle sent from Heaven to save me! Back! Back! You would lead my soul to perdition!"
As these words fell from her lips, for the first time a realizing sense of his own helplessness to cope with the situation came over Warfield.

For the first time he began to realize just what her loss would mean to him, and the pain this feeling engendered awoke akin to resentment within him.

With a bound he crossed the shadow and stood looking down upon her, fierce anger blazing in his eyes.

"You do not love me," he said roughly, "you never have!" A cry of anguish, so keen, so heartrending broke from her he repented the hasty words almost as soon as spoken.

"To my sorrow, my unutterable sorrow I do love you," her white lips murmured, "I do!" As he caught the forced words, as quickly as

As he caught the forced words, as quickly as it had come his anger left him and once more he broke out into passionate pleading.

"You do love me—you do! Then come back to me, my darling! I will fill your cup of earthly happiness so full—so full! Surely you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



WITH A CRY LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL THE GIRL FELL UPON HER KNEES.

breathing loveliness on his breast.

Suddenly he started as the sound of many voices chanting the Ave Maria was borne to his waiting ears.

In the silence of the bliss that enwrapped them, he bent his head and took his first draught of love from her maiden lips. Thrilled, she said sadly. "And Gene, nothing can change the voices of the bliss that enwrapped them, he bent his head and took his first draught of love from her maiden lips. Thrilled, she said sadly. "And Gene, nothing can change the voices of the bliss that enwrapped them."

intoxicated with each other they stood there in a silence so great only the throbbing of their hearts could he heard.

When he did speak his voice was low, soft, caressing as if he feared to break the charm of this mystic spell which held them.

"Sit down with me, love, here on this mossy stone, for I have much to tell you."

love, let me kiss you again. So—on your lips? And here—on your preity neck just where this silken curl nestles—so—and here—where this snowy triangle is visible above the collar of your gown. But what is this little gold chain that goes round your neck? Why do you wear it there—on the inside of your gown? What talisman is hiding there?" As he spoke his fingers were pulling at the chain.
"No! no! do not touch it!" she cried, as a look almost of fear came into her eyes.

look almost of fear came into her eyes.
"Nay, but I must," he persisted tenderly,

"you have no secrets from me now." And even as the words left his lips he drew from its rest-ing place the hidden talisman.

It was only a tiny gold crucifix with an ivory

the fact that we are hopelessly divided. You are living in a world peopled only by the phan-

toms of today; I live in a world peopled by the phantoms of all the yesterdays. There is no common plane upon which we can meet and be happy. Our union? It would mean one of two things. Either I should let you drag me down to your level, or you would have to come up to mine."

She hesitated. Anger was fading into love. Her eyes ceased to flash and filled with tender-

"Come back, Gene! Let your soul reach out to the Infinite and say, even as Newman's did in its hour of greatest darkness: 'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom. That hope of immortality! How it has lightened every burden, made patient, under oppression and That hop burden, made patient, under oppression and grinding poverty, those who would have sunk otherwise. No!—wait!—" as he made a sudden gesture toward her, "I know what you would say. That you would not have men remain patient under tyranny and want—that you would have them cease praying to the Divine Saki to fill the cup of life, and reach out and take that which they need. How many times we have spent ourselves in vain argument over this question of the immortality of the soul! If. this question of the immortality of the soul! If, as you have so often affirmed, you believe the solution of the life problem will ultimately be only a matter of chemistry and mechanics, why should that spire," she pointed to the church lying below, "and the countless church spires all over the world point the way to a better life beyond the grave?" She went on

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st; roll stitch l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. *indicates a repetition.

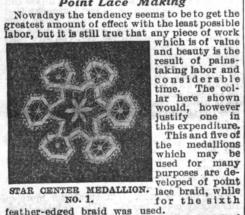
On account of many submitting work requesting us to withhold their full address we have decided to discontinue giving the name questing us to withhold their full address we have decided to discontinue giving the name and address of persons to whom we are indebted for fancy work articles, which we use on this page. Comfort's circulation is so large, many of our subscribers have been besieged with requests for samples or further particulars in regard to work which has ap peared, and to answer these letters takes time and money for postage, and it is impossible for one to send samples or directions to so many.

Whenever publishing any particular piece of work, we endeavor to give the plainest possible directions for making, besides illustrating it. So it is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, samples, or patterns of anything, unless stated that they can be supplied. Fancy work of an inexpensive nature we gladly receive at any time and if available for these columns will be used and paid for at current rates, and samples are returned, but we seldom purchase anything outright.

Knitting, crocheting, netting and tatting, to be acceptable, must be accompanied by full directions for making, written plainly on one side of the paper only, and in accordance with above abbreviations.

Novel or original ideas for utilizing ordinary material especially desired.

Point Lace Making



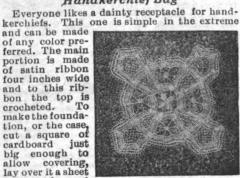
feather-edged braid was used.

The collar is made by the usual method of first fastening the lace on a heavy paper or linen pattern, and then filling in the stitches, these consist of bars of twisted thread, spiderwebs, and the usual filling-in stitches which are familiar to even amateur lace makers.

The six medallions shown vary greatly in design, but have one point in common—they are easily made and inexpensive. Handsome ouffs and collars may be made by joining these, or they make beautiful insets for shirt-waists or thin dresses of any kind. If made of black braid silk waists could also be decorated in this way.

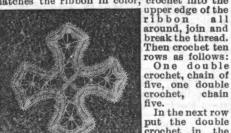
Handkerchief Bag

portion is made of satin ribbon four inches wide and to this rib-bon the top is crocheted. To make the founda-tion, or the case, cut a square of cardboard just big enough to allow covering, lay over it a sheet of perfumed wadding. When the cardboard is



MEDALLION FOR END OF

the cardboard is covered on both sides cut a strip of the ribbon long enough to extend round all four sides after the ends are joined. Seam the ends together firmly and neatly, then overcast one edge of the ribbon to the foundation. For the top of the bag use silk or silkateen which matches the ribbon in color, crochet into the



CROSS MEDALLION.

put the double crochet in the third stitch of the chain of five,

In the next row

NO. 3. way forming a series of squares until you have ten rows in all; finish the top

convenience afforded by having a box especially for them.

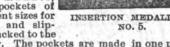


and is padded in-side and out with cotton wadding, into which a trifle of sachet pow-der has been or sachet powder has been
sprinkled. The
lining could be
of rose-colored
cretonne, or silesia, and the covering of rose-pat-terned cretonne—

The box is then finished off with brassheaded nails and big brass hinges. Another good combination would be dogwood on a grayish-green, with a lining of pale green. Indeed any number of pretty combinations can be made as the cretonne comes

cretonne comes in exquisite pat-terns and color-ings. These boxes not only sup-ply a long-felt want, but make a pretty, com-fortable seat for the cozy corner of a bedroom. A shoe box can

be made in the same manner, and pockets of different sizes for



1st round .- P. 2, throw t. o. 4 plain, k. 2 tog., repeat.



KNITTED MITTEN.

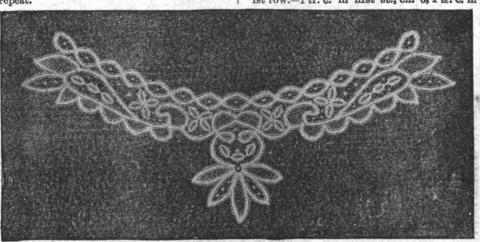
Begin by making a chain of fifty-seven stitches, fasten to first chain, turn.

1st row.—1 tr. c. in first st., ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in

sl. st. over the one knitted, k. 13, k. 2 tog., p.

In every 4th round there-after make two extra sts., next to the 2 sts. follow-

ing the original 5th and 6th sts., marked until the thumb is sufficiently



POINT LACE COLLAR.

2nd round.—P. 2, 1 plain, t. o. 3 plain, k. 2 first ch., and 57 tr. c. in the ring, fasten totoge, repeat.

3rd round.—P. 2, 2 plain, t. o. 2 plain, k. 2 gether.

2nd row.—Now turn, go around the ring by making 57 tr. c. on 57 tr. c., fasten, turn.

3rd row.—The same as 1st and 2nd rows, fasten, break yarn. Now one ring is complete.

4th round.—P. 2, 3 plain, t. 6. 1 plain, k. 2 tog., repeat.
5th round.—P. 2, 4 plain, t. o., k. 2 tog., repeat. Now repeat this pattern seven or more times according to the length of the wrist desired. Next work a band of ribs by knitting 1 and purling 1, so continue ribs for five or six rounds, then make the holes, in which to run the ribbon, as follows:

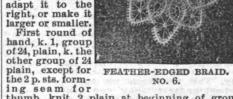
1st round.—K. 1, p. 1, o. 2, and k. 2 tog., repeat.

peat.
2nd round.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1 loop, p. 1 loop,
k. 2, p. 1, k. 1 loop, p. 1 loop, repeat from 2nd
round, k. 2, last st. of round, k. 1.
3rd round.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 1,
p. 1., k. 2 tog., repeat from 2nd p. 1. Continue
to rib, k. 1, p. 1 for five or six rounds or more if
you like, then finish off with one whole line of
purling.

purling.

Now divide the 96 stitches in 3 groups, 48 on each of the others. The one needle, 24 on each of the others. The 48 will represent the back of the hand, for the left-hand mitten; now mark the 5th and 6th stitches from the 48, on your right-hand group of 24; for right-hand mitten mark the 5th and 6th from the 48 on the left-hand group

of 24, the mark stitches constituting the base of the thumb, the stitch upon each side of the 5th and 6th is to be purled for the seam of thumb; this mitten is for the left hand, and any knitter can adapt it to the right, or make it larger or smaller. First round of



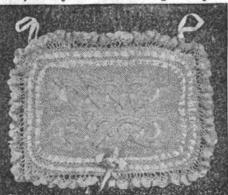
ing seam for thumb, knit 2 plain at beginning of group of 48; following is the pattern of the back of the hand upon the next 28 stitches, and re-

the hand upon the next 28 stitches, and remainder of round plain.

series of squares until you have ten rows in all; finish the top wit's shell border and a narrow ribbon run in just below to serve as a drawing string.

Shirt-waist Box

Those who have found bureau drawers too growded for waists will fully appreciate the



Now begin the second ring by making a ch. of 57 sts., and slip this through center of your ring, and then fasten the stitch on your needle by making 1 s. c. into the last ch. st. Now begin and make a ring just like the first one. After this is finished make 3 more; you will then have one hard then have one braid.

Make another braid out of five rings, and fasten to the first one by interlacing in the

fasten to the first one by interlacing in the same way.

Now begin first row by tying in the yarnany place. Make 5 ch. to form a picot, and fasten on tr. c., make 5 ch. to form a picot, and fasten to 4th tr. c.; continue this way making the small picot and fastening by skipping 2 tr. c. until you are all around, then fasten, turn.

The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th rows are made just the same as the first row. When complete you will have at least 170 picots, now turn.

7th row.—1 tr. c. in picot, ch. 4, 1 tr. c. in picot, ch. 4, continue this until around; you will have 134 open spaces, for running in first row of ribbon.

8th row.—Ch. 5, fasten to third ch.; this will form a small picot. Now make this row, and the 9th and 10th rows just the sameway as the 6 first rows.

11th row.—Same as the 7th row.

The 12th, 13th and 14th rows, same as the 8th, 9th, and 10th rows.

the 8th, 9th, and 10th rows.

15th row.—Same as the 17th row.

The 16th and 17th rows same as 2nd row.

Now turn.

18th row.—Make a shell by making 7 tr. c., in first picot, fasten in center of 2nd picot, continue this until you get way round the cushion, you will then have 115 shells, fasten, turn.

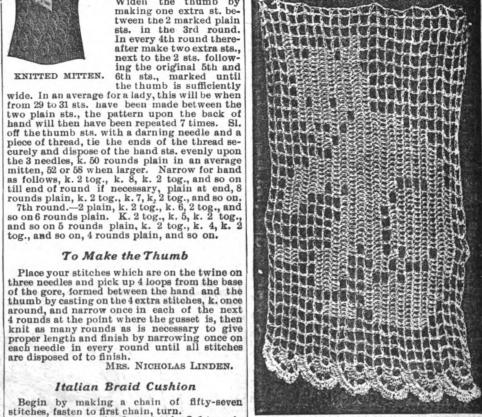
19th row.—7 tr. c., raise them and fasten by making 1s. c. stitch in the center stitch between the 2 very shells, becaught have a beginning to the 2 very shells, becaught have a beginning to the stitch between the 1, k. 2, repeat. 4th round.—K. 2, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. over k. 11, k. 2 tog., p. 1, 5th round.—K. 2, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. over k. 9, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, k. 3, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, repeat.
6th round.—K. 2, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. over k. 7, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, repeat, then repeat this pattern from 1st round in every round of the hand, all stitches are to be knitted plain. except the 2 upper shells; keep on this way, by always raising 7 tr. c. and fastening to the center stitch between the upper 2 shells.

Kitty Lace

Make a chain of eighty-four stitches.

1st row.—A tr. in 4th st. of ch. from hook.
Ch. 2, sl. 2, make 28 space, ch. 4, s. c. in last st. hand, all stitches are to be knitted plain, except the 28 on the back of the hand, and the two sts. purled together, forming the seam for the thumb. Widen the thumb by making one extra st. be-tween the 2 marked plain sts. in the 3rd round. In every 4th round thereof ch.

2nd row.-Ch. 2, 7 tr. under ch. 4, 1 tr. on next tr., 32 space. 3rd row.—* ch. 2, 5 tr. under 2 ch. in next tr.,



KITTY LACE.

with s. c., * repeat from * to * 3 times, tr. in tr., 8 space, 19 tr., 14 space.
4th row.—Ch. 3, tr. on 2nd tr., 12 space, 31 tr., 6 space, ch. 4, s. c. in last st. of ch.
5th row.—Ch. 2, 7 tr. under 4 ch. 1, tr. on tr., 5 space, 13 tr., 1 space, 21 tr., 11 space.
6th row.—Ch. 3, 1 tr. on 2nd tr., 10 space, 11 tr., 1 space, 14 tr., 1 space, 13 tr., 8 space.
7th row.—* ch. 2, 5 tr. under 2 ch. with s. c. in next tr., repeat from * to * 3 times, 4 space, 13 tr., 1 space, 14 tr., 1 space, 11 tr., 10 space.
8th row.—Ch. 3, 1 tr. in 2nd tr., 10 space, 11 tr., 1 space, 14 tr., 1 space, 13 tr., 8 space.
9th row.—* Ch. 2, 5 tr. under 2 ch. with s. c. in next tr., * repeat from * to * three times, 4 space, 10 tr., 1 space, 4 tr., 1 space, 12 tr., 1 space, 14 tr., 8 space, 10 tr., 1 space, 10 tr., 4 space, 17 tr., 1 space, 12 tr., 1 space, 10 tr., 4 space, 17 tr., 1 space, 12 tr., 1 space, 10 tr., 4 space, 17 tr., 1 space, 17 tr., 1 space, 18 tr., 18 space, 19 tr., 19 space, 20 tr., 9 space.
12th row.—Ch. 3, tr. in 2nd tr., 10 space, 35 tr., 12 th row.—Ch. 3, tr. in 2nd tr., 10 space, 35 tr., 12 th row.—Ch. 3, tr. in 2nd tr., 10 space, 35 tr., 12 th row.—Ch. 3, tr. in 2nd tr., 10 space, 35 tr., 12 th row.—Ch. 3, tr. in 2nd tr., 10 space, 35 tr., 12 th row.—Ch. 3, tr. in 2nd tr., 10 space, 35 tr.

next tr., 4 space, 10 tr., 1 space, 4 tr., 4 space, 20 tr., 9 space.

12th row.—Ch. 3, tr. in 2nd tr., 10 space, 35 tr.,

1 space, 10 tr., 8 space.

13th row.—* Ch. 2, 5 tr. under 2 ch., s. c. in tr.,

* repeat from * to * 3 times, 5 space, 10 tr., 1

space, 41 tr., 6 space.

14th row.—3 ch., 3 tr. in 2nd tr., 3space, 47 tr.,

10 space, ch. 4, s. c. in last st. of ch.

15th row.—Ch. 2, 7 tr. under 4 ch., 4 space, 4

tr., 4 space, 30 tr., 1 space, 15 tr., 4 space.

16th row.—Ch. 3, tr. in 2nd tr., 5 space, 15 tr.,

1 space, 12 tr., 1 space, 19 tr., 2 space, 4 tr., 8

space.

1 space, 12 tr., 1 space, 19 tr., 2 space, 4 tr., 8 space.

17th row.—* Ch. 2, 5 tr. under 2 ch., s. c. in next tr., * repeat from * to * 3 times, 4 space, 4 tr., 1 space, 16 tr., 2 space, 12 tr., 1 space, 7 tr., 1 space, 12 tr., 4 space.

18th row.—Ch. 3, tr. in 2nd tr., 4 space, 18 tr., 1 space, 4 tr., 1 space, 6 tr., 6 space, 10 tr., 1 space, 4 tr., 4 space, 6 tr., 6 space, 10 tr., 1 space, 4 tr., 5 tr., 1 space, 9 tr., 1 space, 4 tr., 1 space, 10 tr., 5 space, 9 tr., 1 space, 12 tr., 2 space, 9 tr., 1 space, 4 tr., 1 space, 7 tr., 2 space, 9 tr., 1 space, 9 tr., 1 space, 7 tr., 2 space, 9 tr., 1 space, 9 tr., 1 space, 7 tr., 2 space, 9 tr., 1 space, 2 tr., 2 space, 9 tr., 1 space, 2 tr., 2 space, 9 tr., 1 space, 2 tr., 3 space, 9 tr., 4 space, 15 tr., 5 space, 22nd row.—* Ch. 2, 5 tr. under 2 ch., s. c. in next tr., * repeat from * to * 3 times, 13 space, 9 tr., 4 space, 15 tr., 5 space, 22nd row.—3 ch., 3 tr. in 2nd tr., 3 space, 10 tr., 8 space, 12 tr., 3 space, 4 tr., 8 space, ch. 4, s. c. in last st. of ch.

23rd row.—Ch. 2, 7 tr. under 4 ch., tr. in next

23rd row.—Ch. 2, 7 tr. under 4 ch., tr. in next 24th row.-Ch. 3, tr. in 2nd tr., 21 space, 4 tr.,

24th row.—ch. c, tr. under 2 ch., s. c. in 25th row.—* Ch. 2, 5 tr. under 2 ch., s. c. in next tr., repeat from * to * 3 times, 28 space. 26th row.—After making the row of the sixth scallop, start the second cat, repeating the directions from the 2nd row, and so continue to the length required.

MISS ETTA M. HUSKEY. Bookmark

Bookmarks can be made of perforated card-



BOOKMARK.

Work a word or board and caught on ribbon. short sentence, and then pull out the threads.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fanny work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar re-quests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel ut-terly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The old year waited amid the snow Till men should bless her, and bid her go. But the children laughed. "We await the new, 'Tis fairer and gladder and brighter than you."

DEAR SISTERS:

DEAR SISTERS:

If we do speed the old year and greet the new in this spirit, it will be brighter and better than the old, for cheerful, hopeful thoughts make us happier, no matter what our surroundings, and help us successfully overcome the petty disappointments and irritating daily worries, which come to all. How lovely life would be without them, but no lot is totally devoid of blessings; and courage and a brave heart will blessings; and courage and a brave heart will accomplish wonders.

How many beautiful letters we have had in

the past year from brave sisters, and the kind helpfulness and sympathy so generously ex-tended, to those who fight among the shadows, tended, to those who fight among the shadows, has made this department beloved and useful as it is. The sunny South joins hands with the North and messages come from California to Maine, some telling of pleasure, some of pain, which, I am sure it you could read as I do, your heart would feel too large for the place it occupies, and a tear would silently slide down your cheek. Sisters, perhaps you do not know, have no idea, how much good the corner has done. It is the personal contact with the readers which shows the far-reaching results, so please give us your co-operation in the future, as you have in the past.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Delia Brawn, Griffiths, W. Va., is a poor cripple woman, with four little ones. Sympathetic letters and anything useful, or reading matter thankfully received.

Miss Olive Winchester, Hooker, Okla., is a patient sufferer, who would appreciate letters and reading matter.

matter thankfully received.

Miss of the beautier of the control o

At Queenston Heights we see the great monument, 200 feet high, erected to the memory of the famous British general, Sir Issac Brock, who fell on these Heights in the War of 1812. The corneratone for this magnificent tribute was laid by the Prince of Wales (now King of England), in 1860. A gradual descent and we approach Queenston, with Lewiston across the river, these being the head of navigation of the lower Niagara river and the ports for steamers of the Niagara River Line to Toronto. Here we cross the Suspension bridge and proceed to Lewiston.

In the United States once more. On this side we run close to the water's edge all the way, so close that nervous passengers cry out in fear. We pass the Devil's Hole, a prominent spot in the annals of Niagara Frontier history. Now we get a close view of the whirlpool, and at a turn in the river the Whirlpool Rapids suddenly loom into view, churning, foaming and tossing—an awe-inspiring scene. A gradual ascent, and the river and its beauties sink in restful dimness, and we are again in the city. Can you imagine, sisters, that you have seen this turbulent and historic Niagara? No, never, until you stand, and with your own eyes, see it. No one else can describe it to you.

I have lived in this city a year last month—since my marriage. My husband is a motorman on this Great Gorge Route trolley line. My old home, where I was born and brought up, is about one hundred miles east of Toronto, in Ontario, so you see I am a Canadian. I would be pleased to receive letters from any of the sisters who care to write.

MRS. HIRAM A. PURDY, 442 Second Street, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 220 or less, it means that your subscrip.

in Georgia that takes Comport. I don't see how anyone can get along without it. I think it one of the finest papers for the money that ever was published. I can hardly wait for it to come.

I am a young housekeeper with two sweet little children. My oldest one, a boy of four years and my baby is a little girl. She was one year old the eighth of last May, my first child was a little girl but God had a better place for her and saw fit to take her away. It was hard to stand by the little white coffin holding our darling who was sleeping her last long sleep. It was very hard to give her up, but God knows best. Still it is hard to always realize this, especially when such accidents come as befell my boy when he was two years old. He caught fire and was badly burned. I sat by him day and night fearing he might die, but he was spared to me, but his right arm and hand is badly drawn up so it is almost useless. His grandmother is making a quilt for his bed and would like a few pieces of any size or color. I should also like to receive letters. May the love of God be with you all is the prayer of your new sister,

MRS. NAOMI McMichael, Monticello, R. F. D., 6, Jasper County, Ga.

Dear Comport Sisters:

this turbulent and historic Niagara? No, never, until you stand, and with your own eyes, see it. No one else can describe it to you.

I have lived in this city a year last month—since my marriage. My husband is a motorman on this Great Gorge Route trolley line. My old home, where I was born and brought up, is about one hundred miles east of Toronto, in Ontario, so you see I am a Canadian. I would be pleased to receive letters from any of the sisters who care to write.

Mrs. Hiram A. Purdy, 442 Second Street, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Watch the number on your wrapper. It is 1220 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers. The subscribers which will be continued for some months linto 1907; it only costs is cents to do it now.

Drar Sisters:

I want to have a little chat about vegetables which may benefit some who live on farms or have gardens.

In the fall take beets, carrots, parsnips, winter radishes, and put them into boxes in the cellar, cover them with dry sand, and they will keep all winter; in April they are just as nice and hard as when first taken out of the garden. If cabbage is pulled up with the roots on them and then set down into the cellar the cabbage will keep nice all winter; in April they are just as nice and hard as when first taken out of the garden. If cabbage is pulled up with the roots on them and then set down into the cellar the cabbage will keep nice all winter; in April they are just as nice and hard as when first taken out of the garden. If cabbage is pulled up with the roots on them and then set down into the cellar the cabbage will keep nice all winter if set into tubs with water enough to cover the roots, then cover with old carpeting and you will have celery grow—the did and beaching all winter. A molasses barrel,

them shut out, and thus perhaps deny them their one enjoyment through which they get a glimpse of the outside world. Let me thank you, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, for making this corner so interesting

and instructive.

May God's blessing rest upon you all, and especially the dear shut-ins. Respectfully,

Miss IDA E. WAKE, Fullerton, Md.

especially the dear shut-ins. Respectfully, Miss Ida B. Wars, Fullerton, Md. Dear Sisters:

I am a real country woman from a farm down in Arkansas. I am writing in especially to see if anyone can help me out about my chickens. Last summer they were troubled with a strange disease, which I do not understand, and many of our neighbors lost poultry of all kinds in the same way. They would apparently be well and laying as usual, their combs pretty and rosy, and then in an hour's time they would be dead. Can any tell me what siled them and what to do.

I would also like to know what is best to do when roses do not thrive. The leaves of mine looked brown and the stalks dry and dead.

I cujoy reading all these letters and get much help. I am a young housekeeper. I was twenty-three last August, and will soon be married four years.

We have a smart baby boy who is blessed with three sets of grandparents, and was named for his great grandfather. My nearest neighbor is my mother, who is about one half mile away, but you may guess I visit her quite often. Still there are lonely days and I do not have much reading matter and appreciace it to be remembered in this way and also with letters, for I love you one and all. Hoping the new year will be a bright one for each of you, I remain,

MRS. MAUD COUCH, McRae, White Co., Ark. DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a stranger to you all, but not to Comfort; it

of you, I remain,

MRS. MAUD COUCH, McRae, White Co., Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a stranger to you all, but not to Comport; it is certainly an ideal paper. I want to tell the young mothers a few home ways to treat the baby, as it is the most precious thing in the home.

A bad cold is something every baby has sometime. I have found hen oil good; heat as warm as baby can stand it and rub inside of hands, bottom of feet, under arms, behind ears and forehead, and on nose, then mix one teaspoonful with five drops of turpentine, wet fiannel cloth and put on breast, and see how much better baby is in a short time. Now, mothers, you who have poor, little sickly babies try this, peel and slice half a pint of onions, pour in one pint of boiling water, and boil down one half pint with two teaspoonfuls of sugar and half of a cracker, and feed baby all it will eat twice a day for a month, then tell us how much baby has gained. I gave this to my baby at three days old. They do not seem to like it at first but keep trying, they will cry for it before the month is out.

Now for the bottle baby, I have one and a big, fat one, too, I gave her cows' milk the first four months. I used one half pint of milk, one half pint of water, a heaping teaspoonful of sugar. Second four months I used one pint of milk instead of one half pint. At the age of eight months I began pure milk, I justmix, never cook the milk. Wash your bottles at night and morning in strong soda water. I put a spoonful in bottle, and pour in boiling water and shake well. I have three bables; the bottle baby was two years old in November.

I am going to ask you sisters who have roses to send her a sprout of your bush. She is so fond of flowers, it is amusing to see her try to smell them. I will return all favors possible.

Mrs. LULA CLARK, Dora, Texas.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is surely the best paper, and I have enjoyed it for years, but this is my first letter. I am sending in a quilt block; now when "Anona," "Hiawatha," and other similar songs are all the rage, why not fashion quilt from Indian signs and emblems.

This one I made using the Navajo Indian's good-luck emblem. This he uses to brand his horses, on his blankets, and waves it above his head as a talisman to frighten away evil spirits.

Two colors only should be used, although it is rather hard to get them just right, but you can if you try, so don't write me for a sample block, for if only a few did, it would be considerable work, and more than I could do.

I hope you will all like this, and if so, maybe I can work out another pattern which will be quite as attractive. With best wishes to all.

ALLIE CUMMINGHAM, 836 East Bay Ave., Olympia, Wash.

DEAR MES. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Wash.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Comfort Sisters:

Will you let one of Uncle Charlie's nieces come in for a minute? I am an old subscriber, and think Comfort gets better all the time. I enjoy reading the helpful letters in the sisters' corner. I will give a few household hints.

A bit of salt sprinkled on anything that is burning on the stove will take away the unpleasant odor.

ing on the stove will take away the unpressurodor.

A teaspoonful of brown sugar added to the prepared stove polish will make it stick better.
Old newspapers crushed well between the hands
are good to polish the stove with.
I feel sorry for the poor unfortunate shut-ins,
and am always ready to help them in any way I
can. I think it would be a good rule if every Comroors ister would make it a rule to write to one or
more shut-ins each month, always remembering
them in some way, if only by sending them a few
postage stamps.

What a dear little soul our little sunshine worker
Nellie C. N. is, my heart goes out in sympathy to
her.

her.
Mrs. B. E. Ward. How I would enjoy your island

Mrs. B. E. Ward. How I would enjoy your island home. Come again, cousin.
J. A. D. Your letters are helpful.
How many of the sisters like Mexican drawnwork? I do for one.
Here is a pen picture of myself: I am five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, have luxuriant brown hair, and deep blue eyes, eighteen years young. I can cook and keep house, love fancy work, am fond of music, flowers, and books. I am a lover of nature, and everything that is grand and beautiful. If anyone cares to write me, I will answer all letters.
Wishing success to Compart, and its many readers,

readers MARTHA ROSE, Kentuck, Jackson Co., W. Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

martha Rose, Kentuck, Jackson Co., W. Va.

Martha Rose, Kentuck, Jackson Co., W. Va.

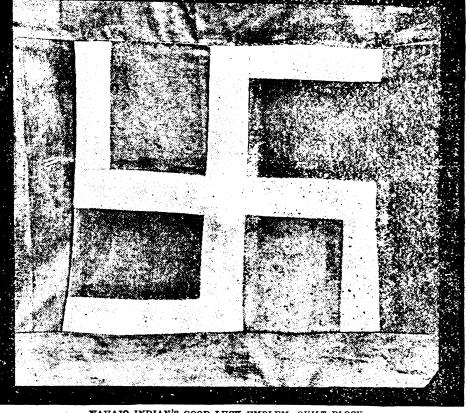
Dear Comport has been a welcome visitor at my home for almost a year, I thought I would send you a few words through its pages. I am a young housekeeper, with three durling little ones to love and care for, and I find many things of value which help to lighten cares and labor in these columns.

All the recipes printed in Comport, I cut out and paste in what I call my Comport Recipe Book, so that I can save them.

I live on a ranch fifty-three miles from Seattle, out in the timber, and as my husband is away from home during the week, I get very lonely, and if any of the sisters will kindly send me books, or story papers to help me pass those lonely hours, I would be thankful indeed. I suppose you wonder why I don't go visiting? It is because my babies are all small, the eldest four years old, and youngest ten months, then the nearest neighbor's house, is over a mile away, and I must walk a foot log to cross the river. Did any of the sisters ever cross a foot log? If you have you know how hard it is. Another thing I would like, are patterns for children's toys, birds, dogs, cats, or anything to be made. I will return the favor in any way I can. I will also write to any of the sisters who send stamp for reply.

I will tell you how I clean my chicken-house. It may benefit some of you. I take a good-sized piece of cloth, wrap it around a long stick, dip in kerosene, throughly burn all the roosts and sides. You need not be afraid of setting it afire unless you have some paper or imfammable stuff in the nests. I burn my chicken-house twice a week so as to keep it free from lice. To remove them from the chickens, dip them in one pail of lukewarm water, mixed with one pint of kerosene, and four tablespoonfuls of sulphur.

Before starching collars, soak them for twenty-four hours in water with a pinch of borax which will make them much whiter, cover top ones to prevent them from getting discolored. To iron them take a thin white cloth,



NAVAJO INDIAN'S GOOD-LUCK EMBLEM, QUILT BLOCK. Sent in by Miss Allie Cunningham.

sawed in two in the middle makes two good tubs for this.

For the sister who wished to remove rust from the stove which had not been in use for two years, take an old knife and scrape off the rust as much as possible; now purchase ten cents' worth of beesawax, melt it with two tablespoonfuls of salt; when well dissolved, stir it well and spread it all over the well dissolved, stir it well and spread it all over the water solution of one gallon of washing sodar, hot water solution of one gallon of washing sodar, wash off the beeswax, rub dry with old rags; get affteen cents' worth of turpentine and rub this all over the stove with brush or rags, rubbing it in well, and leave on one day, then black thoroughly

Don't fail to promptly renew your sub-

Don't fall to promptly renew your sub-scription to COMFORT while the present low is-cent yearly rate is in force. We may be obliged to advance at any time, but if you send 25 cents now, it will pay for and ex-tend your subscription for two years from the time of its expiration. DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

Can any of the sisters give me the complete words of a grand old Methodist hymn called the "Old Ship of Zion":

What big ship is that I see
Oh! glory hallelujah!
Tis the old ship of Zion,
Hallelujah!
Tis the old ship of Zion!
Hallelujah!

Also of the following poems: "Twinkle, twinkle little star," and "One Week in Heaven." It begins: I sit within thy darkened room, So strangely silent since thou art not there

And the poem, "Life's Railroad." Also of a poem printed many years ago in the National Reader, may be some of the sisters, have the old book, if so will they be kind enough to send me the words; here are some of them:

'Tis here sweet sister lies, Deep buried in the ground.

I would also like the words of Chickadeedee, which run as follows: One morning in May as two little sisters were busy

at play, A snowbird came sitting close by on a tree, and merrily singing his Chickadeedee.

I am very fond of flowers, and should like to re eive seeds of all kinds for a Comfort flower bed. Here are a few suggestions: Here are a few suggestions: Equal parts of salt and vinegar will cure chil-

blains.

Warm water in which a teaspoonful of soda, and a tablespoonful of Epsom salts have been dissolved, will lighten moth and liver spots; after using, rub in coldcream.

Can any of the sisters give me the recipe for ribbon pudding?

I, too, sympathize with all sufferers, and consider the space allotted to the shut-ins, one of Compour's best features, I would not in any way have

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Arthur Leighton, rector of St Marks, is n love with Anna Ruthven. He re-reads a letter, received the day before from thornton Hastings, his college classmate and the control of the contr

the knowledge that Arthur loves her she can do anything.

Thornton Hastings seeks the answer to the question asked six weeks before. Bravely Anna tells him she respects him more than any man she ever knew, and had she met him years before— Suddenly the truth comes to Thornton Hastings, that she loves Arthur Leighton. Anna pleads with him not to interfere. Lucy is to be Arthur's wife. Mrs. Meredith, writes to Arthur Leighton, confessing the wrong, and imploring his forgiveness. Anna still loves him. Arthur spends the evening with Lucy, and he tries to think he loves her, and as he bids her good night, she feels a strange thrill of joy, for sometimes the thought comes that the love she receives is not as great as the love she gives.

CHAPTER XI. (CONTINUED.)

UT she did not think so now, and in an ecstasy of joy she stood in the deep recess of the bay window, watching him as he went away through the moonlight and the feathery cloud of snow, wondering why, when she was so happy, there could cling to her a haunting presentiment that she and Arthur would never meet again just as they had parted.

and Arthur would never meet again just as they had parted.

Arthur, on the contrary, was troubled with no such presentiment. Of Anna, he hardly thought, or, if he did, the vision was obscured by the fair picture he had seen standing in the door, with the snowflakes resting in her hair like pears in a golden coronet. And Arthur thanked his God that he was beginning at least to feel right—that the solemn vows that he was so soon to utter would be more than a mockery.

more than a mockery.

It was Arthur's work to teach to others how dark and mysterious are the ways of Providence, but he had not himself half learned that lesson in all its strange, reality; but the lesson was coming on apace; each stride of his swift-footed beast brought him nearer to the great shock waiting for him upon his study table, where Thomas, his man had put it.

brought him nearer to the great snock waiting for him upon his study table, where Thomas, his man had put it.

He saw it the first thing on entering the room, but he did not take it up until the snow was brushed from his garment and he had warmed himself by the cheerful fire blazing on the hearth. Then sitting in his easy-chair and moving the lamp nearer to him, he took Mrs. Meredith's letter and broke the seal, starting as if a serpent had stung him when, in the note inclosed, he recognized his own handwriting, the same that he had sent to Anna when his heart was so full of hope as the brown stalks now beating against his windows with a dismal sound were full of fragrant blossoms. Both had died since then—the roses and the hopes—and Arthur almost wished that he, too, were dead when he read Mrs. Meredith's letter and saw the gulf his feet were treading. Like the waves of the sea, his love for Anna came rolling back upon him, augmented and intensified by all that he had suffered, and by the terrible conviction that it could not be, although, alas, "it might have been."

He repeated the words over and over again, as, stupefied with pain, he sat gazing at vacancy, thinking how true was the couplet:—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
"the saddest are these, it might have been."

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

floor, the Rector of St. Mark's prayed as he never prayed before—first for himself, whose need was greatest, and then for Lucy, that she might never know what making her happy had cost him, and then for Anna, whose name he could not speak. "That other one," he called her, and his heart kept swelling in his throat and preventing his utterance, so that the words he would say never reached his lips.

But God heard them just the same, and knew that his child was asking that Anna might forgethim, if to remember him was pain; that she might learn to love another far worthier than he had ever been. He did not think of Mrs. Meredith; he had no feeling of resentment then; he was wholly crushed to care how his ruin had been brought about, and long after the wood fire on the hearth had turned to cold, gray ashes, he knelt upon the floor, and battled with his grief, and when the morning broke it found him still in the cheerless room where he had passed the entire night, and from which he had gone forth strengthened, as he hoped, to do what he believed to be his duty. This was on Saturday, and on the Sunday following there was no service at St. Mark's. The rector was sick, the sexton said, "hard sick, too, he had heard," and the Hetherton carriage with Lucy in it, drove swiftly to the rectory, where the quiet and solitude awed Lucy as she entered the house, and asked the house-keeper how Mr. Leighton was.

"It is very sudden," she said. "He was perfectly well when he left me Friday night. Please tell him I am here."

The housekeeper shook her head. Her master's orders were that no one but the doctor was to be admitted, she said, repeating what Arthur had told her in anticipation of just such an infliction as this.

bold her in anticipation of just such an infliction as this.

But Lucy was not to be denied, Arthur was hers, his sickness was hers, his suffering was hers, and see him she would.

"He surely did not mean me when he asked that no one should be admitted. Tell him that it is I; it is Lucy," she said, with an air of authority, which, in one so small, so pretty and childlike, only amused Mrs. Brown who departed with the message, while Lucy sat down with her feet upon the stove, and looked around the sitting-room, thinking it was smaller and poorer than the one at Prospect Hill, and how she would remodel it when she was mistress there.

"He says that you can come," was the word that Mrs. Brown brought back, and with a gleam of

with a magnanimity for which he thought himself entitled to a great amount of praise, he even felt that it was possible for Arthur to love this gentle, little girl who smoothed his pillows so tenderly, and whose fingers threaded so lovingly the damp, brown locks when she thought he, Thornton, was not looking on. She was very coy of him, and very distant towards him, too, for she had not forgiven his sin, and she treated him at first with a reserve for which he could not account. But as the days went on, and Arthur grew so sick that his parishoners began to tremble for their young minister's life, and to think it perfectly right for Lucy to stay with him, even if she were assisted in her labor of love by the stranger from New York, the reserve disappeared, and on the most perfect terms of amity she and Thornton Hastings watched together by Arthur's side. Thornton Hastings learned more lessons than one in that sick room where Arthur's faith in God triumphed over the terrors of the grave, which, at one time seemed so near, while the timid Lucy, whom he had only known as a gay butterfly of fashion, dared before him to pray that God would spare her promised husband, or give her grace to say, "Thy will be done."

Thornton could hardly say that he was skeptical before, but any doubts that he might have had touching the great fundamental truths on which a true religion rests were gone forever, and he left Hanover a changed man in more respects than one.

Arthur did not die, and on the Sunday preceding the west when the usual Christians decorations.

was a pretty specimen for a sober clergyman's wife.

For all this gossip, the villagers were indebted to Miss Valencia Le Barre, who, ever since her arrival at Prospect Hill, had been growing somewhat disenchanted with the young mistress she had expected to rule even more completely than she had ruled Mrs Meredith. But in this she was mistaken, and it did not improve her never very amiable temper, to find that she could not with safety appropriate more than half her mistress' handker-chiefs, collars, cuffs, and gloves, and, as this was a new state of things with Valencia, she chafed at the administration under which she had so willingly put herself, and told things of her mistress, which no sensible servant would ever have reported. And Lucy gave her plenty to tell.

Frank and outspoken as a child, she acted as she felt, and did try on the bridal dress, screaming with pleased delight when Valencia fastened the veil and let its fleecy folds fall gracefully around her.

"I know what Arthur will think I do so wish"

Atthur did not die, and on the Sunday preceding the week when the usual Christmas decorations were to commence, he came again before his people his face very pale and woru, and wearing upon it a look that told of a new baptism, an added amount of faith, which had helped tolift him above the fleeting cares of this present life. And yet there was much of earth clinging to him still, and it made itself felt in the rapid beating of his heart when he glanced to the square pew where Lucy knelt, and knew that she was giving thanks for him restored again.

Once, in the earlier stages of his convalescence, he had almost betrayed his secret by asking her what she would rather do—bury him from her sight, feeling that he loved her to the last, or give him to another, now that she knew that he would recover. There was a frightened look in Lucy's eyes as she replied: "I would ten thousand times rather see you dead, and know that even in death, you were my own, than to lose you that other way. "I know what Arthur will think, I do so wish that he was here," she had said.

She was very beautiful in her bridal robes, and she kept them on until Fanny began to chide her

She was very beautiful in her bridal robes, and she kept them on until Fanny began to chide her for her vanity.

"I don't believe in presentiments," she said to Fauny; "but do you know, it seems just as if I would never wear this again," and she smoothed thoughtfully the folds of the heavy silk. "I don't know what could happen to prevent it, unless Arthur should die. He was so pale last Sunday and seemed so weak that I shuddered every time that I looked at him. I mean to drive around there this afternoon," she continued. "I suppose it is too cold for him to venture as far as here, and he has no carriage, either."

She went to the parsonage that afternoon, and the women in the church saw her as she drove by, the gorgeous colors of her carriage blanket fiashing in the wintry sunshine.

There was a little too much of the lady patroness about her quite to suit the plain Hanoverians, especially those who were neither high enough or low enough to be honored by her notice, and they returned to their wreath-making and gossip, wondering under their breath if it would not, on the whole, have been just as well if their clergyman had married Anna Ruthven instead of this fine city girl with her Parisian mannera.

A gleam of intelligence shot from the gray eyes of Valencia, who was in a most unreasonable mood. "She did not like to stain her hands with the nasty hemlock any more than some other folks," she had said, when, after the trying on of the bridal dress, Lucy had remonstrated with her for some duty neglected, and then bidden her to go to the church, and help if she was needed.

"I must certainly dismiss you," Lucy had said, wondering how Mrs. Meredith had borne so long with the insolent girl, who went unwillingly to the clurch; where she was at work when the carriage went by.

She had thought many times of the letter that she had read, and, more than once, when partien-

York the very week before Christmas, thus affording a most fruitful theme for conversation, for the women and girls engaged in trimming the church. There were dresses of every conceivable fabric, they said, but none were quite so grand as the wedding dress itself—the heavy white silk which could "stand alone," and trailed "a full half yard behind."

It was also whispered ground that

behind."

It was also whispered around that, not content with seeing the effect of her bridal robes as they lay upon the bed, Miss Lucy Harcourt had actually tried them on—wreath, veil, and all—and stood before the glass until Miss Fanny had laughed at her for being so vain and foolish, and said that she was a pretty specimen for a sober clergyman's wife.

church, whereshe was at work when the carriage went by.

She had thought many times of the letter that she had read, and, more than once, when particularly angry, it had been on her lips to tell her mistress that she was not the first whom Mr. Leighton had asked to be his wire, it indeed, she was his choice at all; but there was something in Lucy's manner which held her back; besides, which, she was, perhaps, unwilling to confess to her own meanness in reading the stolen letter.

"I could tell them something if I would," she thought, as she listened to the remarks; but, for that time she kept her secret and worked on moddify, while the unsuspecting Lucy went her way and was soon at the rectory gate.

Arthur saw her as she came up the walk and went to meet her.

way and was soon at the rectory gate.

Arthur saw her as she came up the walk and went to meet her.

He was looking very pale and miserable; but he welcomed her kindly, trying to believe that he was glad to see her.

She went all over the house, as she usually did, suggesting alterations and improvements, and greatly confusing good Mrs. Brown, who trudged obediently after her, wondering what she and her master were ever to do with that gay-plumaged bird, whose ways were so unlike her own.

"You must drive with me to the church," she said at last to Arthur. "Fresh air will do you good, and you stay moped up too long. I wanted you today at Prospect Hill, for this morning's express from New York brought—"

His pulses did not quicken in the least, even when she told him how charming was the bridal dress. He was standing before the mirror, and, glancing at himself, he said, half laughing, half sadly:
"I am a pitiful-looking bridegroom to go with all that finery; I should think that you would not want me, Lucy."
"But I do," she answered, holding his hand and leading him to the carriage, which took him to the church.

He had not intended going there as long as there

church.

He had not intended going there as long as there was an excuse for staying away, and he felt himself grow sick and faint when he stood still amid the Christmas decorations, and remembered the last year when he and Anna had fastened the wreaths

year when he and Anna had hastened the wreaths upon the wall.

They were trimming the church very elaborately in bonor of him and his bride. The effect was very fine, and Arthur tried to praise it, but his face belied his words; and after he was gone, the disappointed girls declared that he acted more like a man about to be hung than one so soon to be married. married.

married.

It was very late that night when Lucy summoned Valencia to comb out her long, thick curls, and Valencia was tired, and cross, and sleepy, handling Valencia was tired, and cross, and sleepy, handling the brush so awkwardly, and snarling her mistress's hair so often that Lucy expostulated with her sharply, and this awoke the slumbering demon, which, bursting into full life, could no longer be restrained; and, in amazement, which kept her silent, Lucy listened while Valencia taunted her "with standing in Anna Ruthven's shoes," and told all that she knew about the letter stolen by Mrs. Meredith, and the one she carried to Arthur. But Valencia's anger quickly cooled, and she trembled with fear when she saw how deathly white her mistress grew at first, and heard the loud beating of her heart, which seemed trying to burst from its prison and fall bleeding at the feet of the poor, wretched girl, around whose lips the white foam gathered as she motioned Valencia to stop and whispered: stop and whispered:
"I am dying!"

stop and whispered:
"I am dying!"
She was not dying, but the fainting fit which ensued was longer far and more like death than that which had come upon Anna when she heard that Arthur was lost. Twice they thought that her heart had stopped beating, and in an agony of remorse, Valencia hung over her, accusing herself as her murderer, but giving no other explanation to those around her than: "I was combing, her hair when the white froth spurted all over her wrapper, and she said that she was dying."
And that was all the family knew of the strange attack, which lasted until the dawn of the day, and left upon Lucy's face a look as if years of anguish had passed over her young head, and left its footprints behind.

prints behind.
Early in the morning she asked to see Valencia alone, and the repentant girl went to her, prepared to take back all she had said and declare the whole a lie. But Lucy wrung the truth from her, and she repeated the story again so clearly that Lucy had no longer a doubt that Anna was preferred to her—
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



APPEALING TO HIM SHE REPEATED THE STORY RAPIDLY.

him.

"She was a famous nurse," the physician said when he came, constituting her his coadjutor, and making her tread wild with joy and importance when he gave his patient's medicine into her hands.

"It was hardly proper for her niece to stay." Mrs.

with a dismal sound were full of fragrant blossoms.
Both had died since then—the roses and the hopes—and Arthur almost wished that he, too, were dead when he read Mrs. Meredith's letter and saw the gulf his feet were treading. Like the waves of the sea, his love for Anua came rolling back upon him, augmented and intensified by all that he had suffered, and by the terrible conviction that it could not be, although, alas, "it might have been."

He repeated the words over and over again, as, stupefied with pain, he sat gazing at vacancy, thinking how true was the couplet:—
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,"
The saddest are these, it might have been."
He could not even pray at once, his brain was so confused, but when, at last, the white, quivering lips could move, and the poor, aching heart could pray, he only whispered, "God help me to do right," and by that prayer he knew that for a single instant there had crept across his mind the possibility of sacrificing Lucy, who loved and trusted him so much. But only for any instant. He could not east her from him, though to take her now, knowing what he did, was almost death itself.

"But God can help me to bear it," he cried, then falling upon his knees, with his face bowed to the

triumph in her eye, and a toss of her head, which said, "I told you so," Lucy went softly into the darkened room, and shut the door behind her. Arthur half expected this, and had nerved himself up to meet it, but the cold sweat stood on his face, and his heart throbbed painfully as Lucy bent over him, and Lucy's tears fell on his face while she took his feverish hands in her, and murmured softly, "poor, dear Arthur, I am so sorry for you, and if I could I'd bear the pain so willingly." He knew that she would; she was just as loving and unselfish as that, and he wound his arm around her, and drew her down close to him while he whispered, "My poor, little Lucy; I don't deserve this from you."

She did not know what he meant, and she only answered him with kisses, while her little hands moved caressingly across his forehead just as they had done years ago in Rome, when she soothed the pain away. There certainly was a mesmeric intuence emanating from those hands, and Arthur felt its power, growing very quiet, and at last falling away to sleep, while the soft passes went on, and Lucy held her breath lest she should waken him.

"She was a famous nurse," the physician said

Oh, Arthur, you have no thought of leaving me now?"

"No. darling, I have not. I am yours always," he said, feeling that the compact was sealed forever and that God blessed the sealing.

He had written to Mrs. Meredith, granting her his forgiveness and asking that if Anna did not know and that God blessed the sealing.

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He had written to Mrs. Meredith, and written to Mrs. M Oh, Arthur, you have no thought of leaving me now?"

"No, darling, I have not. I am yours always," he said, feeling that the compact was sealed forever and that God blessed the sealing.

He had written to Mrs. Meredith, granting her his forgiveness and asking that if Anna did not know already of the deception that she might never be enlightened. And Mrs. Meredith had answered that Anna had only heard a rumor that an offer had been made her, but that she regarded it as a mistake and was fast recovering both her health and spirits. Mrs. Meredith did not add her surprise at Arthur's generosity in adhering to his engagement, nor hint that, now her attack of conscience was safely over, she was glad that he did so, having hope yet of that house on Madison Square; but Arthur guessed at it and dismissed her from his mind just as he tried to dismiss every unpleasant thought, waiting with a trusting heart for whatever the future might bring in.

VALENCIA.

Very extensive preparations were being made at Prospect Hill for the double wedding to occur on the 15th. After much debate and consultation Fanny had decided to take the doctor then; and thus, she too, shared largely in the general interest and excitement which pervaded everything.

Both brides-elect seemed very happy, but in a different way; for, while Fanny was quiet and undemonstrative, Lucy seemed wild with joy, and danced gayly around the house, now in the kitchen, now in the chamber, and then flitting to her own room in quest of Valencia, who was sent on divers errands, the little lady thinking that now the time was so near, it would be proper for her to remain at home and not show herself in public quite as freely as she had been in the habit of doing.

So she remained at home, while they missed her in the back streets, and by-lanes, the Widow Hobbs, who was still an invalid, pining for a sight of her bright face, and only half compensated for its absence by the charities that Valencia brought; the smart waiting maid putting on innumerable

the smart waiting maid putting on innumerable airs, and making Mrs. Hobbs feel keenly how greatly she thought herself demeaned by coming to such a heathenish place as that.

The Hanoverians too, missed her in the street, but for this they made ample amends by discussing the doings at Prospect Hill and commenting upon the bridal trousseau, which was sent up from New



To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.
20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welco

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE



HAPPY NEW YEAR to every one of you, both little and small. Here's 1907, pregnant with great possibilities for us all. I want 50,000 members in this League ere 1907 skiddoos down the pike of time. Here are a few of the resolutions I want you to keep during 1907:

Resolved

(1) That Compar's League of Cousins is the greatest organization on earth.
(2) Resolved: That thirty thousand new members must come into this League during 1907.
(3) Resolved: That the each member brings in a new member every three months at least, and every month if possible.
(4) Resolved: That we try, not only to keep the rules of this organization, but daily endeavor, by acts of kindness and thoughtfulness to make this world a better place to live in, and especially be it resolved that we try to lighten the burdens of, and protect the weak, aged and orphaned, and to minister by every means in our power to the needs of the sick and suffering.
(5) Resolved: That those who do not live up to, and keep these resolutions be publicly spanked by Uncle Charlie, and afterwards eaten by Billy the Goat.

There, I think that ought to help things along

There, I think that ought to help things along for 1907.

Remember, I shall give an autographed copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems every month to the one who brings to consine are kicking because they did not get the Christmas turkey I promised them. Well, I'll have to explain. Toby, Maria, Mr. Turk, Billy and I day selled by a lend, I'll have to explain. Troby, Maria, Mr. Turk, Billy and I day selled by a lend, I'll have to explain. The construction of the selled by a lend, I'll have to explain. The construction of the selled by a lend, I'll have to explain. The construction of the search, and there would have a selled to the crater, and in about the search, and there would man be seen and there would man be seen and there would be selled to the selled

us a lemon, and we got it where the boy got the collar stud, right in the neck.

A young lady writes: "Dear Uncle Charlie, I am six feet eleven inches tall, and very thin, I only weigh thirty-seven pounds. Can you tell me how to get fat? Lena Lean."

Yes, my dear, I can help you. Go up on the top of a high building, and jump off, and you will come

down plump.

Now, let me tell you something. Don't start sending in complaints that you haven't received your card and button a few days

button a few days
after you send in your
after you send in your
able discovery of the
complain for five weeks at least after sending
your money, and wait another week after your
complaint is written, for the odds are directly
your letter is mailed, your card and button will
arrive. After having twenty complaints looked
up, a task that took one person an entire day,
the letters of complaint are hansed me marked,
"Impatient." That means that the writers
have not allowed us time to enter their subs. up,
and get their cards made out and mailed. You

OUSIN HATTIE TRIBOU,
not much escaped your
notice on your remarkable discovery of the
to him with a club accompaniment, an iron one
for preference.
You ask me what would happen if I were not
have not allowed us time to enter their subs. up,
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You ask me what would happen if I were not
have to cheer you. Well some other man would
do the job, and you'd forget me in a month.
That's the world's way, dearie.

Here is a letter from Cousin John C. Busby,
and get their cards made out and mailed. You

of water surrounded by land on the top

of Waterloo, lowa.

folks who get one letter a month ought to get a thousand a day for a week, then you'd begin to realize what my life is. Don't send me your weird song poems and ask me to criticise them, I positively decline to do it, for I don't believe in encouraging foolishness; and trying to foist ill-rhymed 'pottery' on the market, that no one will ever buy is the most foolish act an otherwise sane person can be guilty of.

I deeply regret to tell you that poor Alice Bee of Goffs, W. Va., the brave little woman who suffered so long and so patiently, has passed on to a better and brighter world, where there is no pain, sorrow, or suffering, and care and worry are unknown. Her brother's letter is before me, and I choke up every time I read it, for that patient little sufferer was very dear to me. She is better off than the rest of us, who must carry our crosses, and patiently tread the road she has trod, until God calls us to the place where we can lay down our burdens forever. We extend our warmest sympathy to the place where we can lay down our bur-dens forever. We extend our warmest sympathy and love to those who mourn her loss.

dens forever. We extend our warmest sympathy and love to those who mourn her loss.

I want to pat you all gratefully on the back for the noble way you answered Tom Lockhart's letter. Tom got a thousand letters, and nearly 400 orders for books. (Tom, you've beaten me all to sticks,) and he begs me to thank you all; for he is profoundly grateful. Hundreds wrote without even sending stamps for replies, but insisted on answers. To the stampless, thoughtless folks, Tom mailed a circular of thanks—and these thoughtless ones, now have the pleasure of knowing that it cost him exactly \$10 to do this. That act took the profit on nearly one hundred books, and spoilt the gifts of nearly one hundred thoughtful people. The thoughtless brigade spoil nearly everything in this world—more's the pity.

William T. Harrah, not Harris, was the name of our afflicted friend, whose picture appeared in November issue. The address is Backus, W. Va., and Laura Hastings lives at South Bend, Ind., while Jack Evans resides in Chicago, Ill.—the states were omitted by accident when their pictures appeared recently in our corner.

Now for the letters.

and curious-shaped shells, and also got a starfish which is in the shape of a star, but not very large. It was dead. I have never seen a live one. The breeze rises about half past seven, and blows all day. Tide begins to rise at nine o'clock, and keeps rising until two, then it begins to fall, and during that timethe waves come up high and ripple high upon land. My letter is getting too long. Pardon me, please, for staying so long. I will tell the rest of my trip next time. of my trip next time.

LILLIE V. KEEN
(No. 20,033).

Lillie, yours is a bright chatty letter, the kind I like. You're a keen observer, and not much escaped your

and bottom sides." That's where I got mine and I'll carry it to another world. It is the scar that won't come off. I was also asked to describe a cape, and I said "Something Grandma wears round her shoulders in winter, to keep her teeth warm," and that's where an express train hit me. It was my business at school to dust and keep the big maps that hung on the school walls nice and clean. One morning I fell asleep, and the master caught hold of my ear and lifted me off the floor. "What makes you sleep, eh?" he said, giving my ear an extra twist. "Oh, I'm tired!" was my reply. "Tired eh, what have you been doing?" "I've been dusting all over Europe," was my innocent reply, and so I had, and that ought to make anyone tired.

Lillie says that Indians were the first to discover that oyster beds were fit to eat. Lillie, I think you've got your dates wrong on this. I can't believe anyone or anything living could eat an oyster bed, except Billy the Goat. I know Billy is a good hand at eating beds, as he ate a thirty dollar hair mattress that the folks next door left on the line to air last week, and he said it tasted awful good, and feels very soft and warm across the chest. When Billy gets tired, he swallows himself, and sleeps on the mattress. That yarn about schools of mullets jumping up in the water strikes me as being a fish story. I've no doubt Lillie wants us to beand bottom sides." That's where I got mine

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lieve the little mullets hone hand and a Webster's Dictionary or Bullock and Ward catologue in the other, but I don't believe it. I worked in a fish store once, it drove me off my nut, I was codded by the codfish, and fell in the hali-butt. I used to flounder round the plaice, and one day I got outside of so much bass, I got on a skate, and that knocked me off my perch, and I off my perch, and I smelt trouble and skidsmelt trouble and skid-dooed down the pike; and everybody said I was a lobster, but I didn't give a clam. People are too offishus anyhow. Well, never mind, education is spreading, and even the mullets are swimming round in schools.

eating dog, I want to know what kind of dog I am eating. I want honest dog, and not putrid Packingtown poodles. If I do have to eat dog, and Heaven forbid that I should have

putrid Packingtown poodles. If I do have to eat dog, and Heaven forbid that I should have to, I'll eat Toby, "Not on your tintype you cannabalistic old stiff, you don't eat me if I know it, Toby.") Fortunately, at Christmas, Emil Rappold, the League Chef sent me a magnificent cake, all smothered in icing, and I've lived on that for two weeks, and I've had to sit on that cake day and night, as Billy has had his eye on it. The icing made it pretty chilly sitting, round the equatorial regions, but I hung on until I downed the last bite. I'm not selfish usually, but Emil told me to wolf it all, and I always do as I am told.

No, I won't come to hear you play that piano. A lady asked me the other day to hear her play the scales on the piano—I didn't stay long, for while she was scaling the piano I was scaling a wall. If you were to invite me to play a duet with you on a porterhouse steak I'd go in a jiff, but I'm dead leary of that piano. A lady wrote me the other day, and asked me if I knew of some song she could sing to her husband, as music always helped to sober him up. I told her the most appropriate song for a man to sing when he was getting over a souse was "Comin' Thro' the Rye." I told her to sing it to him with a club accompaniment, an iron one for preference. selfish usually, but Emil told me to wolf it all, and I always do as I am told.

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You ask me what would happen if I were nothere to cheer you. Well some other man would do the job, and you'd forget me in a month. That's the world's way, dearie.

Here is a letter from Cousin John C. Busby, John sends me his card and a very swell card it is. On it is printed this: "John C. Busby, noted athlete and writer, Independence, lows."

There is a letter from cousin John C. Busby, noted athlete and writer, Independence, lows."

John's envelope is also similarly stamped, thus John's accomplishments are made known to the world. What John has done in the athletic line I do not know, as John does not tell us, but what John can do as a litterateur I will now give you the privilege of judging for yourselves, and as one noted writer has no right to alter the work of another noted writer, I give you John's letter exactly as he wrote it to me, without dotting a "t" or crossing an "i."

Sept Iowa 9

Sept Iowa 9 Independence.

the leg, and ship it to me, so I can have it photographed for the cousins to see. As regards the railroads regards the railroads running through your town, that is no advantage to a city unless the railroads stop long enough for you to get on and off the trains. I'd like to see those rocky mountorns, John, guess they are something new since I was out there. They only had ordinary mountains in my time. You say there are only

Jedin't give a clam. People are too offshus anyhow. Well, never mind, education is spreading, and even the mulicla are swim. The tide begins to rise at nine, and keeps rising until two. It takes that old tide five hours to get up out of must be very untidy, and all tied in knots to take as long a time as that. Five hours to rise and get up—my, that's final times to rise and get up—my, that's final times as that. Five hours to rise and get up—my, that's final fourteen reasons, for if we had lat kinds of homes tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have light completed and brown hair.

A little Sunflower wants to say a piece. Draw Urcle, I wish you would can see three final fourteen reasons, for if we had let him remain to eat any, for what would all the cousins of this country do without an Uncle, that I langh till I almost cry at some of your funny remarks. Uncle, with the swap back to eat any, for what would all the cousins of this country do without an Uncle Charlle to cheer them and if Uncle, I will try and coax you to let me join your happy League of Cousins, I will send you the dot if Uncle, I will try and coax you to let me join you have so many domestic accomplishments. I like all my nices to be able to cook dust, make beds scruly domestic accomplishments. I like all my nices to be able to cook dust, make beds scruly and the subscription to the best magazine in the United water of the country do without an Uncle Charlle to cheer them ynices to be able to cook dust, make beds scruly domestic accomplishments. I like all my nices to be able to cook dust, make beds scruly and the double quick. That's where you are wrong, I would not march back to Maine.

Gracia, I'm ever so glad you have so many domestic accomplishments. I like all my nices to be able to cook dust, make beds scruly and the proposed for me. You say, Gracie, I kit all my nices to be able to cook dust, make beds scruly and the proposed for me. You say, Gracie, I kit all my nices to be able to cook dust, make beds scruly and the proposed for me. You sa more or less rabid, and only fit to live in Yoming. Toby says maybe C. P. M. means Cockroaches Privately Murdered. Cousins, help me to guess this, and John will tell us if you're right.

A little Arkansawyer, looked out of the Ark, and saw yer all sitting on my lap, and now she wants to lap up a little and join in the chin music.

PINE BLUFF, ARK., Oct. 14, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my membership card and button and think they are beautiful. I thank you very much

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When Jerry is his own master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it and rides off. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He will find out some day, but he does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. He tempts the man with money, and the Indian, reticent by nature, and Dick Clarke, occupied with thoughts of his own, travel in silence. They arrive at Hill's Cavern. The landlord is about to close for the night, and sees only the Indian, Dick Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together. After this talk Dick Clarke retires for the night.

Squire Parkhurst's home is well chosen—two stories high, with a rustic piazza. Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's nod at hitty-seven is unmarried, and unwilling to admi

CHAPTER VI.

JERRY'S HUNTING ADVENTURE.

HE morning succeeding the stormy night was singularly beautiful. The sun was shining brightly. The valleys and meadows were green with waving grass, sprinkled plentifully with cowslips and dandelions—a morning on which life itself becomes a luxury and an intoxication.

which dife itself becomes a luxury and an intoxication.

Upon this day, Jerry had pitched for carrying out a plan he had long been contemplating. It was briefly this: so recent had been the settlement of this part of the country that the shy denizens of the forest—the deer of the Indian hunting grounds—had not yet disappeared. Occasionally a hunter would bring one into the village, though, as the deer thinned out, such occasions became more and more rare, and became invested with increased importance. It was this circumstance, perhaps, that shaped Jerry's youthful ambition. He had read unmoved the lives of distinguished writers and judges, but the thought of slaying a deer without assistance from anybody powerfully excited his emulation. He had now and then caught a glimpse of a deer dashing rapidly through the forest walks, and felt no doubt that, if provided with a weapon, he could bring one down.

There was a gun kept in an outbuilding, belonging to a man whom Squire Parkhurst employed during the busy season. When Jerry

There was a gun kept in an outbuilding, belonging to a man whom Squire Parkhurst employed during the busy season. When Jerry had made up his mind to try his luck as a hunter, it was this weapon he proposed to use.

On this particular morning, after his duties were over, he took an opportunity when Mehitable was on the other side of the house, hanging out clothes, to steal into the place where the gun was kept, hastily seize it, and darting forth make for the woods.

gun was kept, hastily seize it, and darting forth make for the woods.

"Now I'm all ready to pepper 'em!" cried Jerry sultingly. "I wonder what they'll all say at the house if I come home with a fine fat deer? It'll keep us in dinners for a week." Leaving Jerry to trudge along in the direction of the forest, we return to our acquaintance at the tavern.

Dick Clarke did not arise early; the fatigue of the previous day had been so great that exhausted nature required a longer time than usual to recuperate. When he did arouse himself the sun was already high in the heavens.

After two or three preliminary yawns he made his morning toilet.

"After all 'tisn't so bad a country," he soliloquized, taking a leisurely survey from the window of the varied scenery that lay stretched out beneath, in all the glory of morning sunshine.

"It thought last night that I should be hearti-

out beneath, in all the glory of morning sunshine.

"I thought last night that I should be heartily glad to get away from it—that is when my object is accomplished—but this morning puts quite a different face on the matter. The climate or something else has had a wonderful effect in promoting my appetite. I don't remember when I have been so sharp set. I think I'll go down and see what sort of a breakfast. I'll go down and see what sort of a breakfast I

descending to the lower part of the house Mr. Clarke found the table already spread and

the breakfast awaiting his attack.
"I heard you stirring 'round upstairs," saidthe landlord, "and thought I'd have breakfast put on the table. We took ours about two hours ago, but calculated you might be tired and wouldn't disturb you. Hope you had a

"Capital, capital, my good host; it has given me a famous appetite. I have no doubt I shall do ample justice to your breakfast."

The fare provided might well tempt an epicure. However much the cities of the seaboard wight have the advantage in other recreets their

cure. However much the cities of the seaboard might have the advantage in other respects, they could not have furnished a more delicious meal than this rude tavern. The woods contributed wild honey and maple syrup, and these, with milk, eggs, hominy, corn bread, and the flesh of the wild pheasant, furnished forth a meal upon the dispatch of which the newcomer entered with the greatest zest.

After half an hour busily spent he rose from the table with a sigh of relief, and in that comfortable state which accompanies a full stomach

fortable state which accompanies a full stomach sauntered out to the barroom, where he decided

to complete his meal with a glass of brandy.
"What do you propose to do with yourself today?" asked the complaisant landlord. "I hope you'll find enough to amuse you, so that we can keep you here a good while."

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

"Perhaps you may, landlord. I certainly like your country very much better this morning than I did last night, and your breakfast has added to the favorable impression. I think I shall go out and reconnoiter a little. I think you mentioned a Mr. Parkhurst last evening." "Squire Parkhurst." Whereabouts does he live? In the neighborhood? "Some distance off, sir. It must be three or four miles." "And in what direction?"

"And in what direction?"
"You see those woods there? Well it's on the other side of them that the squire lives,"
"Then it would be a saving of distance for one that wanted to go there to go through the timber?"

imber?"
"Yes, it would shorten your way a good deal.
Are you going to see the squire?"
"I don't know as to that," said the other evasively. "As the country is all new to me, I might as well go there as anywhere to look about. Besides I can't help feeling interested in the daughter, after all that you have told me."

in the daughter, after all that you have me."

"Mabel Parkhurst is a bansum gal, thet's a a fact, and will make a fine wife for young Davenport," said the landlord.

"Not if I can help it?" muttered Clarke.

"What did you say, sir?" queried his host.

"Nothing of consequence," said the other hurriedly. "I think I'll try the woods, then, landlord, and perhaps I may seek out this man that you speak of."

"Wouldn't you like to take a gun with you,

when a boy coolly makes a mark of any stranger he happens to meet. And there the young ras-cal is, staring at me, in disappointment, I sup-pose to think his shot has not taken effect." He shook his fist. "What fiend possessed you to shoot me, boy?" he demanded sternly. "What have I done that you should seek my life?"

"Seek your life, sir?" repeated Jerry vacantly.
"Certainly. Don't you see that bullet hole?
An inch or two lower, and it would have pierced
my skull."
"I—I thought you was a deer," faltered the

boy, beginning to be terrified for the consequences of his precipitation.

"Thought I was a deer! Do I look like a

deer?" demanded the exasperated traveler.
"N—no, sir."
"Then what made you take me for one?"

"I heard you moving, and thought you was a

deer."
"You did, eh! Why didn't you wait till you found out before you thought proper to shoot at me?"
"Because I was afraid if I waited I should

"Because I was afraid, if I waited, I should



OH, YOU AIN'T GOING TO SHOOT ME, ARE YOU!" EXCLAIMED THE BOY.

sir! There's a deal of game that, maybe, you might like a shot at."

"Not this morning," said Dick Clarke. "I think I won't trouble you. Some other time, perhaps."

"Jest as you say, squire. The musket's at your service any time."

Thanking the landlord for his offer, our acquaintance took his way to the forest. It was well grown, some of the trees having reached an age almost patriarchal. Perhaps, if our friend had been a poet or a sentimentalist, he might have experienced something of that pleasure which Byron found in the "pathless woods," but he was not troubled in that way. woods," but he was not troubled in that way His mind was a practical one, and its pa His mind was a practical one, and its particular training—for he had been educated as a law-yer—had a tendency to make it more so. He had always lived in a city or a large town, and had little taste for, or appreciation of, natural

As he was making his way through the woods he was startled by the cry of a strange bird that suggested to him the possibility of encountering some ill-disposed Indians, who, he had heard, were wont to be in ambush behind

"It would be very disagreeable," he thought "It would be very disagreeable," he thought,
"if some of the prowling savages, provided
there are any, and this wood certainly seems
lorely enough for their lurking place, should
take it into their heads to make a mark of me."
Scarcely had this thought shaped itself in his
mind when it was followed by the discharge
of a gun, the bullet from which lodged in his
nat.

Though perhaps not more timid than the majority of people, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that our hero should be struck with consternation at this sudden attack, and, con-scious that he was wholly unarmed, should have put in force his first instinctive impulse

But it so happened that the bullet, instead of having been sent from in front, had actually

took for a man-I mean the first man I ever took for a deer," said Jerry, getting more and more mixed up in his speech.
"What should you have done in case you had

killed me?

"I don't know," answered Jerry helplessly.
"Give me that gun," said Clarke imperative-1y.

"Oh, you ain't going to shoot me, are you!"
exclaimed the boy, terror overspreading his face, and his ruddy color giving place to pale-

ness.
"Isn't it fair," asked Clarke, maliciously enjoying the boy's terror, "that I should have a shot at you in return for the one with which you favored me?"
"Oh, don't, sir, don't! I'll never shoot at a

deer again in my life."
"How is that going to benefit me? Perhaps
you will shoot at me instead."

Jerry vehemently protested that he cherished no such sanguinary intention, and Clarke, to his great relief, did not insist upon the retalia-"Where do you live?" asked Clarke, after a

"With Squire Parkhurst, over there."
"Ha! you are not his son? I never heard
that he had any."

"No, I only live with him to do chores such like."

"Then you can direct me to his house?"
"You ain't going to tell him about my shoot-

ing you?" asked Jerry apprehensively.
"I don't know. I haven't made up my mind."
"Then what are you going to see him for?"
asked the boy anxiously.
"My boy, I advise you not to be too inquisitive. I may have other matters to confer with him about, beside this affair of yours. Conduct me as quickly as possible to his house, and I will take into consideration the expediency of informing him of your assault upon me."

"I hope Mehitable won't hear of it," thought Jerry, as he silently proceeded to obey Clarke's request. "She wouldn't let me rest night or day. I must say it's not such fun deer-hunting as I thought."

"This is certainly a promising commencement of my adventure," reflected Clarke.
"Mabel Parkhurst little dreams how near chance has come to cutting short the career of one who proposes to do her the honor of becoming her husband."

CHAPTER VII. A CONFERENCE.

When Jerry and his companion came within sight of the house, the boy began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness, and he slackened his

symptoms of uneasiness, and he slackened his pace.
"What's the matter?" inquired Dick Clarke.
"I'm afraid they'll see me with this gun," said Jerry. "I hadn't ought to have it, and Mehitable's got sharp eyes. If you'd just as lieve wait a minute 1'll dodge along and put it away."
"Very well," said Clarke. "But who's Mehitable?"
"She's an old maid that does the kitchen

"She's an old maid that does the kitchen work. She's as homely as a board fence, but she thinks she's handsome, and that somebody

she thinks she's handsome, and that somebody will come along and marry her some day."
"Humph!" said Clarke. "On the whole, my boy, you needn't trouble yourself to come back. I can just as well go up and announce."
Feeling relieved by this assurance, Jerry proceeded to make his way stealthily to the building from which he had taken the gun. But fate was against him. Mehitable had gone out a moment before to get some chips with which to replenish the fire, and met Jerry face to face as he was entering.

to replenish the fire, and met Jerry face to face as he was entering.

"Oh, you wicked, wicked boy," she commenced in a shrill voice. "Who gave you leave, I'd like to know, to carry off that gun?"

"Hush, Hitty," said Jerry in a mysterious manner. "I met a stranger in the woods who came up to the house with me. I reckon he's in search of a wife, and if you run right in you'll get a chance to open the front door and let him in. And who knows what may happen if he likes your looks?"

"What sort of looking man is he?" asked Mehitable, her curiosity and interest aroused. "How old is he?"

"About your age, I guess. It would make a

"How old is he?"

"About your age, I guess. It would make a capital match."

"I ain't certain as it would be right for me to marry after disapp'inting poor Joshua," said Mehitable pensively. "Is he—does he look as if he was pretty well off?"

"There he is, knocking at the door. Run, or you won't see him."

Forgetful of her dignity Mehitable paid heed to the recommendation, and a moment after-

to the recommendation, and a moment afterwards presented herself at the door to admit the stranger.
"This is Mehitable," thought Clarke. "It's

just as well to get into her good graces. I may hereafter have need of her assistance. "Mrs. Parkhurst, I presume?" he said with a

"No, sir," said Mehitable, fluttering with pleasure at being mistaken for the mistress of the household. "Squire Parkhurst is a widerrer."

of the household. "Squire Parkhurst is a widerrer."

"Ah, indeed! A lady friend, then, I presume. May I inquire if the squire is in at this time?"

"What a polite gentleman he is!" thought Mehitable. "I was always told that I was very ladylike, and he seems to be a good judge.—Won't you walk in, sir, while I go and see?" she said aloud, in her most gracious manner. "I think I will remain at the door. I am sorry to give you so much trouble."

"Oh, no trouble at all, sir," and Mehitable tripped away with as much grace and lightness as could be expected of a maiden of forty-seven. Joseph Parkhurst was in the east room, so called, an apartment which was devoted principally to his use. The room was furnished more after the fashion of a city residence than a log cabin. A carpet covered the floor. The chairs were of mahogany curiously carved. One or two family portraits hung on the wall, and arranged on shelves was a collection of some forty or fifty volumes. Mr. Parkhurst—let us call him Mr., for as we know, he was not a real squire—was sitting at a window, out of which he gazed with a look that plainly took in a little of the beauty that was spread out so lavishly before him. There was a listless look upon his face which betokened a spirit not at rest. Something he craved which the wilderness could not give.

"There's a gentleman at the door that wants

give.
"There's a gentleman at the door that wants to see you" said Mehitable, abruptly opening the door.

"A gentleman to see me!" repeated Mr. Park-hurst with some surprise. "Very well, you may show him in."

rke entered the room with an affable smile, and bowed deferentially.
"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Parkhurst

hesitatingly.
"I see you don't remember me, sir. It is not "I see you don't remember me, sir. It is not strange, as, though your person has long been familiar to me, I have never had the pleasure of exchanging a word with you. By way of introduction let me announce myself as Richard Clarke, of New York, an humble disciple of that profession which counts so many master minds among its devotors. I mean the law?

minds among its devotees—I mean the law."
"You are a lawyer, then, Mr. Clarke?" said
Mr. Parkhurst. "Have you come here with an

Mr. Parkhurst. "Have you come here with an invention of establishing yourself?"
"No, sir, I conless to a preference for the more thickly settled part of the country. You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that my sole motive in making this somewhat arduous journey is connected with yourself."
"With me!" exclaimed Mr. Parkhurst, lifting

his eyes in profound astonishment.
"It is even as I say," said the lawyer. "I may add that my visit may redound to your advantage. This, however, depends in great measure on the manner in which you receive what I

have to say."
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

I'm glad to hear from you, Myrtle, as the letter takes me back to my school days, and pretty strenuous school days they were. You say your school teacher scarcely allows you to breathe; that's nothing. In the school I went to we were never allowed to breathe at all. Anybody caught breathing during school hours was fanned with a rawhide until his back teeth dropped out. We went into school at 9 A. M. and got out at 12, and before we went in we had to take a long breath, to last the three hours in school, or there was something doing with the paddie. If any boy couldn't stay the three hours, and started to turn black in the face, he had to ask permission to go outside and breathe. One boy was fired because he was discovered carrying a because he was discovered carrying a fired handful of breath into school in his shoes. After that we had to leave our shoes outside. After that we had to leave our shoes outside. It was pretty tough in the summer to be without foot gear, as we couldn't "shoo" the flies. We used to sing a hymn every morning, and it began thus: "While I draw this fleeting breath," but we were never allowed to draw it, except on paper. If we wanted to draw our breath we had to draw it in chalk on the blackboard. I remember I'd been eating onions for breakfast one morning, and the master said: "I hear onions, on your breath." "That's impossible," said I, "as I left my breath outside before I came in."

There was a master in the school that always

There was a master in the school that always made a dead set for me. Cold mornings when he wanted to get his blood circulating and hands warm, he used to hammer my head with his open fist. But I got even with him. That school was an old-fashioned one, and had a caller undernest about nine feet deep. Right school was an old-fashioned one, and had a cellar underneath about nine feet deep. Right in the center of the school was a big trapdoor that was lifted up bodily by two metal rings when anything wanted lowering into the cellar below. Now I'm not spinning any yarn, this is just as it happened. When you lifted up that trapdoor there was an old pair of steps that led into the cellar. Well, the morning that school broke up (this was a boarding school), another boy and I were up at 4A. M. and we went from the head master's house up to the old school. With a hammer and chisel we had borrowed from one of the day scholars, we removed the cleats, or whatever you ars, we removed the cleats, or whatever you call the things that held the trapdoor in place. It was hard work, but we did it. Then we unhooked the step ladder, removed it, then replaced the trap, leaving two thin, frail bits of wood to prevent it from dropping into the cellar. At 7 A. M. we had to be at our desks in school for prayers, and sit there in silence until the breakfast bell rang at 7.15. The master arrived a few minutes after we were seated. As the boys trooped up from the house, about two hundred varies way we let them into the two hundred yards away, we let them into the secret, and the excitement was intense. I shall never forget the way my heart wobbled, as the boy nearest the door gave the signal that old Billy Higgins was coming.

Into the school Billy strode, but he didn't stride far—about six feet was enough for Billy, and then he got his. There was a crest a vell

and then he got his. There was a crash, a yell, two arms shot in the air, a thud, and one tri-umphant scream of delight from seventy hearty, umphant scream of delight from seventy hearty, hilarious boys pulsating with the joy of vacation-time. The breakfast bell rang, and I locked the school door on the outside, and threw the key over a wall. Billy was in the cellar for two hours, as we' took good care to leave him nothing to stand on or build a platform with, and there was no way out excepting by the trapdoor, and you can't reach nine feet unless you have something to stand on. By the time that Billy Higgins was fisbed out of that dungeon, we were all in the train, thirty miles from school, and moving all the time. I never went back to that school, for if I had, I should not only have been compelled to thirty miles from school, and moving all the time. I never went back to that school, for if I had, I should not only have been compelled to quit breathing during school hours, but forever. Billy Higgins would have attended to that. Often in my dreams I am running for dear life with Billy after me, and gee whitaker, but I do some record sprinting, you bet. Myrtis, I have given you a peep at my school days, and you see it is the same old story, poor kids are always getting it, where the girl got the pearl necklace—in the neck.

A ittle annur-haired Californian beauty will

A little sunny-haired Californian beauty will now hop up on my lap, and say a little piece.

A sittle sunny-haired Californian beauty will now hop up on my lap, and say a little piece.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Nov. 25, 1996.

Dear Uncle Charles and Courses:
This is my sixth or seventh letter to you!
I have written to you of this historic and pieturesque "city-by-the-sea," many times.
Santa Barbara, my much loved home, is a growing city of more than 15,000 inhabitants, and is a famous tourist resort, owing to the mild, sunny climate—unequaled anywhere, and to the many places of interest to be seen here, the old Mission (built by the Indians under the supervision of the ancient "Fathers," or priests, more than 118 years ago). General Fremont's head quarters, etc., etc. Then, the largest grapevine in the world is only a few miles from here, in the Carpinteria valley. I think even Billy the Goat, would gasp with wonder and astonishment at the hugeness and grandeur of this remarkable grapevine.

Well, I could tell you a great deal in regard to this particular part of the "Golden State."

From the window I can see the wide, blue Pacific. Here and there a small sailboat "rocks gently with the tide;" and I wonder if that dim wreath of smoke in the distance "heralds the approach" of one of the beautiful, white passenger steamers, the California, or Santa Ross.

I am a Southern California girl of seventeen, and I am five feet and three inches in height, weigh about one hundred and twenty-three pounds, have dark golden-brown hair, medium, or fair complexion, and dark blue eyes.

All League members, who would care to hear from a Southern California, write to

A Golden State Cousin,

BIRDIR Snow (No. 228).

P. S. Uncle, do you know if there's other League cousins in this city, or anywhere along the Pacific coast! If I'm the only cousin in the "Channel city," I ought to feel either very conceited or—very lonesome!

Yes, Birdie, I'm fully aware of the fact that

Yes, Birdie, I'm fully aware of the fact that Yes, Birdie, I'm fully aware of the fact that this is your seventh epistle, and you've left out I notice, all the interesting things you put in the other letters, more's the pity. Guess you thought I knew them by heart, guess I did, too. Well, dearie, your persistence has won. You were fourteen when you commenced to write, and now you are seventeen. That's a good many years in the life of young girls like us. Do you know, Birdie, I never could understand what you were doing in Southern California. People told me they never had snow in Santa Barbara, and yet it is very evident that while you are there, they have Snow all the year round. The reason I never printed your letters was because I felt sure, living in the hot place you do, that you would melt before I got your letter in type. I was engaged to marry a girl named Snow once, and I went to the church, and stood at the altar waiting. And then in People told me they never had snow in Santa

the words of the song that is all the rage just now, slightly altered to fit the occasion:

And there was I waiting at the church,
Waiting at the church, waiting at the church,
There was I waiting at the church,
With rice and old shoes pelted.
Just then they sent me round a note
Such a funny note, this is what they wrote,
Regret to say, she can't marry you today,
Miss Snow has melted.

I was also engaged to a Miss Glass, but I soon saw through her. Then I was engaged to Miss Gunn—she went off. Next came Miss Lariat—she roped me in, then Miss Henn came on the scene, but Miss Henn laid for me—with an scene, but Miss Henn laid for me—with an axe, and that settled me.
General Fremont's head quarters. Why does

General Fremont have his head in quarters? Will you explain, Birdie? Are the quarters in silver, or are they just odd change. That dim wreath of smoke you see rising on the distant borizon from the eternal blue of the mighty Pacific is not the smoke of a coastwise steamer Pacific is not the smoke of a coastwise steamer as you innocently suspect, but on the contrary it is Toby sitting on a hard wave smoking a cigarette. If you'll walk out into the vasty deep, and soak him a souse in the bone tank, I'll be obliged. There are about 3,000 cousins in California, Birdie, and quite a few in your city as you'll know when this strikes the coast.

Here is a letter I want you to read carefully, and study and think over. I have been waiting for one of the girl cousins to broach this sub-ject as it is one of vast import.

ject as it is one of vast import.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here comes a little (?) Washingtonian niece to have a squint at your lonely hair.

Sixteen summers and winters have flown over my beautiful auburn head, which unlike yours is covered with an abundance of curly hair.

Uncle, my only beauty is my eyes, which are dark brown. I am five feet seven inches tall, and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds.

Well, Uncle and cousins, altho a school, girl, I am very much interested in Woman's Suffrage, and I feel it in my bones that you are, too, Uncle. I am surre, that as patriotic a man as you, would have helped in the war with England, if you hadn't been too old, and anyone who believes that England had no right to tax Americans without letting them be represented in Parliament would not believe in taxing the "widow and the fatherless" (this includes "old maids" whose forces I intend to join some day) without them being represented in Congress.

A friend of mine once remarked, that widows

Congress.

A friend of mine once remarked, that widows and old maids ought to marry, if they wanted to be represented at the polls. Has it really come to the place that men have to keep women from their rights in order to get women to marry them? And then, Uncle Charlie, you know it may not be the fault of all of the old maids that such is their lot, but remember that I don't speak from experience, and so may not be right. You might try asking some of them if it was their fault that they are living in "single blessedness." I don't believe that you dare to.

and so may not be right. You might try asking some of them if it was their fault that they are living in "single blessedness." I don't believe that you dare to.

Some women say that they don't want to vote. I must say then that they don't care what becomes of our country. Some men say that if women are allowed to vote, they ought to be made to serve in the army. Women do not claim to have physical powers equal to men, but if their mental powers are not equal to those of the men they are not up to much. I think when they talk that way they forget the heroic deeds of some of the women nurses on the battlefield, or rather they would like to forget them. Then as for making them serve, men are not made to serve, and I don't think that half of the lecturers against Woman Suffrage ever served or expect to serve in the army.

Women are peace—makers; but if 'occasion demanded, they would rise to meet the necessity. Some say that a woman's place is in the home, and so it is, but I don't think that going off a few minutes to vote would in any way detractfrom any woman's usefulness. While the husband drinks and bets to help along the cause (the election of the Democratic or Republican ticket), the wife could quietly go to the polls, and vote the Prohibition ticket and do as much good for the home, and her boys, as ten such men as the one I have described. Then again, some say that it would bring about the same result, for the women would vote as their husbands do, the first time, I shall come to the conclusion that American women have got so crasy from their long subjection that they cannot rise above it all at once. Besides that, in the United States all of the women are not married, thank goodness, and as they have no rulers, nine tenths of them, I venture to say, will vote the Prohibition ticket.

Now, Uncle, I don't intend to scold you, or any of your woman's suffrage-believing menhews.

Now, Uncle, I don't intend to scold you, or any of your woman's-suffrage-believing nephews, who think that a white woman knows as much as a block man.

your woman white woman knows as much as a black man.

My lecture is meant for the unbelievers, and, Uncle, I hope that you will make believers out of them, for it would be too bad for such a dear, good man as you are to have nephews opposed to letting your nieces vote.

Now, Uncle, if my letter is too long, you may perform an operation on it and amputate some of it; but if I don't see at least some of it in print, my lovely bloom will fade and ere the first snows fall, your dearly loved niece will occupy a tiny (?) grave on a sunny slope where spring flowers earliest bloom and fall asters blow.

Inclosing twenty cents for Compour League button and card I remain your loving niece,

OLEA BLANK, Bow, Wash.

Bravel Olea. I am glad to find one sturdy

Inclosing twenty cents for Compost League button and card I remain your loving siece, OLEA BLANK, Bow, Wash.

Bravol Olea, I am glad to find one sturdy champion of the rights of her sex. You ask me if women should vote? You bet they should. You ask me if I am in favor of woman suffrage? You bet I am every time. I advocate it every chance I get both by speech and in print. I remember once upon a time I was jackass enough to think that women had no rights and did not need to vote, but indeed I don't think so now. There are a good many reasons why women should vote, and I will mention a few of them. Just as Olea says, we have no right to tax women, unless we give them representation. A great many women are taxed but have no voice in the government. We went to war with England on this very point, taxation without representation. What right have we to force a condition on our women that we would not tolerate ourselves? I st hat manly? Is that fair? Women are not only as intelligent as men, but in the majority of cases vastly more intellectual. You will always find that the girls are the smarter at school. Who is it that teaches and instructs our youth in our public schools? Women. The male pupils of these women may be dunces, and never have sense enough to vote, though they will exercise the power because they are men. The women who taught these men and gave them such education as they have (women who are immensely their superiors in intellect) are unable to vote, just because they are women. Unable to vote, mind you, because

who are immensely their superiors in intellect) are unable to vote, just because they are women. Unable to vote, mind you, because they wear skirts and not pants.

If you ask those in charge of our big libraries all over this vast country, about the class of literature read by the two sexes, you will find that the women read the good books, books that are worth while, books that are ennobling and instructive, books that make for progress and betterment, while the men read the trash. If you meet a girl and a boy both reading books.

it is ten to one the girl will be reading "In His Steps," and it is a hundred to one the boy will be reading "Bottle-nosed Ben; or, The Bad Man of the Border," or "Badie, the Queen of the Opium Den," or some other yellow fifth of that —ler. You would entrust the nation's future to the dime novel boy, with his pockets full of cigarettes, and his mouth full of blasphemy, while to the girl with a heart of gold, and a pure white soul and intellectual brain, you'd give no voice in guiding the ship of state, no hand in shaping the destiny of the nation. Go to church, what do you find there?

Ninety women to every ten men. I have sat in a Western church Sunday after Sunday, for four years, and seen that church crowded with a Western church Sunday after Sunday, for four years, and seen that church crowded with women, two hundred women to three men. The saloon, the gambling rooms, and the dives held more attraction for the men than the church, and this in a Christian country, which this is supposed to be. Women like the late Susan B. Anthony, the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Helen Gould, Ida M. Tarbell, etc., have not been allowed to vote, but barroom loafers, ward heelers, and grafters who are not worthy to touch the hems of the garments of these noble women are allowed to exercise the rights of suffrage. Helen Gould cannot vote, but Helen Gould's coachman can. To whose hands do you think the destinies of this nation could be the better entrusted, to Miss Gould or to one of her hired men? Thousands of the male voters are too befuddled with alcohol, too pickled in liquor, too soused with rum, to be able to form an intelligent idea of public questions, and matters of public betterment, let alone solving economic problems. You have only got to look at conditions in this country today, and see how deeply we need the women voters, and how badly the men make use of the votes they have. Men have been voting in this country for over one hundred years, and yet I get thousands of letters from all over the country, disclosing conditions so absolutely deplorable and heartrending, that it tears my very soul case to read them. Women left with four or five half-naked children, compelled to do the work of a man, plowing in the fields, tilling the soil, hewing timber, and then sending the children supperless to bed. Men have been voting for one hundred years, yet they have not begun to learn how to take care of the sick, the widows and the orphans. For my part I would like to stop the men voting entirely for ten years, and give the ballot to the women. I would like to elect women presidents, women governors, and women indees. stop the men voting entirely for ten years, and give the ballot to the women. I would like to elect women presidents, women governors, and women senators, and women judges. I would particularly like to have women mayors of cities, and I would like to have alderwomen not aldermen for the municipal government of our cities. When some of our cities have become so filthy, and the streets so disgraceful, that even a pig would have declined to walk across them, women have banded together and cleaned the cities themselves, thus putting the men to shame. This has been done time and again in some of our cities when corrupt poliagain in some of our cities when corrupt politicians did not do their duty. Women would pass more helpful laws in ten months than men pass more helpful laws in ten months than men would in a thousand years. Women would never disagree upon certain cardinal points. They would regulate the liquor traffic in this country in such a way that drunkenness would be abolished, and the curse of alcohol forever removed from the land. If women voted there could be no children toiling in our factories, wearing out their young lives, and ruining their frail bodies on the altar of greed. There would be no women working sixteen boars a would be no women working sixteen hours a day in our sweat shops. There would be no ruthless slaughter of citizens on our railroads. Five hundred bables would not be killed weekly in New York City during the summer for the want of wholesome milk and ice. Women the want of wholesome milk and ice. Women are more humane, broader minded, more sympathetic, more democratic in their views than men. Wherever their influence is felt it is felt for good. Wherever women are organized they are organized on the side of justice, right, and decency as against wrong, crime, and corruption. All women are not angels, there are bad women as well as good ones, but if a woman is bad, you usually find she became so through the evil influence of one of the so-called stronger (?) sex. Women should have a vote, women will have a vote, women must have a vote, if ever this country is to be what God Almighty intended it to be. Men have been running things for thousands of years, and a mighty poor job they made of it. It is time women took a hand now, and as soon as they do this land will be one of which we can all be proud of, a country to which Christ all be proud of, a country to which Christ could come without a blush. God bless the women and God speed the day when everyone of them may be given the power to cast a vote

This is a letter that will touch many a heart.

of them may be given the power to cast a vote.

This is a letter that will touch many a heart.

CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO, October 11, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am writing you this letter in the interest of a little friend of mine, Elton Andrews.

Elton is fourteen, and last April he was looking for some old iron to sell, near the canning factory (he needed the money, as he is poor), and when he came home went to cross the raliroad tracks, and a freight car came backward unexpectedly and struck him. It cut his right leg off about the ankle, the poor boy said his foot itched, and he reached down to it and it was gone. They took him to the hospital and while they were waiting for the doctors to come, one of the men said to him, just to cheer him, "Oh, you will be all right when the doctors come!" but the poor boy said, "No, I won't, my foot is gone." There the poor child was worrying about his foot being gone, and he did not know when the doctors came they would have to take his arm off also. His right arm was so badly mangled they had to take it off three inches below the shoulder, and his right leg three inches below the knee; he also had other injuries, and every one thought he could not live, and it was reported over town that he was dead. Our paper spoke of him as being a bright and fine-looking boy, but said he had never had any advantages. He is now well as ever, but has not walked any since the 14th of last April. He is now at the Children's Home. He can write just lovely with his left hand. His school teacher, Miss Emily Yates, gave him his box of school crayons, and he can draw real nice flowers and different things. His grandmother gave him a heavy weight to hold his paper down while drawing or writing. He sold these drawings at the hospital while there, for ten cents each. He is saving his money for a cork leg. His school teacher said she would get the school children to contribute for the artificial limb, but I think she is so busy with her school she forgets him, but I don't. I send him Comfort every mo

I regret that this letter was too late for De-(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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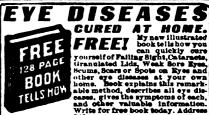
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Now, dears, wishing you all the happiness you deserve, and hoping I have helped you in a small way, I remain your sister.

MRS. LOLA CHASE, North Bend, Wash.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

I certainly enjoy reading Comport, and derive much benefit from the many recipes given in our corner. I am saving every one for future use. I have tried several of them and find them grand. I am a young housekeeper you understand, since I have only been married six months. My maiden name was Zuber, and you who read my letter bewill perhaps remember me when you scan

these lines.

I have received several post cards from Comport readers and appreciate them. I have a kind unseen friend whom I have formed acquaintance with through the sisters corner, who lives in West Plains, Missouri. She is Miss Brimhall, perhaps

Plains, Missouri. She is Miss Brimhall, perhaps some of you are personally acquainted with her. Mrs. J. N. Doremus. I hope you have recovered from your illness, and will be pleased to hear from you again. Thank you very much for your good wishes for my happiness in my new home. Sisters, do you all ever think you would like to visit the Home City of our grand paper? I do for one, and perhaps we might get a glimpse of "Uncle Charlie," who writes so many funny things.

Mrs. Bertha Echols, Box 305, Hot Springs, Ark.

Charlie," who writes so many funny things.

MES. BERTHA ECHOLS, BOX 305. Hot Springs, Ark.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am one of the younger ones, but as I am trying to do my part, maybe you'll make a place for me.

My mamma left me just about a year ago, and then my sisters married, so now I am here alone, keeping house for papa, and a seven-year-old sister. I can preserve fruit, and put up pickles. When I get time I enjoy fancy work, especially making paper flowers. As some of the sisters have mentioned this work, I will gladly help them out with directions, if they write inclosing stamp for reply.

I make wax flowers, and sometimes put them in gold dust, so every one will not be the same. I also crystalize grasses and make salt and starch work. Do any of you ever make things that others in your community don't have? I think it is so much nicer than to have everything alike.

I would like to hear from some of the young people, and would appreciate little souvenirs from all parts of the country. I will try to answer all letters.

Tena Wedell, Box 9, Pawnee Rock, R. F. D., 1, Kans.

Dear Mes. Wilkinson and Comport Sisters:

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am an old maid. I am five feet six inches tall, have dark hair and gray eyes. Now I wonder how many of the Comfort sisters will agree with what I have done. I am all alone in this world, so four years ago I took a little girl two years old to give a home. I have to work for our living, but I find the little one lots of company. She is bright, winsome, and full of mischief. I euloy her, and now would not give her up for anything in this world. I shall do my best by her, and try to teach her what is right, what do you think about it, sisters? I should like to hear from any of you, and would be very glad to receive a sample pattern of the maple leaf crocheted lace. I would also like white muslin blocks, ten by ten inches square, with a bird or animal stamped on each. I will return all favors in some way. DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMPORT SISTERS: Some way.

Miss Emma J. Cadwell, Sandstone, Pine Co.,

God bless you in your work. May the little one you have given a home make a splendid woman from your loving influence.—Editor.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have often thought of adding a line to this dear I have often thought of adding a line to this deauer.
If a hought of receive so much pleasure.
Many of the recipes I have tried and found perfect.
I should like to hear from persons living near La
Veta, Colo, and hear all about that part of the
country. I am alone on a farm with my two boys,
but, of course, they are out most of the time, so I

but, of course, they are out most of the time, so I get very lonesome.

I wish all would remember me on St. Valentine's day, and fill up my mail box. It would give me new thoughts and make a pleasant change for me.

Our farm is just one mile from the Kansas state line in Oklahoma. If any one wishes to know anything about this country, I will gladly answer all letters. Mrs. Minnie Dayron, Hardtner, Kans.

letters. Mrs. Minnis Dayron, Hardtner, Kans.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson:

Like many others, I, too, have been a silent leoker-on and reaping the many benefits from the sisters' corner.

I am five feet five inches, and weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. My home is in Kentucky, but I have recently moved here to Columbia, which is a little village, mostly a German settlement of about two thousand inhabitants.

Do any of the sisters know that linseed oil and lime water is excellent for burns and scalds? I also send in an economical recipe for making butter ples, which we all are very fond of. I would like a letter party on my birthday, March 12th, and would like drawnwork designs. My heart yearns for the dear shut-ins. I am writing to several. I will try and be as cheerful as I can, for who can tell what we each have to bear.

we each have to bear.

Dear Mrs. E. L. Culverswell. How frightened you must have been, and now how thankful you are that your dear ones were spared you, and I hope ere this you are on your feet once more.

MRS. TULL WINSCOTT, Columbia, R. F. D., 2, Ill.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

When you hear my name you will think I am a boy, but I must tell you that I am not, but a girl of twenty-eight summers, five feet, eight inches high; have dark brown hair and eyes and weigh one hundred and seventeen pounds. My mother, my fitteen-year-old brother and I live on a farm. My father died last February and so we are very lonely. I can do all kinds of housework and fancy work. I will tell the sisters how I do cross-stitch: Lay any picture or leaf from a tree that you want for a pattern, mark all around with a pencil, and fill in inside the mark with cross-stitch. I work rose leaves this way on aprons and they are real pretty.

If anyone will bathe behind the ear with turpentine it will relieve earache and one will not have

It anyone will bathe behind the ear with turpentine it will relieve earache and one will not have to put anything in the ear. I hope all who read this will kindly remember me as soon as convenient with some little souvenir to pass away the lonely hours, and hope some few who live on the coast will send some little token of the sea. Wishing Comfort and its readers success, I will wait patiently to hear from you all.

ARTHUR WYATT, Ravenden Springs, Ark.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

I come to bring a remedy for consumption to Ada Hudgens and other victims of this dread disease. In many cases if taken soon enough it has effected a cure.

Take a quart bottle and fill with a pint each of salt and whiskey. Shake thoroughly and take a tablespoonful three times a day.

My mother, Mrs. N. A. Jones, of this place, who is in poor health, would appreciate patterns or pieces in poor health, would appreciate patterns or pieces in any kind of faucy work. I would like to receive any kind of fower seeds and letters, and will try to return all favors.

return all favors EULA FLINN, Mount Pleasant, Texas.

EULA FLINN, Mount Pleasant, Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:
I have been a subscriber to Comport for several months, and like the paper very much. I am a Virginian by birth. I have been married nearly eleven years. The first five years of my married life were spent in Virginia and the rest in Atlanta, Gs. I am now on a visit to Virginia.

How many Comport sisters have ever visited Atlanta? I guess all that have been there will agree with me, that it is a beautiful place. It is a great valifored center. Atlanta has some nice buildings, have Piedmont Hotel is considered one of the finest intels in the South, the Kimball House is also quite nice. Atlanta has many tall buildings, I will name some of the tallest we have: The Empire, Century, Prudential, Equitable, Candler, Austell, Fourth National Bank and many others. We have some heautiful parks and places of amusement. If would be glad to hear from some eister in Atlanta,

while I am in Virginia, will some sister please

writer
I have one child, a little girl nine years old.
My husband is in Florida; he is Superintendent
of Construction, his work takes him from home a

will now give a description of myself. I am twenty-nine years old, have brown hair, gray eyes, fair complexion and weigh one hundred and eighty-four pounds, am above average height. I would be glad to hear from any of the sisters. My present address is Meridian, Va.

MRS. R. R. CRITTENDEN, Atlanta, Ga.

would be glad to hear from any of the sisters. My present address is Meridian, Va.

MRS. R. R. CRITTENDEN, Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR SISTERS:

Greetings to you all, another Christmas and New Year has come and gone since I last wrote. It seems a short time since I wrote you my Christmas and New Year letter, now it is 1907.

What a good time the housekeepers can have now that the holiday season is over, instead of planning fancy work, and Christmas gifts, we are arranging for the spring clothing, quilt making, and a general overhauling of the household supply of theets, tablecloths, etc., now is the time to do all that, good warm puffs can be made, pieced up out of garments that have been relegated to the rag bag, and attic; it is astonishing what can be done with a lot of old trumpery—even if pretty well worn, some goods will last quite awhile if made up into puffs, the lining of which can be of the same material; put in a couple of rolls of cotton batting (or more if desired), sew up the edges, put on frame, and tie with different colored yarns. If one has not a regular quilting frame make one. Take strips of any thin boards about two or three inches wide, the length of the quilt desired, say two yards for the width, and two and a half yards for the length of the quilt desired, say two yards for the width, and two and a half yards for the length of the active and the appropriate of these cold nights. Fasten the strips at the corners after winding them with strips of muslin, and baste the quilt on to them, tie all round the edges as far in as one can reach comfortably, then unfasten the corners and roll up, fasten again, and tie the center. The frame can be placed on the top of four chairs; it is easy enough after one gets started. Made out of cheesecloth they are lovely, or covered with pretty, bright calico, pink and white, then the part of the quiltin', serve doughnuts, pumpkin jee, and any old-fashioned dishes one likes.

Mrs. Eckle, Mrs. Miller, and others that have sent in patterns of handsome quilts, are probabl

pining.
The blackest cloud offtimes has the brightest

The blackest cloud offtimes has the brightest silver lining."

Miss J. A. Morris, Diggs, Mathews Co., Va., writes me: "My home is fifty miles above Norfolk, Va., we have good fishing and oysters, and fine climate. I would like an elderly couple to board for the winter (an abundance of nice milk and butter), would board them cheap. I live alone, and would like a boy about sixteen years of age, would pay him wages, and we could work my fart_together, I have a uice pleasant home."

I have given Miss Morris's address, so anyone wishing, can write directly to her, her offer is certainly a fine one for a boy needing a home, and a chance to make something on the farm.

Mrs. W. S. Moore. The seed I sent you were

tainly a fine one for a boy needing a home, and a chance to make something on the farm.

Mrs. W. S. Moore. The seed I sent you were Velvet Marigold; they were not worth your return gift, but please accept my thanks for same. I have been through Sanford.

Mrs. Lydia Eckle, Lincoln, Nebraska, writes me: "I have written minety-six letters inclosing shadow embroidery patterns, and have thirty letters to answer and patterns to make. I have bought yards and yards of Persian lawn, and skein after skein of silk and worked these patterns for the sisters. I have never received five cents that I did not send back full value. I cut and mailed over one hundred tulip-quilt patterns; there are still more to answer and patterns to cut and send. Anyone that has sent me stamps and a request for patterns will all receive them, but it takes time. Of course some of the letters may have miscarried, but do tail the sisters if there is a single one of them that has written me and inclosed stamps (that have not heard from me), to write me again." Mrs. Eckle certainly is and has been kind to many of us. It is lots of work to make samples and patterns; it not only uses up time but money. I surely think we all owe Mrs. Eckle a strong vote of thanks in our behalf.

Mrs. Moulton. Your workbasket in the November number took my eye and fingers; that wall poccket with our dear Comport in it also appealed

mrs. Mouton. Your workbasket in the November number took my eye and fingers; that wall pocket with our dear Comfort in it also appealed to me; you certainly are a genius if you designed that apron bag, that is fine. Some of my friends shall have one in the near future.

Mrs. Cunningham. Do come again.

Mrs. Heath. I certainly trust you may hear from your friend. What a comfort Compour is in bring-ing old friends together; what times you and "Ida" will have raking up old ties. Do let us know if you

near from her.

Mrs. Ingraham. You echo my sentiment.

"Angry words, Oh! let them never from the tongue

unguarded slip, Let the heart's best impulse ever check them ere

they soil our lips,"
is one of the good old songs.
Hilda Sunshine. What a sweet, pretty name,
given you, no doubt, for your Christian acts. Your
idea of the umbrella for the Christmas tree was

Mrs. Eason. There is always room for one more and you have found "the way." But was it rough and uneven? Your answer will be "yes, but the reward?" Oh! it is worth striving for. It is beaureward?" Oh! it is worth striving for. It is beau-tiful to see a young couple starting out with those divine principles; you will surely succeed. I cer-tainly hope that your wedded life just begun, may

tainly hope that your wedded life just begun, may be a long and happy one.

Mrs. Myrtle Rickard. If you will write Mrs. W. A. Partridge, 36 South St., Troy, New York, she will give you the address of a Rickard. I do not know the address, or first name, or would give it here. Inclose stamped, directed envelope to Mrs. Partridge.

Mrs. Adam Mackensie. Why not write to Mrs. Lydia Eckle. Address above.

Mrs. Mattie Ray. Find requested recipes in another column.

other column.

mrs. matter key. Find requested recipes in another column.

Mrs. Pease. I have a bulb with two horns as you describe, that I procured in Florida (Jacksonville, I think).

"Cordalia Malone" is all right from start to finish. I also have her sister, "Bedelia." Thanks to the Compour people for the music they have sent us the past year, I would not have had such a fine collection but for them, and so much nice reading for these winter evenings.

The book "St. Elmo" is a beauty, bound in cloth, with portraits of St. Elmo and Edna on the cover, for only seven subscribers. It is just the thing for a birthday or holiday gift, besides sending the best magazine printed for the money, to seven people.

a birthday or holiday gift, besides sending the best magazine printed for the money, to seven people, thereby making them happy every month for a year. I am much interested in "The Hidden Wedding Treasure," as it pertains to the late terrible earthquake. I save the papers until the stories are completed, then read them aloud to an admiring audience in the evening. The audience usually smokes during the performance, but that does not annoy. "J. A. D." was well cured long ago, and she confesses that she enjoys the pipe or cigar almost as much as the smoker; then the said audience does look so comfortable and happy, you know."

know.
"J. A. D." (Mrs. VAN DYKE,) Orange, Mass.

Comforting Hints from the Sisters

To CLEAN GLASS AND MIRRORS. After washing wipe off with a cloth wet in alcohol.

STOVE POLISH when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner is blacker, more glossy and more durable than when mixed with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove will make it look as well as rew.

To BRIGHTEN GILT FRAMES. Take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge, to about one and one half pints of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions, or garlic, which will answer the same purpose. Strain off the liquid and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush, any gliding which requires restoring, and when dry it will come out as bright as new work.

Out as oright as new work.

To cure astema. Secure a muskrat skin and wear it over the lungs, placing the fur side next to the body. This will bring speedy relief and if worn long enough a cure.

To prevent unused stoves prom rusting. Apply a thin coating of three parts of lard and one par rosin melted together.

Mrs. Jennie Arnold, Petersburg, Ind.

To give a NICE gloss. Add one half teaspoonful of Epsom salts to starch and the clothes will also iron easier.

FOR A BURN OR SCALD. Use a little wet baking soda Mrs. J. A. Lash, Auburn, Ind.

FOR A SORE THEOAT. Dissolve a tablespoonful of salt in a half cup of vinegar and use as a gargle.
IVA J. MORRIS, BOX 50, Dexter City, R. F. D., 2,
Ohio.

FOR A BEE STING, or bite of a poisonous reptile make a poultice of red clay and coal oil and bind on the affected parts. A good remedy for chicken cholera is white oak bark kept in their drinking water. Mrs. A. T. Cable, Essex, Ark.

To CUBE FELONS. Take slippery elm bark, pound up and soak in cold water, dip a cloth in the water and apply to felon. Apply fresh cloths every half hour. Cook a piece of bread crust, cool and use as a poultice. This is excellent. To cure hiccoughs. Take a few drops of vinegar

To REMOVE PRESH PAINT FROM THE FLOOR. Cover with vinegar and wipe up with a cloth, repeat if necessary, using a clean cloth.

To whites clothes. Put one tablespoonful of turpentine in each boiler of water.

To make starch clothes iron easy, add a pinch of sait to your starch. TO HELP KEEP PRESERVES. Wrap each glass jes in newspapers. ALICE E. MASON, Berryman, Mo. To prevent a Lamp's snoking. Soak the wick in vinegar and dry it well before using.

To TEST NUTMEGS. Prick them with a pin and if cood the oil will instantly apread around the punc-

To CLEANSE MATTING. Wipe off with a cloth wrong from salt water. This prevents from turning yellow.

To REMOVE GREASE from broth for the sick, pass a clean white wrapping paper over quickly, using several pieces until all is removed. BESTHA LARE, Pleasantville, Vanango Co., Pa.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of eac or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Sweet Potato Pie

Boil four large-sized, sound sweet potatoes, then peel, and mash them very fine with a fork. Beat three eggs, and the yolks of two eggs very light, add this to three fourths cup of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and one half cup of sugar (if you like the pie sweeter use more sugar,) add eggs and milk. have a shallow-lined pie plate ready, with a good pie paste. Have the above ingredients well mixed, and bake; when finished, beat the whites of two eggs very light, add confectioners' sugar, spread on pie, return to oven to slightly brown.

Squash Pie

Steam the squash until very soft, and strain through your sieve. To one heaping cup of squash take one pint of milk, three eggs, one cup of squash Mix together ground ginger and grated nutmeg, so you have of the two together two thirds of a teaspoonful, and one half teaspoonful of salt. Bake without a top crust. Mrs. Josephine Linden.

Butter Ple

One tablespoonful of butter creamed with one half cup sugar, one egg thoroughly beaten, and flour or corn starch to thicken, with just enough water or milk to line a pie pan.

MRS. TULL WINSCOTT.

Cream Cake

Whites of five eggs, one and one half cups of sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup of sweet milk, three and one half cups of flour, one large leaspoonful of baking powder.

The Cream

Yolks of the five eggs, scant cup of sugar, one pint of sweet milk, boil till thick, cool, flavor, and spread between layers.

Queen of Puddings

One pint of biscuit crumbs, one quart sweet milk, butter size of an egg, one teacupful of sugar, yolks of four eggs, one teacupful of boiling water on biscuit crumbs to make soft. When done spread top with preserves, make an icing of the whites of the eggs, flavor to taste, spread over the top and brown. MRS. J. H. WAGGONER, Huntland, Tenn.

For the Invalid's Breakfast

For the Invalid's Breakfast

Try a steamed egg. Fill a cup half full of hot water, break in the egg, carefully, so as not to disturb the yolk, set over a boiling kettle or in a pan of boiling water, cook until the white sets; in the mean time cut a round piece of bread, toast crisp, dip into hot salted water, put on a warm, pretty plate, dot with bits of butter and place on it the steamed egg, or the egg can be right from the cup, first pouring off the water.

Bake an apple, remove skin and core, place on a little fancy dish and serve with a tiny pitcher of cream and sugar in a diminutive sugar bowl. Baked potato is nice, remove from the skin and serve with butter, salt and pepper, some like sweet or sour cream on baked potatoes.

Salt codish makes a nice change occasionally for an invalid, soak in water, when soft pick to pieces, and boil up in milk thickened with a little flour, adding butter, and seasoning, as desired, serve on toast or with baked potato. Always give an invalid tea, coffee or whatever they have to drink in the prettiest cup and saucer you have, a clean napkin on the tray, and the food served in a dainty way will often tempt their capricious appetites; do not consider anything too much trouble, that gives them a moment's pleasure. A Butler's tray with folding legs, is a fine and convenient article to have in any family, if a meal has to be carried to a sick room. I know of one that has been used by several invalids at different times, and is still in existence. It was bought one May morning, together with the first strawberries of the season, and what a surprise for the poor sufferer; that was way back in 1885, and is still bearing its load of daintly prepared food to the different members of the family when required. New for something for those with good appetites.

Liver Hask

Liver Hash

Boil the liver, chop finely, allow a cup of the chopped liver to a quart of milk, put milk on stove, when boiling add flour wet up in cold milk to thicken, season, butter (a good, generous piece), add the liver and serve with toast, pouring the hash over it, or baked or mashed potato.

Old-fashioned Fried Salt Pork

Slice the pork thin, freshen in cold water, then fry crisp, remove pork, add flour to thicken, to the fat left in the frying-pan (it will melt and dissolve readily in the hot fat), then add milk and eook to the consistency of thick cream. Pork is nice also freshened, dipped in beaten egg, then corn meal, and fried in hot fat. All meat gravies can be made the same as above, adding water if desired instead of milk, pork, lamb, mutton and even sausage gravy is good; if browned gravies are desired, put some flour on a tin and brown in a hot oven, and mae the same as the waterword flour.

Good old-fashiened corn meal mush is good for supper these cold nights. Have the water in the kettle boiling, sit up the meal in cold water and add to the boiling water (to which has been added salt to taste), boil until it is a smooth batter, then keep stirring and cook slowly one hour, it can be set on the back part of the steve, but stir occasionally to keep from burning, eat with milk; what is left turn into a shallow dish, slice and fry in hot fat for breakfast.

Sweet Crackers

Two and one half cups sugar, one pint sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls animonia powder (in milk), one teaspoonful lemon oil, one egg or whites of two eggs, one cup lard.

Mrs. E. LAWRENCE, Hunter, Okla.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Need Secretaries!



How a Woman in Every Neighborhood may Furnish her Home Beautifully, FREE OF COST.

NEW Furniture for your home from top to bottom! It would cost a lot of money to get all that furniture—and especially the kind you'd like to have—hundreds of

dollars.

Pretty big pay for a few hours of pleasant work that you could do without any prepara-

Both the handsome pieces of furniture here shown, are sam-ples of what you can get for act-ing as Secretary of a Walker Club-or you can select from 1,400 other articles fully de-scribed in our catalogue. tion.
But that's just what

But that's just what we're offering you.

We need a Secretary in your neighborhood—among your most intimate women friends. We don't ask you to do any work whatever among strangers.

All we ask you to do is to tell ten women you know how much they can save by buying their Household Supplies—Food Products, Soaps, Toilet Articles etc.—things they pay out a big share ot the family income for, every week—how much they can save by buying these things from the Walker factories at Pittsburg.

They'll get the idea. They'll thank you for the favor. Because we can grove to you and you can prove to them that we furnish you better Household Necessities than they

are now buying at half the price they are now paying.

the price they are now paying.

And you and they get beautiful household furnishings—Chairs, Tables, Desks, an select from icles fully deatalogue.

And you and they get beautiful household furnishings—Chairs, Tables, Desks, Rugs, Chinaware, Silverware, Stoves—all of the finest quality and best workmanship, as presents.

We can afford to do this because we sell direct to the constance.

We can afford to do this because we sell direct to the constance its, etc. We give you the saving. Our customers get twice as much from us as from storekeepers for the same money. We have millions of customers. Our factories cover fifteen acres of ground. We can afford to take the minimum of profit. Investigate us! We've been in business 70 years. We'd be glad to have you know all about us. Now don't let some other woman get ahead of you. Drop us a postal card asking for our Secretaryship plan and our Big, Free, Illustrated Catalogue before you put this magazine away. De It New.

W. & H. WALKER, Club Department 94, PITTSBURG, PA.

The Great Chicago Mystery or,

The Man With Many Aliases

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Crit Truman and his assistant, Ralph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the Chief of Police to assist in suppressing crime. The leader is variously described, and one asserts he has a harelip. For a moment the men are silent, then the well-trained minds recall the recepture of "The Man with Many Aliases." Jim Holmes, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, and which, when healed, might pass for a harelip. "How is our work?" asks Crit. "Are the officials satisfied with the return of the money?" The Manking of a confirmed criminal. There are several cases in their line. There's a missing girl and a jewelry robbery on Fifth Ave., but they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his hundred to catch this man who twice escapes, and be tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan, will each to see Salvis Lyster, and solve the value of the seasons and several plan, will each to see Salvis Lyster was utterly prospected.

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

Ferris' face had changed slightly, but he rode about.

Ferris' face had changed slightly, but he rode about.

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mind to catch this man who twice escapes, and he tells Rulph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. He insists she encourages him. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathie Mandeville, confides to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage to her. Sylvia still loves her husband. Custer Quex is engaged to Sylvia; he will go to her at night. It's the last happy afternoon he has for many a long day. While Crit and Ralph are on the way to Chicago, the former has a telegram. "Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. It's the girl, whose people wants Crit to look up. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon, a month previous. Four guys, all masked, line the customers up—nothing is overlooked—even a pair of diamond cuff buttons is taken. As they emerge from City Hall they are joined by Peter, who is waiting. He tells Truman, Jim Hollis swears if he gets free he'll never let you take him alive. The chief tells Truman of a crook, Christie Ferris, who has three or four names, although only twenty, who is in for "dipping." Truman "sweate" him and asks him, "Do you want to know who it was got you in here this last time?"

CHAPTER IV.

A KEEN BIT OF WORK.

O I want to know what? Do I? Say, just put me in a bare thirty-foot room with de guy dat did me for ten minutes, and there won't be 'nough left for a decent

funeral." Crit smiled at the lad's vehemence, as he re-

Crit smiled at the lad's vehemence, as he replied:

"Well Christie, it's Jim Hollis."

"Jim Hollis! 'Four time' Jim. Oh, dat dog!
Dat dirty, lyin' dog! I'll get even wit him if
it takes me a t'ousand years."

"You can do it in a little less than a thousand
years, Christie," Crit said pleasantly, "and
what's more, you can do something else if you
like, get out of here into the bargain."

The prisoner's eyes brightened.

"How kin dis happen?"

"This way, Christie, I want you to locate
Jim Hollis for me. Promise to take me to
him, and give me the first chance, and I'll see
that you're released immediately."

The prisoner jumped to his feet.

that you're released immediately."

The prisoner jumped to his feet.
"In a minute," the crook cried, "oh, wot a glorious time they is goin' to be!"

The young fellow was all of a tremble and could scarcely contain himself, as Crit stepping into the outer room, readily obtained his release, then bidding the chief good by, and promising to let him hear good news before long, he and his associates took the grateful Ferris with them.

long, he and his associates took the grace.
Ferris with them.
"Good news, Truman?" the chief asked, wondering with all his might what methods Crit had used upon the prisoner. The crook, although somewhat excited, had not gone through any agony of mind, and yet the chief knew that Crit had gained an important point of some kind.

"No news, unless good news," Crit laughed, as the four left and boarded a State street car,

as the four left and boarded a State street car, going south.

Once seated, the prisoner asked curiously:
"I say, Mister, did 'Four-time' Jim give you de double cross?"

Crit exchanged glances with his associates, then he replied slowly:

"Yes, Ferris, he once gave me the double cross, too, but it's the last," and knowing him as they did, Ralph and Peter could aimost have pitied Jim Hollis, The Man with Many Aliases.

CHAPTER V,

...When the little party boarded a State street car, Crit sat by Ferris, on the front seat of the grip, with Ralph and Peter on the other front seat, which, strange to say, were vacant, the morning being a little cold. Ferris had been the first to board, so he at on the outside of the seat on the inside of the car, so that constantly his face was fanned by passing cars.
Ralph as he sat, by leaning back, could get a

good view of the face of the young tough, and mentally he shook his head.

"A bad lot," he sized him up.

A bad lot he was, with his heavy features, sullen manner, eyes distorted from constant use of morphine, and his hunched shoulders, a man already for crime, although but a boy in years. There was not one redeeming feature about him; degenerate was written all over him, and yet Christie Ferris had no really repulsive features, and was well-built and

veloped:
Ralph eyed him closely, for the young detective had very serious doubts of this crook, whom he readily recognized was "cheap" as the chief had stated, but who might prove

dangerous nevertheless.
Acar, northbound passed. For some reason A car, northbound passed. For some reason or other, both cars slowed up a little, and Ralph saw a young fellow, about the age of Ferris, in one of the single seats of the grip, start, look intently at Crit, and then make a slight gesture. All he did was to make a motion toward his face with his outstretched fingers, as though to signify bars, and Ralph, intently saw a change come over intently watching, saw a change come over

It was a very slight change, but Ralph saw it, and appreciated the fact that in some way Crit bad been recognized, and that the lad who had done so, had passed the news to Ferris. Probably the gesture meant that they were de tective, Ralph did not know

By Rosser W. Cobbe

"I ain't goin' to take all dese guys, dat's sure."

"All right," Crit returned pleasantly.

"Send dem off," he persisted.

"Sure. Boys skiddoo!" Crit commanded, and Ralph and Peter obediently swung off as the car stopped at seventeenth street, and crossed the street, as though to wait for the next northbound car. However, they did nothing of the kind. As soon as the car bearing Crit and the young crook pulled away, they hastened back, and jumped on a car which was closely following the one in front.

Drawing his hat over his eyes. Ralph, atanding on the step running along the side of the grip car, could easily watch the actions of those on the other car.

At twenty-second street, he saw Crit and Ferris jump off, and walk west on twenty-second street, and it is needless to say that just before the car reached the crossing at that street, he and Peter did likewise, but when they turned the corner they could see nothing of the two.

Barely half a minute had elapsed, for the cars

of the two.

Barely half a minute had elapsed, for the cars
were very close together, but Crit and his companion had vanished.

"Looks bad," Peter said dismally.

"Come on in," Ralph said, drawing Peter into the saloon on the corner. A glance showed
that the room did not contain the two for which
the roung detailing were looking, and also the young detectives were looking, and although they made a pretty careful canvass of the saloons in the district, which are many, they were equally unsuccessful.

"Crit was recognized!" Ralph exclaimed at last, and then he told Peter of what he had observed.

"Gosh, I didn't know we were national char-

"Gosh, I didn't know we were national characters!" Peter exclaimed.
"Oh, Crit's known everywhere, but I did think he could take a ride on State street, Chicago, without every bum crook marking him," Ralph grumbled.
"Well, what's next?" Peter asked.
The two were pretending to drink in one of the worst saloons in the district, as they talked, and both felt discouraged. They were sure that the boy had been playing Crit.
"Still, it's a hundred to one shot, that Crit tumbled, too," Peter said and Ralph agreed that this was possible.

Just then their attention was attracted by a

Just then their attention was attracted by a

Although it was not yet noon, he was much the worse for liquor, and seemed to be giving his companions all they wanted to hold him down.

-- He seemed well supplied with money, for he

newcomer.

was constantly pulling out a roll as big as his arm, and flourishing it, would invite the whole room to "have one on him." As often as he did this, one of the men with him, a burly fellow, with a red face, and flaxen hair, would take it from him, stuff it back in his pocket, and say:
"Aw, shut up!"

This was repeated at least a dozen times, intil Ralph and Peter were becoming tired of the disgusting exhibition and were just leaving, when Ralph clutched Peter by the arm.

"Mandeville," Peter whispered under his breath

breath.

The two detectives resumed their seats, and

called for another round.

To find the employe of the bank which had been robbed by him, in a low dive, flourishing such a roll, was surprising even to Ralphand Peter Peter.
The other man with Mandeville and the red-

The other man with Mandeville and the red-faced fellow was wiry, an undersized ill-ponditioned individual with crook written all over him. His companions called him "Fake." He was known to the police as "Fake" Pete. The red-faced man was "Snowflake" Mike, evidently so called on account of his extremely florid face, which was not the result of drinking, but of exposure to all kinds of weather. In earlier days, "Snowflake" Mike had evidently been a sailor.

"Crit was right," Ralph thought. "The

The two men were talking, and seemed wor-

"Aw, shut up!" "Snowfiake" said wearily once more, returning the money he grabbed from the drunken man, and thrusting it into his pocket. "See here, you gazabo, if the 'old man' sees you this way, you'll go out of business for

"Go on, I ain't afraid of your 'old man' or Jim Hollis either," replied the drunken man. Ralph and Peter exchanged quick glances. They had struck a cine at last.

CHAPTER VI.

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

"You cannot make me believe anything of the kind, Wilkins, and you might as well stop it right here," and the speaker, Custer Quex, glared at one of the Central Office men.

glared at one of the Central Office men.

"All right, if you say so, but then there are the proofs."

"But I saw Mandeville last night, and Miss Lyster disappeared a week ago. I tell you, none of you men at Headquarters is worth his salt. If Crit Truman were here we'd get some light."

"Where is he?" Wilkins asked.

"Can't cetch him believe he's more to

"Can't catch him, believe he's gone to hicago. Mr. Lyster telegraphed him care of Chicago. the Pennsylvania, but I don't think he'll come back," and the lover sighed. One short week before he was talking joyously over the telephone to Sylvia Lyster, now he was consulting

"I do not know exactly, some girl Miss
Lyster was befriending."
"Send for her, I want to ask her a few questions," Wilkins said abruptly, and the young
man obeyed. Mr. Lyster was utterly prostrated, and so Custer Quex, by virtue of his engagement, was in charge at the Lyster mansion.
When Kathie Mandeville came into the room, her face was pale, and she was trembling.
At first the detective was inclined to be rough, but Quex soon stopped that, and she was

treated with more consideration.

The girl Sylvia had befriended was very quiet utterly denying that she knew anything about her disappearance, until suddenly the detective said:

"I have seen you before now I remember it

"I have seen you before, now I remember, it was at a show with Mandeville."

The poor woman flushed painfully, but before she could say anything, the detective continued.

tinued:
"You see you didn't stand much show against her, for she eloped with your beau."
"What do you mean?" demanded the angry

'Sylvia Lyster has run away with Mandeville."

"That is an infamous lie!" was the quiet

"That is an infamous lie!" was the quiet reply.

"Pretty harsh words to use to me young woman!" thundered the detective.

"Not in this case, for you are telling a lie. Sylvis was incapable of eloping with anyone, and especially with him."

"And why particularly with him?" There was a decided sneer in the detective's voice.

"Because he is my husband, and she knew it," was the astounding reply.

The detective looked at her for a moment, then said quite gently for him:

"Poor girl! I guess you have your troubles like the rest of us. Now tell me, did she receive any letters that upset her? Don't be afraid to reply."

Kathie hesitated, but Custer Quex said gently:

gently:
"Tell us if you know anything," and she then said in a low tone:

said in a low tone:

"She did get a registered letter. She came back upstairs from signing her name for it, and stopped in my sitting-room, excusing herself for opening it. At first she looked astonished, then her face grew very pale, and at last she looked as though she were going to faint, and then she was gone and that's the last I ever saw of the poor, dear thing," and the girl Sylvia had so befriended burst into tears.

CHAPTER VII.

"HANG-EYE" JOHN.

Ralph and Peter were listening to the conversation very intently, although to have looked at them, slouching at the dirty table, none would have thought them other than the others in the room.

"Guess he's about all in," suggested "Fake"

"Been hitting the booze hard for some time. the other man replied nodding at Mandeville.

The defectives remembered the young man, now huddled at a table in one of the lowest dives in Chicago, as a clean, honest-faced young fellow, who enjoyed the full confidence of his employers, and who had a bright future before him.

In their investigations while on the case of

In their investigations while on the case of the bank robbery, they had discovered many shings about this Percy Mandeville. His an instant's notice, suddenly dashed fordownward road had been steep, his pace rapid. The beginning seemed to be an unfortunate winning of a hundred to one shot less than a year before. After that he had played the ponies regularly; stimulated his jaded and overstrained nerves with whiskey, and when his own money gave out, had robbed those who trusted him.

"Crit was right," Ralph thought. "The bank ought to have prosecuted. It's putting a premium on crime to overlook such degen one black eye behind.

premium on crime to overlook such degen-

Mandeville had sunk down in his chair, dead to the world, and his two companions were evidently growing impatient. They had ordered drinks several times, but the detectives noticed that they sid not swallow them, but tossed the liquor in the cuspidor, as did they themselves. After this action had been repeated, the two detectives felt they had hit upon a clue, which was a very valuable one. Jim Hollis never drank himself while on a job, nor did he permit his associates to do so. mit his associates to do so.

"I wonder if they can be a part of the gang,"
Peter said, and Ralph replied: "May be.

At last "Fake" Peterose and sauntered toward the door. At the bar, he stopped and ex-changed a word or two with the man behind

the bar, then passed into the street.

A moment later, he returned, and hastened back to the table at which Mandeville and "Snowflake" Mike were seated.

"Here, wake up!" he said, roughly, shaking

the drunken man. "You can't reach him," his companion sheered.
"'Four-time,' is coming," the man whis-

pered, still shaking the sleeping fool.
Ralph and Peter had almost forgotten Crit.

for they felt that luck was on their side in

directing them to this hole.
"It's time," growled "Sno "It's time," growled "Snowflake" Mike, who joined his companion in his effects to rouse "What's he want him for?" asked "Fake"

Pete.
The other shook his head. "Noo Yorker, maybe's the reason," "Fake"
Pete sneered.

A laugh, low and cunning was the only reply, and the detectives realized that these Chicago crooks were jealous of Eastern criminals.

Suddenly a figure came into the room, and

hurrying up to the group of three, caused the two who were working on the sleeping man to relax their exertions. It was with difficulty that Ralph and Peter

It was with difficulty that Ralph and Peter refrained from an exclamation, for the newcomer was Ferris.

They could hear all he said, and they saw he was laboring under considerable excitement.

"Hurry up and come on, dis is no place for youse," were his first words.

"Four-time' said bring him here," the other men muttered.

"He's sent me here to tall youse dat dere's a

"He's sent me here to tell youse dat dere's a new one on de case."
"Who?"

"Crit Truman."

The effect of this name was magical.

The crooks looked frightened out of their lives. They actually trembled, and then "Fake" Pete burst into a perfect torrent of abuse and profanity, which lasted until he was stopped by Ferris, who told in a few words of his libera-tion by Crit.
"And you bit?" sneered "Snowflake."

Ferris nodded. Then he told of his warning received from the crook on the passing car. The men applauded, and then "Fake" Pete asked:

"You took him-

plauded, and then "Fake" Pete asked:

"You took him—?"

"Yep."

How the listening detectives wished they knew what that significent pause stood for.

"And Four-time?" asked "Fake."

"Wants youse at de 'odder place," was the quick response, and the two unquestioningly started to obey.

By this time Mandeville was sufficiently aroused to be pulled up and started for the door, although he still exhibited a tendency to treat the crowd, and an instant later, the strange group would have left the saloon, had not Ferris's eyes fallen upon Ralph and Peter.

In their extreme anxiety to search for Crit, the young detectives had not assumed any disguise, and save for the change in their appearance produced by their slouching attitude, and the sullen, sodden expressions on their faces, they were much as they had been when on the grip with Ferris.

This crook might be "cheap," but circumstances had made him keen as a knife, and he instantly recognized them.

He wasted no time in words. Like a flash he made the same gesture Ralph had seen the

He wasted no time in words. Like a flash he made the same gesture Ralph had seen the crook on the passing car give, and the place was in an uproar.

The situation was a dangerous one. The detectives were cornered in a low and unknown dive among the most desperts of criminals.

dive, among the most desperate of criminals. They knew nothing of the place, nor how many secrets its walls might contain. They were hampered by not being acquainted with the territory in which the saloon was located, but all this did not daunt them. When the row broke out, they simply looked up, and seemed to be trying to rouse themselves sufficiently to join in the fum.

This did not impose upon the creeks how.

join in the fun.

This did not impose upon the crooks, however, for they made a rush, and Ralph and Peter seeing that the game was up, abandoned any attempt to pass for other than they were.

Like a flash they were on their feet, facing a dozen as ugly crooks as anyone could find within the city's confines.

"Fly Muge" was heard on every side.

Guns were drawn, several knives flashed, but

Guns were drawn, several knives flashed, but neither Ralph nor Peter felt alarmed. They had been through so many scenes like this that they knew no fear.

"Shall we rush them?" Peter asked.

Ralph nodded.
While still looking perfectly indifferent, and

one black eye behind.

Among those who received a tap from the hard fist of the New York detectives, was Ferris, whose cheek bone on the right side of his face, was laid have

ace, was laid bare. His curses were loud and flerce, and he swore by all that a crook holds dear to revenge him-

by all that a crook holds dear to revenge him-self upon those whom he considered his enemies, "Dey'll wish dey never run across dis bunch," he said again and again.
"Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike were more interested in what would be the verdict of their leader for allowing the detectives to

escape.
"'Four-time' will eat us," "Fake" Pete said dismally.

dismally.

"If you put him wise to their being here, he ought to be satisfied," said a strange voice, and turning the crowd saw a man of heavy build, with a drooping left eye, a bad scar across his forehead, and long, black, dark hair, which fell over a greasy velvet coat collar.

For a moment they were dazed, then a cry went up from every throat:

"'Hang-eve' John."

"Hang-eye' John."

The crooks were almost wild with delight.
"Hang-eye" John was known to everyone of
them, as one of the most desperate and skillful
leaders the criminals of Chicago had ever
known. Six months before he had been sentenced to tan were at Joiet and wet here he tenced to ten years at Joliet, and yet here he was among them, well, smiling, and himself.
"Catch on to de hair," cried one of the crowd

in admiration. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

The Hidden Wedding Treasure

The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Rosalie Bronson, one of the belies of San Francisco, is to marry Ireton Kensington, who whispers, "Tomorrow evening, my darling, you will be my bride, and all the world will envy me my wife," and me my husband," she answers. As she utters these words, John Bronson, her father, who has worked his way from a penniless boy to a wealthy man tells how he made his first fifty dollars, and that with all that has come from it in bright twenty dollar gold pleece is to be her wedding gift. Judge Kensington asks, "Is it wise to put any great amount of money where it may be stolen?" Bronson tells the Judge not to worry. More than a million from fifty dollars! Bronson says every cent is made honesely. "Men of the Western coast have chances such as come to few. It is the Garden Spot of the World. San Francisco will be the metropolis of America." Lawrence Felton, a New Yorker, thinks no city can equal New York. The lovers part for the night. Ireton Kensington and his father start for the Palace Hotel. They meet Gerald Phayeton and Lawrence Felton, who tell Ireton his punishment is to stay with them all night. Violet Hilton is to be maid of honor and later will marry Gerald Phayeton. Lawrence Felton is attracted to a beautiful widow. Once they had been nearer and dearer. Suddenly the three are thrown on their faces and before they can rise a tall building falls, burying Gerald beneath its ruins. Ireton rushes to the Palace Hotel and bears his father out, while Lawrence Felton goes o Mrs. Roton's rescue. They hear, "This way, quick!" and looking up see Rosalie in a motor. Both men turn, and Rosalie hears her lover say "My father," while Lawrence Felton cries "My Wife," and Rosalie knows his secret. They start for Noh Hill, when the auto is seized by order of the police to convey the sick and injure. Lawrence Felton cries "My Wife," and Rosalie knows his secret. They start for Noh Hill, when the auto is seized by order of the police to convey the sick and injure. Lawrence Felton cries "My Wife," SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER X.

THE WEDDING OF ROSALIE.

ARELY had Ireton recovered sufficiently to recognize his other friends, he knew Rosalie instantly, when the eager questionings were broken upon by a silvery voice asking:

"Why, my dear children, I am so glad to see you," and they saw the benignant face of the clergyman who was to have married Rosalie and Ireton. Having been returning from the bed of a dying man that morning, during the first shock, he wore his cassock.

"Oh. Bishop," Rosalie cried. "We want you so much. Will you marry us, Ireton and me tonight, just as we intended? If there are more shocks, we want to die together."

"Of course I will marry you immediately, you are right," was his dignified reply.

"And we too," Gerald said quietly, and the Bishop gravely inclined his head.

"May I speak to you a few moments?" Felton nsked, and while he was explaining to the clergyman his and Katherine's case, a very pitiful thing occurred, which was always to be recalled with moist eyes by the three husbands. A girl, who unfortunately bore upon her face traces of the life she led, and a man, whose face had been scared by the horrors of the day, came up, and the girl threw herself at Rosalie's feet sobbing:

"Can't we be married, too? If you'll let us in, we'll live straight honest we will, won't we, Jim?" and the man with eyes too drawn for tears, hoarsely whispered:

"So help me, God."

The Bishop immediately assented when asked by Rosalie; and the three men, Ireton, Gerald and Lawrence made no objection, but not so the old Judge.

His objections were stilled for the moment by the reverent voice of the Bishop, saying, "Let us pray."

Everyone felt better after that fervent prayer, even the quarrelsome old Judge, and his "amen"

the reverent voice of the Bishop, saying, "Let us pray."

Everyone felt better after that fervent prayer, even the quarrelsome old Judge, and his "amen" was very loud. Suddenly he asked eagerly:

"When will the ceremony be performed?"

"As soon as the parties in question are ready," and the Bishop was obliged to laugh at the consternation upon the eminent jurist's face, when he saw that others were to stand before the Bishop, along with Ireton and Rosalie.

"I forbid it," he said sternly:

"But I do not, Judge," Rosalie said softly.

"What have you to say about it?" answered the angry old man.

"But I am one of the brides," came from the soft, sweet lips.

"But I am one of the brides, "came sweet lips.
"She is an angel," Ireton said quickly.
"Then you are actually willing?" sneered the selfish old man, "to have such creatures married with you two?"
"Not only willing, but glad."
"I never thought it of my son."
Here the Bishop decided to break in, by saying stornly:

"I never thought it of my son."
Here the Bishop decided to break in, by saying sternly:
"You ought to be proud of these two young people."
Judge Kensington laughed coldly:
"That they marry with any scrap from the gutter?"
"That they recognize the equality of Christianity and the sacredness of the Church and her sacraments," was the reply.

As the Bishop and the Judge were talking, the four young people ranged themselves before the priest of the church of God, their garments strangely out of keeping with the ceremony.

Rosalie still wore her silk motoring robe over her nightrobe, while Ireton had the remains of his evening suit.

Slightly concealed by Felton's coat was the beautiful Katherine, while the man she was going to re-marry had what was left of his evening suit.

Gerald's suit had been seriously damaged when he had been buried under a pile of debris, he had given away his coat, but he had never felt so well dressed, for Violet in her cravenette cloak was by his side; the other couple appeared like hastily pure together rag lags. his side; the other couple appeared like hastily

his side; the other couple appeared like hastily put together rag bags.

Again the Judge remonstrated, but the Bishop stepping in front of them began his solemn ceremony, all the more impressive on account of the strange surroundings.

Each husband made his response, with a "God help me" after it, while the brides shed hot tears, none knowing if an hour would keep them together.

It was a terrible thought, that even though the twas a terrible thought, that even though the promises were made until death did part them, their married life might only last a few moments.

"Promise that we may never part," sobbed Violet, who had gone through such an agony searching for Gerald.

ing for Gerald.

"My children, your lives, your happiness, lie in the Hands of the Lord," said the Bishop solemnly, passing along to bear comfort to others.

"I never thought you would have been married this way," Judge Kensington said reproachfully.

"Neither did any of us," Gerald, his face bound with crimson-stained rags, yet happy, replied very cently.

with crimson-stained rags, yet happy, replied very gently.

"You two were to go up flower-strewn aisles, along which were stretched satin ribbons, and to the music of the finest organ in San Francisco. Your dress was the finest a bride has ever worn, lie, while your garments were as excellent in detail as I could select for you, my son," and the Judge fairly wept in his rage.
"Father," Mrs. Rosalie said softly, stealing up to By William T. Valentine

him, and laying a gentle hand on his shoulder, "do you think that all this will make any difference to Ireton or me, or the others? We were in love, and have been married by our own clergyman, so what difference does a flower or two more or less, "It makes the difference between rig between right and

"It makes the difference between right and wrong," was the snappish reply.
"Don't, father!" Ireton remoistrated.
"Then your father, Rosalie, is not here," he continued grumbling.
The bride laughed lightly, as she replied:
"Have no fear from that source, for my father is sate, I know it."
"But we are not. Any moment your newly-placed wedding ring may be torn from your finger. We have no money, food or clothing. People are looting everywhere."
Rosalie's fair face flushed, and she replied a little sharply.

Rosalie's fair face flushed, and she replied a little sharply.

"Surely he is not to blame for that?"

"Perhaps not now, but he will be later on. If that wedding present of his was where we could lay our hands upon it, we would be wealthy."

"Father!" Ireton cried sharply.

"It's true enough, for our fortune is lost utterly in reality and the failure of two banks. If we had that over a million and a half, we could commence at once, and turn it into a thousand of millions, in the wondrous state of prosperity which is going to come," and the crafty old Judge smacked his lips.

lips.
"Ireton, darling, you won't let my present be such a source of misery to others, will you?"
"Indeed, I will not!" he cried, but Judge Kensington only smiled grimly, as he reminded them:
"You have to find that treasure first."

CHAPTER XI.

AND GENERATIONS WILL CALL THEM BLESSED.

AND GENERATIONS WILL CALL THEM BLESSED.

The following two days were terrible. On every side stared the Mayor's proclamation, regarding the fate of those who looted, and yet the ladies in their scanty clothing were robbed, and at last Rosalie said decidedly:

"There is no reason of our leaving my father's home to the mercy of such men. Go, Ireton, and get permission from General Funston, and my white motor if you can, and we will carry out some food and clothing."

"Good, but do keep your eye open for that gold," cried the Judge, and had he not been Ireton's father. Rosalie's lips would have curled with scorn, but as it was she just smiled and promised.

"The brute!" Katherine whispered to Violet, "when everyone ought to know she has worries enough as it is."

"What a little difference it makes to us, when our dear ones are with us," Violet said, yet one of their crowd they were willing to spare, the impossible old Judge.

"If wonderful John Bronson had been with us, we would have known just what to do, but my dear, I feel like Rosie that he is not dead," Violet continued.

"So do I, he will turn up at the right time, and

tinued.

"So do I, he will turn up at the right time, and with a good reason for the absence," and then the two ladies kissed again, turning flushed faces toward Rosalie, as she came in dressed in a queershaped pair of trousers, and a military blue shirt. When they laughed, she returned merrily:

"There weren't enough women's clothes to go round, so I put these on, for I will have to ride astride up home. If I am allowed to get in, my clothes will go a good way," and she smiled hopefully.

round, so put these on, for twin have to fine astride up home. If I am allowed to get in, my clothes will go a good way," and she smiled hopefully.

"You don't mean to say that you will give your elegant clothing, that which was made for your wedding outfit?" stormed the Judge, but she nodded, vaulted lightly into her seat, and rode off beside her husband and an army officer, and within an hour a very strange sight was to be seen in the magnificent home on Nob's Hill, where so short a time before wedding bells were to ring out. Up the broad walk, from the hedgerow to the wide-open doors came a stream of women, some almost naked, all burned and many bruised, and none were sent away. Standing by great piles of clothing, such as girls hold most dear, stood Rosalie, Katherine and Violet, and their white hands, stained with grime and street fires, tenderly fitted the lovely gowns to backs never intended for them. In the upstairs room where they had been placed the evening of the reception, were the costly presents, and it was the intention of the young couple to return to each donor the present he had sent. A few days ago, even a two hundred bit of plate was as nothing, now it was enough to set the poverished person up once more.
"It is a beautiful idea, darling," Ireton had whispered, kissing the soft curve of her cheek.
"I call it nonsense," thundered the old Judge, but later, when he realized that the necklace of diamonds would come back to him, he was much relieved, although he wanted to go over everything, but deciding that his father was not himself, under all these distressing circumstances, Ireton utterly refused to put him in charge, and thus relieved his bride of an unhappy task, for she was sure of the same thing.

As the day drew to an end, and the house was almost bare, just enough having been kept for the

bride of an unhappy task, for she was sure of the same thing.

As the day drew to an end, and the house was almost bare, just enough having been kept for the three couples, with the one who had been added to their number and begged to be retained as servants, to commence as frugally as the thousands of others in the city, Rosalie said slowly:

"I am beginning to be a little uneasy."

"What about?" Gerald asked.

"Listen," she whispered, holding up her hand.
Unmistakably there were footsteps on the floor above.

above.

"Men stealing what is all to so many?" Ireton cried, beside himself with indignation.

Violet and Katherine tried to hide what they had seen at once, that the Judge was not there.

Whether Rosalie suspected will never be known, for the Judge plunged into the room, his face bleeding, his eyes flashing and his hands waving wildly above his head, crying:

"They are in there, stealing. You would not let me guard my own son's possessions and now you

me guard my own son's possessions, and now you see what has happened. Satisfied are you, ungrateful daughter-in-law!" he screamed, raising a skinny finger towards Rosalie's white face.
"There is something more," cried Felton, "lis-

here is something more," cried Felton, "lis" and they all held their breaths.

CHAPTER XII. A TRACE OF THE TREASURE

"Hush," Rosalie said quietly, then slipped from

the room.
"Why, what?" Ireton began, but Felton laid his hand upon his shoulder.
"She evidently knows what she's doing," he ad-

"To our ruination," answered the old Judge, who, day by day, was growing so disagreeable, that no one could bear him, but his gentle daughter-in-law. "Ireton," came the bride's sweet voice, winding

down the steps.
"Yes," he returned, springing up the stairs by leaps.
"Keep the rest back," Rosalie sobbed. The young man turned, waved his hand back, then flew ahead, to catch his fainting wife in his

arms.
Gazing about him, he pulled her inside the large bedroom which had been the storage room of the presents, and as he did so, the tender eyes opened,

and she whispered:
"Pretend I know nothing. Read this, and allow

no one else to see it," and his brain still in a whirl, Ireton caught a bit of dirty paper, and read:
"I'm all right.
"The presents will disappear for but a few days.
"I will see that their values will go to the donors.
"My love to my darling girl."
The penmanship was that of his father-in-law.
"What is it?" screamed the Judge, whom the other had not been able to keep below.
Hiding the bit of paper, Ireton stepped out, holding up his hand:
"Rosalie has been frightened. Here, Gerald, help me get her out. I want to put her in her room, for even if we have to cook in the streets tonight, she can rest quietly."
"Where are those presents?" shouted the Judge.
"She fainted. Never mind, we'll have them," cried the son, so angry he could scarcely speak, and then the two, Ireton and Gerald, bore the slender figure to the room in which she had spent the last night of her maidenhood, and laid her upon the dainty bed.
"Select rooms to suit you," Ireton said courteously, "and have the servants bring you food. My wife will need some, but I can come for mine," but before he was able to leave the stricken woman, strengthening food was at their door, and he found that its warmth revived her better than anything else.

that its warmth revived her better than anything else.

After he had the pleasure of gazing into her lovely eyes, and seeing the expression of perfect sanity come back into them, he said in a low voice:

"Rosalie, I parted from you so long ago that I cannot remember when it was, to come the next day and make you my wife. Darling, we are married, but I have scarcely had time to say a word of affection to you, I am a stranger by your side."

A soft, white hand crept into his, and drew his own, broken hand to the rosy lips, which muttered:
"My hero!"

The young man bent his head, and his tender kisses covered her face, while he half sobbed:
"Is there anything, my wife, that I can do? Can I bear a portion of your burden?"
"You have the paper?"
"Yes."
"Keen that for me."

"Yes."
"Keep that for me."
"Is that all?"
"For the moment, Ireton. Before long I can tell
you everything, just try now, if you can, to keep
your father from misjudging mine."
"My father has been cruelty itself," was the quick

reply reply.
"Such a terrible event effects men various ways, and his has brought out what he had always kept subdued before," and Rosalie's voice was very

subdued before," and Rosalle's voice was very sweet.

"My blessing to keep this to yourself and not to complain," he whispered, kissing her hands and red lips, and woudering if throughout that city there was another bride like his, but before he could say anything more, there was a loud cry from the yard, and Ireton was mortified at seeing his father dancing about, holding in his skinny hand the velvet box containing the necklace he had presented Rosalie.

"Father!" he said, sharply.

"I'm not cheated!" yelled the old man, flourishing the box.

"Father!" he said, sharply.

"I'm not cheated!" yelled the old man, flourishing the box.

"As though you ever would have been, in any case. You forget that all those presents belonged to my wife Rosalie, and that if you take anything, you rob a bride of the Church," cried Ireton, hoping to awe the old man, but he only shook his head, and clasping it to his bosom, danced away, singing and shouting.

The unhappy son was not surprised to be called up before midnight to identify the old man, and his trinket, but in his hideous shame, he asked that commanding officer to take it away, and hold it in trust, and then going back into the house he told his wife.

"My dear," she said gently.

"I believe you would forgive him anything," gasped Ireton.

"He is your father, my love," was her gentle reply, "a state of affairs which makes him sacred, you ought to know," and it is no wonder that Ireton drew her into his arms and kissed her, whispering love and devotion, and forgetting to ask about the other father.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD WOMAN'S LOVE.

The influence of A good woman's Love.

That first evening when Mr. and Mrs. Kensington and their guests were permitted to remain indoors, although their cooking had to be done on the pavement outside, three bridal couples discussed in their own ways the influence Rosalie's wonderful love had upon them.

As Gerald suggested that Violet use the room that she had often occupied when visiting Rosalie, he took the one adjoining, and after he and his wife had helped the two servants of the establishment, now left to them, Jim and Annie, the newly married inmates of the slums, he said to Violet, slowly:

slowly:

"Next to you, dear, and in some way above you, I think Rosalie Kensington is one of the best women, the lottiest I ever knew."

"I do, too, and Gerald, you can't think how much good she has done me, always, but most in these last days. She has done more than any other in our crowd, and really seems to think nothing of it. Here we are with her and Ireton, paupers, yet treated as honored guests."

"She regards us as honored guests," Gerald broke in.

"She regards us as nonored guess, broke in.
"Exactly. Now when she is nearly crazed with worry, for whatever she may say in public, I know she is worried about her father, she keeps up our courage, and bears with that hateful old Judge," and Violet's eyes blazed.
"Oh, him!" Gerald cried in a disgusted manner,

then added:
"Sweetheart, darling, I cannot believe how we have been spared. While hundreds are dead, thousands wandering homeless, hungry and despairing, here we are together, happy and rich, for we have each other."

each other."

"And does it make you so happy, husband dear, to have me your wife, when even the clothing on my back comes from Rosalie?"

Gerald kissed his wife's lips almost reverently,

Gerald kissed his wife's lips almost revereivly, saying soberly:
"My dear, what comes from her, seems as though it comes from Heaven."

Lawrence and Katherine, the reunited husband and wife, said little. In the days to come they would explain and then understand each other better, but this Katherine did say with a solemn

better, but this Katherine did say with a solemn expression upon her lovely face:
"We can never separate again, Lawrence, because I have learned so much from Rosalie."
"And I, too, from both of them."
"They are almost too good," Katherine said, impulsively, leaning her cheek against her husband's.

His laugh was a merry one, as he smoothed her

His laugh was a merry one, as he smoothed her hair, asking teasingly:
"Afraid your faults will appear too vivid?"
For a moment the old, angry reply was upon her lips, for Lawrence's teasing remarks had been one of his worse faults to her, but she stiffed her indignation, and said gently:
"I am going to ask Rosalie to teach me how to get rid of them," and he, regretting his unkind, although really heedless remark, kissed his wife's trembling lips, saying as he did so:
"And I'll learn from you, dearest, how to curb my ugly tongue," and when she heard that from a man who never confessed he was wrong, Katherine knew that a long life of happiness stretched before her.

her.
While these two couples, were extolling the virtues of the hostess, poor Annie, who had been one

of life's outcasts, and Jim, long ago considered too low for any trust, renewed their simple oaths of fealty to the one, who in her bridal happiness had not hesitated a moment, but held out her pure hand, and raised them to a level so far above the one they had once occupied, that they knew that they never would go back to it.

Not only had she tried to help them in that way, but she had taken them into her employ, and they knew that a home was theirs as long as they lived the kind of lives she wished.

"If I'd known such a one as her," Annie said with a big sob.

"Don't cry, old gir!," Jim said gently, awkwardly drawing her head to his shoulder. "If we'd gone straigh: from the first they'd be not nearly so much credit for us to pull all right now."

"She told you that," Annie said, admiringly.

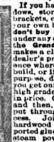
"You just bet she did, and a lot more, I can't remember enough to tell over to you, but it's sunk in."

"So has what she said to me. Jim, I love her more than anyone in all the world."

"I know, girl, so do I, just like she is a kind of religion," Jim replied, and the sweet, tender woman, who had been developed so rapidly into a model, slept very peacefully, knowing that she had done the best she could, and that her loved ones were safe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "Gold is but Dross Unless it be Shared," and realize the unselfish giving, when all hearts were turned toward the stricken city of San Francisco. 15 cents sent now, and you will receive COMFORT, the best paper published for the money. The price will soon be advanced.



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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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HE most important step in raising thoroughbred poultry is correct mating. Few beginners realize this until they discover that their chicks, when they discover that their chicks, when matured, are far from what they expected. Correct mating will give good results and make the year's business prosperous and satisfactory, while improper mating will result in total failure. The great advance and improvement in the different breeds is due entirely to the greater knowledge breeders are gaining every year as to mating. Only a few years ago nearly all results were obtained from what was known as haphazard mating, or in other words, selecting a fairly good specimen for a male and mating him to good-looking females. Little regard was paid to pedigree; in fact, it was hardly considered. Today the results from haphazard matings are far from satisfactory, although occasionally a good chick is raised. Correct mating has become a science, in fact it is the scientific part of poultry breeding. It is therefore the result of careful study and of years of experiment. So when we say correct mating we mean scientific mating.

ing. It is the scendine part of poultry breeding. It is therefore the result of careful study and of years of experiment. So when we say correct mating, we mean scientific mating.

The old habit of allowing males to run with females the year around has been discontinued for some time by first-class breeders. All now recognize the necessity of the mating season. This is usually in the months of January or February. The common practice is to select a male bird, for he is considered half the pen, and mate females to him. In the solid color varieties the task is not so difficult as in those of variegated plumage. As an example of the former, we may take any of the white varieties, and of the latter breeds Barred Plymouth Rocks and Brown Leghorns. As the Barred Plymouth Rocks are considered one of the most difficult breeds to mate correctly, they will serve best to illustrate scientific mating.

they will serve best to illustrate scientific mating.

At first the best results were obtained from ordinary or single matings. This means selecting standard bred males and females. The result of such a mating was a fair percentage of good-colored cockerels and good pullets, and but few really poor specimens. This single mating idea was popular for many years, and even today some prominent breeders are still using it with satisfactory results. Still, the single system did not seem to improve the breed as rapidly as was desired, and too few really fine specimens were the result. Progressive breeders aimed at something better—something more to be relied on. After a few experiments, double mating began to be talked of, and better results were obtained, and the exhibition birds reached a higher degree of excellence. excellence.

excellence.

Totay the double mating system is practiced by the best Plymouth Rock breeders; the results decidedly satisfactory, and the breed has improved wonderfully. Whether this system will eventually injure the useful qualities of the breed, remains to be seen. Its opponents say yes, but its advocates cry no in chorus. In my opinion it is impossible to produce any such specimens as won the first prizes at Boston and New York by any single mating system. In males, the shape, color and general show and standard qualities can be obtained only from double mating. In females, double mating is even more necessary if the standard color is sought for. Correct double mating in Barred Plymouth Rocks is recognized as follows:

lows:

For Cockerels.—Select a standard, prize winning, if you have one, cockerel. He should be the son of a prize winning or exhibition male bird, and his father before him. The stronger bird, and his father before him. The stronger the blood and better the pedigree the more valuable he will be as a breeder. To him mate females a few shades darker than standard color, but evenly barred and deep as possible—well-shaped bodies, small, well-balanced tails and small, firm combs. Eyes, legs and beaks should be as near perfect as can be obtained. In fact, the better the females, the better the chicks. As to the male, I have said, prize winners, if possible: therefore, his qualities need

chicks. As to the male, I have said, prize winners, if possible; therefore, his qualities need no explanation.

For Pullets.—Select prize exhibition females and mate to them a male too light for exhibition, but not a washed out, or faded-looking color. Although he may be light, his plumage should be well barred, and a trace of gray or slate color near the skin, and not white or cottony, in other words. Where the barring stops there should be a distinct trace of graystops there should be a distinct trace of gray-ish blue color. He should have a full body and good breast. Legs and beak a deep yellow; a small, good comb, and his plumage bright and even throughout.

In these matings the specimens ought to have

In these matings the specimens ought to have been bred in line; for example: For cockerel matings, to produce cockerels, both the male and females should come from previous cockerel-mated pens. This is not so difficult as it appears, because from a cockerel mating you obtain exhibition cockerels; but the female will be darker than standard color, and hence, too dark for exhibition purposes, but just fit for cockerel breeders next year.

For pullet matings, to produce pullets the male and the female should come from former pullet matings. This happens in inverse ratio to the cockerel pens. For example, the females will be standard exhibition color, and the males a little too light for show purposes, but good for next year's pullet matings. If, therefore, your pullets and cockerels are bred thus

good for next year's pullet matings. If, there-fore, your pullets and cockerels are bred thus in line year after year, the very best results can be obtained.

True color in Barred Plymouth Rocks is more difficult to produce than the barring it-

more difficult to produce than the barring itself. Bluish barring is rare, but brown of different shades is quite common. Of late years
the tendency is toward the narrow close barring and the bluest of blue shades.
In choosing birds of good plumage, shape
must not be lost sight of. Too often color is
preferred to shape, and this it is which will
eventually ruin the type of any breed. Many
glaring examples of this were seen in the large

exhibitions at New York and Boston. Every breed has its type, and when the color is changed the type should remain the same. All Plymouth Rocks should be typical in shape, no matter whether they are Barred, White or Buff. The same is true of all breeds which are divided into different varieties. There are White, Brown, Buff and Black Leghorns. The colors are distinct and decidedly different, but the Leghorn type should prevail. Too much stress, therefore, cannot be laid on shape when selecting the specimens in mating your pens.

stress, therefore, cannot be laid on snape when selecting the specimens in mating your pens. Early mating is an advantage, but early mating does not necessarily mean early hatching. This is a matter which remains with the breeder. Early hatched chicks find a ready sale for early fall shows; middle-spring hatches meet the demand for next spring's breeders, while late hatched chicks fit in well for late winter shows. winter shows.

Correspondence

Mrs. J.—Which is best, cooked or raw meat for thickens?
A.—Raw, lean meat.

chickens?
A.—Raw, lean meat.
H. H. writes asking for my address.
A.—All latters must be addressed care of Comfort, Augusta, Me.
L. F.—My hens are sick, droppings yellow and smelling badly, after a few days they die. I feed corn, oats, bran, they have grit, water, and green feed in plenty, and a large farm to run over.
A.—Your birds are suffering from cholera, which is a contagious disease. Shut up all the affected birds in a dry, warm, though well-ventilated house away from the other birds. Feed them on stale bread which has been soaked in boiled milk and well squeezed. Mix three drops of laudanum in a teaspoonful of milk which has been scalded and give while warm. Give them only scalded milk cold to drink. Remove all droppings three or four times a day. When a bird dies burn the carcass, thoroughly clean the chicken-house and add one teaspoonful of carbolic acid to one quart of drinking water for the next ten days as a precaution against the disease spreading.

J. S.—Will you tell me how to erect an incubator, as I am going to try one?
A.—I shall devote next month's space to the incubator as many of my correspondents are interested in the subject at this time of the year

H. O. B.—Will you tell me if it is true that ducks can be successfully kept on a farm where there is

cubator as many of my correspondents are interested in the subject at this time of the year

H. O. B.—Will you tell me if it is true that ducks can be successfully kept on a farm where there is no stream or pond? I want to keep them in quantities as there is a good market for them here.

A.—Yes, ducks do as well and even better without water to swim in when they are being raised for market as the action of swimming hardens the sinews of the legs and makes them tough. Care must be observed, however, to provide an unlimited supply of fresh drinking water in vessels so arranged that the birds cannot get into them with their feet, but deep enough to permit them submerging their heads. A large pan should also be kept constantly filled with 'sharp grit which the birds will relish much better if kept perpetually moist. The breeders at this season of the year should have some animal food, green stuff, cut clover hay well steamed if you have not a good supply of cabbage, bran and ground feed (corn and oats ground together in equal parts.) Eggs should not be over five days old for setting and it is better to use them as much fresher as possible.

F. G. G.—What is meant by animal meal, and where can I get it? Can I mix stale bread in the

F. G. G.—What is meant by animal meal, and where can I get it? Can I mix stale bread in the mash? My husband works in a bakery and can get all the bread he wants, but when I put it into the warm water it gets sloppy and the birds don't like it. Please advise me how to feed. Do you feed your chickens all the year round? Do you think the Rhode Island Reds are better layers than the Wyandottes?

Wyandottes?

A.—Animal meal is ground meat scraps, specially prepared for poultry, and can be bought at all large feed houses. But if you have plenty of scraps from the table, or can get lean meat scraps from your butcher, they are better than the prepared meal. I think the bread would be better food dry than mixed with a mash. It makes a good midday meal in the winter, but it is not heating enough for night or morning in a cold climate. We do not feed mash between May and September when the birds are on free range.

Note Correspondents

Note Correspondents

The blue ducks are scarce in this country, as I think I saw three or four exhibits at the last New York poultry show. I do not know of anyone having stock or eggs for same at a reasonable price. At the next show, which is early in the new year, I will endeavor to get a list of breeders for the convenience of my correspondents, until then I am afraid I cannot help you, as I have none for sale myself.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.) Rich Fruit Cake

Four eggs, one cup sugar, two cups molasses, one and one half cups butter, one half cup milk, one teaspoonful baking soda, one pound raisins, one pound currants, one half pound citron, sliced fine, one heaping teaspoonful cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, five cups sifted flour. Bake two and one half hours in a slow oven.

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Lemon Cream Pie

Take a deep dish, grate into it the outside of the rind of two lemons, add to that one and one half cups of sugar, two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour unsifted, stir it well together, then add the yolks of three well-beaten eggs; beat this thoroughly, then add the juice of the lemons, two cups of water and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Set this on the fire in another dish containing boiling water and cook until it thickens and will drip from the spoon like thick honey. Remove from the fire and when cooled, pour into a deep pie tin, lined with pastry, bake, and when done, have ready the whites, beaten stiff, with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread this over the top and return to oven to brown slightly.

Chocolate Icing

Chocolate Icing
Put into a shallow pan four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and place it where it will melt gradually but not scorch; when melted, stir in three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream and one of water, mix all well together, then add one scant teacupful of sugar, boil about five minutes, and while cakes are nearly cold spread some evenly over the surface of one of them, put a second one on top, alternating mixture and cakes, then cover top and sides and set in a warm oven to harden.

Ginger Snaps

Two cups molasses, one cup lard, one tablespoontul of soda, one tablespoonful ginger, flour enough to make very stiff; roll thin.

Correspondents Wanted

Correspondents Wanted

Alice E. Mason. Berryman, Mo., young people. Bertha Lake, Pleasantville, Venango Co., Pa., March 1, 1907. Andrew Gunderson, Terrace, R. F. D., 1, Minn. Miss Grace Cummins, Wentworth, N. H., girls of twelve or thirteen. Andrew G. Flynn. 20 Crosby Place, Pittsfield, Mass. Miss G. A. Hinton, Jasper, Fla., young people. Blanche Steele, Catalline, Texas, young people. Wesley Osborn, Box 13. Cottageville, Ky. George E. McIntyre, Almira, N. Dak. Miss Clementyne Avery, 504 Russell St., Nashville, Tenn. Mr. E. Haynes, Work Point Barracks, Esquimalt, B. C. Mrs. Pearl Sanford, Jewett, R. F. D., 1, Ill., especially those having surname of Keeman or Keyman. John Pennington, Skylight, Ky., young people. Fannie Ellerd, Colquett, R. F. D., 2; Ga. Marjorie Elliott, Ceres, Cal., young people. Miss Ethel Knicely, Box 41, Holgate, Ohio, young people. Miss Harriet E. Smith, McArthur, Ohio, Feb. 24, 1907. Charles G. Cosgrove, Four Pines Place, West Walworth, N. Y., young people. Miss Orna Wardage, Crom City, R. F. D., 2, Ohio. Miss Nona Robeus, Mechanicville, R. F. D., 1, Saratoga Co., N. Y. Wilma Dick, Gainsville, Texas, young people. Buel Orne, North Craftsburg, R. F. D., 1, Vt. Edward A. Jackson, Hollydale, Lunenburg Co., Va. Miss Sallie Baker, 891 Broadway, South Boston, Mass. Miss Mary O'Connell, Webster, Ill. Foster Plaister, Rossville, R. F. D., 1, Ga. Mrs. P. McReynolds, Lewisburg, Ky. Mrs. Annie Parker, Bowles, Ala. Mrs. Gustave A. Wahl, 503 Homer St., Algiers, La. Miss Mary L. Austin, Fort Kent, Maine. Miss Clarice Russell, Meiburn, Ohio. Ezra Green, McNoel, Ill.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I want to thank the sisters who have been so kind as to send me magazines. I have received a good many, and have enjoyed them. I have received several nice encouraging letters, too, and am very thankful to all who have remembered me. Please do not send stamps for reply, as writing is so hard for me on account of a heart trouble. Will you please send magazines and small gifts to a little friend of mine, Miss Floy Walton, Holt, Missourif She is a cripple from rheumatism, hasn't walked for nearly seven long years. I made her acquaintance at the Sanitarium two years ago where I spent nearly six weeks. I think she was there about three months. I know she will appreciate any little gift. She is about sixteen years old. Mrs. Mattie Kessler, Eldorado, Kans.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMPORT SISTERS:

DEAR EDITOR AND COMPORT SISTERS:

While I, like many others am lying on my bed, I would enjoy reading a personal letter from each one of you. The days sometimes seem long to me, being confined to the house is so different from roaming over the beautiful earth. But we should try to look on the bright side in spite of a thorny (CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

Darken Your Gray Hair



beauty and softness. Prevents the barries beauty and softness. Prevents the barries beauty and softness. Prevents the barries and prevents dandruf, and gives the hair a so prevents dandruf, and gives the barries are dandruf, and gives the bair a so prevents the barries are dandruf, and gives the bair a so prevents the barries are dandruf, and gives the bair a so prevents the barries are dandruf, and gives the bair a so prevents the barries are dandruf, and gives the barries PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT.

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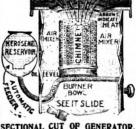
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it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner, oil runs back into can, fire's out. As
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wick-not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control. valve, yet heat is under perfect control.

D. CARN, IND., writes: "It costs me only 4½ cents a day for fuel." L. NORRIS, VT., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel, at least 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. over wood and coal." E. ARNOLD., NEB., writes: "Saved \$4.25 a month for fuel by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. My range cost me \$5.50 per month, and the Harrison only \$1.25 per month."

M. KING., VA., writes: "Using one Burner and Radiator I kept a 16x18 foot room at and degrees.

Radiator, I kept a 16x18 foot room at 70 degrees, when out doors 13 to 20 degrees were registered." REV. WM. TEARN, ME., writes: "This morning 16 below zero, and my library far be-

low freezing point. Soon after lighting the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove temperature rose to summer heat." WM. BAERING, IND., writes: "We warmed a room 13x14 feet, when it was about 10 below zero with one Radiator." Objection-

EXCITING BUSINESS FOR AGENTS

SALESMEN-MANAGERS-MEN OR WOMEN at home or raveling, all or part time—showing—taking orders—appointing agents. MESSRS. HEAD & FRAZER, TEX., writes: "Enclose order for \$81.00. RUSH. Sell like hot cakes. Sold 50 steves in our own town." B. L. HUESTED, MICH., writes: "Been out one day and sold 11 stoves." This patent new. Nothing like it. Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop in street, leave their homes, place of business, miss trains to watch this generator—excites curiosity -watch it as though a thing of life. Show a dozensell ten. Write today for special agents new plan. Send no money. World unsupplied. Get in early for territory. Write today.

To below zero with one Radiator.

Get in early for territory. Write today.

To below zero with one Radiator.

To below zero with one, write today.

To below zero with one Radiator.

To below zero with one Radia

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Two Boys

There are two boys in Cambridge school, A wise one and a little fool. One knows his lessons every day, Can dance, speak pieces, sing and play, Has milk-white skin and hazel curls, That makes him liked by all the girls; But going home so prim and neat, He'll speak to no one on the street.

The other lad can swim and skate,
Play pranks, ride horseback, leap a gate,
Vault posts, jump fences, run and climb—
His clothes are soiled most all the time,
But he ain't proud or prim or neat,
He'll yell "hello," clean 'cross the street.
He loves to pull, toss, drag and pitch.
Now there's the two boys, "Which is which?"

Removing Glass

A safe and easy way to remove a pane of glass is to apply soft soap to the putty, and in a few hours it will become soft no matter how hard it has previously been. You can then scrape it away with a knife without fear of breaking the glass or marring the wood. A cut made by a small splinter of glass should be immediately attended to for it may cause blood poison.

A Stencil

The boy with artistic talent, or the common lad, if he takes pains can make a serviceable stencil out of an old tin can. Put it on the stove until the heat melts the joints and causes it to fall apart, then hammer it flat and tack it firmly to a block of hard wood. If you are not



able to draw neat and uniform letters, cut some out of a calendar or newspaper, and paste them on the tin to get your outlines. With a small, sharp chisel cut away the parts described by the outside lines, leaving intact small retaining strips wherever necessary. The pictures show the different steps of the work. This stencil is used by placing against the object you wish to mark, and then applying paint with a common brush.

A Game

Here is a simple game which requires very little preparation. Write down ten questions on a slip of paper, and on ten different slips write the correct answers, that is one on each slip. Now place the ten slips with the answers on face downward on the table. The captain asks the person to his left a question and he draws from the pile of answers. If he gets a correct one he has another chance, but if not the next player to the left takes his turn. Whoever draws five right answers first wins the game. The questions may be very simple such as "Who discovered America?" "Who was the first president?" etc. The number of questions first president?" etc. The number of questions may be increased according to the number of players, five for each one, and any number may play, the more the merrier.

Frost-bites

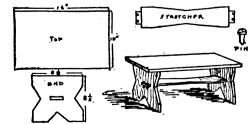
Boys who live in the cold regions, and are in danger of frost-bites will do well to study these simple directions. Stay away from the fire, and rub the affected part with snow or the coldest water obtainable. When the circulation has been in some degree restored take a hot drink, and continue the rubbing with a piece of flannel or a rough towel. If the ears have been slightly nipped hold a fistful of snow around them and they will soon be all right. If the frozen spot remains sore and turns black cover it with common salt and keep it covered for a few days at least. Otherwise you will be troubled all your life, and the injured part will remain very sensitive to the coid.

Etiquette

Here are a few points of etiquette which a boy must observe if he wishes to be considered well bred. In walking with a lady give her the side nearest to the wall. If you meet a lady in a public place never speak her name loud enough to attract attention. In walking take charge of any parcel with which the lady may be encumbered. In saluting a lady tip your hat with the hand which is farthest away, thus if you pass her on the left side take your hat off if you pass her on the left side take your hat off

Mission Bench

This mission bench, simple enough to be made by any boy, will add a touch of refinement to almost any room. The top is 16 inches by 10 inches, and 1 inch thick. It must be smoothed very carefully with plane and sand-



paper on the upper side. The ends are 81-4 inches by 81-2 inches by 1 inch, and must be dressed on both sides, for both sides will be dressed on both sides, for both sides will be visible when the bench is in use. The under piece or stretcher should be 15 by 4 by 1 inches, upper side only dressed. The shape and plan of cutting those pieces is shown by the drawings. Screws, glue if handy, and four wooden wedges are used to fasten them together. Finishing is done by first rubbing in wood filler, then varnishing, sandpapering and revarnishing until a satisfactory polish is produced.

Snowshoes

It is great fun walking on snowshoes after you get the knack of it. 1



have spent much time in trying to devise a pair that every Comport

and you will be about right. Tack on straps or ropes for feet fastenings and you are ready to glide away like an oldtime pioneer.

The Number Three

The number 3 figures largely in arithmetical tricks. Select any two numbers you please and you will find that either one of the two, or their sum when added together or their difference is always 3 or a number divisible by three. Thus if you select 3 and 8, the first number is 3, if you say 1 and 2 their sum is 3, if your numbers are 4 and 7 their difference is 3, again 15 and 22 the first can be divided by 3, 17 and 26 their difference is divisible by 3. Number 3 is the only one that you cannot get

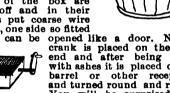
Rabbit Skins

The proper way to prepare a rabbit skin is to lay it on a smooth board with the fur side under and tack it securely down. Dissolve two ounces of alum in a pint of water and with a sponge dipped in this solution moisten the surface all over. Repeat this every now and then for three days and when the skin has dried take out the tacks, roll it up the long way, hair inside, and draw it rapidly back and forth through a smooth ring or anything that will answer the same purpose. Then roll it up the other way and repeat the operation.

Ash Sifter

Those who burn coal in the winter will welcome this ash sifter for by its use many half

burned pieces can be saved. Get an ordinary box and cut two corsaved. Get an ordinary box and cut two corresponding holes in the narrow sides, through which put a tightly fitting stick which extends four inches over one side and ten or twelve over the other. The shortend is whittled round, for it is to turn like an axle. The top and bottom boards of the box are taken off and in their place is put coarse wire netting, one side so fitted that it can be opened like a door. Next a crank is placed on the long end and after being filled with ashes it is placed over a barrel or other receptacle and turned round and round. You will be surprised how much coal this simple device will save in one season.



Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"Proceed, sir," said Mr. Parkhurst. "You have aroused my interest."
"Before doing so," said Clarke, "I will recapitulate gone events in your past history, that you may perceive how far I comprehend your present position. We shall then be better prepared to understand each other."

The lawyer for henceforth this will be the

The lawyer, for henceforth this will be the easiest name by which to distinguish our acquaintance, at once commenced his narrative.

quaintance, at once commenced his narrative.

"I am perfectly well aware that, though at present an occupant of a house in the wilderness, you were born to wealth and social distinction which, but for untoward circumstances, would still be in your possession. Your father held a high colonial office previous to the struggle that eventuated in sundering the present States from the mother country. Although in that struggle he aimed to preserve stances, would still be in your possession. Your father held a high colonial office previous to the struggle that eventuated in sundering the present States from the mother country. Although in that struggle he aimed to preserve neutrality, I believe I am correct in saying that his sympathies were rather with England than

the colonies.' "I believe such to have been the case," said

Mr. Parkhurst.
"This point, however, is immaterial. One of

"This point, however, is immaterial. One of the acts to which it led, though, is of the highest importance. But before speaking of this, let me go on with my brief narrative. I believe your father's death was sudden."

"It was. He was struck with apoplexy which, though not immediately fatal, deprived him of speech, so that during the short time he had to live he was utterly unable to communicate with me." me.

"He appeared to have something on his mind that he wished to communicate?" queried the lawyer with a certain degree of eagerness in his manner "He did, and seemed to be quite distressed to

"He did, and seemed to be quite distressed to think that it was out of his power to do so. But, sir—improbable as it appears, your manner leads me to ask the question—have you any conjecture as to the nature of this communication, which my father was prevented from making?"
"As to that, Squire Parkhurst, I may have or

I may not. You will excuse me for being non-committal just at present. Remember that I am a lawyer, and that this is a part of our trade.

I have a question or two more to ask."
"Your manner is somewhat mysterious," said
Mr. Parkhurst with some hauteur. "How-"Your manner is somewhat mysterious," said Mr. Parkhurst with some hauteur. "How- ever, I will take it for granted that you have a sufficient motive for it, and will answer any questions of a proper nature you have to ask." "It is only what I expected from a man of

your intelligence," said the lawyer affably. "I will endeavor not to trouble you with any unnecessary questions."
"Go on, Mr. Clarke," said Joseph Parkhurst, exhibiting a degree of impatience in his tone. "Did your father leave as much property as you anticipated?"
Mr. Parkhurst looked at the lawyer in some surprise, the question not being of such a character as he anticipated.

much time in trying to devise a pair that every Comfort took oould get with out expense or trouble and this is the result of my efforts. Round off the tops of two light, wide barre I staves, gracefully tapering the back ends to a point. Exact dimensions are not given because we do not know the size of the pieces you will use. Follow the proportions of those in the cut. Tack on straps dyou are ready ploneer.

Three

Three

I have formed many conjectures on the subject, said mr. Parkhurst, exanning the lawyer's face with interest, "Unit I confess that this never occurred to me. Have you any reason to suppose—your look seems to indicate it—that such is the case?"

"I have," said the lawyer briefly. "As I had leavy any reason to suppose—your look seems to indicate it—that such is the case?"

"I have no hesitation in saying that it is." "I was led to here of the two, or her or their difference is 3, edivided by 3, 17 divisible by 3.5 you cannot get a rabbit skin is to ith the fur side wn. Dissolve two water and with a leaver was the sufficient reply to your question." "It company that it is," "if await your further disclosures with impatience, Mr. Clarke."

"I will be a sufficient reply to your question." "Said Mr. Parkhurst, scanning the lawying said the lawyer briefly. "And of what nature is this evidence?" asked Mr. Parkhurst, scanning the lawyer said the lawyer briefly. "And of what nature is this evidence?" asked Mr. Parkhurst, scanning the lawyer said with a large part. Is this the case?"

"I have no hesitation in saying that it is." "I was no hesitation in saying that it is." "I was no hesitation in saying that it is." "I was no hesitation in saying that it is." "I was no hesitation in saying that it is." "I was no hesitation in saying that it is." "I was no hesitation in saying that it is." "I we no hesitation in saying that it is." "I was no hesitation in saying that it is." "I was no hesitation in saying that it is." "I we for it is in the case?" "I will be a sufficient reply to your question." "I do not k

ness, "will be a sufficient reply to your question."

"I did not know but that your retirement to this romantic spot was dictated by a preference for country life."

"No, sir, far from it. I am not a sentimentalist. I have no taste for the country or country life. I was born in a city—at all events a considerable town, which is now a city—and should never have left it if I could have continued to live there in the style to which I had been accustomed from my birth. But that could not be—the money which I inherited from my father, amounting to fifty thousand dollars, I was unwise enough to invest in speculations that promised large returns, although I ought to have been contented with the safer but apparently less productive investments which my father had employed. Well, sir, I need not go into details. Enough that I found myself reduced two years since to a comparative pittance through the fallure of the schemes in which I had trusted. I could no longer live in New York save in the most humble way, and that the family pride which came to me with my inheritance would not brook. I had no mind to see myself looked down upon by those with whom I had associated as my equals, perhaps as my inferiors, and hard as the sacrifice was, I determined to cut loose the ties which bound me to my native place, and seek an humble asylum in this frontier district. I did not expect to find happiness here, nor have I been disappointed. I find myself cut off from all the associations to which I had been accustomed, and forced to take up a life which has but a single redeeming trait. This is that I have removed myself far beyond the pity, indifference, or neglect of those whom I before knew. I have also the satisfaction of seeing that my daughter takes the change more kindly than myself. I am not sure even but she prefers the present life to that of the city. I cannot comprehend it. I think she must differ essentially in tastes and temperament from myself."

"I think I could explain it," thought the lawyer. "I have you much afraid s temperament from myself."

think she must differ essentially in tastes and temperament from myself."

"I think I could explain it," thought the lawyer. "I am very much afraid she is in love with this young Davenport. Lovers at her age are very apt to overlook all else."

"Well, sir," resumed Mr. Parkhurst, "I have now expressed myself at greater length than I intended in relation to my position here and how I look upon it. I am now ready and anxious to hear anything which you may be able to communicate upon this subject, which, as you must have discovered, is so near to me."

"I will come to the point at once, sir," said the lawyer, "by stating that I have the power of replacing you in your old position, and enabling you to reappear among your former friends and associates with the same advantages of wealth the loss of which has driven you to seek a home in the wilderness."

"Surely you will not mock me with delusive

"Surely not, Mr. Parkhurst," said the lawyer, scanning him narrowly. "I promise nothing which I am not able to perform."

"But this seems so mysterious! How can
you, a stranger, possess this power?"

"Chance, sir, has thrown it into my way.
But as you will naturally enough desire a confirmation of my words, I will so far task your
patience as to relate briefly the manner whereby certain facts, having a weighty bearing upby certain facts, having a weighty bearing up-on your interests, became known to me." "Do so, sir. I am all attention."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The usual remedy for this delayed passage (called Constipation) is to take a big dose of Castor Oil.

This merely make slippery the passage for unloading the current cargo.

It does not help the Cause of delay a trifle. It does slacken the Bowel-Muscles, and weakens them for their next task.

Another remedy is to take a strong "Physic," like Salts, Calomel, Jalap, Phosphate of Sodium, Aperient Water, or any of these mixed.

What does the "Physic" do? It merely flushes-out the Bowels with a waste of Digestive Juice, set flowing into the Intestines through the tiny suckers.

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They do not waste any precious fluid of the Bowels, as "Physics" do.

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They simply stimulate the Bowel-Muscles to do their work naturally, comfortably, and nutritiously.

They are put up in thin, flat, round-cornered Enamel boxes, so they can be carried in a man's vest pocket, or in a woman's purse, all the time, without bulk or trouble.

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pupil."

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ELMO ST.

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Bedna Earl slags "ille atood and measured the earth and thills.—" There is the report of two pixtols and Edna witnesses a dout where "boots whe satisfaction" is obtained, and flarry Dentfalls dead. The bright of the satisfaction is obtained, and flarry Dentfalls dead. The bright of the satisfaction is obtained, and flarry Dentfalls dead. The bright of the satisfaction is the satisfaction of the satisfaction, and when she arrives there are also a satisfaction, and when she arrives there are also satisfaction, and when she arrives there are also satisfaction, and when she arrives there are also satisfaction, and satisfaction of the satisfaction, and satisfaction is satisfaction. The work finished, the man tosses a gold coin, which Agron Hunt will not accept. Edna may have it. In the factor, She boards the train a Vagor remembrance of keen anguish. She is carried for by Mrs. Wood, who belie her her grandmouther died during her off the satisfaction of the

she felt that henceforth the boy's evil spirit could be exorcised.

"Miss Earl, we never had a governess at all like you. They were old, and cross, and ugly, and didn't love to play chess, and could not sing, and I hated them! But I do like you, and I will try and be good."

He rested his head against her arm, and she turned and kissed his pale, broad forehead.

He noticed the incredulous smile that flitted across her face, and, after a moment's pause

CHAPTER XXV. (CONTINUED.)

S I had barely a glimpse of your uncle, I formed no opinion. Fellx, button your coat; it is getting cold."

When they reached home the children begged for some music, and Edna sat down before the piano, and played and sang, while Felix stood leaning on his crutches, gazing earnestly into the face of his teacher.

The song was Longfellow's "Rainy Day," and when she concluded it, the cripple laid his thin hand on hers and said:
"Sing the last verse again. I feel as if I should always be a good boy, if you would only sing that for me every day. Into each life some rain must fall?" Yes, lameness fell into mine."

While she compiled with his request, Edna saw tears gather in the large, sad eyes, and

She did not complete the parallel, but compressed her lips, took up her pen, and began

owrite. On the following morning Mrs. Andrews came into the schoolroom, and, after kissing her children, turned blandly to the governess. "Miss Earl, I believe Mr. Manning called upon you last evening. Where did you know him?"

I never saw him until yesterday, but we

Andrews was summoned from the room.

Scarcely waiting till the door closed after himself the property of the country of the co

remarks and extense and extense and extense and extense and supply, and diffive two to play cheen, and extense and supply, and diffive two to play cheen, and extense and supply, and diffive two plays cheen, and extense and will be the extense and the control of the plays broad for the plays and the turned and kined this plate, broad for the plays and the control of the plays and the plays and the control of the plays and the control of the plays a and—"
"Oh! yes, and of my handsome body! and my pretty feet!"
"My dear little boy, it is sinful for you to speak in that way, and God will punish you if you do not struggle against such feelings."
"I don't see how I can be punished any more than I have been already. To be a lame dwarf is the worst that can happen."
"Suppose you were poor and friendless—an orphan with no one to care for you? Suppose you had no dear, good, little sister like Hattle to love you? Now, Fellx, I know that the very fact that you are not as strong and well-grown as most boys of your age, only makes your mother and all of us love you more tenderly; and it is very ungrateful in you to talk so bitterly when we are trying to make you happy and good and useful. Look at little Lila, shut up in silence, unable to speak one word, or to hear a bird sing or a baby laugh, and yet see how merry and good-natured she is. How much more afflicted she is than you are! Suppose she was always fretting and complaining, looking miserable and sour, and out of humor do you think you would love her half as well as you do now?"

He made no reply, but his thin hands covered his sallow face.

Hattle came close to him, fat down on the carpet, and put her head on his knee. Her Uncle Grey had given her a pretty ring the day before, and now she silently and softly took it from her own finger, and slipped it on her brother's.

"Felix, you and Hattle were so delighted with that little poem which I read to you, that the late of the work of the work.

"Now, I want you both to learn to sing it, and I will teach Hattle the accompaniment. On Felix's birthday, which is not very distant, you can surprise your father and mother by singing it for them. In gratitude to the author I think every little child should sing it and call it 'Eugenie's Angel Song.' hattle, it is eleven o'clock, and time for you to practice your music-lesson."

The little girl climbed upon the piano-stool and began to count aloud, and after a while Edna bent down and put her hand on Felix's shoulder.

"You grieved your mother this morning and spoke very disrespectfully to her. I know you regret it and you ought to teil her so and ask her to forgive you. You would feel happier all day if you would only acknowledge your fault. I hear your mother in her own room; will you not go and kiss her?"

He averted his head and muttered:
"I don't want to kiss her."
"But you ought to be a dutiful son, and you are not. If you should ever be so unfortunate as to lose her, and stand as I do, motherless, in the world, you will regret the pain you gave her this morning. Oh! if I had the privilege of kissing my mother, I could bear almost any sorrow patiently. Felix, sometimes I think it requires more nobility of soul to ask pardon for our faults than to resist the temptation to commit them."

She turned away and busied herself in correcting his Latin exercise, and for some time the boy sat sullen and silent.

At length he sighed heavily, and, taking his crutches, came up to the table where she sat. "Suppose you tell my mother I am sorry I was disrespectful."

"Yes."
"Yes."
"Yes."
"Yes."

I was disrespectful."
"Felix, are you really sorry?"

"Yes."
"Well, then, go and tell her so, and she will love you a thousand times more than ever before. The confession should come from your line." own lips

own lips."

He stood irresolute and sighed again:
"I will go if you will go with me."

She rose and they went to Mrs. Andrew's room. "Mrs. Andrew's room son wishes to say something which I think you will be glad

say something which I think you will be glad to hear."

"Indeed! Well, Felix, what is it?"

"Mamma—I believe—I know I was very cross—and disrespectful to you— and Oh, mamma! I hope you will forgive me!"

He dropped his crutches and stretched out his arms, and Mrs. Andrews caught the boy to her bosom.

"My precious child! my darling! Of course I forgive you gladly. My dear son, if you only knew half how well I love you, you would not grieve me so often by your passionate temper. My darling!—"

She stooped to kiss him, and when she turned to look for the girlish form of the governess, it was no longer visible; mother and son were alone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A KNOWLEDGE GREATER THAN GRIEF CAN DIM.

During the first few months after her removal to New York, Edna received frequent letters from Mrs. Murray and Mr. Hammond; but as winter advanced they wrote more rarely and hurriedly, and finally, many weeks elapsed without bringing any tidings from Le Bocage. St. Elmo's name was never mentioned, and while the girl's heart ached, she crushed it more ruthlessly day by day, and in retaliation imposed additional and unremitting toil upon her brain.

Mr. Manning had called twice to escort her to the libraries and art galleries, and occasionally he sent her new books, and English and French periodicals; but his chill, imperturbable calmness oppressed and embarrassed Edna, and formed a barrier to all friendly warmth in their intercourse. He so completely overawed her that in his august presence she was unable to do herself justice, and felt that she was not gaining ground in his good opinion. She was conscious of a vague disquiet, a painful restlessness, when in his company and under his cold, changeless eyes.

less eyes.

One morning in January, as she sat listening to Felix's recitations, Mrs. Andrews came into the schoolroom with an open note in one hand, and an exquisite bouquet in the other. "Miss Earl, here is an invitation for you to accompany Mr. Manning to the opera, tonight; and here, too, is a bouquet from the same considerate gentleman. As he does me the honor to request my company also, I came to confer with you before sending a reply. Of course, you will go?"

"Yes, Mrs. Andrews, if you will go with me."

"Miss Earl, is this you."
"No, sir; I was here once before with Mr.
Andrews and his children."
"I judge from your writings that you are
particularly fond of music."
"Yes, sir; I think few persons love it better
than I do."
"What style do you prefer?"

than I do."
"What style do you prefer?"
"Sacred music—oratorios rather than eperas."

is than you are! Suppose she was always fretting and complaining, looking miserable and sour, and out of humor, do you think you would love her half as well as you do now?" He made no reply, but his thin hands covered his sallow face.

Hattle came close to him, fat down on the carpet, and put her head on his knee. Her Uncle Grey had given her a pretty ring the day before, and now she silently and softly took it from her own finger, and slipped it on her brother's.

"Felix, you and Hattle were so delighted with that little poem which I read to you, that I have tried to set it to music for you. The tune does not suit it exactly, but we can use it until I find a better one."

She went to the plano and sang that pretty nursery ballad, "JOUJOU, THE ANGEL OF THE PLAYTHINGS," and Felix partly-formal strength of the plano and grievances.

"Sacred music—oratorios rather than operas."

"I cok, Miss Earl! In the box directly opposite is the celebrated Sir Roger Percival, the including the posite, is the celebrated Sir Roger Percival, the including the posite, is the celebrated Sir Roger Percival, the send the passe and sill bear and it is the celebrated sir Roger Percival, the send the posite is the celebrated Sir Roger Percival, the send the posite is the celebrated Sir Roger Percival, the send the has beat with made and the has not more then about whom all Gotham is running mad. If he has not more sense than mort men of his age, his head will be completely turned by the flattery heaped upon him. However, he really is very agreeable; I have met him several times. He has been watching us for some minutes. Ah! there is a bow for me; and one I presume for you, Mr. Manning."

"Yes, I knew him abroad. His brain is strong enough to bear all the adulation New Yorkers offer his title."

Edna looked into the opposite box, and saw then as the curtain rose on the first act of

uary

"Any Old Place I Can Hang My Hat Is Home Sweet Home to Me."



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SPECIAL OFFER This month we publish "Any Old Place I Can Hang My Hat Is Home Sweet Home to Me," one of our usual and famous successes, and you will thoroughly enjoy it. Knowing that many of our readers desire to secure Full Sheet Music Size Copies of this Song, we have arranged with the publishers to offer you one copy free as a club premium for lier," "Nilver Heels," "Cheyenne," "Happy Heine," and "Moonlight," all favorites. The music is printed on the regular size, heavy-weight, sheet-music paper with a beautiful Illuminated Colored Cover, exactly the style you would buy at any music store, Get up your club at once and send to C. MFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The publishers of the above music are Messrs. Whitney, Warner Co., Detroit, Mich. They have just issued a fine 50-page music catalogue containing extracts, same as we print here above, of some of the most popular late Marches, Waitzes, Songs, and Dances; they will send this catalogue free to all who mention COMFORT.

FREE CATALOGUE therein. Write them today and please say you saw this announcement in COMFORT.

"Ernani." she turned to the stage, and gave her entire attention to the music.

At the close of the second act Mrs. Andrews seems and the seems are seen and the second act Mrs. Andrews seems and the seems are seen and the seems and the seems are seems and the seems and the seems and the seems are seems and the seems and the seems and the seems and the seems are seems and the seems and th "I mean how are all my friends?"
"I mean how are all my friends?"
"Mrs. Murray is very well. Miss. Estelle.
ditto. Mr. Hammond has been sick, but was
better and able to preach before I left. I
brought a letter for you from him, but unfortunately left it in the pocket of my traveling coat. Edna, you have changed very
much since I saw you last."
"In what respect, Mr. Leigh?"
"The crash of the orchestra filled the house,
and people turned once more to the stage.
Standing with his arms folded, Mr. Manning
saw the earnest look on Gordon's face as,
with his arm resting on the back of Edna."

chair, he talked in a low, eager tone; and a pitying smile partly curved his mouth as he noticed the expression of pain on the girl's face, and heard her say coldly:
"No, Mr. Leigh; what I told you then I repeat now. Time has made no change."
The opera ended, the curtain fell, and an enthusiastic audience called out the popular prima donna.
While bouquets were showered upon her, Mr. Manning stooped and put his hand on Edna's:

prima donna.

While bouquets were showered upon her, Mr. Manning stooped and put his hand on Edna's:

"Shall I throw your tribute for you."

She hastily caught the bouquet from his fingers, and replied:

"Oh! no, thank you! I am so selfish, I cannot spare it."

"I shall call at ten o'clock tomorrow to deliver your letter," said Gordon, as he stood hat in hand.

"I shall be glad to see you, Mr. Leigh."

He shook hands with her and with Mr. Manning, to whom she had introduced him, and left the box.

Sir Roger Percival gave his arm to Mrs. Andrews, and the editor drew Edna's cloak over her shoulders, took her hand and led her down the steps.

As her little gloved fingers rested in his, the feeling of awe and restraint melted away, and looking into his face she said:

"Mr. Manning, I do not think you will ever (CONTINUED ON FACE 18.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

Hats, and How to Make Them

By Comfort's Home Milliner

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the third article on Hat Making. We invite you to read the first installment appearing in COMFORT'S November number. Any questions you desire answered relating to this department should be addressed to Comfort's Home Milliner. Augusta, Maine.







Gauze wings and butterflies are made of chiffon, or tulle, or veiling—almost anything that is thin and delicate. The ends of worn-out veils are often perfectly fresh and may be used. Beads and spangles are put on as desired. They may be made of any color.

To make a wing, take a piece of ordinary hat wire, white if a light-colored covering is to be used, and black if a black or dark wing is to be made. Bend the wire into the shape of a wing, as long as desired; eight or nine inches is none too long. Then cover smoothly with gauze or whatever material is to be used, drawing closely over edge and



GAUZE WING.

sewing close to wire. Cut all edges off as closely as possible, so the back side will look neat. Then sew beads or spangles close together around edge, close to wire so the wire will be covered, on both sides of wing. Sew spangles or beads all over surface of wing, in circles or groups, or in any attractive way, that occurs to you. Little pieces of bead trimming may be ripped up and the beads used. If you have no beads or spangles, embroider solid.



dots in bright-colored silks, or paint with water-colors. Many odd and beautiful things can be made of odds and ends of chiffon, ribbon, silk, spangled trim ming, beads, veiling, etc., and we will ate and describe of these, showing size it is to save all raps of material off colored silks, or paint with water-colors. Many odd and beautiful things can be made in this way by an ingenious person, with almost nothing for material.

Butterflies are made in the same way; simply shape the wire as best you can to simulate a butterfly, twisting several strands together for the body; wind the body with some of the material, but do not put spangles on it; put on rows of small beads, aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which a roses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which a roses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the use to which aroses, and the turllustration, Fig. 2, the content of the hair for dead of the wings arose arose arose arose arose arose arose arose arose of the material, this so allow the best way arose arose arose arose arose arose arose of the risting to the same way; simply and the wire as best you can to simulate a butterfle, twisting several strands together for the body; the twist of the material,

wings and butterflies, used on either black or white gauze.

Ribbon roses are made of any color, regardless of nature, just as we are now using so many artificial roses in impossible blue, green and brown shades. To make a rose, take a double piece of hat wire, six inches long; at the doubled end cover with a fold of satin ribbon; this is the center of flower. Use six-inch ribbon doubled, if possible; if not, use ribbon three or four inches wide single. If you do not wish to cut the ribbon, gather one edge and draw up as needed—start at center and fasten end of ribbon to end already put on wire. Draw ribbon around this center free enough to ruffle; then draw ribbon down and fasten, leaving a large scallop, which resembles a rose petal, when several rows have been made; let the ribbon run out fuller as you get toward the outer leaves of flower. It is easier to make a natural looking rose by cutting the ribbon into certain lengths, say six inches and laying each length into plaits (on one edge), and turning the top of both ends down, thus forming a fairly good-looking rose leaf. When as many leaves as are necessary to make a good full rose have been formed, attach each to the stem and shape as nearly as possible like a natural rose. It is difficult to describe just how to do it, but it can easily be acquired when trying, always keeping in mind the appearance of a rose.

If possible, wind stem with something green—gauze ribbon, or paper. Sprays of green leaves can be bought for a small sum, if you don't happen to have any old sprays in the house, and after two or three roses and buds are made and the stems wired naturally to a long stem, to form a spray, between the roses. If you are trimming a hat similar to the one in our initial, do not fasten the roses together, for you can trim the hat better by putting in each rose and bud separately, among the folds of silk or velvet of which the hat is made. This particular model is brown felt, with folds of three shades of brown relvet, and roses made of shaded brown ribb Ribbon roses are made of any color, regardless of

Our next article will take up the sewing of straw and the making of flower and foliage hats.

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down Ellis St.; Union Square showing Bird
Cage; Valencia and Market St. Ruins; St. Ignatius Church and College; St. Dominic
Church; V. M. C. A. Building; St. John's
Church; View of City from Ferry Tower;
Lodge in Children's Playground; Golden Gate
Park; Preparing Coffee for Refugees.

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description, but there are Twenty Views 31-2x51-2inches sach
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Something Happened! MISSING Something Kille READERS LISTEN SHARP, DON'T MISS-BEST THING

Hundred years coming, here at last, full grown—so startling will say it's impossible—miracles don't happen, but wait, don't worry. LADIES, YOUR PRAYERS ANSWERED—THERE'S NO MORE WASH DAY! GLORY HALLELUJAH! IT'S DEAD! LAID AWAY! WIPED OUT FOREVER.



without rubbing-ruining health, looks-when they could wash, get dinner, see friends, indulge in recreation without fatigue-when woman thought no more of washing clothes than to get a simple meal. That glorious day has come. The world's full wash boards, so-called washing machines, yet wash day same as ever—still, long, dreary day—no easier, no shorter, no better. Use wash board or washing machine, it's drudgery—long hours, hard work—backache—a day no woman forgets. Invention that killed wash day named EASY WAY—name tells whole

story—easy on clothes—easy used—kept clean—handled—easy on women—makes washing easy—easy to buy and sell.

Not called a machine—powers inside concealed—caution the way it gets dirt—has awful appetite for dirt—increases more it gets—goes after all the dirt in all the clothes at same time—little but mighty—silent, but powerful—uses no spirits, yet works in darkness.

OPERATED ON STOVE—move knob occasionally—that's

all-scarcely anything to do but wait between batches -child can do it. All iron and steel-always ready-sets away on shelf.
Entirely unlike old methods. Verily, wash day is dead—EASY WAY settled that—woman's joy, satisfaction, their God-send. Less than an hour cleans washing which before took all day—cleans all clothes, finest laces, curtains, etc., in about one-tenth time without rubbing, squeezing, packing, pressing—without chemicals to injure goods. Saves 52 days drudgery yearly—makes woman's hardest work easiest household duty saves clothes, labor, fuel, health, looks. Surprises all—sounds strange, is strange, but listen, it's no experiment, going on daily. You

The world's watched for the man to cut wash day in two. He lives—taken more than half—left only minutes—cut so much wash day's all over, changed—there's new way cleaning clothes—different from anything known—new principles, ideas, methods, NEW EVERYTHING. Wonderful, but true, family washing cleaned with no more work than getting a simple meal, less time—no rubbing, squeezing, pounding, packing, pressing, no wash day. Sayes me turning old washer for hours.

cleaned with no more work than getting a simple meal, less time—no rubbing, squeezing, pounding, packing, pressing, no injury—no drudgery—that's past. Good-by wash boards, washing machines, laundries—throw them away—the EASY WAY is here to bless humanity. Women have prayed for death of wash day—for clean clothes alth, looks—when they could wash, get recreation without fatigue—when woman clothes than to get a simple meal. That prick's full wash boards, so-called washing me as ever—still, long, dreary day—no Use wash board or washing machine, and work—backache—a day no woman ash day named EASY WAY—name tells whole by used—kept clean—handled—easy on kes washing easy—easy to buy and sell, a machine—powers inside concealed—way it gets dirt—has a wfull appetite for clean. Satisfactory in every respect."

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ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

know half how much I thank you for all your kindness to an unknown authorling. I have enjoyed the music very much indeed. How is Lila tonight?"

A slight tremor crossed his lips; the petrified hawthorn was quivering into life. "She is quite well, thank you. Pray, what do you know about her? I was not aware that I had ever mentioned her name in your presence."

"Go to sleep at once; do not sit up to work "My pupil. Felix, is her most devoted knight, and I see her almost every afternoon when I go with the children to Central Park."

They reached the carriage where the Eng-

lishman stood talking to Mrs. Andrews, and when Mr. Manning had handed Edna in, he turned and said something to Sir Roger, who laughed lightly and walked away. During the drive Mrs. Andrews talked volubly of the foreigner's ease and elegance and fastidious musical taste, and Mr. Manning listened courteously and bowed coldly in reply. When they reached home she invited him to dinner on the following Thursday, to meet Sir Roger Percival.

As the editor bade them good night, he said to Edna:
"Go to sleep at once; do not sit up to work tonight."

"Has St. Elmo Murray written to you about his last whim?"

"I do not correspond with Mr. Murray."

"Everybody wonders what droll freak will next seize him. Reed, the blacksmith, died several months ago, and, to the astonishment of our people, Mr. Murray has taken his orphan, Huldah, to Le Bocage; has adopted her I believe; at all events, is educating her."

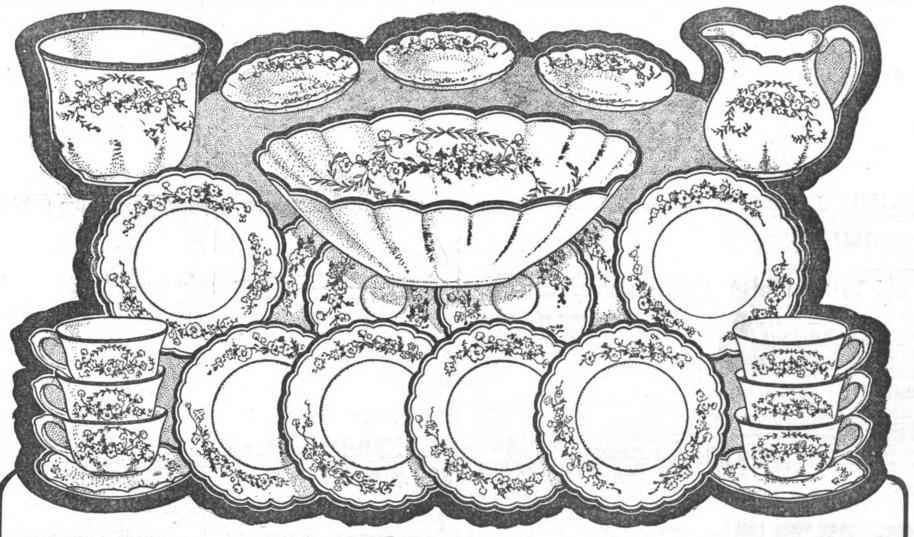
Edna's face grew radiant.

"Oh! I am glad to hear it! Poor little Huldah needed a friend, and she could not possibly have fallen into kinder hands than Mr. Murray's."

"There certainly exists some diversity of opinion on that subject. He is rather too grim a guardian, I fancy, for one so young as Huldah Reed."

"Is Mr. Hammond teaching Huldah?"
"Oh! no. Herein consists the wonder. Murray himself hears her lessons, so Estelle told my sister. Apropos! rumor announces the approaching marriage of the cousins. My sister informed me that it would take place early in the spring."
"Do you allude to Mr. Murray and Miss Harding?"
"I do. They will go to Europe immediately after their marriage."
Gordon looked searchingly at his companion, but saw only a faint, incredulous smile cross her calm face.
"My sister is Estelle's confidante, so you see I speak advisedly. I know that her trousseau has been ordered from Paris."

(continued on page 23.)



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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

cember issue, but I have to keep my work months ahead, so that in the event of sickness you might not miss your monthly laugh. Poor Elton, pretty tough to be cut up like that in one's youth. Life's a hard proposition for a man with health, strength, and all his limbs and faculties in good order, but with one leg and arm gone, and that arm his right one, this poor boy has indeed a sorry prospect before him. I can sympathize with Elton, for I got badly smashed up in my boyhood myself, and the doctors wanted to take my left arm oil, but my mother just wouldn't let 'em, and to her I owe my arm today. It got all right in time, but I saw a gleam of the instruments, and I've not forgotten them, and my heart goes out but I saw a gleam of the instruments, and I've not forgotten them, and my heart goes out very tenderly to this poor kid, who apparently has no home, and no parents, or he would not be in an institution. The citizens of Circle-ville ought to provide an artificial limb for this boy, it only costs \$100, and there ought to be enough wealthy people in a town of 7,000 inhabitants to fix this poor lad up in as good shape as possible. However, nothing seems to have been done, and maybe COMFORT millions will come to the rescue. Anyway you can all write to this little hero and cheer him up, and let him know there are kind and loving hearts in this world. Better put stamps on your letters if you want to impress him with the truth of this statement. Boys don't care for sentiment when it comes in an empty letter. Gush won't buy wooden legs.

Frank Spaugy of Severy, Kansas, writes:

Frank Spaugy of Severy, Kansas, writes:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will give a good home to a nice refined old gentleman, for company, or to any two of San Francisco's homeless, over twelve years of age, or to a man and his wife, or to C. Camissa (and two bables), of 2615 Octavia Street.

Frank Spaugy.

Frank has a big heart. If traveling was not a tedious job for me, I'd pack up my one sock and ear mitts, and make tracks for Kansas right away.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Comfort, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comport's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of Comport's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to Comport for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the Comport to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also Comport for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter its.

How to become a Member

In order to become a bear of course.

How to become a Member

the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance Comport subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join Comport's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership fee and for the League button and membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth, Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some triffing remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

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League Sunshine and Work of Mercy for January

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Paul. Minn., produce higher for your kindness to him. My appeal brought him fifty-seven letters, some money, poetals, a tie, penwiper, etc., and you made him as happy as a lark. God bless you for that. Keep him fifty-seven letters, some money, poetals, a tie, penwiper, etc., and you made him as happy as a lark. God bless you for that. Keep him mind. J. W. Back, Overlook Farm, Easton, Pa., bedridden and helpless, desires cheery letters and postals. Writes beautifully, and wishes all to know bis cure for bed sores, which he claims to be unexcelled. Take the white of an electer seventhing in organic process of the bodd. The correction is simply so you can get a god and it will eventually form a salve. Place salve you can get free trial plan, no payment down method. 25 years quarantee, great challenge test and comparison offer. VOI WILL RECEIVE THE MOST Certificates free, and you will get our valuable free, and you can get free a man's or woman's marking certificates free, and you can get free a man's or woman's marking certificates free, and you can get free a man's or woman's marking certificates free, but will not the profit Sharing Certificates you can get free a man's or woman's marking certificates free, but will not the profit Sharing Certificates you can get free a man's or woman's marking contractions, parior table, volin out it, buy's suit, mante clock; more valuable articles, like a sewing machine, furniture, dinner set, burgey, fee for larger amounts in certificates, worte to be profit sharing can be a selection of the profit sharing certificates for the profit sharing can be a selection and old of the profit sharing can be a selection and old of the profit sharing can be a selection and old of t

girl, needs your love and sympathy. William Wiley (28), Yap, W. Va., tied in knots by rheumatism, head drawn down on his breast, Wiley (28), Yap, W. Va., tied in knots by rheumatism, head drawn down on his breast, can't walk, or lie down, sits in a chair night and day. Send him books, papers, letters, stamps and cheer—he is poor and needy. Ellen Kinney of Brockport, N. Y., wishes to thank those big-hearted souls who have helped to buy the lumber for her house. My appeal for her brought \$40, and I'd like to print the names of the donors, but it would take too much space. God bless 'em, say I. Ellen's house is not finished yet, and further help is needed. A little more help, and she will have a house of her own for all time. She is helpless and bedridden. Rebecca Whitefield, Finleyson, R. F. D., 2, Ga. Did you get her little book? Needs stationery and stamps badly. Sarah H. Duncan, Carr, Stone County, Mo., has been in bed twenty years. Can't lie down, sits propped up with pillows. Her only pleasure is the mail. She wants books (not musty old papers, remember), and other reading, and will reply to those who send stamps. Not a stamp, but stamps. Don't send one stamp and expect it back on a letter. That's making yourself a nuisance, not a help. Sally E. Pennypacker, Phoenixville, R. F. D., 3, Pa., wants letters, stamps and stationery—don't pass her by.

Now I think I have given you a good bunch of laughs this month, and I hope you will feel all the better for reading my sass. Don't forget that the three who send in most new members to the C. L. O. C. will get an autographed book of Uncle Charlie's poems. Be good till we meet again, and win those books some of you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

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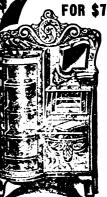
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Liberty Bells

For Washington's Birthday



In this glorious country of ours the Liberty Bell always rings. Preedom and liberty are our dearest heritage. No other people on earth enjoy the freedom or bounties of a progressive government, a rich country and a prosperity exceeding the ancient dreams of Midas. What more typical symbol of patriotism or expressive demonstration of appreciation can you imagine than the Stars and Stripes, unless it be a Liberty Bell we now offer you and will send to you by mail? Can be suspended in the house or out of doors as well, anywhere and everywhere they should be hung for ornamentation, nothing in the decorative line can equal the beauty of these handsome bells.

For Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays you should have one or more paperet Liberty Bells in Bed, White and Blue or plain Red, with loop for hanging from the window fastening. Hung under a hanging lamp, or in any suitable place where decorations are usually placed, they will add cheer and brilliancy to the room, particularly in the sick room as they are made of rich colored paperet ingeniously tolded into the pretty bell eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, as shown in our illustration, and being nearly sun proof, may be kept hanging for months. We have a special quantity of these Bells made to fold compactly for sending away by mail, so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home.

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Popular Fashions Magazine, Dept. 36

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Comfort Recitation Club

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the seventh article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appearing in January issue where first article appeared.

EFORE commencing the second year of Our Recitation Club I want to thank those who have expressed such hearty appreciation of the department. We shall try during the year to come to make it even better than it has been before. The requests for selections along special lines will be granted as far as we can do so. Space does not permit us to print very long selections. Remember that we are always glad to hear from you.

Elocution, that is, the art of expressing the feelings by voice and action, is not limited to public speaking alone. The practice which you receive in studying these directions thoroughly will make itself felt in many ways. You will find, I think, that you can talk with greater ease, use more expression in oral reading, and also in ordinary conversation. You will also find that it will quicken your perception in reading, and that you can grasp a subject more quickly than before you began the study. So you see, aside from its social advantage, these little selections may prove a great help to you.

Little Rlossom

Little Blossom

- "Oh, dear! I'se so tired and lonesome! I wonder why mamma don't come; I wonder why mamma don't come;
 She told me to s'ut up my blue eyes,
 And 'fore I waked up she'd be home.
 S'e said s'e was going to see gamma;
 S'e lives by the river so bright;
 I s'pect that my mamma fell in there,
 And p'r'aps s'e won't tum home tonight.
- "I dess I'm afraid to stay up here,
- Wivout any fire or light,
 But Dod's lighted the lamps up in heaven,
 I see 'em, all twinkling and bright.
 I fink I'll go down and meet papa,
 I s'pose he has stopped at the store,
 It's a great, pitty store, full of bottles,—
 Wish he wouldn't go there any more.
- "Sometimes he is sick when he comes ho And he stumbles and falls up the stair; And once, when he comed in the parlor, He kicked at my poor little chair. And mamma was all pale and frightened, And hugged me up close to her breast, And called me her poor little Blossom, And—dess I've forgotten the rest.
- "But I 'member that papa was angry,
 His face was so red and so wild,
 And I 'member he striked at poor mamma,
 And hurted his poor little child.
 But I love him, and dess I'll go find him;
 P'r'aps he'll come home with me soon,
 And den it won't be dark and lonely
 Waiting for mamma to come."
- Out into the night went the baby,
 Her little heart beating with fright,
 Till the tired feet reached the gin-palace,
 All radiant with music and light.
 The little hand pushed the door open,
 (Though her touch was as light as a breath),
 The little feet entered the portal
 That leads but to ruin and death.
- "Oh, papa!" she cried, as she reached him,
 And her voice rippled out sweet and clear,
 "I thought if I comed I could find you,
 And I is so glad I is here.
 The lights are so pitty, dear papa,
 And I fink that the music's so sweet;
 But I dess it's most supper-time, papa,
 For Blossom wants something to eat."
- A moment the bleared eyes gazed wildly Down into the face sweet and fair, Down into the face sweet and fair,
 And then, as the demon possessed him,
 He grasped at the back of a chair.
 A moment—a second—'twas over!
 The work of a fend was complete,
 And the poor little innocent Blossom
 Lay quivering and crushed at his feet.
- Then, swift as the light, came his reason,
 And showed him the deed he had done,
 With a groan that the devil might pity,
 He knelt by the quivering form.
 He pressed the pale face to his bosom,
 He lifted the fair, golden head;
 A moment the baby lips trembled,
 And poor little Blossom was dead.
- Then in came the law so majestic,
 And said with his life he must pay,—
 That only a fiend or a mad-man
 Could murder a child in that way.
 But the man who had sold him the poison
 That had made him a demon of hell,
 Why, he must be loved and respected,
 Because he was "ticensed" to sell!
- He may rob you of friends and of money,
 Send you to perdition and woe,
 But so long as he pays for his license,
 The law must protect him, you know.
 God pity the women and children
 Who are under the Juggernaut Rum,
 And hasten the day when against it
 Neither heart, voice, nor pen shall be dumb.
 Margaret J. Bidwell.

Lesson Talk

This pathetic little recitation is best adapted for a young lady. A child would hardly be able to render the deeper parts. Look around like atired, lonesome child, then heave a deep sigh before commencing. Impersonate a little girl as closely as you can whenever little Blossom speaks. In impersonating a child care must be taken not to overdo the matter lest it become ridiculous. I remember, when a child myself, hearing an elocutionist (or at least he called himself one), render Longfellow's Wreck of the Hesperus. He squeaked so over the child's part, and growled so in certifications.

wrick of the Hesperus. He squeaked so over the child's part, and growled so in certain other places that, to this day, the poem is distasteful to me. Throughout the immers are made to make the places that, to this day, the poem is distasteful to me. Throughout the immers are made to make under similar circumstances. Fig. 35 gives you the gesture for the stauza beginning "Out into the night." The right hand indicating where she went, the left, over the heart, her childish terror of the dark. The right hand is brought into position first, the left coming into place on the second in the fift of the selection—a point in its favor, since it is always best for a recitation to grow stronger towards the close. Impersonate the drunken rage fig. 36. "Heek, swift that seizes the man at the AS THE LIGHT CAME sight of the child, slow and HIS REASON." So the shows no fear of him. Now comes the really strong part of the child, slow and HIS REASON." So the shows no fear of him. Now comes the really strong part of the child, slow and HIS REASON." So the shows no fear of him. Now comes the really strong part of the child, slow and HIS REASON." So the shows no fear of him. Now comes the really strong part of the child, slow and HIS REASON." So the shows no fear of him. Now comes the really strong part of the child, slow and HIS REASON." So the shows no fear of him. Now comes the really strong part of the child, slow and HIS REASON." So the shows no fear of him. Now comes the really strong part of the child, slow and HIS REASON." So the shows no fear of him. Now comes the really strong part of the child, slow and HIS REASON." So the shows no fear of him. Now comes the really strong part of the child, slow and HIS REASON." So the struck her with the chair. You must have the picture clearly before your own mind before you can hope to portray it vividly. Let sorrow and horror show in your voice as you point towards the quivering form." Fig. 36 shows the gesture for the first half of the next stanza. If you can do it well and graceful

- An' Bill wuz lazy—so they said,
 An' half dead;
 Never useter laugh an' holler,
 Never tried to make a dollar,
 But he wuz a first-rate scholar,
 A great head!
 He'd take some tarnal book and shirk,
 An' let his brothers do the work.
- An' they sent Bill to General Court— Curus sport!
 An' him with them air legislaters,
 Men, I s'pose, uv sim'lar naters,
 Who thort he wuz some pertaters,
 Held the fort.
 His speeches wuz so full er snap
 They struck 'em like a thunderclap.
- He talked so well an' knew so much,
 Books and such,
 Thet now he lives away up yander
 In the State House—quite a gander—
 An' folks call him Governor Blander.
 It's too much!
 That chap who useter watch the ducks
 Because he didn't amount to shucks!
- Because he didn't amount to be a surface of the what uv Bijah, Ben an' Bart,
 Who war smart?
 Never fear that they'll forsake us—
 Bige and Ben are good shoemakers.
 Bart he drives Josiah Baker's
 Butcher cart.
 An' all three brag about the ducks
 An' Bill who didn't amount to shucks!
 —S. A. Foss.





Butcher cart.

An' all three brag about the ducks
An' Bill who didn't amount to shucks!

This humorous little sketch would make a good encore. It is also especially good for an entertainment where all the selections are of a monologue or dialogue character and each one is "dressed to fit the part," he or she impersonates. Such entertainments are novel and will "take" with almost any audience. The gestures throughout should be typical of the character of the piece. This selection is given in a conversational tone. The little subtle changes in tone and facial expression will bring out the underlying vein of humor. Commence with wide base, that is, with feet rather far apart. Direct your conversation to the words of the thark and facial expression will bring out the underlying vein of humor. Commence with wide base, that is, with feet rather far apart. Direct your conversation to the words of the third stay over yander." You have seen people point that way many times. Watch those who do so that your gesture may be natural. Similar gestures of indicating place by pointing with the thumbare used in other places. Try each line over several times, emphasizing different words, and then take the way which you think the best. In describing Bill in the last of the second and first of the third stanzas, act the part, drawl the words and loll from one foot to the other, as though you hadn't spunk enough to hold yourself erect even. On the word "shirk" make a motion as if Bill was sneaking off to the rear with his books. The next two stanzas have a great deal of play. The more Fig. 38. "It's 700 you study them the more you will find in them. Fig. 37 shows you the gesture begun for the last two lines in the third stanza, with the last line bring the right hand up, clenching the fist, and on the words "thunderclap" bring it down into the left palm. The second gesture begun for the last two lines in the proposite side from the place where Bill watched the ducks. Say the words "quite a gander" slowly and with a rising inflection

Address all letters for this department to Cousin Hal, care of Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

self, and, sending Valencia away, she moaned piteously:

piteously:

"Oh, what shall I do? What is my duty?"

The part that hurt her most of all was the terrible certainty that Arthur did not love her as he did Anna Ruthven. She saw it now just as it was; how, in an unguarded moment, he had offered himself to save her good name from gossip, and how, ever since, his life had been a constant struggle to do his duty by lier.

"Poor Arthur," she sobbed, "yours has been a hard lot trying to act the love you did not feel, but it shall be so no longer. Lucy will set you free."

This was her final decision, but she did not reach it till a day and night had passed, during which she said that she wanted nothing but to be left alone.

"I do not know; I have not thought. I guess God will take care of that."

He would, indeed, take care of that just as He took care of her, inclining the Hetherton family to be so kind and tender towards her, and keeping Arthur from the house during the time when the Christmas decorations were completed and the Christmas festival was held.

Many were the inquiries made for her, and many the thanks and wishes for her speedy restoration sent her by those whom she had so bountifully remembered.

Thornton Hastings, too, who had come to town,

sent her by those whom she had so bountifully remembered.

Thornton Hastings, too, who had come to town, and was present in the church on Christmas Eve, asked for her with almost as much interest as Arthur, although the latter had hoped that she was not seriously ill and expressed a regret that she was not seriously ill and expressed a regret that she was not there, saying that he should call on the morrow after the service.

"Oh, I cannot see him here. I must tell him there, at the rectory, in the very room where he asked Anna and me both to be his wife," Lucy said, when Fanny reported Arthur's message. "I am able to go there and I must. See, the snow is falling now," and, pushing back the curtain, Lucy leoked dreamily out upon the fast whitening ground, sighing, as she remembered the night, when the first snowflakes fell, and she stood watching them with Arthur at her side.

Fanny did not oppose her cousin, and with a kiss upon the pale forehead, she went to her own room, leaving Lucy to think over for the hundredth time what she would say to Arthur.

(For text to illustration see next month.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The continuation of this fascinating story will be told in the February number. If you are not a sub-scriber send 15 cents and read this story to the end.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered this column, no cousin must ask more than aree questions in one month.

APPY NEW YEAR to all of you, my dears, and may you have many, many more, each one happier than the one that came before. Of course, when the new year comes you make all kinds of good resolutions and—and—and break them. But don't let the breakage prevent your making them. It is good for you to try to do better even if you don't always succeed. If you didn't think you needed improvement, goodness knows, what you would be like after a little while. Therefore make your resolutions, and let one of them be, that you will try to make the new year as happy for others as for yourself. Now, for the first work of 1907. work of 1907.

work of 1907.

Brunette, Orange, Cal., is the first one whose letter I open, and she wants to know if it is proper to make arrangements over the telephone. We are not so formal now as we used to be. I think, and while once upon a time, a girl might decline an invitation from a young man over the telephone, she doesn't do so now. At least, not among her friends. For formal affairs the telephone is not the thing, but for all ordinary occasions it is the same as if the person were asking in personal presence.

American Beauty, Jefferson, Ky.—When a young man has the gambling and drinking habits, it is not safe to trust him further than a friendly way. Help him to break away from his bad habits, encourage him all you can to be better, but don't marry him to save him, for the risk is too great. (2) Don't ask the young man his intentions. If he will not tell you of his own accord, he'll despise you for asking him. (3) It is very cheap and vulgar.

Blue-eyed Daisy, Key West, Fla.—No kissing un-

Blue-eyed Daisy, Key West, Fla.—No kissing until you are engaged. (2) You cannot love two men at the same time. If you tell them you do, you are not telling the truth. Unless you are engaged you can correspond with one young man while accepting the attention from another.

Wild Rose, Long Beach, Cal.—Better write to him, and tell him why you neglected him. Don't be looking forward to being married before the young man has mentioned the subject to you.

Blue Bell, Bay Minette, Ala.—The course of true love never did run smooth. You will have to put up with all your small troubles, and wait until you marry to have the great ones.

marry to have the great ones.

Henrietta's Niece, Busch, Ga.—A girl of fourteen should not be writing letters to unknown gentlemen of twenty. Under the circumstances you mention, which seem to be all right, you might do so with your parents' consent. The fact, however, that he wants to know more about you than he will tell you about himself looks suspicious.

Texas Beauties, De Leon, Texas.—Don't go with a boy like that. When he is older maybe he will know better. (2) An invitation to a wedding coming at the last hour, and by telephone, might well be declined.

Evergreen, Chicago, Ill.—Love is not to be won.

Evergreen, Chicago, Ill.—Love is not to be won. It must come of itself or not at all. (2) Girls of seventeen often go to dances with young men. It is proper enough if the girl is out of school, and in good company. (3) Come home with the escort who takes you, unless he permits otherwise.

who takes you, unless he permits otherwise.

Little Girl, Morgantown, W. Va.—You may visit the man's home on the invitation of his sisters.

Snowflake, Cooleyton, Neb.—Of course, when a young man asks you if you are going to an entertainment, tell him you are not because you have no way of going. Then he ought to take you. If he doesn't want to get into trouble he shouldn't ask questions. (2) Ask him to call again if you want him to. Most young men feel a hesitancy in asking if they may call again. It is the lady's duty, as hostess, to ask callers to call again.

hostess, to ask callers to call again.

Briar Rose, Wauka, Wis.—It is rather cheap for a young man to ask to take a girl home from a show to which she has paid for a ticket. I wouldn't let him take me home, if I were you. (2) You can't eat your cake and have it. Either you must tell him directly you do not want his attentions, or you must accept them. There are lots of men like that that girls tolerate because they don't want to hurt their feelings. (3) Hallowe'en jokes are allowable if not carried too far.

their feelings. (3) Hallowe'en jokes are allowable if not carried too far.

Subscriber, Chanute, Kans.—Thank anyone for any courtesy extended. Don't say: "I thank you for the ride." but let him know it in icely and gracefully. (2) The lady may say when it is time to go, and she may opeli the door, or wait for him to do it, as she pleases.

Rosebud, Moscow, Idaho.—If you take your mother's advice you will probably never marry. But you had better try it porobably never marry. But you had better try it porobably never marry. But you had better try it probably never marry. Grant you had better try it probably never marry. But you had better try it probably never marry. But you had better try it probably never man who wants to marry, you. If he is all right, and young for his age, his forty is not too much for your twenty. But a younger man might be easier to get along with. Anyway you would have longer to get used to him. Twenty years is too wide spart ordinarily, but some of the happiest marriages have even greater difference in years than that.

Troubled Vesta, Weston, Pa.—Tell him you have reconsidered and do not want him for a beau. That's the only way. (2) Let him go, Isn't he letting you go? (3) Don't be in a hurry. By the time you are twenty, you will have beaus a -plenty. Nellie, Bloomingdale, Ill.—The young man asks

Nellie, Bloomingdale, Ill.—The young man asks the head of the family for the daughter, which is the father if he is living.

Faith, Actus, Ark.—It is nice to give a birthday or Christmas present and the present to give is something that he can use, and wants. (2) In a voting contest at an entertainment, for the handsomest young lady, your escort should certainly vote as often for you as he has money to buy tickets.

Annie Laurie, Adair, I. T.—Wear your dresses to your shoe-tops, and blues will be most becoming, though you can wear any color if not too pro-nounced.

Myrtle, Parker Landing, Pa.—Don't worry about the young man not coming back. You ought to be glad if he never comes back. Forget him. (2) If you don't know how to "get going" with the young man you love, I'm sure I can't tell you. (3) See answer above to "Briar Rose."

answer above to "Briar Rose."

Lily Belle, Konts, Ind.—There is nothing for you to do but wait four or five years until your heart can settle. Whichever man you marry now you will wish you had taken the other, and your married life will be trouble from beginning to end.

Blue Eyes, Hazelhurst, Ga.—Yes. (2) It is enough for the man to tip his hat, though if the lady speaks he should speak also. (3) Ask your escort to come in if the hour is not late.

Lady, Salt Lake City, Utah.—You are thirty-one and he is seventeen. Well, really, now, do you think you ought to marry him? Why not adopt him as your son? My land sakes, what are you thinking about?

Alverta, Ashland, Pa.—He was no gentleman or a Assolutely fact to introduce our goods. Just send name he would not have acted so he (2) There is no rule to and address and we will send it to you at once, Address for sending comic post cards. Anyone can send but it, Mr. ALDEN MFG. Co., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

first. (3) Treat the man with the same indifference that he treats you.

Deserted, Richmond, Va.—I can't advise any girl how to forget a lover who has deserted her. She cannot forget him, but she can harden her heart and think only of him as a traitor and one she should not hold in the same esteem she holds any honest and good man. If he should use for pardon and you should grant it, how do you know that he will not desert you again?

Now, dears, your questions are answered in the spirit of the New Year and I hope they will do you as much good as the New Year will, and I am sure I wish that you would get more good out of it than any other year you have lived. So by, by, now, till we meet again.

COUSIN MARION.

The Great Chicago Mystery or, The Man with Many Aliases

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"Hang-eye" smiled, and nodded, and they all understood that he was wearing a wig to conceal his shaven head. Before he had gone to pay his debt to the state, "Hang-eye" had been noted for his long, black, dark hair, which always fell over his greasy velvet coat collar. The crooks all gathered about "Hang-eye" asking for particulars of his escape, and he gave them a sensational account of guards bribed, doors mysteriously left unbarred, and an entrance strangely unguarded, which, had it been true, would have very seriously reflected upon the integrity and honor of those in charge of the great penal institution at Joliet. However, as it was all "faked" no reflection could be cast upon those who at the very minute the gang at the twenty-second street dive were welcoming back "Hang-eye" John, were guarding the criminal who when free bore that name, who was now only 821.

"When did youse get out?" was asked in the Twenty-second street saloon by more than one. "Day before yesterday," was the prompt response, and the crooks were delighted, and did not think it strange that no account had appeared in the papers, for they knew that the

response, and the crooks were delighted, and did not think it strange that no account had appeared in the papers, for they knew that the officials would exhaust every means before confessing to such a lack of proper care on their part. However, the cell occupied by \$21 was occupied; his head was not adorned with a wig, and there was no chance of his escaping until he had worked his way through the ten years' sentence given him, for the real "Hangeye" was still safely in Joliet, and the man in the dive was Crit Truman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "A Woman's Love," and watch the coils as they slowly tighten around the guilty, bringing them to speedy punishment. If not a subscriber send 15 cents and read this story to the end.

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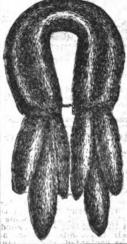


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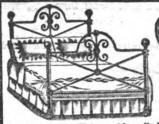
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\$40.00. Our Improved Economy
Cream Separator, the equal of any
machine sold by anyone else up to
\$40.00. Our Improved Economy
Cream Separator, slightly higher
in price than our Dundee, is guaranteed the best separator made,
regardless of na me or
price, and is sold at a
others ask for high grade
separators; and we guarantee our Economy to have
greater capacity, to sk in
coller machine in the masier, and hot get out of or
der, wear longer than any
other machine in the masier, and not get out of or
for you from the layou
furnish you any needed repair or
part in the years to come, promptly
and on a few days' notice.

**REPADATOR OFEFES are more liberal more Write and ask
for our New
Cotalogue with
all offerweether

PRICES NOW CREATLY REDUCED. OUR CREAM SEPARATOR OFFERS are more liberal, more wonderful than ever before, greatly improved models, prices lewer than last season. If you have more than one cow, write us a letter or a postal and say, "Send me your new Oream Separator Catalogue and all your new orders," and our great 1907 cream separator proposition will go to you by return mail, free and postpaid, We have two big cream separator factories and can sell you a machine on a two months' free trial, on manufacturing cost basis, much on a two months' free trial, on manufacturing cost basis, much on a two months' free trial, on manufacturing cost basis, much, at a lower price than you even the post of the post of the post of the property of the post of t

For 13 YEARS OUR PREMIUMS ALWAYS BEST. COMPARE with OTHERS



Ne. 321/2-Brass Trimmed Iron Bed Three coats best white enamel, large brass knobs, height 56 in., width 4½ ft. For selling 2 doz. (Our books show 4 other beautiful designs.)



Turkish couch, gondola pattern, 76 in. long, upholstered in beautiful velour. Genuine steel construction. For selling 31/2 doz. (5 other beautiful designs in our catalog.)

No. 2047-Gultar

Standard size, mahogany finish, inlaid soundboard, highly polished, excellent tone. For selling 2 doz. (All of our Guitars, Mandolins, Violins, etc., are made by the well known house of The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.)



al colored maple, top of maple, top of base 28 x 42, k n e e ding board 17 x 23, 1 drawer and 2 bins. Solid bolted legs. Top 38 in. high; 1 large and 4 small drawers. For selling 3½ doz.





Elegant 3-piece set, divan, arm chair and reception chair. Steel construction, velour upholstered, frame of rich mahoganized birch, all pieces full size and strongly built. For selling 5 doz. (Also bargain in 5-piece set, as wel as odd and fancy parior pieces.)

IT IS EASY TO EARN THESE Beautiful Premiums

Why not earn a beautiful and useful premium easily, by selling what the people want and will buy again. You will be agreeably surprised to find how pleasanthe work is. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell "Mother's Salve." the greatest cure known for Catarrh, Croup and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar is guaranteed; our first customers are our best ones. Ask your neighbors; nearly everyone knows of our Mother's Salve. Mrs. J. J. Ward, of Freeport, Fla., writes: "I am thankful to know that there is one honest firm selling honest goods through the mail. I have been selling your valuable remedies for five years, and have received many valuable premiums, all of them better than you claimed." Our new illustrated Catalogue of reliable groods shows nearly one thousand premiums besides those shown here, any of which we offer free to ladies and girls for selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. We give many valuable premiums for selling only ½ dozen. Compare our premiums with other premiums in this paper and you will see our offers are the best ever made by a reliable firm. Remember, ne money required in advance. Your credit is good with us. Just say you will try; send your name and address and we will mail six 25 cents a fast safetion guaranteed.

MOTHER'S REMEDIES CO., 1106 85th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

MOTHER'S REMEDIES CO., 1106 85th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

1XXXXXXXXXX

13XXXXXXX



No. 697 - Rogers' Silver Set 26 full size pieces, hand engraved, attractive pat-tern: 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 teaspoons, 6 tablespoons, 1 sugar, 1 butter, in leath-erette case, satin lined. For selling 3 doz.



No. 715—Tea Set
56 full size pieces, beautifully
decorated in neat fieral design,
blue or green. Genuine Arcade
ware, in newest shapes.
For selling 2 doz. (We have a
complete line of dinner sets,
toilet sets, glassware, etc.)



No. 6221-Enamel Set No. 6221—Ename! Set
14 full size pieces, best double
coated purple blend, white dots
glass finish, 8 qt. tea kettle, 3qt. coffee pot, 4-qt. covered
kettle; other pieces in proportion. For selling 2 doz.
(We have a fine tinware
premium, also table cutlery
and a complete assortment of
hardware.)







No. 312 Petticoat

No. 73—Clock
Oak case, finely
carved, height 22
in, 6 in, dial, Correct timekeeper, eight-day move—
ment, strikes
hour and ½ hour. old Morris Chair. Solid oak,
For selling 1½ flowly finished, height41 in,
doz. (We give a very fine Cuckoo Clock for selling only 4 doz.)

No. 805—Morris Rocker
An improvement over the hour and ½ hour. old Morris Chair. Solid oak,
For selling 1½ flowly finished, height41 in,
square. Upholstering best velour. For selling 3 doz.

Clock tor selling only 4 doz.)

No. 60—Reed Rocker
Hand decorated unne Nottingham, loose back, to match, bright edges, 60 in. wide, 2½ match. Color story fine Cuckoo coat is the best value we have ever offered it is double bre as the dinto one, to be used a sillustrated. Gen-coll ar and edges as illustrated. Gen-coll ar and edges, 60 in. wide, 2½ match. Color story fine cuckoo coat is the best value we have ever offered it is double bre as the dinto one, to be used a sillustrated. Gen-coll ar and edges, 60 in. wide, 2½ match. Color story fine cuckoo coat is the best value we have ever offered it is double bre as the dinto one, to be used and elocorated unne Nottingham. loose back, the coat is the best value we have ever offered it is double bre as the dinto one, to be used and elocorated unne Nottingham. loose back, the coat is the best value we have ever offered it is double bre as the dinto one, to be used and elocorated unne Nottingham, loose back, the coat is the best value we have ever offered it is double bre as the dinto one, to be used and elocorated unne Nottingham, loose back, the coat is the best value we have ever offered it is double bre as the dinto one, to be used and elocorated unne Nottingham. loose back, the coat is the best value we have ever offered it is double bre as the dinto one, to be used and elocorated unne Nottingham. loose back, the coat is the best value we have ever offered it is double bre as the dinto one, to be used and elocorated unne Nottingham. loose back, the coat is the best value we have ever offered it is double bre as

Comfort Sisters' Corner

No. 99-Jute Smyrna Rug Both sides alike, pretty design, bright colors, 5 ft. long, 30 in wide. For selling 1 doz. (We have wool rugs, art squares, carpets, etc.)

No. 2012-Ladles' Skirt Walking length, good qual-y black Meridan suiting, eautifully trimmed, stylish,

well made and serviceable. For selling 1% doz. (See our

line of tailor made suits, dress skirts, fall and winter waists.)

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

pathway, with but few roses. When the dark clouds hover around us, remember behind the cloud the sun is still shining, and though some of us are blessed with but little of this world's goods, while others have their thousands, and are not satisfied, let us try to be contented, and not murmur, for a contented mind is a continual feast.

J. A. D. I would be glad to receive a personal letter from you. I have often thought of writing to you, and sometime in the future you may hear from me.

from me.

Ada Hudgens. I, for one, made scrapbooks, and they never get old to me, I read them over and over. Ministering to others, brings happiness to

us.

Mrs. K. S. Heath. I will be on the lookout for you, as I am one of the shut-ins. I know your little daughter has many cute sayings for I have a little

you, as I am one of the snut-line. Landy you daughter has many cute sayings for I have a little dear of my own.

Mrs. T. J. Kinsella. Visit the page again soon.

Elmer Davis. After reading your letter I pronounce you a good cook, you certainly know more about cooking than the average run of men, but I happened to have luck in getting a husband who understands cooking pretty well.

I want to thank all the kind friends who so generously responded to my request in behalf of the little crippled girl, Gladys Miller, Leach, Tenn. She received several kind letters, and many nice presents, all of which were a great comfort to her in her hours of suffering. But she only had the pleasure of receiving them, for on July 10, she went to live with the angels. Her mother has thanked some, personally, but it was impossible for her to write each one a letter. So I hope all who did not receive a letter from her will accept this as a letter of thanks. Mrs. Miller requested me to thank the dear friend who sent the little pin with the word Darling on it, as Gladys thought so much of it, but in some way the address of the friend had become misplaced. Your shut-in friend,

Mrs. A. T. Cable, Essex, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Since my letter in July issue I have received forty letters and still they come. I thank all the kind friends, and I am answering them each as fast

as I can.

If you want a certain pattern of a flower leaf or vine to work—how many have ever tried this plan? Place the object on the window pane, over it your cloth and then trace the pattern with a pentil.

Many thanks to the sister who sent in the catarrh

remedy. I am trying it.
MRS. CHARLES TURNER, Terrill, Texas.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

For a long time I have been a silent admirer of Comfort, and especially of the Sisters' Corner, for it is a comfort indeed. And the effort that is being made to cheer the dear shut-ins, is a noble one, and I think all who have a share in this grand work will receive a blessing for it. For is it not a work that will please our dear Saviour? How deeply and truly, we that have experienced affliction, can sympathize with all sufferers. For nearly five years I have suffered from a spinal and nervous trouble, and for several months last year was shutin from outside beauties. But I tried to think that "all things work together for good," and put my trust in the Friend we always turn to in trouble, and am now gradually improving.

My home is in the Kansas wheat belt, and as I have not noticed a letter from any sister from this part of the country, I want to ask for a letter party on the ninth anniversary of my marriage, March 12th. I would be glad to have a letter from some sister in each state.

Mrs. O. Tanner, Mullinville, R. F. D., 1, Kans. DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

MRS. O. TANNER, Mullinville, R. F. D., 1, Kans. DEAR READERS:

I wish to express my most heartfelt thanks to the dear editor for printing my request and to all the dear sisters who responded. I received about forty dear sisters who responded. I received about forty letters and still more are coming with every mail; it would be so hard for me to write each personally soil again ask the editor to give me a little noom. With a God bless you for our Band. I female.

MRS. HENRY LESSEY, 5003 Fleet Ave. Gieveland,

Requests from Shut-ins

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a partial shut-in and have a daughter fourteen years old that is in very poor health. We are
entirely alone in the world. I have been a widow
for over seven years, and as long as I had my health
got along fairly well, but for three years have been
unable to do only a little light work.

We haven't a relative, and sometimes feel very
lonely, so thought I would invite all the sisters to
write us; if you did we wouldn't be lonesome for a
while, would we? Hoping to be remembered by a
few at least, I remain your shut-in sister,
MRS. A. E. THOMPSON, BOX 59, Oxford, R. F. D.,
I, Me.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been confined to my bed for two long years with spinal trouble, and can't straighten my limbs out, but thank God I can use my hands a little.

I get very tired lying in one position. I should be pleased to receive cheery letters and anything which would interest and help pass the weary hours.

EDITH FISHLEIGH, 159 4th St., Wyandotte, Mich.

Miss Martha Dupree, Clanton, Alabama, a bright cheerful cripple girl, who has been an invalid since childhood, tries to help earn her own living. She is very worthy and would greatly appreciate anything. Materials for fancy work she could utilize. Please remember her as you can, and receive our thanks in advance.

A FRIEND.

DEAR FRIENDS:

My dear grandmother, Mrs. Lottie McMorris, Cloud Chief, Okla., who has been an invalid for many years, would be very glad to get letters, quit pieces or any little remembrance. She does not know of this letter so it will be a surprise.

OLLIE HULL.

DEAR SISTERS OF COMFORT:
I am a shut-in, have not walked a step for ten years. My right hand is in bad shape, deformed by rheumatism, but still I do a little fancy work now and then, as well as write. I would like the readers to send me a few silk pieces for crazy-work.
Trusting you will not forget me, I remain,
MRS. LIZZIE MOULTON, New Lisbon, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I am a sufferer from heart trouble and am so nervous I do not have much pleasure in life, so I would ask all readers of Comfort to send me reading matter and quilt pieces, also letters. I will an-

wer all I can. Mrs. August W. Peterman, Fredericksburg, Tex.

Will the kind readers of Comport give a deal shut-in friend of mine a letter party, Feb. 27, 1907. Her address is Mrs. Gracie Bradley, Schroon Lake New York. She lives in a very lonely place, and would appreciate any little remembrance such a velvet and wool pieces, postals, snap shots, or any little souvenir.

A Sunshine Friend.

Comfort Postal Request

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. Some parties have received hundreds and hundreds of cards from just having their name inserted here. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We know any one can get a few more subscribers now we are giving such a good big paper for 15 cents a year, and we have a very large assortment of elegant Souvenir Post Cards. We will send an assortment of elegant Souvenir Post Cards. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. As we have thousands of cards, we are ready to help you get a large collection without any outlay on your part whatever. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with AEREATER, we cannot insert requests for cards in this column unless you take advantage of this offer. Send us a club of twenty-five subscribers and we will send you our Banner assortment of one hundred American, Foreign and Comic Postals. Below we give a list of some of our regular cards: New York City Yiews including Flatiron Building, Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Grant's Tomb, Central Park Yiews, Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, New York Harbor, Post Office, Statue of Liberty, and hundreds of others comprising Goney Island Views, etc., making a great assortment of every kind of scenes in and around this great metrapolitan city. We give a list of some of our regular and Canade. Post Gards of Whith we have in great numbers: Albany, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., includes all prominent Niagara views: Philadelphis,

Bella Klinger, Locust Gap, Pa. Olive G. Kirlin, Box 94, South Seaville, N. J. Miss Annie Hope, 226 York St., York, Pa. Miss Annie Bergen, 19 Spring Street, Utica, N. Y. Mrs. E. A. Councilman, Castle Creek, N. Y. Miss Delvia Mindel, Fairmont, R. F. D., 6, W. Va. G. E. Partridge, 412 Boone St., Orlando, Fla. Geo. W. Brands, Montrose, R. F. D., 2, Pa. Blenda Bergstone, Box 179, Sherrard, Ill. Mrs. James K. Dorsey, Dorsey, Ill. Miss Laura Hartman, 1105 S. Wash. Ave., Scranton, Pa. Priscilla V. Olson, 654 Woodward Ave., New Haven, Conn. Miss Ruth Simmons, Friendship, Maine. Lydia Heald, North Buckfield, Maine. Mrs. Homer Carman, Swanton, Vt. Alida W. Kelsey, Box 317, Guilford, Conn.

Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

They all went into strangers' hands that day.
The table where I played, the cot in which I lay,
All passed away like chaff before the gale,
But when the end came near, I cried with piteous

Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale!

CHORUS.

The picture 'round was passed, and questions they were asked,
A price was bid for it just here and there;
The tears streamed down my face, I could scarce keep in the place,
When I saw the picture pass without a care.
But an angel of a girl, with a mass of golden curls,
Who was struck to see my face so sad and pale,
Outbid them all, you see, and presented it to me,
And saved my mother's picture from the sale.

CHORUS.

The Pardon Came Too Late

A fair-haired boy in a foreign land at sunrise was to die; In a prison-cell he sat alone, from his heart there came a sigh;
Descrited from the ranks, they said—the reason none could say;
They only knew the orders were that he should die

next day:

next day;
And as the hours glided by, a messenger on wings did fly
To save this boy from such a fate—a pardon, but it came too late.

CHORUS.

The volley was fired at sunrise, just at the break of day;
And while the echoes lingered, a soul had passed away
Into the arms of his Maker, and there to hear his
fate;
A tear, a sigh, a sad "good by"—the pardon came
too late.

And 'round the camp-fire burning bright the story then was told; How his mother on a dying bed called for her son so bold; He hastened to obey her wish, was captured on the way; She never saw her boy so fair—he died at break of And when the truth at last was known, his inno-cence at once was shown, To save from such an unjust fate, a pardon sent-but 'twas too late.

CHORUS.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Dear Sisters:

Will you kindly remember my little five-year-old son on the third of March. Anything which will amuse or interest him. I will try to answer all letters containing a stamp. Address Johnnie R. Warren, Sims, Montgomery Co., Ark.

Dear Sisters:

I would like to join your circle. I am almost helpless from an attack of rheumatism. I can not go to see my friends as many of you can. I am confined to my chair, and alone the most of the time. I would appreciate any reading matter that would comfort me. If any of the sisters will write me, I will answer all if possible, if they leclose a stamp.

Mrs. JULIA Byers, Zionville, R. F. D., 1, N. C.

Will all you who can kindly remember my father, with postals.

Mrs. L. T. Wilson, Box 1, Apollo, R. F. D., 2, Pa., has been a rheumatic shut-in for ten years, and would be very grateful for reading matter.

Mrs. M. J. Elliott, Antelopegap, Mills Co., Tex., and expecially good literature.

Mrs. M. J. Elliott, Antelopegap, Mills Co., Tex., and expecially good literature.

The auction-day came 'round, with mirth the room which she inked and expecially good literature.

Dear Sisters:

I would appreciate any reading matter that the lomb;

I remember then how bitterly I cried.

J thut a boy was then, my age was scarcely ten, and with sorrow I had grown thin and pale;

Wen the home had to be sold, I cried with gried to see you gain, I should regret to learn that you had prolonged your stay even one hour on my account.

"You are ungrateful, Ednal And I begin to realize that you are unterly heartless."

"If I am, at least I have never trified with or deceived you, Mr. Leigh."

"You have what you are about to say, and I would appreciate any reading matter.

Mrs. L. T. Wilson, Box 1, Apollo, R. F. D., 2, Pa., has been a rheumatic shut-in for ten years, and would be very grateful for reading matter.

Mrs. M. J. Elliott, Antelopegap, Mills Co., Tex., with the day that has long since the day that ha

Mrs. Miller Makes a Fortune

Says She Will Now Give Away \$10,000 Worth of Medicine to Women.

Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brown-stone residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that would readily cure female diseases and piles. After curing herself and many of her friends she was besieged by so many women needing the treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars' capital, and the remedy, possessing true and wonderful merit, producing marvelous cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's Specific, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suf-fering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine \$10,000.00 worth absolutely free.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervous-ness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, ness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 3162, Kokono, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous Specific; also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the \$10,000.00 worth is all gone.

Cancer Cured No Knife, No Pain

The need of the knife and its attendant horrors in the treatment of cancer is gone, for I have cured cancer again and again without danger, painful operation or inconvenience, and in two or three months the patients were well. I do not use a knife or any burning fluids, or caustic salves or oils. The method is my own. It gives instant relief to the terrible burning pain of the cancer. In the past years it has cured many sufferers who stood face to face with death, and not one cancer cured by this method has returned. I can give you the names of people in almost every state, whom I have treated in the past year; write them and see what they say. The treatment is given successfully by mail in your own home and I am glad to give any sufferer full information and proofs of many wonderful cures. Ask for the proofs. Address DR. RUPERT WELLS, 2191 Radol Building, St. Louis, Mo.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Perfect Bust FULL INFORMATION



FREE Do you feel yourself deficient as to a plump, well-rounded figure? Is your bust measurement all that you desire? Are there hollow places x3ove and below your collar bone? Whatever you may lack in the way of perfect form or figure Nature will supply for you if you use the VESTRO method. A request will bring to you free of cost a scaled package in plain wrapper giving you full information how you can, in the privacy of your own room, increase your

own room, 'nerease your bust measure 6 inches in a short time and develop and perfect every part of your form. They also send free, new beauty book, showing photos with testimonials from many prominent society ladies, who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Write to-day, enclosing stamp.

day, enclosing stamp. Aurum Co., Dept. 13, No. 79 Dearborn St., Chicago.



Has latest design motor, governor, springs and bearings.
Wind the motor spring and move the start lever, and the
governor regulates the speed. Absolutely the most valuable talking machine ever offered. We give it free for
selling only 40 pickages of BLUINE at 10 cents a package.
He trust you and send your talking machine and Columbia
record the same day that you return our \$4.00 received from
the sale. We gnarantee satisfaction. BLUINE MFG.

Oc., 664, Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbid-ding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Brown, Eyes, Eagle Lake, Fla.—While there are no rules of etiquette governing a girl's conduct in a love affair, we think this one has been very impolite to you and is what we would call a "firt," as you inquire. We think a you do, that you had better drop her. If we may be permitted to add somewhat to this, we should say, drop her hard.

Twin Sister, English, S. C.—Yes, it is quite proper for the gentleman to put his arm around the lady when he is going to kiss her. As they are engaged the entire proceeding is quite correct.

D. R. L., Worthville, Pa.—There is no difference between the summer and the winter style of tipping the hat by gentlemen. The most graceful way of doing it is the proper way. (2) Ask your local druggist or barber.

druggist or barber.

M. F., Woodfield, O.—The lady should regard your wishes in the matter as you are engaged to be married to her, and are, to all intents and purposes, her husband. Ordinarily, brothers-in-law with perfect propriety may kiss their sisters-in-law in purely brotherly fashion, their wives not objecting, but when a sister-in-law's fiance does not want her to kiss her brother-in-law she should not doso. If she insists upon doing it, the engagement should be broken, for she is not the kind of a woman a man should have for a wife. If the brother-in-law encourages the lady it is time for his wife to be saying something.

Perplexed Lassie, Laucaster, O.—Unless you are

saying something.

Perplexed Lassie, Lancaster, O.—Unless you are hopelessly in love with the man who is younger than you, now is the best time to break off the possibility of it. Marriages between men and women, where the women are older, very often are very happy, but there must be great love. Women age more rapidly than men and only the very strongest love on a man's part, will keep him loyal to the woman who is old while he is still young. It is all right to let the young fellow remain as a very good friend, but don't marry him unless you simply cannot live without him.

P. S. A., Mainport, Ind.—As you are of age and he

not live without him.

P. S. A., Mainport, Ind.—As you are of age and he is all right, we think you would be doing yourself only justice to choose him against your parents' wishes. You can't tell whether he is true or not. That is one of the risks all women have to run. But most men we are glad to say, are loyal husbands. Some are not, of course, but they are not the ones to judge by. Six years' difference in ages is about the proper thing.

White Rose, Mariana, Fla.—Ask the young man for the ring. He has very bad manners if he will not give it to you without asking. (2) Have a talk with the man whose friendship has been broken by the other and if he wants it to remain broken, let him go. He can't be worth having if he will lose you so easily. (3) Girls should not receive the attention of men until they are out of school, no matter what their age. It is proper to accept the man's photograph if you are corresponding with him.

N. G. H., Gowanda, N. Y.—Marry the man you love best. What kind of a wife could you be to one man while you loved another whom you could have married? Your parents may think you ought to marry the man with money, but you should not marry to please them when it wrecks your happiness. Better die an old maid.

marry to please them when it wrecks your happiness. Better die an old maid.

A. E. G., Ringwood, Ill.—Ask the lady if you may call on her, if she does not ask you. This is quite permissible. Indeed, some ladies wait till they are asked before inviting gentlemen to call, which they should not do, if they want callers to come to see them. It is not necessary to say so in so many words, that you want to be her best young man, but you can show her by numerous attentions that you want to be. She will learn it soon enough, and will let you know whether she wants you in that capacity or not. And don't be foolish as so many men are—when, or if she shows you that she doesn't want you, then that instant, get away and stay away. When you call talk about the local events that you both know about, or anything that is of common interest. There is no rule forthat. Of all things be your own natural self, and talk to her at first as if she were your sister. Don't put on frills and try to be what you are not.

Auxious, Waterbury, Conn.—Some young ladles permit gentlemen to kiss them to whom they are not engaged. Kissing is an old custom among the young people of all parts of this country. But we think it is a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. Promiscuous kissing is vulgar and unladylike, and if you permit one man to kiss you, why not another? And if two, why not all? If all the men may kiss you, be sure none will want to. Can you imagine anything less to be desired than that? Save your kisses for the man you expect to be your husband. That is the sweetest, cleanest, best and safest rule of conduct.

M. B., Hubbard, Texas.—Having declined his invitation, and reconsidered it, there is nothing for

M. B., Hubbard, Texas.—Having declined his invitation, and reconsidered it, there is nothing for you to do, but to say nothing, or to send him word that you have changed your mind and will accept. Most men would be glad to get a message of that kind.

M. R., Allentown, Pa.—Wait a little and he will tell you. If he does not, you may conclude that you were mistaken in his feelings. Etiquette of the ordinary sort does not apply in this case and there is no way by which you can go other than as we tell you. You may in various proper ways let him know that you have a preference for him, but only let him see them when he has shown you that he prefers you to anyone else.

The Shadow of a Cross

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

cannot—surely you will not dash it aside in the hope of some diviner drink to fill it when you and I are crumbled into dust! Think, dearest, life is so fleeting. Only a few short years and the lonely winter of old age will be upon us. Come to my arms, sweet—and find your heaven—here!"

As the musical voice ceased she stood before him white, shaken with the internal struggle which was consuming her, then in a gasp, these words broke from her:

"I dare not! I dare not!"
He took a step nearer.

"You mean that you will not?"
She glanced up at him, a look of unfaltering

upon him-he felt the futility of further

struggle.
"Then I must let you go," he said, sadly, "but first—this—to feed my heart upon."
He took her into his arms with fierce passion and once, twice, three times crushed her lips

with a kiss.
In the moment that followed she gave him In the moment that followed she gave him one look, a look so filled with anguished tenderness its sweetness and its sadness haunted him all his days, then she tore herself from his arms and ran from the spot, scarcely knowing whither she went for the tears that welled into her eyes half blinded her.

He watched her go and he felt as if all his little world had crumbled into ruins. All his life long he had worshiped at the shrine of Nature. Her trees, her flowers, her sunshine, her smiles, her singing birds and her humming

Nature. Her trees, her flowers, her sunshine, her smiles, her singing birds and her humming bees—all these had been as his playmates from early boyhood, but now they had lost their

power to comfort, to console.

A little while before he felt himself strong to conquer, strong in the power of his young manhood, now he felt crushed to the dust by the weight of his sorrow. He sank down on the soft earth. In that hour he knew the need of some higher power, some power that was of Nature, yet which was apart from her and as far above her as the stars are above the earth.

far above her as the stars are above the earth.

Was it—could it have been a prayer which
was wafted from his lips? Only the God of
Nature and his own heart may know, but even
the birds singing in the branches above might
have pitied him as he knelt there in the morning sunlight, while the tears, that were no
shame to his manhood, coursed down his
cheeks, and his pride battled with that anguish
which kills the soul although the body yet
lives.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Mrs. Wurnetd: The Parting." Send 15 cents for a year's subscription, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

A Happy Bald-Headed Man.

H. Dayton, a chemist, living at 3004 S Magnolia Ave., St. Louis. Mo., accidently discovered a mixture that made his hair grow. He tried it on his ball-headed friends with the same result. He is so proud of it that he has had the recipe printed by the thousand and is sending it to all who write and enclose stamp.

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D. J. LANE, Dept. C., St. Marys, Kas.

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RARE CHINA FOR YOUR HOME.

Wonderful Opportunity Given to Any One to Secure a Gold-Medal Dinner Set without Paying a Cent.

An Opportunity is Offered the Readers of this Paper to Take Advantage of the Ex-ceptional Offer and Prepare Their Dining Rooms for the Most Se-lect Visitors.

Readers, do you want a beautiful dinner set for your dining room, one that will make you **Proud** of your home when anyone comes to dinner?

I can point out the way for you to secure one of the finest sets to be found any place, absolutely free. All you will have to do is to give away among your friends a very



few beautiful pictures, one of which you see here and which they will be glad to get in view of the fact, that, considering their values as treasures of art, their cost is almost nothing.

Elsewhere in this paper you will find a full statement of the entire plan, but the offer is so good that I want to say something about it here, so as to bring the very best chances to the notice of readers whenever possible.

chances to the notice of readers whenever possible.

This Gold Medal Hinner Sect is one of the pretiest and most delicate services anybody ever laid his eyes on. It bears proof of its worth, for on each plate is stamped the fac-simile of the Gold Medal which was awarded to this particular kind of china at the St. Louis World's Fair. This is a very high honor for it means that out of the hundreds of different kinds of China from home and from foreign countries this brand was the one chosen as the Very Best.

The dinner set of which I speak is gold lined, and traced beautifully with arbutus blossoms, vines and leaves, all in their natural beauty. They are so real that one can almost imagine he smells the odor of the blossoms.

Mr. M. S. Roberts, 50 Wabash Av., Chicago is the one making this offer. In addition to the dinner set, however, he offers absolutely free a fine "Motto Plate," gold lined and traced with exquisite art. This plate is 8½ inches in diameter and bears an appropriate motto which makes it a perfect beauty.

You will receive the plate extra besides the dishes for distributing a few of the most beautiful fac-simile oil paintings you ever saw. And please don't think you will have to do any canvassing for YOU WILL NOT.

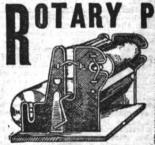
The full details of the offer will be found on Page 19. Don't neglect to read every word on that page or you may be sorry when it is too late.

YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip
Beats? Have you Shortness of
Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting
in Sleep, Nightmare, Hungry
or Weak Spells, Oppressed
Feeling in chest, Choking
Sensation in throat, Painful
Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or
ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you
have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease,
on't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart
Tablets: One ont of four has a weak or diseased heart.
Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated
for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidney or Nerves.
Don't drop do d like hundreds of others, when Dr.
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FREE TREATMENT COUPON Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.



ied by hand. It is a wonderful, practical little press, suited to printing programs, circulars, tickets, cards, letter heads, envelopes, dodgers, price lists, etc. It will print eight full lines of type on a sheet four inches wide. We give you the Fress with complete outfit, including a cabinet containing type tray, font of type, bottle of ink, bottle of bronze, tweezers, blank visiting cards, etc. When printing big jobs from a roil you simply turn the crank and the press automatically feed sitself, prints and delivers the finished job. We will give this complete Press and Outfit to anyone who will sell only 24 of our beautiful asserted articles of jewelry at 10 cents each. Just send us your name, we trust you with jewelry. When sold send money (82.40) and we will ship Press and outfit complete from factory same day money is received. plete from factory same day money is received Sand myour name today. This fine premium will please you.
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Can You Make 12 Words?

TBROIANL

Now here is a puzzle that is a prize-winner. You do not have to sit up and work over a dictionary all night. Just a little ingenuity and skill. The puzzle is to get as many words as possible out of the letters herewith given. Use only the letters given and only as many. Words as possible out of the letters herewith given. Use only the letters given and only as many times as they appear. For instance, the letter R appears four times, so in all your words you must use R more than four times. If you used k twice in another, you cannot use R many times as it appears. You do not have to use the send it to you unless we have your name and address, so we give these prizes to induce you to send us your is at once, as the person winning first prize many not have more than that many words.

THE OFFER We will give \$25 in cash as any not have more than that many words.

THE OFFER We will give \$25 in cash as any not have more than that many words.

THE OFFER to the person sending in the largest list of words, \$10 to the second largest, \$5 to the third, \$1 to the next five and 50 cents each to the next ten. There are no conditions to the contest for these prizes. If there should be at the between two or more persons for any of your money. Show this offer to your friends.

WORD CONTEST EDITOR, 309 RIDGE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

She rose and answered quietly:
"The future may contain only disappointments for me, but however lonely, however sad my lot may prove, I think I shall never fall so low as to regret not having married a man whom I find it impossible to love. The sooner this interview ends the longer our friendship will last. My time is not now my own, and as my duties claim me in the schoolroom, I must bid you good by."

"Edna, If you send me away from you now, you shall never look upon my face again in this world!"

Mournfully her tearful eyes sought his, but her voice was low and steady as she put out both hands, and said solemnly:

"Farewell, dear friend. God grant that when next we see each other's faces they may be overshadowed by the shining, white plumes of our angel wings, in that city of God, where the wicked cease from troubing and the weary are at rest." Never again in this world, ah! such words are dreary and funereal as the dull fall of clods on a coffin-lid; but so be it. Thank God! time brings us all to one inevitable tryst before the great white throne."

real as the duil fall of clods on a coffin-lid; but so be it. Thank God! time brings us all to one inevitable tryst before the great white throne."

He took the hands, then drew them to his lips and left her.

With a slow, weary step she turned and went up to her room and read Mr. Hammond's letter. It was full of affection and wise counsel, but contained no allusion to Mr. Murray.

As she refolded it she saw a slip of paper which had fallen unnoticed on the carpet, and picking it up she read these words:

"It grieves me to have to tell you that, after all, I fear St. Elmo will marry Estelle Harding. He does not love her, she cannot influence him to redeem himself; his future looks hopeless indeed. Edna, my child! what have you done! Oh! what have you done!"

Her heart gave a sudden, wind bound, then a spasm seemed to seize it, and presently the fluttering ceased, her pulses stopped, and a chill darkness fell upon her.

Her head sank heavily on her chest, and when she recovered her memory she felt an intolerable sensation of suffocation, and a sharp pain that seemed to stab the heart, whose throbs were slow and feeble.

She raised the window and leaned out panting for breath, and the freezing wind powdered her face with fine snowflakes, and sprinkled its fairy flower-crystals over her hair.

Physical pain blanched Edna's lips, and she pressed her hand repeatedly to her heart, wondering what caused those keen pangs. At last, when the bodily suffering passed away, and she sat down exhausted, her mind reverted to the sentence in Mr. Hammond's letter.

She knew the words were not lightly written, and that his reproachful appeal had broken from the depths of his aching heart, and was intended to rouse her to some action. "I can do nothing, say nothing! Must sit still and wait patiently—prayerfully. Today, if I could put out my hand and touch Mr. Murray, and bind him to me for ever, I would not. No, no! Not a finger must I lift even between him and Estelle! But he will not marry her! I know—I feel that he will not mar

of the silk ornamens at bottom of tabs, lined throughout with sateen to match, an up to late, stylish neckpiece and is given free in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00. This big, rich, beautiful banquet lamp will be furnished free in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to \$25.00. The latest style for this season, beautifully decorated in floral beautiful beautif

had a terrible pain here, and—" She laid her hand over her heart."

"Felix, let use of downstairs. I think if your mother would give me some wine, it might strengthen me."

Notwithstanding the snow, Mrs. Andrews had gone out; but Felix had the wine brought to the schoolroom, and after a little while the blood showed itself shyly in £dna's what lips, and she took the boy's Latin book and it was nearly nine o'clock before Felix feli the sleep that night. Softly unclasping his thin fingers which clung to her hand, she went up to her own room, feeling the full force of these mournful words:

"I Kee' In the esuffers from it. I only pour out my heart before God—and here. Oh! the mournful words:

"I would not be suffers from it. I only pour out my heart before God—and here. Oh! the profiless adness—this sadness without tears—arid, bruising the heart like a hammer!"

There was no recurrence of the physical agony; and after two days the feeling of prostration passed away, and only the memoral and introducing her to self-styled "fash-ionable society," had taken possession of Mrs. Andrews mind, and she was quite as much delighted with her patronizing scheme as a child would have been with a new hobbyhorse. On Thursday she informed Edna that she desired her presence at dinner, and urged that no alternative remained but acquiescence, and reluctantly the governess prepared to meet a formidable party of strangers.

When Mrs. Andrews presented Sir Roger Percival, he bowed rather haughtily, and with a distant politeness, which assured Edna that he was cognizant of her refusal to make highly horse on the sixty part of the strangers.

When Mrs. Andrews presented Sir Roger Percival, he bowed rather haughtily, and with a distant politeness, which assured Edna that he was cognizant of her refusal to make highly her party with the province of the strangers.

When Mrs. Mandrews presented sir Roger Percival, he sowed to heart and carefully flattering his vanity; but wheneve Edna, his visa-vis, looked toward him, she invariably found hi

that he never takes up his pen without using it to break some social shackles; and its strokes are tremendous as those of the hammer of Thor. But surely, Miss Earl, you Americans cannot with either good taste, grace, or consistency, upbraid England on the score of woman's rights' movements?"

"At least, sir, our statesmen are not yet attacked by this most loathsome of political leprosies. Only a few crazy fanatics have fallen victims to it, and if lunatic asylums were not frequently cheated of their dues, these would not be left at large, but shut up together in high-walled enclosures, where, like Sydney Smith's 'graminivorous metaphysicians,' or Reaumur's spiders, they could only injure one another and destroy their own webs. The noble apology which Edmund Burke once offered for his countrymen, always recurs to my mind when I hear these women's conventions' alluded to: Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle repose beneath the shade of the British oak, chew the cud, and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number, or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meager, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour. I think, sir, that the noble and true women of this continent earnestly believe that the day which invests them with the elective franchise would be the blackest in the annals of humanity, would ring the death-knell of modern civilization, of national prosperity, social morality, and domestic happiness! and would consign the race to a night of degradation and horror infinitely more appalling than a return to primeval barbarism.

"Even my brief sojourn in America has taught me the demoralizing tendency of the doctrine of 'equality of races and of sexes,' and you must admit, Miss Earl, that your countrywomen are growing dangerously learned," answered Sir Roger, smilling.

"I'ven my brief soj

said Wait, Miss Earl. What do you want, Hat-

tie?"
"Bro. Felix wants Miss Earl, and sent me

"Wait, Miss Earl. What do you want, Hattie?"

"Bro. Felix wants Miss Earl, and sent me to beg her to come."

"Go back and tell him he is in a hopeless minority, and that in this country the majority rule. There are fifteen here who want to talk to Miss Earl, and he can't have her in the schoolroom just now," said Grey Chitton, slyly pelting his niece with almonds.

"But Felix is really sick today, and if Mrs. Andrews will excuse me, I prefer to go."

She looked imploringly at the lady of the house, who said nothing; and Sir Roger beckoned Hattie to him, and exclaimed:

"Pray, may I inquire, Mrs. Andrews, why your children do not make their appearance? I am sure you need not fear a repetition of the sarcastic rebuke of that wit who, when dining at a house where the children were noisy and unruly, lifted his glass, bowed to the troublesome little ones, and drank to the memory of King Herod. I am very certain 'the murder of the innocents' would never be recalled here, unless—forgive me, Miss Earl! but from the sparkle in your eyes, I believe you anticipate me. Do you really know what I am about to say?"

"It hink, sir, I can guess."

"Let me see whether you are a clairvoyant!"

"On one occasion when a sign for a children's school was needed, and the lady teacher applied to Lamb to suggest a design, he

FOUND DEAD IN BE

Mr. John C. Harris, a prosperous young farmer of Chambersburg N. Y., went to bed last Thursday night feeling at well as usual. Next morning his wife found him dead in bed beside her! Was it murder? Yes and no. No, because he died from so-called natural causes-yes, because for months he'd known that he had heart disease, and that sudden death might come from the least over-exertion, or by sleeping on his left side, and this last proved too true! And yet this bright, intelligent young man, with every-thing to live for, wouldn't listen to reason either to his doctor or to the earnest pleadeither to his doctor or to the earnest pleadings of his wife to do something. "It don't amount to anything," he'd say, "only a little palpitation, It's my stomach, I think. It will go away of itself." But delay cost his

will go away of itself." But delay cost his life! Was not this self-murder? This case is only one; sixty thousand peo-ple die yearly of Heart Disease! Six in every ten have it. Many don't know it, they think ten have it. Many don't know it, they think it's something else and doctor the stomach, kidneys, female organs, etc., and get no better; and a good many who do know think it can't be cured. Now Heart Disease is just as curable as any other disease; we have proved this fully by curing over a hundred and thirty thousand cases! Many of these were the most chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which all other remedies and doctors had failed and hope seemed gone but our treatmost chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which all other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone, but our treatment cured them quickly and to stay cured! In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also and in such it is useless to treat the heart alone, and one reason why our treatment cures is because it sets the stomach right, removes constipation, steadies and revitalizes the nerves and builds up the whole system, besides strengthening, controlling and curing the heart. We can cure YOU! no matter how bad off, and to prove it we will send you by mail, postpaid, without any conditions, without any restrictions, and without any cost, a regular full-size treatment of Dr. Fuller's Heart and Nerve Cure, and his illustrated book with which you will know your own case as well as any doctor. Both are free.

Understand this is not a "sample" or "trial," but a regular full size treatment. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind, nothing but a fair, square chance for you to fully test this grand treatment for yourself, in your own home, without cost. If you have one of the symptoms, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching or Nightmare, Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the heart, Short Breath, Fainting, Smothering, Choking, Numb or Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Nose-bleed, Swelling Legs, Asthma, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder-blade, your heart and nerves are surely wrong! Don't wait, but send now for the full free treatment and get well. Address The Heart Cure Co., 76 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

meekly advised that of "The Murder of the Innocents." Thank you, sir. However, I am not surprised that you entertain such flattering opinions of a profession which in England boasts 'Squeers' as its national type and representative."

The young man laughed good-humoredly, and answered.

resentative."
The young man laughed good-humoredly, and answered:
"For the honor of my worthy pedagogical countrymen, permit me to assure you that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

If you have ever sent an order to Sears, Roebuck & Co. you may be entitled to receive from them, FREE OF ANY COST TO YOU OF ANY KIND, one or more of the valuable articles illustrated hereon, this by reason of our LATEST REVISED AND MOST LIBERAL PROFIT SHARING PLAN, FAR MORE LIBERAL THAN EVER BEFORE, READ OUR LIBERAL OFFER, OUR NEW REVISED \$25.00 PROFIT SHARING PLA

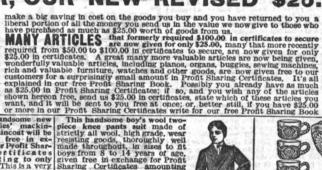
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The sad story of MY FATHER'S GREAT SUFFERING FROM CANCER

Read the following and be convinced



away his nose and portions of his face (as shown in his palate was entirely destroyed together with porfinis throat. Father fortunately discovered the great that eured him. This was over forty years ago, has never suffered a day since.

same discovery has now cured thousands who were sed with operation and death. And to prove that this put we will give their sworn statement if you will Doctors, Lawyers, Mechanics, Ministers, Laboring inkers and all classes recommend this glorlous life-iscovery, and we want the whole world to benefit by it.

VE YOU CANCER. To make the way to the commend the sufficiency of the commendation of the commendati

sein, discovery, and we want the whole world to benefit by it.

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It will cost you nothing to learn the truth about this won
derfal home treatment without the knife or caustle. And it
you know anyone who is afflicted with any disease above mentioned, you can do them a Christian act of kindness by sending us their addresses so we can write them how easily they
ean be cured in their own home. This is no fell talk, we
mean just what we say. We have cured others, and can cure
you. Forty years experience guarantees success. Write us
today; delay is dangerous. Illustrated Booklet TREE. DRE. MIXER, 269 State St., HASTINGS, MICH.



Gold Watch FREE

CURE GOITRE Have Found a Remedy That You Should Try. YOU MAY TEST IT FREE.



Mrs. L. R. Brent of Bardwell, Ky., writes:—'I am happy to tell you that my goitre is entirely cured and that I am in better health every way than for years. You have a wonderful treatments Dector, and I am recommending it to all my afficted friends."

I have cured scores

FREE to the RUPTURED



I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, FREE.

Mark on the discount of the cure of the cure, FREE.

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to DR. W. S. RICE, 242 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

Age	Time Ruptured
Name	
Address	

Does rupture pains __.

STAY

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured. No Charge to try the NEW KRESSLIN TREATMENT. est Send Your Address and a Supply Will Be Sent You FREE—Do It To-day.

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home emedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their eight, and, in order to prove that it does take off superfluous esh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be



This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

Jent, free of charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the KRESSLIN FREATMENT, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound aday, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, alpha, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, lieting, or in any way interfereing with your customary nabits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to the Dr. Bromley Co., Dept 530B, 108 Fulton St., New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment after the properties of indorsement from those who have taken the treatmentat home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COM-FORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORTS HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Matilda, Ohio.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that, if the property you mention did not come to the man you mention by descent, devise, or deed of gift from any ancestor, and if upon his death his widow survives him, and he leaves no children, and no will, the whole property, both real and personal, will go to the widow. If, in the case you mention, the widow should not survive the husband, we are of the opinion that her children by a former marriage would not come in for any part of his estate, unless he made a will providing for them, but that his property would go to his own brothers and sisters, or their representatives. If the property was deeded to the wife, and upon her death her husband survived her, it would go to the children of the wife by the former marriage, subject to the husband's dower of a one third interest in the real estate for her life. It may be necessary for this man to make a will, if he wishes to make the disposition of his property which your letter intimates.

G. W. S.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State from which you write, peddlers of merchandise not manufactured within the State must pay a license fee, and that there is a penalty for peddling without a license.

Mrs. M. C. M.—We think that, under the laws of the State from which you write, the proquired by the State from which you write the neonety acquired by State from which you write the neonety acquired by State from which you write the neonety acquired by State from which you write the neonety acquired by State from which you write the neonety acquired by State from which you write the neonety acquired by State from which you write the neonety acquired by State from which you write the neonety acquired by State from which you write the neonety acquired by State from which you write the neonety acquired by

license fee, and that there is a penalty for peddling without a license.

Mrs. M. C. M.—We think that, under the laws of the State from which you write, the property acquired by you in the manner you describe is your sole and separate property, and that your husband has no title to the same, except that he had the right to manage it during the time the marriage exists. We do not think the bank had any right to pay out money on the check upon which your signature, as payee, was forged, unless they can substantiate by proof that your signature was placed on it by someone having the proper authority.

O. S.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that A. or B. could both, or either of them, bring action against each other for slander, but, in case the defendant in such an action should set up in his answer that he was justified in making the statements he did, it would be necessary for the one bringing the action to fully prove that he was entirely innocent of the acts of which he was accused of committing, before he would be entitled to recover any damages. Bither of them would be very foolish to bring such an action without being fully prepared to prove their own innocence. Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that the bringing of an action for slander is limited to one year from the time that the right of action accrues.

H. W. J.—We do not think that the act of B., in giving

H.W. J.—We do not think that the act of B., in giving and for a new country road, releases A: from the covenants of his deed to B., unless the deed is so worded as in some way to covet such a contingency.

Mrs. S. B. H.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, and from the statements made by you to us, we are of the opinion that, if the child you mention predeceased the man you mention, and the man dies leaving no will, his widow would only be entitled to her widow's share, and would not receive the share which would have come to the child if it had survived its father. (2) An adopted child would inherit the same as any other child, provided it was legally adopted by a decree of a court having competent jurisdiction. In many instances, so-called adopted children are not legally adopted.

R. A. T.—If your ancestor's title to the land you men-

R. A. T.—If your ancestor's title to the land you mention is a good title and he died without disposing of the land, the title would still remain in his descendants unless the same has been disposed of by them by deed, will or otherwise, unless some other person has established title by adverse possession or tax sales. Under the laws of the State from which you write all actions for the recovery of property from persons holding under adverse possession, or any other claim of title, are limited to twenty-one years, except in cases of persons under legal disability, but all such are barred in thirty years. We fear from the tenor of your letter that you are probably barred by this limitation.

B. H. C.—We think A. should remove the tree and re-

B. H. C.—We think A. should remove the tree and repair the fence, but that he should first procure permission from B. in order to escape liability for trespass upon B.'s land in doing so.

Mrs. E. J. A.—Address Bureau of Free Lands, Washington, D. C.

ton, D. C.

Mrs. A. W.—If the property you mention was the Community property of your father and mother, we are of the opinion that you inherit your father's share, but that your half-brother would share equally with you in your mother's portion of it. An action for partition of the property, we think, would be the proper action for you to bring in order to have it divided. Perhaps you can come to some agreement with your half-brother as to your respective shares in the property; in case you do this you should have some lawyer draw the deeds for you.

L. D.—We do not think the way you purphased the land

spective snares in the property; in case you do this you should have some lawyer draw the deeds for you.

L. D.—We do not think the man you purchased the land from can execute any paper which would give you a good title to the land you purchased without his wife's signature. The right, in the State from which you write, of the wife to dowers in her husband's real estate is one which the husband can in no way dispose of, and in case he died before his wife she will receive her dower in the property you purchased from him unless she releases the same to you. Perhaps you might be able to purchase this release from her, or in case she should die before her husband the right of dower will die with her, but that would necessitate the tying up of your property until that time, as you could not convey good title in case you desired to sell or mortgage the property.

Miss E. M. W. S.—We think you could purchase the property you mention, and take title in your own name. We do not think your father's creditors could bother you, unless they can prove the money you used for the purchase belonged to him. You could not sell or mortgage the property until you become of full age without going through an elaborate proceeding for that purpose.

R. T. W.—As a general proposition we are of the

R. T. W.—As a general proposition we are of the opinion, that a city government has power to do the things you enumerate. Possibly an examination of the charter of the city you mention and a study of the local conditions might reveal the fact that the city council has exceeded its authority. Your statements to us would not alone justify our thinking that they have.

SASH, DOOR, AND MILLWORK BARGAINS

Write Gordon Van Tine 4-Co. for Catalog and Buy Guaranteed Building Material at 50% Saving—Quality and Safe Delivery Guaranteed.

Gordon Van Tine & Co., of Davenport, Iowa, are the largest manufacturers in the world of sash, doors, millwork and building material. Their catalog tells all about their own timber lands, their own sawmills, their factories, their enormous capacity, their guarantees of quality and safe delivery, and shows why they save 50 o/o over dealers' prices, no matter where you live. They sell by mail order only, and guarantee safe delivery and quality.

To get the benefit of this saving, whether you are a contractor, carpenter or individual user, or whether you want a \$5 or a \$10,000 order; whether you are agoing to build a handsome home or put storm windows in the old home—first write for the catalog to Gordon Van Tine & Co., Station X, Davenport, Iewa. See their advertisement, 80c door, on another page.

FREE ADVICE ON CURING



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

Read these questions carefully, answer them yes or no and send them with the Free Medical Advice Coupon to Specialist Sproule. You will receive a careful diagnosis of your case, without its costing you a cent.

Is your throat raw? Do you sneeze often? Is your breath foul? Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Does your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deat?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

Answer the questions I've made Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will bring valuable information. Address Catarrh Specialist SPROULE (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service), 233 Trade Building Boston.

Don't suffer with Catarrh any longer! Don't let it destroy your happinessyour health-your very life itself.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless nostrums.

Don't think it can't be vanquished just because you have not sought help in the

because you have not sought help in the right place.
Write to me at once and learn how it can be cured. Let me explain my new scientific treatment—perfected by myself—used only by myself. Thousands of persons, many of them living right near you, testify it has cured them absolutely—completely—permanently manently.

Catarrh is more than an annoying trouble

Catarrh is more than an annoying trouble
—more than an unclean disease—more than
a brief ailment. It's the advance guard of
Consumption. Neglected Catarrhitoo often
becomes Consumption. It has opened the
door of death for thousands. Take it in
hand now—before it's too late.

I'll gladly send you a careful diagnosis
of your case and give you free consultation
and advice. It shall not cost you a cent.

LET ME TELL YOU JUST HOW

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. Thousands have accepted this offer—today they are free from Catarrh. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain. Just for the asking you'll receive the benefit of my twenty-one years of experience—my vast knowledge of Catarrh and the way to cure it.

FREE MEDICAL Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 233 Trade Building, Boston, please send me, entirely free of charge, your advice in regard to the cure of Catarrh.

BOY'S AIR RIFLE Long

this 2 lbs., elegantly finished, steel barrel, all working parts nickeled; walnut, pistol grip, peep sights; used indoors or for killing small game; shoots B B shot darts; most accurate rifle made. Send us your name and address for only 24 pieces of elepty to sell at 10c. each, return \$2.40 when sold and we will send this rifle at once and a free ly of shot.

Address EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 217, East Boston, Mass.

Watch AND RING FREE A Ten Thousand Dollar Check We give Storn-Wind, SolidGold Laid, ruanased Watch, Gold Laid, ruanased Watch, ongrawed on selfengrawed on the selfengrawed on

Energetic Men Wanted

in every locality throughout United States to adver-tise our goods, tacking up showcards on trees, fences and along roads; also distributing advertising matter; com-mission or salary \$83 per month and expenses \$4 per day. Steady employment; no experience required; write for particulars. Wm.R. Warner Medicine Co., London, Canada.

MORPHINE the only absolute cure for drug habits, and the only only one containment free treatment ing the vital principle. It treat Drug users free until UNTIL CURED cured. Write for free trial today. State kind and quantity of drug used. Dr. Waterman, 14 Lexington Ave., Suite 63, New York.

WANTED Men to Learn Barber Trade. \$60 Monthly made by graduates. Can earn expenses before completing if desired. Few weeks completes. Write nearest Branch. Moler System of Colleges. New York City, Chicago, Ills., St. Louis, Mo., Kansas City, Mo., New Orleans, La., Cincinnati, Ohio, Atlanta, Ga., Omaha, Nebr., Denver, Colo., Dallas or San Antonio, Texas.

WANTED—A Bright Man

with light team, as salesman in your own locality. Experience not necessary. Steady work and good pay guaranteed to right man. Reference required. For particulars address KOCH V. T. CO., 167 East 2nd St., Winona, Minn.

OLD SORES CURED





FREE

Address SUNSHINE, Augusta, Maine.

FREE! The New External Prize Remedy. WHAT OXIEN POROUS PLASTERS WILL DO.

THEY will, if used as directed, kill bodily pain as if by magic. They banish Backache, Rheumatiam, Neuralgia, Nervous and Sciatic Pains, Colds. Coughs, Quinay, Croup, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Fever, Soreness, Stiffness, Lameness, Strains, Sprains, Bruises, Cats, Wounds, Growing Pains in Children, Lumbago, "Stitch in the Back," Inflammation, and other bodily Aches and Pains.



of Oxien Plasters is 25c. each, to the fir friends who can prove they have never before d the Oxien Remedies, and will agree to tes powers of our Wonderful Discovery, am their friends if they find relief from thei

FREE TRIAL

TRIAL
OFFER
TO YOU.

Let their friends if they find relief from their miseries, we will send a sample Oxien.
To YOU.

Cures have already been made. Write at once—today—and we will also send ample box Oxien FER LAL OFFER must be addressed to THE ALL OFFER must be addressed to THE OXIEN PLASTER CO., 44 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.



Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be.

COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. M. T., Saybrook, Ill.—Try the Westen und Daheim, Chicago, Ill., \$1 a year, weekly. There are a great many German papers published in this country and you should inquire of a newsdealer in your town as to what one he thinks you would like. The Gegenwart, Chicago, is a German religious monthly, price \$1.50 a year. Write for a sample copy.

H. C. M., Dennison, O.—We keep no addresses and cannot give those you ask for. We can print your address and ask them to write to you, if you wish

Vera, Busch, Okla.—Write to the editor, with your story or drawing, merely what you are inclosing to him. Write your address on each article sent in. Always inclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

W. H. C., Powell Station, Tenn.-We don't know W. H. C., Powell Station, Tenn.—We don't know where typewriter ink can be bought nor how to make it. We do not believe it is for sale. If you want to make experiments you might get ink enough for them by applying direct to any of the leading typewriter manufacturers. Write to them and see what they tell you. Incidentally we may say that we have never yet seen a reconstructed typewriter ribbon that was any good. We should be glad to hear from you if you succeed in producing one. Write to a typewriter manufacturer who does not use ribbons. You will have a better chance there, we think.

W. A. B., Calvert Station, Ky.—You can get such

W. A. B., Calvert Station, Ky.—You can get such pasteboard from any paper manufacturer, and you can get prices by writing to any of them in Cincinnati or Louisville. We suggest these two cities because they are near enough to make express charges the lowest. Try Chatfield & Woods, Cincinnation

W. G. B., Bethel, Mo.—The Pennman's Art Journal, monthly, \$1 a year, New York City.

W. B. Gibreth, Dawson, Ala., would like to know where he can get the book, "Brother Against Brother." Can any Comfort reader inform him?

H. C. S., Douglassville, Pa.—Unless you know more than your great-grandfather's name, the task of finding where he lived in Virginia will be hopeless. Probably if you wrote to the Secretary of State, Richmond, Va., giving him all the information you have, he might be able to start you on the way to something definite.

way to something definite.

M.S., Linden, Ala.—You will have to show your patent before you can do anything towards selling it. Write to some stove manufacturer in Birmingham, of in St. Louis, or elsewhere, stating what you have and offering it to them. If it is a good thing they will buy it.

D. H. H., Sycamore, O.—Write to McKisson & Robbins, New York City. You could probably do better in Cincinnati.

R. A. P., Rockwood, Conn.—There is no cure. You ought to leave him, but as you may get his pension, you might as well hold on a little longer. Consult an atterney. We think there is no doubt-about getting the pension. He is the first man we have ever heard of who was too lazy to apply for a pension.

C. C., Armstrong, Ia.—Ninety-first street and Fith Ayenue, New York, N. Y., is his home ad-dress. But you are simply wasting your postage

Peggy, Longton, Kans.—We think not. But write b Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich. Inclose

postage.

V. S. C., Merrill, Wis.—They do not exist, to our knowledge, therefore we cannot give them to you.

knowledge, therefore we cannot give them to you.

Mrs. H. S., Stanley, Wis.—All the lace curtains
we know of have the paper and cloth torn off, so
we don't know the answer to your question.

Miss K. McG., Westminster, Cal.—You can get
such instruction that will be worth anything to
you only by attending a school where it is taught.
You cannot teach yourself, and you cannot acquire it successfully without a teacher.

O. W. C., Collison, Ill.—You can become a secret
service agent for the government, by showing that
you have the ability to do the business the government wants done, and then having sufficient
political pull to get the job.

H. S., St. Joe. Ark.—There may be hospitals in

political pull to get the job.

H. S., St. Joe, Ark.—There may be hospitals in the West which train nurses free, but we believe there is none in the East. Write to Superintendent City Hospital, St. Louis, Mo. Unless you have special qualifications to be a nurse, you should not undertake it, because it is very difficult work.

Mrs. A. K., Peoria, III.—Write to Wehman Bros., 126 Park Row, New York City. If they cannot supply them, they can tell you who can.

E. O. H., Waterview, Ky.—Bogert & Durbin, 116.

E. O. H., Waterview, Ky.—Bogert & Durbin, 116 Nassau St.; Perrin & Co., 106 East 23rd St.; D. Proskey, 853 Broadway, all of New York City.

Proskey, 853 Broadway, all of New York City.

M. A. W., Cross Fork, Pa.—Before doing anything else, you should let some competent judge of music hear your daughter sing and play. Then if the judgment is favorable, send her to some music school in the city nearest to you. If she has real ability, with application, she will succeed. But do not depend on your own judgment unless you are a competent musician. Hundreds of girls are wasting time and money trying to become musicians and singers.

M. M. Prescott, Iowa.—Good pictures for adver-

musicians and singers.

M. M., Prescott, Iowa.—Good pictures for advertising are in demand. Try the American Lithographing Co., New York City; Morgan Lithographing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; Free Press Co., Detroit, Mich. Or any of the Chicago companies.

R. R., Shirley, Iowa.—You can learn it with any jeweler who wants an apprentice. You will have to go out looking for a job as a beginner and work your way up. If there is an easier or better plan, we don't know it.

V. F. C. Hattischurg, Mich.

V. F. C., Hattiesburg, Miss.—Harper Brothers, Franklin Square, New York City, is the present address, and if you will write to them they may be able to give you information of the book they published years ago. The chances are that you will only find it, if at all, in some second-hand shop.

S. J. J., Wesley Ill.—Better have it published first in a newspaper or magazine. Such books as you mention do not publish original poems.

C. D. A., Vedro, O.—We are afraid we cannot be of assistance. Only a lawyer in that line of work can do anything. Better not waste money you have, trying to get that which you have not.

have, trying to get that which you have not.

Brunette, Orange, Cal.—Your mother is right.
You are too young to attempt nursing, even if you have the qualifications. The work is very difficult and wearing, and calls for unusual strength of mind, body and nerves. What your friends may think of your ability counts for nothing unless it coincides with the opinion of physicians. If they say you have the necessary qualifications you may undertake the work.

MAN'S FAREWELL TO LOW WAGES

Good-By Forever to Hard Work—Little Pay—Hard Times—Job Hunting! You Can Own and Boss this Money-Making Business! Get Money as this Man Did! Change From Wage Earner to Wage Payer-From Serving Others to Commanding Others



As it Would be Told at Home.

You may well rejoice, my wife, over our good fortune in getting for almost nothing a business which made money the very first day and has grown better all along until now after a few weeks the daily profits run from \$8.00 to \$12.00. You have just counted today's receipts and seem surprised that they amount to \$15.00 plus some cents, but I have good reason to expect even larger returns as time goes on. Of that \$15.00 you must take out about \$3.00 for cost of material and the \$12.00 remaining is profit. So business gets better as it gets older. I need have no worry about the future, because there remains many dollars' worth of unfinished work upon which I can calculate as in the past about 75c profit on the dollar and the past about 75c profit on the dollar and more orders coming in all the time. My trouble has not been the want of orders, but facilities good to receive such generous encourage. to fill orders as fast as many customers would like, and to make matters better have engaged a boy to help in the shop, including an extra solicitor.

It has kept me hustling this far to take care of family customers whose orders range from \$2.00 to \$10.00; but increased facilities will enable me to get business in even larger quantities from botels, restaurants and public institutions, manufacturers and retail stores, there being searcely any person in business or out who does not at all times have urgent need for my services. I never thought it possible to

START A PROSPEROUS BUSINESS

like this with only a few dollars, for almost every business worth having requires several thousand dollars to begin with, and I was not thousand dollars to begin with, and I was not in that class, in fact, we can both recall with sad regret the days of no work, no wages—debts piling up—nearly everyone and everything combined to keep me.down. Then my siege of sickness—no work—laid up—laid off—almost laid away—nothing coming in—expenses going on—doctor bills and what not. Trouble, trouble, trouble, but that's the common hard-ship of every man who sells his time to others—hard work—long hours—little pay—en-—hard work—long hours—little pay—en-riching those who boss, but never himself. Verily, my good wife, we know from experience

and now after years of hard labor here and there and almost everywhere—from factory hand to office clerk—teaching school or selling goods—town and city trades—now and then the farm—we find ourselves in prosperous cir-cumstances, owning a pleasant business which promises to pay from

\$1800 TO \$2500 ANNUALLY.

Goodness knows, we might still be slaving for a bare existence if this opportunity hadn't come as a God-send, but we know too well the need as a God-send, but we know too well the need of money to get foolish or spoiled by sudden prosperity. I am happy to think that our days of self-denial and privations are over, that you and the children can have many things in the future which you craved but alas! didn't have the money to buy. You can dress better, visit more, work less, buy new things for the house and give the children a better education. What a blessing it is to have money coming in all the time, and how different the people treat a successful man.

It's really wonderful how people took to my business from the very start, just seemed that

business from the very start, just seemed that everyone had something for me to do—eager to have it done—a cordial welcome everywhere and people came from miles around-

GOODS WERE GOING OUT-MONEY COMING IN-

almost a dollar cleared every time a dollar taken in. You remember my starting here at home— set off one room which was soon filled with a great assortment of merchandise-some gold, some silver—big and little heaps—how things glistened when the sun came through—then the change to larger quarters owing to increased

ment from the people everywhere, for I can't forget my ups and downs-hard knocksnever a boost until this

thing happened.
The people certainly looked kindly upon home industry, and

home industry, and because my business was conducted there in their very midst a feeling of confidence was immediately established. My work has always been well done and I do not fear to meet the same customer twice even ten years from now. I have never been the kind to deceive anyone and would not eare to bring that disgrace upon my children.

been the kind to deceive anyone and would not eare to bring that disgrace upon my children even though success was the reward.

Yes, people do wonder at my sudden rise in the world, but there is nothing remarkable in my performance, simply a case of supplying something which the people did not have but wanted awful bad—never had before, it's a regular business in some large cities, but just as well suited to town and country places as my own success proved. My success has not been due to influence, business training, special schooling or technical knowledge, but to human endeavor, faithful work and earnest purpose. Had I failed to make good in this opportunity when everything was favorable to success it

that it's mighty inconvenient to be poor and now after years of hard labor here and there and almost everywhere—from factory my part if I did not give

PRAISE TO THE MANUFACTURERS

who not only suggested the opportunity but furnished at slight cost everything needed to start the business, including special teaching, valuable instructions and trade secrets and did this so well that my ignorance of the business itself was no drawback at all. Quite a few people from other sections have already written them on my recommendation, for they

WILL START OTHERS

in all parts of the world, either men or women, in this business at home or traveling, all or spare time, but do not encourage business re-lations with drones

or idlers. I am only one of thousands whom they have started in their twenty years of business experience, and I can't imagine a business which offers equal money-making opportunities to people of limited means—something or idlers. I am only

to people of limited means—someth in g easy to do, easy to get, easy to maintain, offering almost the only chance for people in moderate circumstances to better their position in life.

Though you, my wife, regard my success as remarkable in comparison with the old days it seems to be quite the regular order of things with their customers, as for example, one man claims \$301.27 in two weeks, another \$88.16 the first three days and hundreds of similar reclaims \$301.27 in two weeks, another \$88.16 the first three days and hundreds of similar reports have come to my notice, which makes me feel that there is nothing of personal quality in my own success. You won't torget how skeptical I was at first, but these fears were unfounded, as we both know now, for I have found the business even better than their claim as a money-making chance which anyone without leaving home and without previous experience can manage successfully.

I shall continue advising people out of employment or working hard for a little money to send their name on a card to

GRAY & CO., 830 MIAMI BUILDING, CINCINNATI, OHIO,

and receive FREE as I did their proposition, valuable information, testimonials and samples.

They don't offer any impossible inducements, such as \$50.00 a day without work, but simply claim that those willing to hustle have every reason to expect from

Diseases Cured by My New System. Examination. Opinion and Book Free. DR. J. F. SHAFER. Kidney Specialist, 51 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.



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R E

E



So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning that a column will be devoted to answering them The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine

F. D., Aledo, Ill—Possibly the trouble with your heart arises from indigestion. Many persons have what they think is organic trouble with the heart, when it is from indigestion. From your symptoms, which you give very meagerly, we cannot tell, and advise you to consult a physician who can make an examination, and do not wait, but see one at once.

make an examination, and do not wait, but see one at once.

Subscriber, Willmar, Minn.—You have what are commonly known as "blackheads," the result of impeded circulation of the blood. To remove them cleanse the face twice a week with cleansing cream, by applying with the fingers, and wipe off with a soft towel. Then steam the face for ten minutes. Partly dry the face and press the blackheads out with a watchkey. Massage the face with a rotary motion, working from the nose outward and upward. Do this for fifteen minutes. Then cleanse the face with the cream, and in the morning wash with hot and cold water, ending with the cold. We give you a formula for the toilet water and cream. Cleansing cream: Orange flower water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; white wax, two and half ounces. Melt the wax in a double boiler, and add the other ingredients. In addition to this local treatment, eat simple food, no grease, no coffee, and eat very little sweets. Take plenty of exercise in the sunshine.

Mrs. H., Henley, Cal.—Under the circumstances we do not see our way clear to giving you any advice beyond what you have received already from physicians who have examined the case. If they can give little or no relief it is hardly possible that we should. We think, however, that if you will continue your watchfulness, and give the child as little liquid as possible, that he will outgrow it in a year or two. You might encourage him to sleep some in the daytime, so his sleep will not be so heavy at night, and he will know when the trouble makes itself felt.

Subscriber, Alden, Iowa.—Better let chloroform alone except as prescribed by a physician. As a

makes itself feit.

Subscriber, Alden, Iowa.—Better let chloroform alone except as prescribed by a physician. As a liniment you can apply it as you please, but you must exercise care, for it will blister. Any druggist can prepare a chloroform liniment for you. A better cure for your toothache is a dentist. Have you ever tried that?

better cure for your toothache is a dentist. Have you ever tried that?

A. J. B., Noble, Okla.—Cold hands and cold feet do not necessarily indicate brganic troubles, though they may be symptoms if such exist. A great many persons suffer from cold hands and feet, who are otherwise in good physical condition. What do your physicians tell you?

Josephine, Denver, Colo.—The remedy is very generally recommended, but we know of no especial cases of benefit. We have never heard of any ill effects from it; from which we may infer that while it may do no good, it does no harm. The time required varies. We do not know the address, but suppose that a letter sent to him simply "Chicago, Ill.," would reach him.

Distressed, Richmond, Va.—There are dozens of remedies which are said to prevent the hair turning gray, and yet, there are thousands of young persons with gray hair. In our opinion, gray hair and bald hair, are about alike, and when they begin to appear, they come right on despite all opposition. Why not let the gray hair take its course? It is oftener much more becoming to young persons than any other color, and you are no older though your hair is gray.

Subscriber, Dalton, Ky.—An old-fashioned remedy for night-sweats is compounded as follows:

though your hair is gray.

Subscriber, Dalton, Ky.—An old-fashioned remedy for night-sweats is compounded as follows: Dissolve fifteen grains sulphate of quinine in half an ounce essence of tansy, one fourth ounce alcohol, one fourth ounce water, and thirty drops muriatic acid. Take a teaspoonful two or three times a day. In connection with this cold sage tea is recommended to be taken freely. At the same time a tempore the cause of them.

A V. M. Brownsville, Tenn.—Your question can

A. V. M., Brownsville, Tenn.—Your question can only be answered by experts who have examined the body for the effects of poison. The action is different in different conditions and persons. Any druggist can answer your questions as to arsenic and strychnine and let you see the two poisons and judge for yourself.

V. M., Slabtown, La.—Moles are not to be tampered with by inexperienced persons. Sometimes a specialist can handle them properly, but unless you want to make a bad matter worse, you had better let them alone.

Mrs. C. H., Olmitz, Kans.—Women are ordinarily

better let them alone.

Mrs. C. H., Olmitz, Kans.—Women are ordinarily not troubled by losing their hair as men are, and yours may be prevented from falling out, though we cannot guarantee that it will remain. A remedy for falling hair is given herewith: Tincture of nux vomica, one ounce; spirits of rosemary, two ounces; alcohol, two ounces. Apply once a day.

E. E. K., Nasbie, Va.—Fresh air is the antidote for chloroform. Drugs are not used, except in some cases strychnine or digitalis may be used to increase heart action. Death will follow if the application is continued too long. It will have no appreciable effect when not held close over the nose. Go into a drug store and read up on the subject in the Pharmacopæia.

STOMACH TROUBLE.

If your stomach is ailing, if your food distresses you and fails to feed you, you ought to try Vitæ-Ore. Sent on thirty days' trial. See offer on last page.

Catarrh Advice Free

The attention of our readers is called to the really generous offer announced in our issue of this month—the offer of helpful and valuable medical advice, absolutely free of charge on the cure of Catarrh; from one of the great specialists and great public benefactors of this country—Health Specialist Sproule.

We advise our readers to turn at once to this offer on page 26 of this paper and we urge them to read every word of it and send today for that valuable medical advice. Remember, this advice is free. Address Health Specialist Sproule at his office, Trade Building, Boston.

1,000 POINTERS FOR STOCK RAISERS.

1,000 POINTERS FOR STOCK RAISERS.

We have just received from Sears, Roebuck & Co. a copy of a book entitled "1,000 Pointers for Stock Raisers," published by the Davis Stock Food Company, and distributed by Sears, Roebuck Co. It consists of 548 pages, and from cover to cover is filled with valuable information for the farmer and stock raiser. It treats exhaustively all the feeding problems Every disease known to live stock is covered, giving cause, symptoms and treatment. There are numerous plans and specifications, together with itemized bills of materials, for poultry houses, farm residences, barns and dipping vats. There is a chapter devoted to irrigation, explaining fully how the farmer may lay out and construct his own irrigating ditches; also a full chapter on good country roads that is worthy of more than passing notice, and the final chapter in the book entitled "The Truth About Stock Foods," will prove an eye opener to the up-to-date stock-pan. Suffice it to say that the value of such a book cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, and it has evidently cost a world of time, research and money to get the book out. Sent to all farmers and stock raisers who will write Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, and tell them how many head of stock they own. You will be agreeably surprised at the book.

NEW REMEDY SENT FREE

SENT FREE

Oh! what a pleasure to see your man or boy turn, with a wry face from tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, or snuff, disgusted and sickened by the very odor!

Here are a few of myriads I have helped. I believe all will verify me, if stamped envelope is sent: J. D. Dear, DeRidder, La.; E. M. Deiap, Sunnyside, S. Dak; J. E. McAllister, Byrnside, W. Va.; Miss C. Windon, Penn Yan, N. Y. (father); Mrs. W. W. Blazer, Walland, Tenn., (snuff.) Robt P. Baker, Rockford, Wash. My husband was a tobacco "flend." This wonderful New REMEDY cured him, restored his broken health, and I am determined that the whole world shall know of this great blessing for women, who cure their loved ones; the POWDERS being odorless and tasteless, may be

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The Free Treatment has cured hundreds, although merely sent to show how harmless it is, how it may be used, etc. If you need more, it will cost less than tobacco, and thus you will save money and health and lose no pleasure. Send NOW: state if secret remedy is wanted; send two stamps and you will hear from me, in plain envelope, promptly. welope, promptly.
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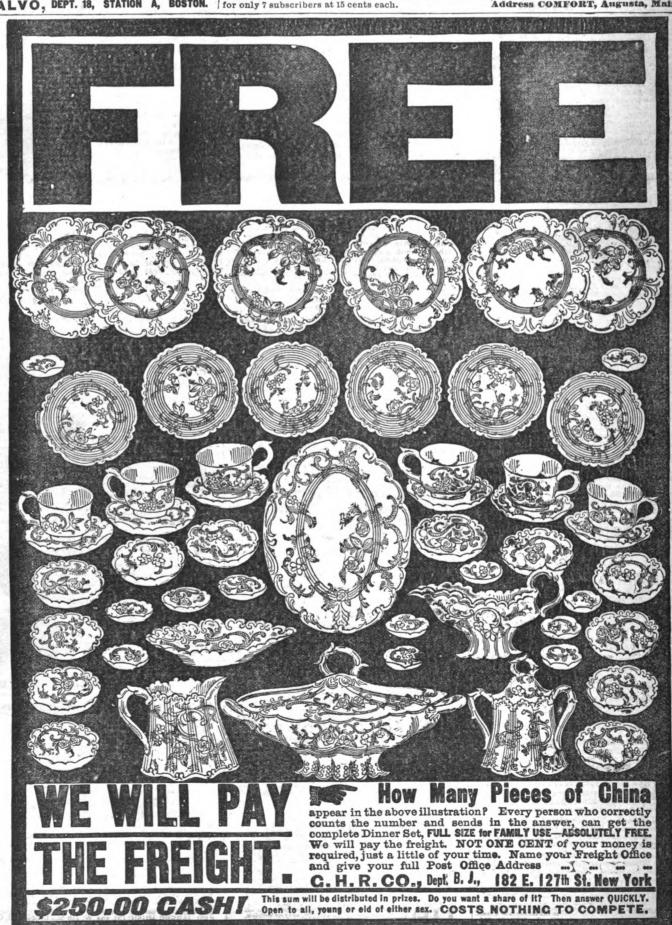
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cess of "St. Elmo"—Her Hospitable Home at Mobile.

The illustration gives but a faint idea of the cover to the wonderial book, "St. Elmo." This book has heretofore sold for not less than \$1.50 to \$2.00 per volume, but to make it possible for any of Comport's subscribers to own this complete story without the outlay of even a penny, and by only doing a very slight service, we secured a trial thousand books, bound up in an artistic and serviceable manner, that we decided to offer as Premiums free to club raisers who would secure only seven yearly subscribers to Comport at 15 cents each. These went off like hot cakes, and we have secured two thousand five hundred more, which will soon be all taken. Get your copy before too late. Only from the fact that we paid so large a price for the rights to publish this great story exclusively in Comport, could we now be able to offer it free in book form to the comparatively limited number of subscribers who care to now send in these small club lists to secure the book without cost. We would like to have it go into every Comport subscribers who care to now send in these small club lists to secure the book without cost. We would like to have it go into every Comports subscribers who care to now send in these small club lists to secure the book without cost. We would like to have it go into every Comports subscriber's home, it is such a high moral tale, but only those among you who feel to take advantage of this extremely favorable opportunity now—at once—just as soon as you can get out and secure your club, can expect to get this 565-page great prize book, for they certainly cannot last long.



Augusta & Evant Wilson

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year from the time they are now paid for, so to get their names enrolled in your club. They will never get such another bargain. Why, only think of getting a nice, big, 32-page paper like "COMFORT" for only 15 cents per year. The price must be advanced soon to 25 cents per year, and then their great chance has passed, for they can't take "COMFORT" so cheap again.

by Secrets per year. The price must be advanced soon to 25 cents per year, and then their great chance has a process of the companion of the c

Her Experience with Macaria

During the Civil War, Mr. Derby heard occasionally from Miss Evans through the lines, and in 1868 she sent him by a blockade runner "Macaria," printed upon coarse brown paper, and published by West & Johnson, of Richmond, Virginia. It was "entered according to the Confederate States of America," and dedicated to "the brave soldiers of the Southern Army." Much of it was written in pencil at night, while the author watched in a hospital beside the cots of sick soldiers, and she says of it:

"My heart throbbed in every one of its pages, coarse and yellow though they were."

It is considered a faithful representation of life at the South during the Confederacy, and was immensely popular in the army. In one of the battles around Chancellorsville a bound copy of it saved the life of a soldier, who, called suddenly into action while reading it, thrust it into his breast pocket. When the engagement was over, a bullet which unarrested would have entered his heart, was embedded in its leaves. When it reached Mr. Derby's hands, he arranged with Lippincott, of Philadelphia, for its publication, and it was advertised as in press when it was discovered that a New York firm had an edition almost ready to be put upon the market. No provision had been made for copyright, "rebels not being entitled to such emoluments," and Mr. Lippincott was at once apprised of the situation. Hastening to the spot, he protested against the injustice of such a transaction, the result being that, upon his generously agreeing to withdraw his edition, the New York publisher promised to pay to Derby & Jackson a royalty in trust for the author on all copies sold.

In the summer of 1865, Mr. Derby was sitting in his office one morning, when a lady was announced.

sold.

In the summer of 1865, Mr. Derby was sitting in his office one morning, when a lady was announced. She was closely veiled, but he recognized the voice as that of Augusta Evans. She was accompanied by her brother, who had been wounded, and, assuring her that she would find an excellent nurse in his wife, the good publisher insisted that she should go at once to his house. He also ventured

to hint that a change in the fashions since they had last met made some additions to her wardrobe advisable, and when informed that she had lost everything by the war, told her of the large sum subject to her order from the sale of "Macaria"

The Success of "St. Elmo"

The Juccess of "St. Elmo"

Miss Evans' next venture was "St. Elmo," the clever travesty "St. Twelveno," which it elicited, in which the author endeavors to account for the singular conjunction of culture and rusticity in the bare-footed heroine on the supposition that she had "swallowed a dictionary," rather acco natuating its success. Its sale was tremendous, and hamlets, hotels, steamboats and country seats were named in its honor. It contains a description of the Taj Mahal at Agra, in India, and a traveler visiting the spot, writes that he discovered a Parsee boy in the shadow of the tomb, reading the London edition of one of Mrs. Wilson's books.

The great sale of "St. Elmo," had made the author so famous that when she presented "Vashti," she received a check for \$15,000, while the story was still in manuscript, so anxious were the publishers to secure the right to print it. Probably Mrs. Wilson has received hundreds of thousands of dollars, in royalties from the sale of her books, "St. Elmo" being the largest seller. As Mrs. Wilson is a very philanthropic lady, she has done a great deal of good with her money, helping many needy persons in their struggles.

Although the G. W. Dillingham Company, the present publishers of "St. Elmo," put a price of two thousand dollars on the serial rights to run "St. Elmo," in "Comport," we feel that our readers will appreciate the opportunity of reading one of the best, most interesting and instructive stories ever written, while Comport, we feel that our readers will appreciate the opportunity of reading one of the best, most interesting and instructive stories ever written, while Comport, we feel that our readers will appreciate the opportunity of reading one of the best, most interesting and instructive stories ever written, while Comport can be secured for only 15 cents for a whole year. We thus invite our old readers to all renew or extend their subscriptions now this month, also to tell your friends about this great story of "St. Elmo."



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ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

the aforesaid 'Squeers' is simply one of Dickens's inimitable caricatures."

"Nevertheless I have somewhere seen the statement that when 'Nicholas Nickleby' first made its appearance, only six irate schoolmasters went immediately to London to thrash the author; each believing that he recognized his own features in the amiable portrait of 'Squeers."

She bowed and turned from the table, but Mrs. Andrews exclaimed:
"Before you go, repeat that passage from Rogers; then we will excuse you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna Earl, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the February number of COM-FORT. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. The price will soon be advanced.

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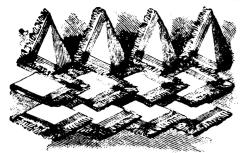
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What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for e dining table. A clean, fresh napkin gives a relish id delight to the table that nothing else will. There is thing more appealing to the husband than the wife's fort to have his meals tempting. Table linen goes far meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen apkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, few more will be acceptable and can be saved for est" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife ho has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the ivilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must possel to our lady readers. who has a large quantity of him privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cos. privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cos. Club Offer. We will send you postpaid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 8 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE SILVER SPOONS.



COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PAIR OF SHEARS, MAG

YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS POCKET KNIFE. The two-

The above few articles are selected as representing

our most popular premiums, also a club of five is a very popular quantity. Many send five subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only five yearly 15 cent subscribers to this monthly, we will send your choice of any one of these nine articles.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. AIR RIFLE. Pneumatic action. A New King all Steel Gembination Rifle for Birds or Game using shot that can be obtained THIRTY MINUTES is time, but many have earned one of these watches in these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time simply because they cannot. This watch does not keep perfect time, we never saw the watch time, we never saw the watch

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Inis watch does not keep perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near parfect time as watches susually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guaran-tee just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make. what make. SIX TOWELS. Few words are necessary to acquaint our readers with the value and use of a supply of nice towels. They are an indispensible to a sift for our six huckabuck ze, 16x29, made sterial.

You may have your choice of any one of the above excellent premium articles for a club of only ten yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We print here but a very few premium offers, although we publish for free distribution a large and comprehensive catalogue illustrating thousands of articles, all of which are free to our agents, who will solicit new subscription orders and renewals to this peerless home magazine, COM-FORT, at the present and popular yearly rate of FIFTEEN CENTS. Send postal card for complete catalogue subscription blanks and try the easy, pleasant sub-getting work and be convinced of our sincerity in making this offer to you. Countless thousands of agents have been made happy through their connection with COMFORT and this is just the time for you to identify yourself with the good work and find every day and





One beautiful Shirt-Waist Set (collar, cuffs, front and belt) shadow. A Nobby Hat; can be on

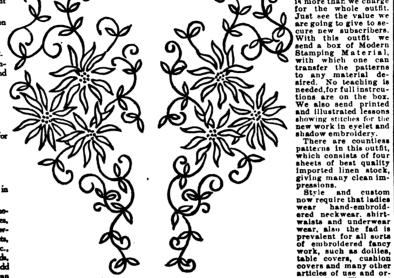
A Chemisette for eyelet. A Corset Cover in eyelet. A Pillow Top for em-broidery; daisies and

ribbon A Child's Bib. A Hanbkerchief. A Heart Sachet. A Stock Collar. Collar and Cuff Set for

Alphabet of 26 Lette Borders and Scallon. Tie Case.

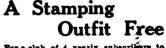
Photo Frame; design in Holly.

Sprays of



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERED SHIRT-WAIST





For a club of 4 yearly subscribers to this magazine, at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these outsis free of cost. Address COMFORT, Augusta_Maine.



COMFORT greets all of its old and new subscribers with this "A HAPPY NEW YEAR and wishes all of you much prosperity." We have the good news to announce that we will, for a short time longer, allow the subscription price of COMFORT to remain at only

so anyone can send in clubs at this rate until further notice. From the many good stories now published you can get an idea of what you may expect WHEN OUR NEW PRESS is entirely complete to allow us to give you many more pages of just such interesting reading as you now receive. Don't delay renewing your subscription before our price advances. See our special offer about THE BOOK, "ST. ELMO," on another page and get up a club for this elegant book, or some of the premiums offered on these pages. Be sure and see to it that your subscription is paid in advance all of the time, and try and get at least one friend to TAKE COMFORT also.

COMFORT'S influence is all for good. From cover to cover it is full of matter that is instructive, entertaining, amusing and elevating, and through all runs a note of earnest sympathy for those who have fallen in the battle of life and are lying by the wayside with extended hands, asking for our pity and our love. It is the human note in COMFORT, a note that rings strong and true above the columns of cold type, that has won our magazine a place in the hearts of six millions of America's best people. No other magazine has the personal following that COMFORT has; it is our proud boast that we enter not only a million and a quarter homes, but as each home averages five persons there are six million hearts to beat for us, as well, and in saying that, we say something which no other magazine or publisher on earth can say, and are we proud of it! Well, indeed we are, and in our pardonable pride we stretch out our hands to you and say: "Thanks, thanks, dear friends: your praise and encouragement is precious to us. We will try and believe we deserve all the good things you say of us, though we think you give us more praise and credit than we are entitled to. Anyway, we will try and deserve your praise in the future, even if we do not deserve it in the present. COMFORT'S motto is 'Upward and onward.' You cannot beat that motto and we are living up to it all we know how. Our one single desire COMFORT to us.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE WRAPPER IN WHICH THIS PAPER COMES

Every month a certain number of subscriptions expire. The expiring number this month is 219, and the Dec. number was 218, while for February it will be 220. If any of these numbers appear on the address seal in which we send your copy of COMFORT, please attend to the renewal of your subscription without futher notification from us; we do not carry delinquent subscription accounts nor send COMFORT to any whose subscription has expired.

has expired.

Now we have appreciated your patronage during 1906, and wish to here thank you for every favor or courtesy extended. If you will continue to share with us in the upbuilding of COMFORT by repeated courtesies of similar character, we shall be enabled to make COMFORT the greatest home publication in the civilized world. Begin today by subscribing for a friend or neighbor using coupon below. Or better still, get up a club of subscribers as per premium offer here printed.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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CHILD'S FUR SET



in depth providing full wearer—the hittle wearer—the muff, which is nine inches wide further than the provided provided in the provided provided in the provided prov

A GENUINE RICHTER

THE MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER, is a Marwaler





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can now make heautiful imitation Indian relies, such as a
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varied color, of a wampun
necklace of large sized beads.
The outfit to make these various
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and a children for months,
and a children for months,
ligrest variety of beads,
pacty eleven hundred, is
packed in a next, round, woodturned box with cover that fits
acurely so the beads are not
likely to ever be spilled.

Please read careful









dolls and you are were that the nose can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their rolor and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed.insettructible colls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, cither when dressed or when dressed or

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BABY'S FIRST RING.

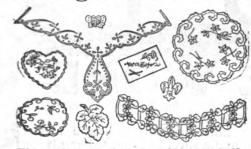
These are baby sizes only and are designed for the little one's tiny fingers. Each is heavily embossed with the words BABY, PET or DARLING, just as you prefer. Made in one style only, the regular hoop or band ring of 14 karst gold and babies' sizes has encouraged us to have this special line made up for our particular customers, and we are delighted with the patterns. They will please the parents of every lovely baby. Mamas and Papas, also friends, will find this an excellent privilege of obtaining the first ring for baby. We can promise satisfaction in fit if a bit of string or ribbon is sent showing size of the little finger. We will pack the ring in a cunning plushlined box and you will be delighted with the whole.

SPECIAL DEFER. Send us only

seribers to this monthly at 15 cents each per year and we will send a ring same day and enter subscriptions for one year.

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Designs on Linen



This outfit consists of 324 square inches of embroidery designs. A set of two collars, one Centerpiece, one Bookmark, one Pen-wiper, one Match-safe, one Doiley, two dress ornaments, plainly stamped ready to embroider. An outfit of smaller designs, this suggests itself for those who are learning or do not have much time for fancy work.

Special Offer. As a special inducement we will will send but one yearly subscriber at 15c. with 5c. additional, in all 20c. We send postpaid.

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Post Card Album That Will Hold Fifty Cards.



Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscach, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Accurate Weighing Scales



for home, store, office, farm or factory. Weigh any quantity by pounds and ounces up to 21 pounds. Can be used with or without the scoop, as scoop, as there is a lever which can be turned back to take up the tare or weight of scoop. A pair of scales in the kitchen are of great assistance to the assistance to the lady of the house. When preserving she can weigh hersugar or her berries; when purchasing of the grocer she can verify the weight of a package of sugar, meat or sh, and oftentimes detect an error. A few errors save many pennies. For the man of the house scales are

many pennies. For the man of the house scales are handy to weigh many things, such as his produce or poultry, or in his general work there is always need arising for a pair of scales, even for weighing the baby. In stores and shops where so many articles are sold by weight, a pair of scales are indispensable and in constant use. These family or counter scales are thoroughly well made, the sides, top and bottom are pressed steel, with a laked enameled surface, the dial is white with the graduated lines and numerais in black, the surface of the rim around the dial is stendied in gold leaf, the scoop holder is cast iron, enameled, and the scoop is of block tin plate. The balance is two sections of cast steel and a spiral spring, with an adjustment for correcting the balance, should the scale at any time vary in weighing, due to heat, cold or other conditions. However, at the factory and before shipping, every scale is adjusted and inspected by agovernment scaler of weights and measures, therefore you are protected from any lanceuracy. Remember, these scales are full family size, thirten inches high, with a six-inch dial, and when ready to ship they weigh boxed seven pounds. So you are getting a bona fide article than which there is nothing better or more practical. 17. Family Pride.
18. Homestead on the Hillside.
19. The Leighton Homestead.
20. Lena Rivers.
21. Meadow Brook.
22. Maggie Miller.
23. Marian Grey.
24. Mildred; or the Child of Adoption 25. Milibank; or Roger Irv

stegetting a bona fide article than which there is better or more practical.

Club Offer. For a club of only 20 yearly subscribers of 8 at 15c. each, we will forward to you a set of these Scales, including Scoop, just a shown in our illustration, and guarantee satisfaction.

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NUT CRACKER and SIX PICKS

A practical set of table articles, seven pieces, including a sub-stantial Nut Cracker with Six Picks. These articles are made of solid steel highly plated, impossible to wear off the finish, and they are so strong you cannot bend or break them. The Cracker is so made it can be inverted, use one side for large nuts, such as walnuts, and the other or narrower opening for small nuts. The leverage is so nearly perfect, that a slight pressure does the trick. The handles of the Cracker and Picks are perfectly round, a bit fancy, as shown in our illustration. The entire set is thoroughly good, and as solid gold or silver is naturally soft, there is no more suitable article than nickeled steel for a nut set. We guarantee these sets to be perfect, to be just as described, full family or adult size, and practically indestructable, or money refunded.

> Club Offer. For a club of only 5 yearly sub scribers to this magazine at 15c each, we will send you one of these Seven-Piece Nut Sets, Six Picks and a Cracker, postpaid.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Family Dining, Reading, Game **@ Sewing Table**

In getting up clubs, only actual subscribers count; those who agree to take the paper and pay you their money for it



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Make Money Printing Cards.



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Gutfif a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the all phabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickeled pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscribers tions for us.

CLUB OFFER For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

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BEST BOOKS FREE



26. Miss McDonald. 27. The Rector of St. Mark's. 28. Rosamond. 29. Rose Mather.

Charles M. Sheldon. 0. In His Steps.

Elizabeth Wetherell.

Ralph Conn or T. S. Arthur.

32. Ter

Queechy.

G. A. Henty. author of favorite ju

a autnor of favorité jucooks.

Among Malay Pirates.

Bonnie Prince Charile.

By Pike and Dyke.

By Right of Conquest.

By Sheer Pluck.

Dragon and the Raven.

For the Temple suse.

In Times of Peril.

Jack Archer.

Orange and Green.

Sturdy and Strong.

Frue to the Old Flag.

Under Drake's Flag.

With Clive in India.

With Wolfe in Canada.

The Young Buglers.

The Young Buglers.

The Young Buglers.

54. Treasure Island.

rie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. South-

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.

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Mrs. May Agnes Flem

Charlotte M. Braeme,

74. Magdalen's Vow.
75. The Queen of the Isle.
76. The Midnight Queen.
77. The Dark Secret.
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80. The Rival Brothers.

Marie Corelli. Mary J. Holmes.

Romance of Two Worlds. Theima. Vendetta.

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56. Uncle Tom's Cabin. Charles Garvice.

Elaine.
Farmer Holt's Daughter.
Her Heart's Desire.
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Woven on Fate's Loom.

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63. Hidden Hand, Part 1.
64. Capitola, Part 2 of No. 63.
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66. Phantom Wedding.
67. Cruel as the Grave,
68. Tried for Her Life.

Robert Louis Stevenson

69. Ishmael.
70. Self Raised, Sequel to No. 69.
71. Changed Brides.

Sequel to No. 69.
72. Simple Life

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Perforated Shirt-Waist Pattern.



Perforated Shirt-waist and Collar design. We call your particular attention to this very dainty Shirt-waist and Collar design, perforated upon fine Linen Bond Parchment Paper, furnished with complete directions that any lady can stamp her own shirt-waist, worth in any art store at least 75 cents. We can furnish each in the following designs, if the one illustrated does not please you! Violet, daisy, forget-me-not wild rose or chrysanthemum.

Special Offer. We will send you one of these Shirt-but one yearly subscriber to this magazine at 15c., and include 5c. additional, making 20c. in all:

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Two and One Half Yards Goods,



Chrysanthemum design stamped front, collar and cuffs, ready to be hand embroidered. Just think of it, you can now have an embroidered shirt-waist without the immense expense heretofore necessary to purchase one. Anyone familiar with needlework can embroider this simple design and make up the complete waist from any patterns you are familiar with. We place before you the opportunity to get the stamped goods, two and one half yards, so that all you have to do is to embroider the design with the Utopia Luster we furnish, then cut out the material according to your pattern and make it up. You will then have one of the most fashionable and dainty shirt-waists imaginable, all your own handwork. Embroidered garments are all the rage and we can supply not only this waist, but a Linen Hat to match, Corset Covers, Chemisette, Beltis, etc., etc.

Club Offer For a club of only 9 yearly subscribers to this magazine at only 15c. each, we will send you one of these 2½ yard stamped Chrysanthemum Shirt-waists, including sufficient skeins of mercerized embroidery cotton to work out the design.

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finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more *Ufelike* than anything ever gotten out before. For hours and hours every child will play with these good old grandma style, unbreakable stuffed dolla, even putting saide the very expensive and more elegantly silk and said and more elegantly silk and said the stuffed of these as they can be dressed in many different

ways to suit the tasts. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so so to have a good, fat, plump dollie or 1 of lighter weight.

We Send You 2 Dolls

Now Instead of 1.

A new arrangement enables us to send you a 10 inch doll free, in comnection with the 20 inch doll we have already described. So you get 2 dolls for the price of 1. We have arranged to give these dolls for cluraising and will send 1, all charges fully prepaid, if you send the name of new yearly subscribers at 15 cents each

Remember, we send this maga-the subscribers you secure and send the Dolis to you as a premium. Will send 2 sets. 6 Dolls for securing 4 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. 4 sets, of Dolls free for a club of 7 yearly sub-scribers at 15 cents each. Address

COMPORT. Augusta, Raine.





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If there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your sleep, your digestion, your blood, your nerves and your vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back health or pay nothing. Read our 30-day trial offer and judge for yourself. Then send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments.

Was Permanently Cured



Senath, Mo.—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism ever since 1875, and have been so bad that I was almost paralyzed; at times I could hardly move more than if I were dead. I had tried several doctors and all the patent medicines I heard of. The doctors here all told me I was incurable. They said they could give me some temporary relief, but they could not cure me. Two years ago I saw the Vita-Ore advertisement; I knew I must do something or die and I sent for the trial package. I got three more packages. Before I finished the second package I was entirely cured. I used the third package to make the cure sure. It is now two years since my cure, and I have not felt any trace of Rheumatism since. When I sent for the trial package I could not walk across the house, and I did not weigh one hundred pounds; now I weigh 145 bls., I am sixty-two years old, and today I feel as well as if I were but twenty-five. I can do all my work and my washing and walk two miles to church and it does not tire me. The people here who knew me when I was tell them Vitæ-Ore and nothing else.

MRS. N. J. MILAM.

30-Day

Used Two Packages Two Years Ago, and Has Had No Return of the Trouble.

Senath, Mo.—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism ever since 1875, and have been so bad that I was almost paralyzed; at times I could hardly move more than if I were dead. I had tried several doctors and all the patent medicines I heard of. The doctors here all told me I was incurable. They said they could give me some temporary relief, but they could not cure me. Two years ago I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement; I knew I must do something or during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not spare 100 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes cach day for 30 days to try it? Can you not spare 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. The cure sure. It is now two years since my cure, and I have not telt any trace of Rheumatism since. When I

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

WHAI VIIAL-OKE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral-substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

PERMANENT CURES.

Cures with Vitæ-Ore are like a house built on a rock, in their permanency, in their positiveness, in their completeness. First is created a structure of health in the blood, a substantial basis for all else to rest upon. Then the edifice is built naturally, stone after stone, day by daynerve, tissue, muscle and ligament are placed in a normal, healthy, natural condition, the drains put in thorough working order, the parts cleansed, healed and purified, and the completed work is then turned over to the tenant's hands. The foundation is right, the work is right, and it lasts. Dosing stops—there is nothing to require it. Suffering ends—there is nothing to cause it.

Vitæ-Ore strikes the disease at its root. Its cures are permanent and for this reason it itself is a permanent remedy, one that has come to stay, that is growing in popularity and selling more rapidly from year to year, curing with permanent cures, satisfying with permanent satisfaction.

cent. Well, sir, in 18 days I felt like a new man. I could walk five miles and walk perfectly straight and had gained 7 pounds in weight. I have taken five packages of Vitæ-Ore and am well. I walked 18 miles yesterday and carried about 40 pounds. I am still taking Vitæ-Ore and I advise anyone who is suffering to try it and they will thank the Theo. Noel Company all the rest of their frank Kino.

Trank Kino.

ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases and the same and they man curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases and the same and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases and the same and they of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases. ATLANTA, GA.—My in the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curin

Out of the Jaws of Death

Permanently Cured in One Month's Time of a Serious Kidney and Rheumatic Trouble.

Was Broken Down, Disheartened and Almost Helpless.

ATLANTA, GA.—When I look back on my condition and suffering during recent years, and think of the herbs, roots, barks, tinctures, powders and linaments I have taken and rubbed with, all to no purpose, and think that I was cured at last in one month with Vitae-Ore, I stand dazed and amazed at the result. I feel that I have in truth been drawn out of the jaws of death.

Thirty years ago I contracted a disease of the kidneys and commenced passing gravel from them, the pain often throwing me into spasms, though only those who have passed through this ordeal can give an idea of the suffering connected with it. These spells continued at irregular but frequent intervals down to a month ago. During all this time my urine was highly colored, sometimes profuse and sometimes scant, but at all times charged with a yellowish, albuminous brick-dust deposit.

About three years ago I was attacked with Rheumatism in my right hip joint, knees and the muscles all over my body Physicians told me I had Diabetes and marked symptoms of Bright's Disease and commenced to dope me with mercury, soda, lithia, salicylic acid, potash, etc., all of which were constantly constipating me, and nearly-everything I ate disagreed with me. You can well imagine my condition and apaper containing an advertisement of Vitae-Ore, and, like a drowning man, caught at it, sent for it, and it has proved to be the "Oar" that enabled me to paddle my frail blarque into the haven of Health. I used it in hot water and it commenced to benefit from the first dose. In four days I saw a marked charge for the better. My urine became cleared up and natural in color. In six days the brick-dust deposit was gone. My bowels became regular, I could eat what I wanted, and what I did eat did not hurt me and was perfectly digested. I slept soundly at night without those terrible halucinations that had haunted my slumbers so long; but best of all, the pain was leaving my limbs. I could walk without crutch or stick.

Now, after taking a dollar package of Vitae-Ore, I say I am b

Re-affirmed Over One Year Later.

ATLANTA, GA.—My faith in Vitæ-Ore grows strongsr every day.

I suffered with Kidney Trouble for years and never got any relief
until I used Vitæ-Ore, more than a year ago. That did the work, and
I am still well. Can get insurance on my life in any company that

HOUSER, ALA.—Three years ago I was running a dynamo near Ouray, Colorado, and fell from a water dam and hurt my hip. This injury developed into what the doctor called Rheumatism and Lumbago. I tried the doctors there and all the patent medicines I could get, with no relief, and therefore had to give up my position and come home. I tried our physician in North, Ala., and he is as good as any that ever compounded a pill or wrote a prescription, but he could do me no good; then I tried a specialist and he failed. I also tried Polecat Oil, Barfoot and old Bacon rinds, also Whiskey and Polk Root and all the old remedies which we folks down here generally use, and all with no relief.

This kept up until I could hardly walk a step. My appetite was gone, my flesh was gone and I thought I was gone.
When I noticed the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and sent for a package, I had no faith in anything. I was just grabbing at every straw in reach. You sent me the package of Vitæ-Ore edvertisement and said if I was not benefited not to send you one cent. Well, sir, in 18 days I felt like a new man. I could walk five miles and walk perfectly straight and had gained 7 pounds in weight. I have taken five packages of Vitæ-Ore and am well. I walked 18 miles yesterday and carried about 40 pounds. I am still taking Vitæ-Ore and I advise anyone who is suffering to try it and they will thank the Theo. Noel Company all the rest of their

PROVE LETTERS

WHY VITAE-ORE CAN BE OFFERED ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL, THE USER TO BE THE JUDGE.

BUILDS UP ROBUST, VIGOROUS MEN.

The proudest glory of man lies in his health and strength. To be entirely successful he must possess strong nerves, a clear brain, and a sound body full of energy, vitality and manly vigor. Without health of body man cannot be at his best mentally. Health out health of body man cannot be at his best mentally. Health builds up that strength and character of mind which goes so far to insure true and complete happiness as well as success. If disease or debility take the place of the health, activity and energy of youth and early manhood, the mental forces become impaired along with the physical. When this time comes, Vitæ-Ore proves a regenerator which fills the blood with renewed energy, correcting irregularities, curing disease and restoring the force and vitality so

ALL ELDERLY PERSONS NEED ITS AID.

There is nothing so certain in life as the weakness of old age. The young MAY need a tonic, but the old MUST use one. The loss of appetite and impaired digestion of age deprive the blood of the nutriment which should be its portion. Sound, unbroken sleep is as much needed in age as in youth, to repair waste tissues, but fortunate indeed are those who can sleep soundly the entire night. The enlarged volume of waste products, due to the ever increasing tissue-breakdown of old age, requires additional activity in the kidneys to eliminate them, and the kidneys of the aged are apt to be refractory. Vitæ-Ore serves as an aid in most every disordered condition incidental to old age. It increases appetite and desire for food at the same time it improves the power to digest and assimilate it, so the blood may be enriched thereby. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually co-incidental with age and by its upbuilding powers to prolong vigor and activity to a ripe old age.

MAKES STRONG, HEALTHY WOMEN.

Woman may be called the most perfect piece of mechanism in all God's creation, but, from the nature of her organism, she is the most delicate. It is due to the ease with which irregularities may creep in that not half of the women of today are entirely free from some of the many and varied allments peculiar to their sex. Many object to or are financially unable to "begin doctoring" and so struggle along and suffer in silence, bearing a crushing weight of distress, torfure and disease. Vitæ-Ore is a true "Balm of Gilead" to such sufferers and is markedly successful in promptly alleviating and permanently remedying many diseased conditions which keep women from the full enjoyment of active life. Every woman should use it. Woman may be called the most perfect piece of mechanism in all

AS A BEACON LIGHT

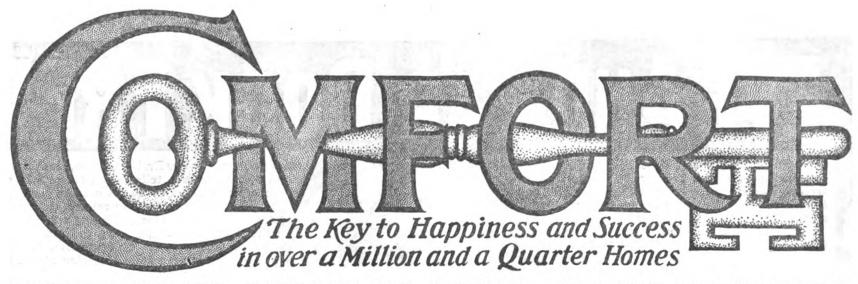
Vitæ-Ore points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a Haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease, towards the rocks and shoals of Chronic Invalidism, Port your Helm before it is too late; take heed to the message of Hope and Safety it flashes to you, stop drifting about in a helpless, undecided manner, first on one course and then another, but begin this valuable treatment immediately to reach the

goal you are seeking by the route so many have traveled with success. Every person who has let it guide them home to health is willing to act as a pilot for you; each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice and follow the light. Thousands have allowed it to guide them in the past, thousands are depending upon it today. Send for a trial package without delay. Address

NOEL THEO.

COMFORT DEPT. VITÆ-ORE BLDG.

CHICAGO, ILL.



DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

February 1907

No 54



Published at Augusta, Maine

AND EAR BOOK

Dr. Curts' Free Eye and Ear Book tells of a Method by which people from every state in the Union as well as Canada were cured of Chronic Eye and Ear Troubles at their own homes by Mild Medicines. Most of these cases had been pronounced incurable by other doctors, but they wrote for this book, followed its advice, and today are cured. Tells how all diseases and defects of the Eye, such as Failing Eyesight, Cataract, Granulated Lids, Scums, Sore Eyes, etc., may be successfully treated by the patients in their own homes. No necessity of seeing a doctor and absolutely no interference with their daily duties.



This book, written by Dr. F. G. Curts, the famous Eye and Ear Specialist, tells how deaf people, except those born deaf, may be restored to perfect hearing. Tells how to quickly relieve and cure Distressing Head Noises, Ringing and Buzzing in the Ears, Discharging Ears and Catarrh (which causes most cases of deafness). This book tells all about the Mild Medicine Method used by Dr. Curts, which has restored sight and hearing to scores of supposedly incurable patients in every state. The Mild Medicine Method makes it entirely unnecessary to submit to an operation for any Eye or Ear trouble whatsoever.

A Letter of Thanks

Lapine, Ala. Dear Doctor: I will drop you a few lines to-night. This leaves my little girl cured of her eye trouble. I certainly thank you for what you have done. You will find her on the group. I will close giving you my best wishes.

Yours truly J. E. DAVIS



Cured in Three Months

Dear Doctor: Wilson, Minn.

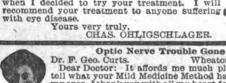
I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for the good your Mild Medicine Method has done for me. I had been troubled more or less with weak and painful eyes for the past eight years or more, and after taking your treatment three months I feel entirely cured. I will be very glad to recommend it to any one as a safe and certain cure.

MRS. JULIA COLLITON.

Vision Clear As Can Be Dear Doctor:

La Salle, Ill.

About four years ago I noticed that my eyes were going to the bad, and I tried a few doctors, without satisfactory results, till last winter, when I decided to try your treatment. I will recommend your



Optic Nerve Trouble Gone
Dr. F. Geo. Curts.
Wheaton, Minn.
Dear Doctor: It affords me much pleasure to
tell what your Mild Medicine Method has done for
my eyes. I thank you with all my heart for the good
results I have obtained. The trouble was that of
the optic nerves. I took treatment for four months
and am now glad to say that the eye trouble is
gone. I know this has all been done through your
Mild Medicine Method.
ANNA NEUMANN.

Thanks From a Doctor Thanks From a Doctor
Dr. Curts.
Connelsville, Mo.
Kind Friend: As a physician I have met with
and conquered numbers of cases of granulated lids,
but my own eyes I could not cure. I had a badcase
of granulated lids; although trying every remedy
known to the old school of medicine my eyes got
worse. I was well pleased and surprised to find my
eyes cured with less than one month's treatment
of your remedies.
S. G. WRIGHT, M.D.

Eyes And Ears Both Cured Eyes And Ears Both Cured

Dr. F. George Curts:

Before I commenced your treatment my sight
at times seemed almost to leave me, everything
would get black around me, but now I can see quite
clear. It has now been four months since I have

been under your treatment, and my eyes are feel-ing splendid—I believe they are entirely well—my hearing seems clear—no more singing in my head. Your friend, MRS. SARAH GARREN. Dear Doctor: Meridian, Miss.

I today take pleasure in thanking you for your skill in straightening my eye. My eye had been crossed since a child, but can say by your wonderful method of straightening eyes my eye is as straight as anybody's. Thanking you again, I remain.

Yours truly, T. J. GIPSON.



Daughter's Pleasant View, luance.

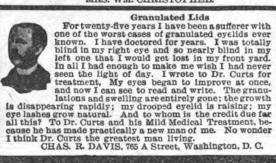
Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir: I feel thankful to you for your medicine last winter. The eyes of my little girl, 11 years of age, were so bad that she could not attend school, and with two months' treatment I think her eyes entirely cured, as they are all right now.

Yours truly,

MRS. C. R. THOMAS.

Can Hear As Well as Ever Can Hear As Well as Ever
Dear Doctor:
Ledyard, Ia.
I can truthfully say that I do think that I can
hear just as well as I always did, as far as I know,
I would not hesitate to use some more treatment
if I thought it necessary, but as far as I know I
don't think it any use for me to spend any more
money for that.

don't think money for that. Yours very truly, MRS. WM. CHRISTOPHEL.



DR. F. G. CURTS, EYE AND EAR SPECIALIST.



Catarrh of 20 Years' Standing Cured
Dear Dr. Curts:
I am so glad to tell you that you have, with your
Mild Treatment, cured me of that loathsome disease, catarrh of the head, of twenty years standing, which rendered me at times almost totally
deaf and life hardly worth living. Now, after
using your treatment only three months, I find
myself completely cured, and can now hear as good
as I ever did.

REV. P. C. NEWELL.

Can Hear Across the Street Can Hear Across the Street
Dear Doctor: Columbia City, Ind., Oct 12, '06.
I will endeavor to tell you what your Mild Method
Medicine has done for me. I was so hard to hear
anything or anyone talking. They had to get right
close to me and then speak loud, or I could not
hear them, or anyone talking in an ordinary tone.
I could not understand a word and now I can hear
my neighbors across the street.
Yours truly, MRS. J. M. HAPNER.



Nearly Deaf-Cured in Sixty Days MR. JOHN JONES, a railroad employee, of Ninth Street and Strom Avenue, Kansas City, Kas., was almost totally deaf, with incessant head noises, caused from catarrb, when he began the use of my Mild Medicine Method. Cured in

No More Head Noises Lovilia, Ia., Nov. 8, 1905. Dr. Curts.

Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sir: Your medicines are all right, they have done me great good. My head does not trouble me any more and my right ear, that has been a great trouble to me ever since I was two or three years old, seems to be entirely cured, no more head noises or roaring in the head. Yours respectfully,

C. L. HIBBETS.



Dr. Curts Makes The Following Statement To The Readers Of This Paper:

Y entire professional life has been devoted to the treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear. I have probably treated more and been more successful than any other living doctor. The larger portion of my patients I have never seen. By the aid of the Mild Medicine Method I am able to treat my patients as successfully as though they were to come to my office. I believe though they were to come to my once. I believe that any person having any Eye or Ear trouble should read my book, which I will gladly send free to any afflicted one. It will bring to them tidings of great joy. It will show how easy it is to regain perfect sight and perfect hearing.

Every statement Dr. Curts makes is backed up by proof — proof that will stand the closest investigation. These pictures and letters are all genuine. He has hundreds of letters just as strong and convincing as these. His reputation is so firmly established that there is scarcely a town or hamlet where he cannot point to a cured patient.

Cross-Eyes Straightened In One Minute

Five hundred dollars will be paid by Dr. Curts for any case of Crossed or Turned Eyes that he fails to straighten in one minute without pain or chloroform.

No matter how serious your affliction-no matter what other treatments you have tried—no matter what other doctors have told you—write for my book; it will cost you nothing, and will tell you how you can be cured at your own home.

DR. F. G. CURTS, 262 Gumbel Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Under Many Obligations Dr. Curts. Push. Ark.

Kansas City, Mo. Dear Dr.: I feel under many obligations to you. My eyes are well, I can see to attend to my business. I can see to go anywhere with my hat off the brightest noon-sun day. I boast to the beys that I can beat them shooting.

Very truly yours, JOHN R. BAKER.



Cannot Thank You Enough
Dr. F. George Curts. Modoc. Ill.
Dear Doctor: I am writing to you today to
tell you that my wife's eyes are now all right.
We cannot thank you enough for what you
have done for her. She is 41 years old and does
her own work and can see to go anywhere she
wants to. Thanks to you, doctor, she can say
that she is entirely well. C. H. WAHLMANN,
R. R. No. I. Prairie Du Rocher, Randolph Co., Ill.

Treatment Did More Than Claimed Dear Dr. Curts:

Bancker, La.
Your very thoughtful letter reached me last
night, and I now write from an eye that you
brought to light in less than three months' treatment by mail. It would be quite an honor to my
little ones to have a picture of Dr. Curts in their
album—the man who brought light to their father's eye after twenty-nine years of blindness.

WM. CADE.

Twenty-Nine Years of Blindness

Twenty-Nine Years of Blindness
My Dear Doctor:
Pittsfield, Mass.
I feel that I cannot thank you sufficiently for
what you have done for me. My eyes had been
giving me serious trouble for four years. Spots and
specks constantly moving before my vision, dizziness, and my hearing had become very much impaired. I also had a continual buzzing in my head.
I used your treatment one month and I am entire-I used your treatment one month and I am entirely cured. HENRY W. WARREN, 36 Fenn St.

The Cure Is Permanent Dear Doctor: I feel it my duty to write to you and thank you for what you have done for me. It has been over two years since my eyes have been cured of granulated cyclids by your Mild Treatment. The cure has thus far been perfect and permanent. I hope you may live long to benefit others.

OTTO PEUSCHEL.



Made No Mistake
Blue Mound, Kas.
Dr. Curts treated me two years ago last May,
and performed an operation successfully, straightening my left eye. My eye is now as straight as

anyone's.

The operation was performed without pain. I can very cheerfully say to you that if you are troubled with cross-eyes you will make no mistake in having Dr. Curts treat you. NAOMI CRAIG.

Cross-Eyes All Right Vivian, W. Va. Dr. Geo. F. Curts. Dear Sir: My eyes have gotten all right, and I am highly pleased with your treatment, and my advice to all who may be suffering with cross-eyes is to write to Kansas City and take your Mild Medicine Treatment. Hoping much success,

Yours truly, W. E. MYERS.



Eyes Greatly Improved Eyes Greatly Improved
Dear Dr. Curts:
I have now used your Mild Medicine Method four
months, as prescribed for inflamed eyelids and infiamation of the optic nerve. My eyes feel greatly
improved and are also looking well. I heartily
recommend your treatment to those suffering with
any disease of the eye, and thank you for the good
you did me.
(MISS) CARRIE A. KAUFFMAN.

Cross-Eyes Straightened
MR. ISAAC HOFFMAN. Quincy, Ill., was terribly disfigured with cross-eyes, both eyesturning in and upward. I straightened them and he is as happy as can be. Mr. Hoffman writes me: "In reply to your letter will say that since you straightened my eyes in May, 1900, six years ago, they have never given me any trouble whatever, and are in perfect line. I am entirely satisfied."

ISAAC HOFFMAN.

Her Eyes Perfectly Cured



Dear Friend: I never shall forget your kindness to my wife. Mrs. Wheeland's suffering was something awful and I know that she would have become insane had it not been for you. As I told you before, my wife had Glaucoma in its worst form; her eyes and head gave her pain every minute, and we all expected the eye to burst. Every eye specialist we went to said nothing could be done, that her case was hopeless, but thanks to your great knowledge of this awful disease and to your Mild Medicine Treatment, her suffering was relieved and her eyes cured. If any person doubts that you can cure Glaucoma, send them to me and I will guarantee to satisfy them that you did all and more than you claimed to do.

all and more than you claimed to do.

C. J. WHEELAND.

A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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February, 1907

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Crumbs of Comfort

Hope lives until love dies.

A good man does good merely by living-Bulver. Parading a cross is no proof of possessing a

Round and round the old world goes;
Ain't she hard to beat?
Gives a thorn with every rose,
But every rose is sweet.
—Frank L. Stanton.

God often comes to visit us, but generally we

are not in .- Abbe Roix. God's silence may be long, but they are never the silence for forgetfulness.

It is no sign that a man is riding to heaven because he is driving others there.

"Yesterday's yesterday while today's here,
Today is today till tomorrow appear,
Tomorrow's tomorrow until today's past,
And kisses are kisses as long as they last."
—Oliver Hereford.

Better the service without the sentiment than the sentiment without the service.

No grip is so hard to shake off as that of early religious convictions.—Maurice Thompson. Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose.— William M. Taylor.

Get leave to work,
In this world 'tis the best you can get at all;
God says "sweat" for forcheads, men say "crowns."

* * * Get work, get work,
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

-Elizabeth Browning.

If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could ast the gift of rich thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give. Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It ing friends, for it is one of cours less gits. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.

Open the door of your heart, my friend, Open the door of your heart, my friend, Heedless of class or creed, When you hear the cry of a brother's voice, The sob of a child in need. To the shining heaven that o'er you bends You need no man or chart, But only the love the Master gave,—

A Few Words by the Editor

All nature feels the renovating Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye In ruin seen. The frost contracted globe Draws in abundant vegetable soul, And gathers vigor for the coming year. A stronger glow sits on the lively check Of ruddy fire; and luculent along The purer rivers flow, their sullen deeps, Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze And murmur hoarser at the biting frost.—Thomas

HERE are people who will not read a story paper. We regret such people do not read COMFORT, and they would then no doubt against their will, be compelled to change their views. This is not a religious journal, but we believe we are well within the bounds of truth, when we say, that COMFORT's influence is all for good. And we also believe there is not a religious journal in the land that exerts a better influence upon the home life of the household than does COMFORT. than does Comfort.

In all our stories it is virtue that is lauded, it

is vice and wrong-doing that is execrated and punished. Every story conveys a moral, and proves forcibly that sin is wrong, that falsehood and crime do not pay, and honesty, purity and virtue are alone worth while—the only

ronds to happiness.

No paper in the land tries to help the sick. No paper in the land tries to help the sick, and unfortunate, and put in action the practical works of Christ-like charity as does this publication. Certainly no religious magazine does as much of this work as we. If every publication were as clean and wholesome, uplifting, and in sympathy with poor humanity as Comfort is—this would be a better world. Comfort is all right, and its readers know it.

President Roosevelt's visit to Panama was one of unusual interest, not only because it was the first time the chief executive of this nation ever went outside the boundaries of the United

ever went outside the boundaries of the United States during his term of office, but it also draws the attention of our people to this the mightiest engineering work of modern times. We would like every reader of COMFORT to take an interest in this work, which, when finished, will add immensely to our power and influence in the world's affairs, and will bring by water the products of the Pacific slope to Eastern markets, and supply our people with the luscious fruits of that section at a much lower rate than they can be procured at the present time, as ocean freight rates are always very much less than the cost of cartage by railvery much less than the cost of cartage by rail-

had a man become competent in his work, than he was obliged to vacate his office, and hand it over to a man who had absolutely no experience in the work he had to perform. This did incalculable injury to the public service.

We advise all the bright and ambitious among our readers (especially those who have graduated from High Schools and are of a naturally studious bent) to study Civil Service requirements, with a view to entering government employ. Uncle Sam is an excellent em-

Current Topics

Oklahoma has adopted Alfalfa, which bears a small blue flower, as a state emblem.

Commander Peary will make another search for the pole. He has already made nine trips to the arctic.

A badge is to be given to every American citizen who for a given time participates in the work of building the Panama Canal.

The last reports from Shanghai tell of increasing horrors of the great famine in Central China. The appeal made by the President for contribution to relieve them should have a generous response.

Professor William James after 35 years' service in the chair of Philosophy at Harvard will retire. His rare scholarship is know the world over, and from American, British, Italian, and French institutions he has received high

Oliver Dyer, who is said to have introduced stenography into the United States, died in Boston, January 13th. He was the first shorthand reporter of the United States Senate, and was ordained into the Swedenborgian ministry.

"Next after the English, the Americans are the greatest consumers of champagne," remarked a gentleman with a red nose, "and we import 4,500,000 quarts a year, half of it in pint bottles. Champagne is called the gentleman's drink, and it certainly calls for a gentleman's purse to pay for it, because it usually sells at from \$3.50 to \$5 a quart and most champagne drinkers can get away with a quart apiece and not think they are taking an overdose. But everybody in the United States doesn't drink champagne for the imports represent a bottle for every nineteen persons. To produce a bottle of champagne requires the work of forty-three men, and the juice of four and a half pounds of grapes worth twenty cents a

TOLD PROUND THE STOVE

Concerning Champagne

forty-three men, and the juice of four and a half pounds of grapes worth twenty cents a pound. The consumption of champagne has increased thirty-three per cent, during the past five years, and manufacturers say that it is a sure sign of prosperity and progress in a country when the demand for champagne is stiff. The cost of the corks in the four million and a half bottles we drink cost \$200,000 and the bottles cost \$650,000 and can not be again used for champagne. Age does not improve champagne, and it is at its best at about five years after it has been bottled. The Russians are the third on the list of champagne consumers, and the consumption per capita is greater in Belgium than in any other country. We make a very good champagne in this greater in Belgium than in any other country. We make a very good champagne in this country, but it is not popular with champagne connoisseurs and only those who are not regular champagne drinkers call for it. To the uninitiated champagne seems to be the very limit of superiority in drinks. However, it is the most popular of all wines for dinners among those who like to do 'swagger' things and make a display."

Something about Canary Birds

"Nearly everybody knows the pretty song of the bright little bird known as the Canary, and some households are not considered complete unless there is at least one cage in the house, with a bird or a pair in it," said the New York drummer. "Nobody knows how many canaries are hatched and caged in this country, but it is estimated that 200,000 a year are imported from Germany where the best ones come from. Others are brought from England, Scotland and Belgium, but while they may be showier birds than the German singers, they are not sold here, most of them going to Canada. There is no reason apparent why the German bird should be better than the others, except that the Germans look after their birds because they love them and care for them tenderly. No one German raises more than seven or eight hundred a year, but some are raised by all German families, and nearly the whole product comes from the Hartz mountains. They originally came from the Canary Islands, and there they still fly about wild in the woods, but they are not shipped from there. It is estimated that the Germans raise a million birds a year. The first birds are sent to this country in August and the shipments continue until March. Dealers do not like to receive young birds that have not been taught to sing, but many are shipped young and they are sold to persons who are willing to teach the youngsters. They are taught by the Germans either by raising the young ones with an old bird which is a high-class singer, or by letting them hear the canary organ, a little musical whistle kept going day and night by water power. The birds we raise in this country from German stock are about equal to the changes of our climate. Prices of birds vary according to their singing qualities, health, color, shape, size, some selling as low as a dollar a bird. But Hartz mountain birds range from \$2, to \$2.50 for a fairly good bird, and running up as high as \$50.00 for the very choicest specimens. The English 'Manchester Topknot,' larger than the German bird, but not so

CHANGE IN POSTAL LAWS

The Postal Commission, which has been in session for some time, has recommended a bill to Congress which, if passed, will take away many of the privileges now enjoyed by people living in the rural sections. By this bill the SAMPLE COPY PRIVILEGE IS PRACTICALLY DONE AWAY WITH, and the rates on second-class matter will be raised on papers over a given weight. As the bill will have to come to a vote before the first of March the question will be settled in short order, and if Congress passes such a measure it means that the people will be obliged to pay more for their newspapers and magazines in the future, and RECEIVE NO MORE SAMPLE COPIES. We urge all of our subscribers to RENEW or EXTEND their subscription to COMFORT at once while the PRESENT LOW FIFTEEN-CENT-A-YEAR RATE IS IN FORCE and all subscribers must keep paid up in advance all of the time in the future or else the paper must be stopped. If anyone receives this paper as a sample copy it means that it is sent to you that you may read it with the view that you will subscribe while the rate is only Fifteen Cents per year. The price will soon have to advance, but if you subscribe now, or get up a club of subscribers, you can all have it for only Fifteen Cents for the next year, and thus enjoy for a small sum of money the many good things we are now able to give you at this extremely low price.

We have no doubt that every American will strive, once at least in a lifetime, to make the New York, San Francisco journey via the Canal. Fast and palatial steamers will be placed upon this route, and we know of no more delightful and enjoyable trip than this promises to be. The voyage will probably not take more than two weeks. The Canal will also shorten the distance by sea, between San Francisco and Europe, by many thousands of miles, and we have no doubt that the benefits that will accrue to California, and the coast generally by drawto California, and the coast generally by drawing our Western shores closer to the teeming cities of Europe, will be of incalculable advancities of Europe, will be of incalculable advantage to this country. The Canal will also double the strength of our navy, as it will permit us to concentrate our battleship line, on either ocean, within a couple of weeks. For this advantage alone, the Canal is well worth while. The present long journey round the Horn practically isolates our Pacific Coast cities, and leaves them without sufficient naval protection. Strategically then, the Canal will be of enormous advantage, and in view of the uncertain state Strategically then, the Canal will be of enormous advantage, and in view of the uncertain state of things in the Orient, the growing power of Japan, the awakening of China, and the struggle that must inevitably come for the mastery of the Pacific, we can not but help turn our eyes longingly to Panama, and hope for the completion of that mighty work in the shortest possible time.

The distance from Colon to Panama is fortysix miles. Of this distance sixteen miles was

six miles. Of this distance sixteen miles was excavated by the French. The French idea was to dig a sea level canal, but our engineers have decided that the lock plan is much the cheaper and better way. This plan will permit the work to be completed in seven or eight years instead of sixteen required by the French plan. When the work first began, the Americans employed in the undertaking were very much disheartened by vellow fever outbreaks. This

disheartened by yellow fever outbreaks. This is all altered now. A sanitary force of 2,300 men under Colonel Gorgas has made the Canal Zone under Colonel Gorgas has made the Canal Assass as healthy as an American city, and American mechanics can go there with the certainty that the care they will return alive. We by proper care, they will return alive. We know of no better field for capable, energetic, enterprising skilled labor, as the wages are considerably higher than those paid at home. By applying to the Isthmian Canal Commission, Washington, D. C., the rates of wages for various grades of skilled labor can be obtained.

The Shah of Persia, Muzaffer-ad-Din, a progressive ruler, died January 8th, in the 54th year of his age. The late Shah will be succeeded by his eldest son, Mohammed Ali Meiza, who is well educated and in sympathy with his fether? liberal ideas father's liberal ideas.

According to the reports from Russia, the distress in the famine districts is steadily growing. In the government of Kozan the peasants have been driven to desperation, and are selling their daughters into slavery. The ages of the girls sold range from twelve to seventeen years.

Among the important recent discoveries is that of intercepting wireless messages, by the Rev. Frederick L. Odenback of St. Ignatius College. The discovery was made by accident, and the apparatus is simple, consisting of a copper roof, two common steel pins, known as the black-headed pins, and four or five lead. the black-headed pins, and four or five lead pencils.

Among the marvelous inventions is an instrument that can be attached to any telephone and will receive messages mechanically, recording the voice on flat sheets of magnetized cording the voice on flat sheets of magnetized steel. The records are made simply by magnetism, and the steel sheet shows no indentation or marking of any kind. One can talk upon one of the steel sheets, inclose it in an envelope, and mail as you would an ordinary letter. The receiver inserts the tin sheet into his instrument, and the letter is spoken with every inflection of the voice of the sender. flection of the voice of the sender.

One of the most remarkable women, of the last century, Baroness Burdett-Coutts died re-cently in London at the advanced age of ninety-two. She was the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, adding the name of her materna grandfather, from whom she inherited a vast fortune. It is believed she gave away nearly five million dollars. In 1871, Queen Victoria elevated her to a baroness in recognition of her great philanthropies. At the age of sixty-seven she married Mr. William Lehman Ashmead-Rattlett. He asymed the person his mile. Bartlett. He assumed the name of his wife.

Progress of the South

"At the close of the Civil War in 1865," said "At the close of the Civil War in 1865," said the political looking party with a campaign document in his hand, "the South—meaning by that, the states which had seceded or tried to—the states in which slavery existed—was about as poor a proposition as could be found on earth. The land was devastated, property was valueless, the men nearly all killed off, or invalids, government overthrown, states in debt, nothing doing anywhere, and worst of all an entirely new sociologic condition presented in the freedom of the slaves. It was a good deal the freedom of the slaves. It was a good deal worse than beginning with a wholly new country. That was forty years ago, and the South began to pull together right away with the true American spirit. It took fifteen years at least to get things going at all right, and now let me read you some figures of what progress least to get things going at all right, and now let me read you some figures of what progress has been made within the past twenty-five years. From \$257,000,000 invested in factories she has gone to 1,500,000,000, an increase of over 1,200,000,000 dollars with an increased product of over twelve hundred millions annually; from 21 millions in cotton mills to 225 millions; from 225,000 bales of cotton used in Southern mills to 2,163,000 bales; from 39 millions yearly product of lumber to 250 millions; from 397,000 tons of pig iron a year to 3,100,000 tons; from 680 millions of farm products a year to 1,750 millions; To the shining heaven that o'er you bends You need no map or chart, But only the love the Master gave,—
Open the door of your heart!

Look on the bright side of all things. Believe that the best offering that you can make God is to enjoy to the full what he sends of child who believes in all his father's dealings with it, whether he understands them or not. The day is coming when the great ship of the world, guided by the band of the Son of God, shall float out of the clouds and storms, out of the shadows and conflicts, into the people; 181,000 of these have passed the Civil Service examination, proving that they are conditions as long as they faithfully perfect in the shadows and conflicts, into the property of God.—H. Van Dyke.

To the thick the best offering that you can make God is to enjoy to the full what he sends of child who believes in all his father's dealings with it, whether he understands them or not. The day is coming when the great ship of the world, guided by the band of the Son of God, shall float out of the clouds and storms, out of the shadows and conflicts, into the perfect of the full what he sends of the shadows and conflicts, into the perfect of the full what he sends of the shadows and conflicts, into the perfect of the full what he sends of the shadows and conflicts, into the perfect of the shadows and conflicts of the

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st; roll stitch l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch: sts. stitches; stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Another Fancy Work Competition

Valuable Prizes for Home Workers irst Prize \$5.00 Third Prize \$2.00 econd Prize \$3.00 Fourth Prize \$1.00 Also one hundred special consolation awards. First Prize \$5.00 Second Prize \$3.00

Second Prize \$3.00 Fourth Prize \$1.00
Also one hundred special consolation awards. The above prizes are offered for the best original articles of home work received by us before April 30, 1907, and the awards will be announced in June or July Comfort.

We want all kinds of articles suitable for birthday or holiday gifts, church fair, bazaars, etc., useful and attractive things which can be made at home by the woman of limited means, and especially novel ideas which can be made with cardboard as a basis; anything in this line will be especially welcome.

Think out some new way of developing an old idea, or devise something new for which you have a use; it may also just meet the needs of another, but do not copy; we want original articles; also new designs for crocheting, knitting, netting, tatting, cross-stitching, patchwork, teneriffe and drawnwork, Hardanger etc., etc.

As we assume a large expense to carry out this plan, devoting space and time as well as money for illustrations, we want every lady reader to consider this appeal directed personally to her, and for her to send in her needlework whether she "thinks" it will win a prize or not. Your own work may be better than you know. Where the designs are worked in colors have as much contrast as possible. Black and white make the best illustrations for the paper.

If your article sent in is not a prize winner,

and white make the best illustrations for the paper.

If your article sent in is not a prize winner, remember we may be able to use it in these columns; and if so will pay you for the privilege. So send in your designs anyway.

The only conditions are the following:

1. Each sample must be of original design and not copied from other papers.

2. Full directions (written on one side of the paper only) must accompany each sample, showing how it is made.

3. Your return address must be on outside wrapper of both package and letter. Send separately.

separately.

4. All samples must be received at this office before April 30, and be addressed Comfort, Home Work Competition, Augusta, Maine.

Home Work Competition, Augusta, Maine.

On account of many submitting work requesting us to withhold their full address we have decided to discontinue giving the name and address of persons to whom we are indebted for fancy work articles, which we use on this page. Comfort's circulation is so large, many of our subscribers have been besieged with requests for samples or further particulars in regard to work which has appeared, and to answer these letters takes time and money for postage, and it is impossible for one to send samples or directions to so many.

Whenever publishing any particular piece of work, we endeavor to give the plainest possible directions for making, besides illustrating it. So it is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, samples, or patterns of anything, unless stated that they can be supplied. Fancy work of an inexpensive nature we gladly receive at any time, and if available for these columns will be used and paid for at current rates, and samples are returned, but we seldom purchase anything outright.

Knitting, crocheting, netting and tatting, to be acceptable, must be accompanied by full directions for making, written plainly on one side of the paper only, and in accordance with above abbreviations.

Novel or original ideas for utilizing ordinary material are especially desired.

Hardanger Embroidery

Hardanger Embroidery

N the past year we have illustrated and given directions for making several pieces of this work, but as numerous questions in regard to the stitches employed continue to come in, this month we will endeavor to be more explicit, and illustrate the work in such a way that any one ought to be work in such a way that any one ought to be

Hardanger embroidery is the national needle-work of Norway, and is really very simple when the principle of the work is understood.



The different patterns are all geometrical, and formed by counting the threads as in crossstitching, hence, the necessity of having a fabric woven in a square mesh.

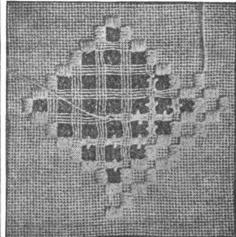
mesh.
The principal stitch is SEAM STITCH. FIG. 1. a very old one, and is known as the seam stitch, see Fig. 1. This consists of going over a certain number of threads a given number of times, and then repeating, only doing the work at a right angle.

work at a right angle.

For example in Fig.1, beginning at the bottom, four threads are crossed five times, working up and down, then working from side to side, cross four threads five times; repeat again, working up and down. At first only this stitch was used, and large articles were almost entirely covered by patterns worked out in this way.

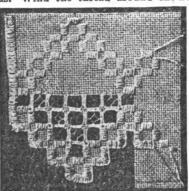
as is most convenient. Never put a knot in the thread, but begin from the wrong side, and weave the thread in and out through the mesh of the goods, then cover with the seam stitch, which is always worked on the right side of the goods.

goods.
Most all designs are defined with groups of this stitch, see Fig. 2, and should always be taken over an even number of threads, usually either two or four. This square is outlined with a double row of seam stitches the same as are shown in detail in Fig. 1.



SEAM STITCH IN GROUPS. FIG. 2.

In working out any design remember that the corner group is never counted. By referring to the illustration it will be seen that there are six groups of stitches on each side of the square



FILLED SPACES. FIG. 4.

twice, hold firmly with the thumb, pulling the needle through, and proceed to weave. All weaving should always be done on the wrong side of the work.

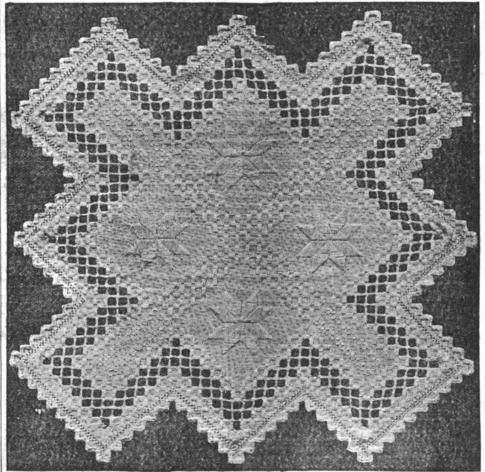
side of the work.

Fig. 3, illustrates a way of filling in fancy woven blocks, which is much used in centerpieces, and as motifs for shirt-waists, or collar and cuff sets. In this block the seam stitch is pleces, and as moths for shift-waiss, or collar and cuff sets. In this block the seam stitch is taken a little differently from that shown in Fig. 2. The block is made across twenty threads of the canvas each way. Beginning at one corner four stitches over eight threads, four stitches over twelve threads, four stitches over eight threads, four stitches over twelve threads, four stitches over eight threads, four stitches over four threads. This completes one side of the square. Repeat for the remaining sides. Cut the threads inside the square as follows: Cut seven threads leave six threads, cut seven threads and pull out. Start in the center of the six threads on one side of the square, and over and over around three of the six threads. When half the distance to the center block has been wound, loop the silk to the starting point, then proceed to wind until the center of the square is reached. Repeat this in each quarter section of the large square. Four of these blocks placed together make a very handsome figure.

wery handsome figure.

This way of filling in the open spaces can also be used in alternate spaces, as shown in the Hardanger Scarf, and in the edge illustrated in Fig. 4.

in Fig. 4.

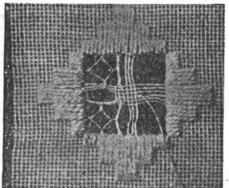


HARDANGER CENTERPIECE. By Mrs. Lizzie Warner.

canvas, one group across the canvas, and the open spaces, next group with the length. This point must is button-be remembered if one is to follow the designs intelligently.

intelligently.

After both rows of seam stitches are finished, the threads should be cut inside the inner row, as shown in the illustration. When all the groups of threads have been cut and pulled there will be alternate squares of open spaces the considerable practice, as



and groups of four uncut threads as are shown

in the unworked part of Fig. 2.

The uncut threads are to be woven first across the square and then from the opposite direction. Weave over and under two threads each time.

in the inner row, while in the outer there are eight, without the corner groups.

As has been before stated, each group of the seam stitches is taken over four threads of the define the

practice, as have to be turned with practically all the stitches taken from one point. Unless the

edges are done firmly, and the THE CORNERS BUTTONHOLED.

and the estitches placed close together, they will not wear well when cut out. Before the cutting is done if the edges are stitched on the machine with a fine stitch, just inside the edge of the button-holing the edge will be much more durable, but it is tedious work, which requires much time, patience and care, or the effect of the hand work is spoiled.

To Make the Stars

The star is a favorite design, made as is shown in the scarf end, and the doily. First, find the center of the space which the star is to occupy, and work an eyelet over two threads of the canvas all around, this forms the center of the covered by patterns worked out in this way, then later the threads were cut away, and in the open squares fancy stitches were worked.

For this work one needs a blunt needle, and hoops for holding the work may be used or not be squared part of Fig. 2.

The uncut threads are to be woren first across the star. To make the four double points of the star, start by going over two threads, then three, four, five, six, seven, and eight, and then cross one less each time; until only two are bars, bring the needle up between two threads, then three four double points of the ways they going over two threads, then three center of the star. To make the four double points of the star, start by going over two threads, then three, four, five, six, seven, and eight, and then cross one less each time; until only two are cross one less e

that is, in the center of the four threads of the canvas. Wind the thread around the needle

A fancy stitch which shows just inside the edge of both scarf and centerpiece is known as back stitching. To do this one works diagonally over the threads of the canvas, over six threads as follows: Bring up the needle at the point on the canvas representing the top of the first right-hand side stitch; count two holes in the canvas down and two across towards the left, this being for the center of the three stitches. Repeat this stitch twice in the same holes bringing up for the side stitch on the left. Bring needle back to bottom of the first side stitch made, and repeat the length desired. See Fig. 6 for detail of this stitch.

Hardanger Centerpiece

Hardanger goods eighteen inches square will be needed to make this piece.

Begin by measuring in four inches from any corner diagonally, then count twenty-four threads, and begin to define the open work border with a double row of seam stitches, as shown in Fig. 2. Work over four threads in each direction five times as heretofore explained, continue all around the four sides.

Now, count sixteen threads towards the adda.

each direction five times as heretofore explained, continue all around the four sides.

Now, count sixteen threads towards the edge, and work the buttonholing all around as illustrated in Fig. 5. To have the work come out perfect great care must be exercised in counting, or one will come out wrong.

Between the edge and the double row of seam stitches work in the fancy back stitch illustrated by Fig. 6. This should be about half way between the edge and double row of seam stitch.

Now count for the open spaces, and work in another double row of seam stitches, then cut out and pull the threads, and work as has been explained, and is illustrated by Fig. 2. Weave over the threads either with or without the

picot, as one prefers.

The center of the piece is further decorated with cross rows of seam stitching and four stars in the opposite squares. In the narrow strips in each corner a fancy stitch is worked in by crossing two threads each way to form squares.

Hardanger Scarf

(See illustration on opposite page.)

This can be used for either a bureau or sideboard scarf.

One and one half yards of goods was required for the one here illustrated.

Measure in four inches from the corner, diagonally, then count twenty-four threads and work all around a single row of seam stitches.

Next count and work seam stitches around the four open-work groups in each corner. Then count off threads for the open-work border all around, but before cutting and pulling the threads work a row of straight seam stitches by working over four threads in a straight row, after this is completed finish the ends as shown by working in the fancy stitches illustrated in Fig. 3 in every other square. Along the sides this is omitted.

Next work in another row of seam stitching across each corner and then complete another row of straight seam stitching, working over four threads across the scarf from the upper corners of the corner squares as shown in the illustration.

corners of the corner squares as shown in the illustration.

Then comes a row of fancy back stitching and another line of straight seam stitching.

Using this as a base-line count off the squares for the open-work point and along each side put a double row of seam stitching.

The two smaller points of open work are defined with rows of straight seam stitching and then a row of fancy stitching the same as that worked in the corners of the centerpiece.

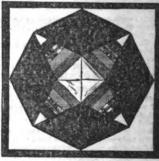
Now finish the double row of seam stitching around the space occupied by the star, then find the center of this space and work the star by directions given and finish the opposite corners with the groups of four cyclets.

The fancy row of stitching between the first two rows of straight seam stitching can be easily done from the illustration simply by working the desired forms with the seam stitch and placing cyclets as shown for a finish.

Illinois Star

This hexagon pattern, with a star in the center, has for its background material of one color. It may

be of red or blue, or any color which will harmowill harmo-nize with the points of the star. The center may be cut of one solid piece or of four different colors; when the hexagon is then basted



on a square
of white.

Narrow strips of the same color as the hexagon are used around the square, and when the quilt is finished it will not only be attractive, but the pieces which will accumulate have been to advantage. MRS. J. RI MRS. J. RICE.

Perfume Sachet

Cut two leaf-shaped pieces of taffeta silk,



baste on white lawn, work veins, and button-hole edges. When finished, place perfume in wadding and lay between, and overstitch together. This one is made of olive This one is made of olive green on one side and an on the other, worked with white. Any kind of plain material, which suits the fancy of the worker may be used in these little sachets, showing as they will how one's taste and incenuity may

PERFUME SACHET.

taste and ingenuity may develop not only in the design, but in the various rnamented. When comways they may be ornamented.

pleted it makes an acceptable gift, particularly if a handkerchief of one's own work accompanies it.

MRS. E. J. BRITTON.

Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leav space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in-stead of including them in the letters.

stead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THERE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been ask-

anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

It has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that abould have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have com-plied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected. Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

DEAR SISTERS:

I have just a word or two to say this month before we turn to the many interesting and instructive letters.

Mrs. M. E. Peebles. Maybe later we can publish some of the poems you suggested. Many thanks for your kind words of appre-

Many thanks for your kind words of appreciation.

Mrs. Jennie Huff. Have you consulted physicians in regard to your little one's condition?

Mrs. H. B. Jones, Indiana. Your letter was interesting. I am sorry you have had such an experience, but you are only one of many, hence the above rules which we hope will prevent such impostors from using these columns in the future. The letter you inclosed is only a sample of the hundreds which I receive.

The sister from Ford, Va., forgot to sign her name. Write us again, all will be glad to hear how you make the pretty puffs and bookmarks.

Will Carleton's poem received and it will appear as soon as we have the space to devote to it.

Dear Comport Sisters:

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

COMPORT SISTERS:
"If I knew you and you knew me,
And both of us could plainly see,
And with an inner sight divine—
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I think that we would differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness,
And we should pleasantly agree
If I knew you, and you knew me."

And we should pleasantly agree

If I knew you, and you knew me."

I want to say how much I appreciate "our" corner. For though we have a "corner" in Comport," yet that corner doesn't "corner" all the comfort, but spreads it abroad to all. Those who have not visited Kansas City, at least recently, will be surprised at the progress this growing city is making. I cannot say too much in praise of our park and boulevard system, which is a source of much beauty to the city in summer. Come and see.

My home is just about a block from a boulevard which connects with Penn Valley Park, which is not a place of amusement, but one of great beauty. We have quite a number of amusement parks here, which are very attractive.

We are buying our home now, and are very happy in what will be our very own before a great while, we hope. I have a dear little boy twenty-two months old, and I wish you all could know him. To me he is the brightest and sweetest of all bables. How natural it is that we mothers should think our own are the dearest and best in all ways. How human it is to feel so. And yet all bables are so dear.

To me a baby especially appeals because of its

was an invalid for some time, so I understand what it is, and I realize how we should appreciate our health—we who have it.

I will be glad to answer any of the sisters' letters, who will write. How far Comport extends! But then the "comfort" spirit should encircle the earth.

MRS. PRUDENCE MORAST, 3119 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.

Are you reading "The Shadow of a Cross," the new serial? It is a delightful story and will appear serially in COMFORT for some months. Only 15 cents for a full year's subscription, if sent at once.

months. Only is cents for a full year's subscription, if sent at once.

Dear Sisters:

Since my last Hardanger work appeared in Composer I have received so many letters asking for directions and samples it has been impossible for me to supply all, so I send in two new pieces of work for illustration, and think with the directions given you will all be able to work out these designs. Many who wrote me forgot to give their addresses, and some letters which I wrote were returned, this was the case with Sophia Collins, Ornoro, Ont. and Mrs. J. W. Welch, Downings, Va., so it both of these parties will send stamped self-addressed envelopes, I will remail the samples. Now I will answer a few of the numerous questions which so many ask. This work should be done on the regular Hardanger goods which can be purchased at most dry or fancy goods stores, and costs from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents per yard according to quality and width.

Use any good make of the silk flosses, No. 1, which come especially for this work, for the seam stitching, fancy back stitching, stars and eyelets, use heavy linen thread No. 26, for buttonholing all edges, and linen thread No. 50 for weaving and working fancy stitches in the open squares.

An inexperienced person had better begin on some small piece, as a beginner is very apt to make mistakes in counting, and if this is done a piece will not be perfect, so great care should be taken.

I find this work very fascinating, but so tedious to count the threads that one can work atit steadily only a short while. It is especially hard on the eyes and back as it takes a long time to do a large piece. I am working on a piece now which I have put all my spare time on for the past two years.

Well, dear sisters, now I will close. I was glad to hear from you all, and would have complied with all requests for samples if it had been possible, but all who undertake to do this work will soon find out how much time it takes to make so many samples, even though each is small.

Thanking you for t

samples, even though each is small.

Thanking you for the many kind words and wishes, I remain mii, Mrs. Lizzie Warner, Cedar, Iowa.

MRS. LIZZIE WARNER, Cedar, Iowa.

DHAR MRS. WILKINSON:

After reading the interesting letters written by Mrs. B. E. Ward of British Columbia in the November, March and July issues of Compor, I have wanted very much to write to her, but I note in her last letter she said she had already received more letters than she could reply to, so just allow me to throw her a bouquet, and beg her to write often.

end of the cave. Some places were so small they had to crawl through.

If this finds its way into the corner, I will write again about Oklahoma, and describe some of our beautiful sunsets.

If Mrs. H. A. Lowden of Lynbrook, N. Y., sees this, I wish to thank her for the belt and collar I received for the cacti I sent her.

ADA L. WALKER, Cestos, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

There was a mistake made in publishing my caramel filling, so I will send it again for I want all the sisters to try it. I'll also send in my recipe for making Light Bread which is the best bread of all and easiest to make.

The Best Bread

Scald about two quarts of milk, take from the stove and add five teaspoonfuls of sugar and a heaping tablespoonful of lard or butter, when this gets cold add a couple of teaspoonfuls of sait, a yeast cake and a half which have previously been dissolved in lukewarm water, then stir in flour till very thick, let stand over night, then work up good with flour, knead and let this rise two hours, then knead thoroughly again, form into loaves and let raise about a half hour; bake and when done rub the crust over lightly with butter and it will not harden.

Caramel Filling

Caramer Filling

One cup of white sugar, one cup of light brown sugar, meit with cold water, boil it until it threads, then beat in two tablespoonfuls of cream, and one tablespoonful of butter, and one teaspoonful of wanills, take from the fire and beat until quite thick and spread between the layers.

Mrs. Ella Sidell, Phoenix, Ariz.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

I have never visited you in your corner before, and now I come for information. Do any of you know what will relieve or cure ulceration of the bladder?

bladder:
My dear mother has been a sufferer of that disease
for over four years and has tried everything we
could hear of, or find, that she thought might help

her.

If any sister, who knows what will cure her positively or even relieve her to a great extent, will write her or me, I will return postage. By doing this you will place me forever in your debt, unless I can repay you sometime by sending in something some other sister needs and wants.

Hoping to receive the desired knowledge in a short while, I am IRIS MCKINZIE, Homer, La.

My mother's address is MRS. FANNIE MCKENZIE.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Comfort Sisters. It is a long time since I wrote you. I have been busy answering the six hundred or more sisters who wrote me after my letter describing my Cuban home. Now I am traveling for pleasure and am bound for the home of my grandfather in Bartow, Kitssp Co., Washington, where I will go canoeing, trout fishing, salmon fishing, etc. The white house on the hill surrounded by the beautiful royal

ille. "DĒ 10 1000

HARDANGER SCARF END. By Mrs. Lizzie Warner.

Date of the progress, which is a source of much hearty

We have quite a number of amassment parks here,
which connects with Bern Valley Park, which is
which and it is not rest to the
ordinary of the state of the progression of the prog

ness, the more "long-green" it means to the

farmer.

I have noticed the past few days, the mistletoe berries are fast forming and soon the branches will be covered with the little waxy-white fruit.

Did any of you know a strong brewed tea of mistletoe is a fine cough remedy? it must be well

Did any of you know a strong brewed tea of mistletce is a fine cough remedy? it must be well sweetened.

Now I would like to ask a bit of advice in regard to taking the best care of matting and Linoleum. What can I use to prevent or lessen the wear and tear on both, making them durable and keep the original colors? I will appreciate the kindness of any sister's advice.

I would like to hear from any of the sisters, interested in instrumental music. I would dearly love to see more of such kind in our Compost pages, also would someone who has "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," send it to me. I had it but lost or misplaced it. Now in conclusion I will give my way of keeping granite cooking utensils bright and clean without much washing and unsightly hands. I grease the bottom and sides of my pots, etc., when using them over a fire, and when cooking is over, take some old paper, or tissue paper, rub off all the smoke and soot that you can, and your pot will need very little washing to make it look like new again.

With best wishes to one and all, I remain as ever an old friend of Compost. May its life be long and useful.

Mrs. E. B. Behrens, Brady, Texas.

EDatch the number on your wrapper. If the least of the subscripe.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 221 or less, it means that your eubscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "St. Elmo," which will be continued for some months during 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I am sending in my subscription for one of the best little magazines, COMFORT, on earth. I want to thank all the readers, who have written to me, for their great kindness.

What a great, big, round world we are living in, and how kind and thoughtful most of the people are. No matter how discouraged and sad hearted we may be, if we will just look up we can behold life's sun still shining, and we may find that each cloud, no matter how dark it may be, has a silver lining.

we may be, if we will just look up we can behold life's sun still shining, and we may find that each cloud, no matter how dark it may be, has a silver lining.

I was feeling very sad and lonely, and as I was reading Comport, I became interested in the Sisters' Corner, so I thought I would write and ask some of the readers to write to me. I expected to receive as many as five or six letters. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when the letters and so wenir postal cards began coming six or seven a day, and some times more. Many were so kind as to send me the quilt blocks I desired, and I was so thankful for all favors. The letters were all just fine, and I am sorry I cannot answer each one personally. I would like to, but not being a rich man's wife, nor a millionaire's daughter, I find it impossible to do just as I would like in all cases. I have returned all favors and postal cards as far as I can, and have written to many, but not to all. I am sorry to disappoint any, but trust all will understand the situation, and accept my thanks for all their kindness. You have taught me a lesson, dear sisters, and I shall ever try in the future to look more on the bright side, and less at the clouds. I also received several copies of those "endiess prayer chain letters," quite enough in number, as to place me in need of a stenographer were I to try to inffill the requirements of them all, and if I were suspicious enough to let them cause me uneasiness of mind I might be caused greater trouble; but truly, dear sisters, I think that it is very unwise for us to pay any attention to them. Just as if they had any power to cause us trouble or calamity. The prayer itself is all right, and I believe in it, but I think it will do us more good to pray, that prayer individually, to God in the privacy of our own rooms, than to spend time and expense to copy and send to others to whom it may cause a world of trouble, especially, if some might be of a suspicious nature. So please, dear sisters, when such letters come to us, let us remembe

Mich.

DEAR EDITOR:

I noticed some little time ago there was a request for a cure for Dropsy; about two years ago I was quite ill with it, two doctors said that I would have to be tapped, but a lady told me a simple remedy that I believe cured me. Take black currant leaves and make an infusion, and drink it freely, if there is any trouble in getting the leaves I will be glad to send some upon request, and receipt of self-addressed stamped envelope.

Mrs. D. Wiggins, Pairdale, N. Dak.

Don't fall to promptly renew your sub-scription to COMFORT while the present low 15-cent yearly rate is in force. We may be obliged to advance at any time, but if you send 25 cents now, it will pay for and ex-tend your subscription for two years from the time of expiration.

DEAR SISTERS:

DRAR SISTERS:

I have been a reader of Comport since I was a wee girl and knew nothing but the happiness of child-hood's sunny days, and I have often thought of writing the club, but have failed to do so.

I hope you have a welcome for a Tennessee sister. I will pass along what has proven a great blessing to us inexperienced young parents. A remedy for croup. Take soft fiannel, and cut a chest protector to come down well below the lungs in the front and below the shoulder blades in the back, cut a thin lining for both, and have ready two teaspoonfuls of pure pine tar, and four of hog's lard, mixed well, apply evenly to the fiannel, sew on the lining, and put on the little body, and fasten by means of tapes under each arm. It should be stitched together on each shoulder, when this wears thin make a new one. My little one, five years of age, wears this from early fall until late spring. We have come very near losing him with croup three times, and other mothers will not wonder that we feel like passing a tried and true remedy along.

I should be pleased to receive letters, and pieces of silk, satin, or velvet, and will try to return all favors.

Mrs. A. M. Lee, Harriman, R. F. D., 2, Tenn.

favors.

MRs. A. M. Lee, Harriman, R. F. D., 2, Tenn.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

I have missed but few copies of our paper in years gone by, although not always a subscriber. I have not seen anything from this part of the country. The snow lays on the ground about eighteen inches deep up here where I am today. We are over nine thousand feet above the sea level, so we have considerable snow, the first coming September 13, when it snowed for three days. My home is about twenty miles down below in the valley, about seven thousand feet above sea level. Some of the finest fruit ever grown is raised here. One man took the gold medal at the Chicago World's Fair for Baldwin apples. Peaches and pears are also fine.

Cleared land sells from one hundred and fifty dollars to one thousand dollars per acre, and uncleared can be bought for much less. We have fine soft water, and the climate is very healthy. The lack of water makes the land costly as everything has to be irrigated.

My bushand is superintendent of a large Irriga-

soft water, and the climate is very healthy. The lack of water makes the land costly as everything has to be irrigated.

My husband is superintendent of a large Irrigation Company, and is obliged to stay up here all the time. I have been here most of the time. I will describe the place so the Eastern sisters may know how we get our water.

The lake lies right on the top of the divide with the water going to the west. The lake is over a mile long, and a half mile wide, and is raised by a dam over the natural height, so they can draw off ninety million gallons of water. Where the natural overflow to the west used to be they built a dam twenty-six feet high with a gate at the bottom, so they can let out the water that way if they want to. On the eastern side they cut a tunnel under the mountain twelve hundred feet to bring the water to the eastern slope. There is a head gate at the end in the lake, and a large bulkhead of logs and cement inside the tunnel about three hundred feet. There is another gate in this, it is very strong, and held the weight of the whole lake this spring as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

The tall athletic figure of a young man is seen leaning against the trunk of a tree. Half aloud he soliloquizes, and wonders what is keeping them. He asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of many voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. The service ends, and Theta Rosslyn meets her lover, Gene Warfield. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us." Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. WARFIELD-THE PARTING.

N the clear starlight Eugene Warfield went N the clear starlight Eugene Warfield went up the maple-bordered driveway which led to his home. The house stood on an elevation somewhat off the main road, and belonged in architecture to the early colonial period, modified, however, by a great porch that extended across the front, the tall white columns of which, running up to the second story gave a suggestion of the Parthenon.

non.
In the shadow of the pillared porch he found his mother waiting for him. As she heard his step she arose and held out her hands, at her heart the little flutter of delight his near presence never failed to bring there.
Gene took the toil-worn palms tenderly into his own, and bending down he kissed her sweet old face, and the soft folds of snow-white hair that framed it.

that framed it:
"You have been waiting for me, little mother?"

mother?"

"Yes, Gene, you are late tonight," then as she looked into his face, and saw there the white stricken look, it went straight to her heart, and an exclamation of pain broke from her: "Dear lad, what has happened?" For a moment they regarded each other in sorrowful silence, but in that space she guessed at the cause of his trouble. The intuitive perception of a mother is something that is half divine.

With gentle force he made her sit down on the bench, and threw himself at her feet.

"Mother," he said, the pain in his heart quivering in his voice, "will you pet me as you used to do, and let me be your little boy just for tonight?" and his head fell heavily upon her knees.

her knees.

"Is it as bad as that, laddie—is it so bad as that?" she said as her fingers softly patted and smoothed his chestnut curls, then she continued in that soothing tone one sometimes uses to a fretful child:

"Maybe it isn't so very bad after all, Gene, maybe it isn't so very bad. Do you remember, years ago, when Theta was a little girl, and you were a big boy in knickerbockers, and how you had it all planned to take her to the child's party they were going to have at Mr. Warren's house? Do you remember it? And then you came down with the measles, and because you couldn't go, your heart was broken—you felt you just couldn't stand it to lose that party. But the loss doesn't trouble you any now, does it, laddie? I think all our troubles are like that. At first they hurt us cruelly, and we feel that At first they hurt us cruelly, and we feel that we just can't stand the pain, and we don't even know they have begun to heal, because they burn and torture us so; but the wound closes over at last, and by and by not even a scar remains!"

She felt his head lean heavier, and heard a

She felt his head lean heavier, and heard a

suppressed sob.
"My scar will remain with me always, mother. I shall carry it to my grave. Somehow, I feel tonight that all is lost save ambition. That is all I have left to live for—that—and you, mother." He added the last words with a little

mother." He added the last words with a little feeling of shame.

"Eugene!" He felt rather than heard the pain in his mother's tone. "My boy, you break my heart when you speak so—you do indeed," she gently chided. "Ambition will never make you happy. Even though you climb the highest round, and reach the glittering bauble of success you will find it crumble to ashes in your grasp—I fear you will—I fear you will. Listen, Gene! Could I have had my way I would have you a simple farmer, satisfied to marry and settle down here on the homestead to a long and happy life. But you are determined to have your own will—you would study law—our simple life could not satisfy you. Brother John has abetted you in it, too. John has been a has abetted you in it, too. John has been a good manager since your father died, and has kept up the farm and put money in the bank, and cared for all things well, but he has spoiled you for a contented life, laddie, he has indeed, with all his foolish free thought ideas, and his permitting you to have ready access to all those books that have fed your mind with atheistic theories. And tonight, I find a bitter thought theories. And tonight, I find a bitter thought in my heart for my only brother, loving him though I do. Oh, my boy, why can't you settle down here at home? I fear that great West which is calling you. It seems to me like some monster standing ready to devour my only child. And how I fear for you, Gene—you—with your headstrong disposition and your powerful will! You were ever a willful lad—so hard to control—you pained your mother's heart many a time. Believe me, if there had been any truth in old folk lore tales, and some good fairy had presided at your birth, and had told me to make three wishes for you, and they should be granted, I wouldn't have wished wealth, nor fame, nor great power for you, laddie. No; I would have wished for you a contented mind, a simple, helpful life, and a percentil death. contented mind, a simple, helpful life, and a peaceful death. And in wishing these things I would have gained for you all the good that life has to offer. And, oh, Gene, when I hear you are going to make ambition the you say you are going to make ambition the ruling principle of your life—it just—breaks my heart—"she broke of suddenly with a low cry of anguish

Gene lifted to hers a face white and quiver-

Written in Collaboration

By Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

"Mother—little mother—are we never to understand each other? You say you would be satisfied to have me remain here always a simple farmer. Can you not understand that like a caged eagle I should beat my wings against the bars—and die. Even Lincoln himself might have continued a rail-splitter to the end of his days if he had been satisfied to remain on the farm. Satisfaction! To me the very word smacks of moral starvation—mental stagnation. If a man once reaches the point where he is satisfied, he reaches also the state of started a little, and their arms fell anart as they stagnation. If a man once reaches the point where he is satisfied, he reaches also the state of decay, and there is no further advancement for him. Mother, would you have me sit always and gape at the play being enacted on the great world's stage? Would you have me live all my life, in a dull, dead level calm, never to know either the sorrow of defeat, or the joy of victory? Much as I love you, and much as the parting from you will cost me, I cannot, must not do the things you ask of me."

She put her arms about his neck, and drew his head to her breast.

"My boy," she said tenderly, "if I felt sure the forces of your nature were always to be arrayed on the side of the right I should not mind letting you go. But can I feel sure of this?

Think for how small a price men are selling their souls! For the sordid luxuries gold will bring to feed avarice and pride; for the gratification of the appetites and passions, which indulged to satisfy soon fail to yield sensual

I need them, and I shall miss them—when I am far away. And there—don't cry—any more."
They stood for a few moments silently holding each other, neither speaking, then they started a little, and their arms fell apart as they heard behind them the sound of an opening door, and both turned to see Maggie, the stout Irish servant girl standing there holding a lamp in her hand.

Maggie had been Mrs. Warfield's faithful and efficient helper ever since her advent on New Hampshire soil fifteen years before. She was a good soul, and she was pretty, too, in her way; she had suitors and might have married, but she kept them all at a distance, and the wages she earned went regularly to bring comfort and cheer to an old mother and several younger brothers and sisters in a little sod cabin across the great water.

Maggie had a sincere respect and love for her

Maggie had a sincere respect and love for her mistress, and as for Gene, he had been at once the joy and torment of her existence from the first day she had set foot on the threshold of the homestead. "And is it you, master Gene," she called out



"THE TIME HAS COME, MOTHER-KISS ME GOOD BY."

2 0

pleasure. Yet these I do not fear. No. I feel assured my boy will never yield to the power of gold. But I fear because of your one weakness. Gene—your insatiable appetite for power. And I fear in some hour of strong temptation you will sacrifice all for sake of a short period of gratified ambition, the empty honors of this world. And the thought which is tearing my soul tonight is that your manhood may be sacrificed to fill the pockets of the greedy. Dear lad, do you know why this fear has come to me tonight? Listen! It is because you have broken with all religious traditions. You have cut away your last prop, and at some future time when you feel your moral forces tottering you will—"

"Mother," he broke in impatiently, "you must not suppose that because I have broken with eld beliefs my mind is not reaching.

"Mother," he broke in impatiently, "you must not suppose that because I have broken with eld beliefs my mind is not reaching.

"Gene smiled up the light with one hand, and shook an admonitory finger at the young man with the other, "and is it you that's out there all this long while, and me keeping the meal waiting till my heart is just gray wid you? Arrah! come on in now and ate your supper."

Gene smiled. Perhaps if the truth were told he was a trifle glad of the interruption, for no man likes the sight of a woman's tears.

"You shouldn't have waited supper, Maggie. I don't wish anything tonight."

Maggie opened her blue eyes wide.

"Indade!" she exclaimed, "and that's a purty way to trate a body, ain't it? After a woman makin'a perfect slave of herself to cook the dishes ye like the best? Quit your foolin' and come in and ate your supper like a good by."

Maggie's good nature was irresistible, and Gene allowed himself to be coaxed out to the

you will—"
"Mother," he broke in impatiently, "you because I have broken must not suppose that because I have broken with the old beliefs my mind is not reaching out, striving continually to force its way through the portal of the unknown in the hope to reach something more intelligent, something which can harmonize with twentieth century progress and ideas. There is no denying the fact that as we remove much of the old creeds which have been outgrown, so we remove from the less intellectual, the less cultivated mind, much of its comfort. Yet after all, as the child grows up it must give up its belief in Santa Claus, and so, as the intellectual human being advances along the stages of life it, too, must advances along the stages of life it, too, must relinquish its early ideals in hopes to progress, and to offer the future generations something better, something more worthy, something more truthful than that which was given to the

world in the first century."
As he ceased, his mother looked down at him, her eyes misty with sorrowful feeling.
"My boy, these thoughts are all new and con-

fusing to me. I am anchored to the rock-ribbed past, but you have sailed away across an unknown sea—and my heart is breaking because I know that the width of poles lies between us."

Gene arose, and took his mother tenderly

into his arms.

"We can span the distance with our love, "We can span the distance with our love, mother—surely we can do that. And there—don't cry—see—I'll kiss all the tears away."
And he did, very tenderly.
She looked up and tried to smile through her grief.
"Yes, Gene, we will span the distance with our love. And you won't mind, laddie, if your love in that hour of parting.

Gene allowed himself to be coaxed out to dining-room, where, if he did not eat with quite his accustomed relish he partook of, at least, enough to satisfy Maggie's honest Irish

At the top of the stairs he bade his mother a tender good night, and then sought his own

The pain of his so recent sorrow kept him awake a long time, and hearing his restless tossing, his mother's heart ached in sympathy, but when she went in to throw a light quilt over him—for it turned cool along toward morning—she found him sleeping, the moonlight shining on his face and giving to it the innocent trusting look it had worn in his boyhood. She laid a soft kiss on his forehead and then returned to her own room to ground the then returned to her own room to spend the

Youth slumbers calmly on but only the watching stars know the lonely vigils mothers *

Gene and his mother were standing at the beginning of the maple walk where she had accompanied him to bid him farewell, for the time had come when he was to leave the old roof-tree which had sheltered him all the days of his boyhood.

"Here is my chain, Gene, and here is my watch," she said, as she placed them in his hand, "and here in the front of the case I have put my picture—the one you like with the 'kerchief about my neck—and when you see it there, dear, you'll remember your mother, won't you? And you'll remember always that she loved you, laddie, and that she wanted you to be a clean, honorable and manly man. And Gene," her voice broke into sobs, "when the time comes, as come it must, although it is now dim, afar off, but when the time comes when you must choose between honor, wealth, ambition, all the world has to offer, and doing the right, you'll choose the right, won't you? Yes, in that supreme hour of your life, when Christ offers you His cross—for believe in His divine origin or not—you'll take it, though in bearing it you lose all the world beside! And in that hour you'll remember your mother's words, and you'll do this because she loves you. And I want you to carry with you the thought, laddie, that there is not an hour of the day when your mother will forget to pray for you." Grief racked her and she could say no more.

"Mother, mother, I'm not worthy of such a patron saint as you, but I will remember your words and try to be what you would have me be, even though I cannot settle down here at home. And I shall miss you, mother—how I shall miss you—"his voice broke into strangled sobs and he left the sentence unfinished.

His uncle drew up the bays under the maple. The old man was wiping the tears from his own eyes, for he dearly loved the lad whose dead father's place he had tried for so many years to fill.

Gene's clasp tightened about his mother.

"The time has come, mother—kiss me good."

years to fill.

Gene's clasp tightened about his mother.
"The time has come, mother—kiss me good

by."
"My boy, my boy! God have you in his care!"

They kissed each other very tenderly, then he loosed her and was driven away. He looked back once and she smiled at him, and that was the last memory of his boyhood's home he carried with him—his mother with the tears running down her cheeks and the brave smile on

her lips.
Yes—they smile—these mothers—while their children are watching—but after—ah!

She watched till she could see him no longer,

She watched till she could see him no longer, then her grief found full vent.

"God pity me—I didn't know it would be so hard!" her pale lips murmured.

As she stood with unrestrained passion, noiseless footsteps stole to her side, and a sweet voice murmured words of comfort in her ear.

Theta Rosslyn had been up in the hills gathering strawberries that morning, and from her vantage ground above had witnessed the tender leavetaking, and now that the mother was alone she stole to her side.

"My boy! my boy!" the mother sobbed. "How can I ever bear it to have you go away into the great wild West!"

Theta laid her hands softly on the mother's shoulders.

shoulders

shoulders.

"God will take care of him, Mrs. Warfield, be sure of that. And sometime—I feel it here in my breast, my heart would break else—sometime He will go out into the mountain and bring home His lost sheep." Tears strangled her, and she ceased to speak.

"Theta! Theta!" murmured the other chidingly, "why couldn't you have married my boy and kept him at home? You could have, if you would."

The girl turned away with a cry of anguish. "If I only could have," she said, with a passionate intake of her breath. Then she turned back and held out her arms to Mrs. Warfield, and together they wept out their grief.

CHAPTER III. JUDGE BLODGETT.

Years have passed.
The years! how swiftly they go!
In New Hampshire we count them by the growth of our children; in the West they are measured by the growth of cities.
The West! What boundless possibilities are summed up in those two words! Her rolling prairies that are the granaries of the world; her mighty rivers that are the channels through which the commerce of a continent passes; her hills, whereon the myriads of cattle graze; her hills, whereon the myriads of cattle graze; her mountains which are the source art draws upon for all the trifles in silver and filigive, which

and grace to the refinement of our daily life, the gold, the lifeblood of nations.

The West! The golden West! And as yet she is but in her first awakening—a young giantess arousing lazily from a sleep of centuring. turies.

plow, which in future ages will feed unborn millions; undiscovered in her mountains lurk the riches of Golcondas. And her cities are as yet in their infancy.

Those cities of the West; how they take up

their march in endless procession! Where the turbulent waters of the Missouri lave the eastern shore of Excelsior, one of those typical Western cities lay basking in the sultry rays of a September sun on the day on which we write. It was crude—that Western city—it would

It was crude—that Western city—it would have offered scant education to the æsthetic sense, yet it was wideawake, and the inhabitants of those showy turreted houses were as eager as any to catch the tone of the great outside world, with its refinements and its hu-

manities.

It was a busy place—the mart to which all the produce of the rich farming district around it was brought. The river brought also its freightage, and great railway systems contributed to its prosperity. It was the home, or rather one of the homes, of the Harvester Trust

rather one of the homes, of the Harvester Trust and several lesser industries.

Such was Excelsior, that growing city to which Warfield had come, a young and un-known lawyer, three years before.

He was no longer an unknown lawyer as that

modest sign on a doorway half way down the long Court House corridor gave evidence.

EUGENE WARFIELD. PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

It is a big bare room filled with the musty (CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



LEAGUE RULES :

To be kind to dumb animals.
To leve our Gountry and protest its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

H there my Valentines! Look at 'em, thousands of 'em, and growing every day. Did you ever see such a bunch of beauties, and one little rosebud resting in the middle is 89 years young? Oh, I just tell you we are a swell crowd, and I'm very proud of you. I thank you for all the affection you lavish on me, and if I had a billion I would do a lot for you all, but I'm only a bald-headed old pen-pusher working for a salary. I am not the proprietor of COMFORT, though I find that erroneous impression prevails strongly amongst most of you. The proprietor of ComFORT is an hoorable, upright, dignified, truthful gentleman, with natural teeth and an automobile. I regret to say I have none of these accomplishments. Above all things I am not upright. It is a sad confession to make, but alas it is true—I'm horizontal, and not upright. The only thing in our family that was upright was the piano. We had an upright piano once, but it took sick with liver trouble and died a violent death some ten years ago. I have no natural teeth, and the store teeth I once possessed I have given away, they ate too much. Those teeth were always hungry. One night I put 'em on the floor, and in the morning I found they had eaten my rubber overshoes. That was where we parted company. I used to be dignified, but I couldn't keep it up. I have no automobile, but there is a strong affinity between gasoline buggies and myself—we both have the same sort of perfume, and we're known and loved chiefly for our scents, and not our sense. Yes, my dears, I am just a poor old ink spiller, and all of COMFORT that I own is the January issue which Billy the Goat is trying to eat. Oh, there is something I do own though, and that something I would not part with for all the money in the world, and that is the love of the readers of this department, and the members of the C. L. O. C.

Now for a few don't's. Don't expect to get your names on the letter list unless you write them with your age and address on a separate slip of paper.

Don't think that because you join the

alip of paper.

Don't think that because you join the C. L. O. C., you are entitled to have your letters in print. I print the letters that I think will entertain you most, and I can only print one in every thousand I receive. I fill my space, that is all that I can do.

Don't expect your photographs back for

hat is all that I can do.

Don't expect your photographs back, for they will not be returned. If you place such tremendous value on your pictures, keep them at home. I only want pictures that are sent to me to do as I please with.

Don't write and tell me your button is lost and you want another. Buttons are not given away to careless people, but will be supplied on receipt of five cents, and stamped addressed envelope to League members only.

envelope to League members only.

Don't send two cents and ask for personal replies to your letters. You must think my time is mighty cheap, when you do that, and it is a poor compliment to me. I'm paid to write in this page, but not outside of it.

Don't write one month and think your letter.

Don't write one month and think your letter

bon't write one month and think your letter will be published in the next issue. My page is in print weeks before you see it.

Don't send subscriptions to our Secretary in Brooklyn. She does not publish COMFORT. COMFORT is published in Maine.

Now for a few Do's after the Don't's.

Do write your letters in ink: when possible.

Do write your letters in ink; when possible. Pencil writing is hard on the eyes, and half of the pencilled letters are too faint to be read. If you have no ink catch a black cat, and soak her tail in water for ten minutes, and you'll get dandy black ink. If this fails buy a bottle of

Do send me in fifty thousand new League members, and remember there are autographed sets of my books of poems waiting for all those who send in seven one year subscriptions at 15 cents each. If you don't try and win these books you will miss the treat of your life. I'm modest but I can't help it. An hour's work among your friends will do the trick. Remember over the company of the life help. member, every Comfort reader gained, is a help to the cause of humanity and civilization. You are doing your friends a service when you show them an issue of Comfort, and don't show them an issue of COMFORT, and don't forget to tell them they are getting the greatest bergain in the world;—a dollar magazine for fifteen cents a year. Explain to your friends you have only to get seven subscriptions for COMFORT and you can get a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems, and you will get it, and get it quick. Go right out and do it now, don't wait and put it off or you'll forget it. Every home should have its COMFORT, and every American family should know of the good work we are doing in this League. I look to everyone of you to win this premium, and I shall be deeply you to win this premium, and I shall be deeply disappointed if you don't.

her wild-eyed cayuse, to entertain you with tales of far idaho. Here comes a breezy, dashing Western girl on

TROY, IDAHO, Nov. 24, 1906.

TROY, IDAHO, Nov. 24, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am five feet ten and one half inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds, light complexion, blue eyes, and long golden hair that you read about. I was born and raised here. My taker was one of the early frontiersmen in Idaho, and many a time I have fainted dead away at the sight of the red men going into camp by a small stream near our house, but we never suffered a great loss by them. When it comes to chicken, they will steal the last one in the coop and cook and eat it before the eyes of the owner.

I can do all kinds of housework, and enjoy out-of-door's sports, the best of which is fishing, hunting, camping out, and riding horse-back, and, Uncle Charlie, you ought to see me when I am ready for the mountains. I have a heavy buckskin suit made to my order by a squaw of the Nezperce Indians. It is trimmed with beads, and has different designs worked all over with beeds. At the waist there are two pockets, or pistol scabbards, which can not be noticed only when they contain the pistols, and there is also a belt which looks like a ruffle when empty, but when in use is a cartridge belt hard to best for nestness and appearance.

My riding horse is a jet black, weighing 1,150 pounds and my brother says he is of good stock, and I guess he is for when we have races, he always comes out ahead, but I never run him hard, only when some tenderfoot comes in with a new horse that can beat anything in the country.

I have two brothers at present but I guess John will marry soon; he is working in the mines and is making money so he says, but we don't see any of the money. Enos, my other brother, is a fiddler by trade and a dancer by religion, and don't do anything much only have a good time, and tells what he is going to do.

Our house is a story and a half, rough rock building with a basement and cellar, it is thirty by twenty feet, with a porch extending half way round, which in the summer is covered with roses and all kind of flowers.

Most all fruits and garden truck grow in abundance here, but huckle and sarvis berries are the only wild fruit that grow to an excess.

Well, dear Uncle Charlie, I will not trouble you with too much this time, but if this finds its way to print I will tell of the wonderful settlement and development of this country in the last few years.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins and I will try to answer them.

Your loving niece,

Eva Shepperd (No. 9,439).

Eva, quit trying to ride that old cayuse upon my lap. You can sit there if you want to, but I don't want any bronchos on my knees, makes me unkneesy. Eva, you remind me of little Eva in Uncle Tom, because you are so different. Five feet ten and one half inches, that is quite a lot for a man to hold in his lap all at once, but I'm equal to the job. I had a letter from your cayuse this morning, and he says he would rather carry you a yard than a mile, and I believe him. He says there ought to be a law conveiling all women ever five feet ten inches I believe him. He says there ought to be a law compelling all women over five feet ten inches tall to walk, and I'm half inclined to believe there is something in that, as the monkey said when he put his hand into the hornet's neet. Anyway, Eva, you are a magnificent sight sitting astride sideways on your pony, with your golden hair floating in the breeze. I don't think a girl of your physique ought to have been afraid of a band of Indians, for I'll bet if you got good and mad you could clean up

your golden hair floating in the breeze. I don't think a girl of your physique ought to have been atraid of a band of Indians, for I'll bet if you got good and mad you could clean up every Redskin that ever wore paint. I'm grieved to hear about your brothers. I think it is terrible for young men to have gone astray as they have. You say John is making money in the mines. Ah, I suppose he thought no one would see him making it if he went down into the bowels of the earth to do the job. If the Federal Authorities knew he was making money he would get ten years right away on the jump quick. It is only the U. S. Mints that are allowed to make money and anyone else caught doing it is in for ten years, if the cops get wise to their game. I suppose the reason your brother does not show you any of the money he's made is because he is afraid you would give him away, and sic the cops on to him. He's a wise gazaboo. Enos may find fiddling a good business, but dancing is not much of a religion, it is too unsteady to build much faith on, and fiddling is not a very good business either as it keeps a man scraping for a living all the time. I am sorry your house is only a story and a half. I hate half a story, for it leaves you guessing right at the most interesting part how the story is going to finish, whether she marries the gink with the glass eye, or freezes onto the guy with the club foot and the fat wad. I hope some day you will get the other half of the story of your house finished, and then you must tell us how it ends. You might buy St. Elmo, and put it on the roof, and then you'd have a complete story. Try it, dear, I won't charge anything for the advice, as you're a niece of mine. I should like to go for a ride in your garden truck. I am getting too stiff in the joints to do much horseback riding. Eva, I thank you for your letter, and if you will send me a picture of yourself attired in that buckskin suit it will go slap bang into this page where millions of American people can gaze admiringly at one of the earth's

A romantic young lady of Kansas wants our opinion of her rhymes, and she wants our honest opinion, and I've no doubt we can manage to give it to her. Ida sent several poems, but as some of your lives may not be insured, I will only spring one on you at this meeting, and this is the best of the bunch. Billy the Goat, has read two of the others, and the doctors are trying to restore him to consciousors. sciousness. They do not give much hope.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANS., Oct. 28, 1906.

Baxter Springs, Kans., Oct. 28, 1906.

Dear Uncle Charlis:

I have been a silent though a very contented reader I must say, of Comport for some time, and thought I would write and send you a few of my compositions (that ie, poems, if I might use the word) and see if you would oblige me by printing them if they are worth it. Now, Uncle, I want you to give me your honest opinion of them. You can criticise them and pick them all to pieces if you want to.

Well, I guess I had better give a little pen picture of my "little" self. I am five feet five inches high, weigh one hundred and four pounds, am seventeen years of age, have brown hair and dark eyes and fair complexion. How's that? Well, I will cut it short with best wishes. Success to you, Uncle Oharlie. I would be glad to hear from the cousins.

IDA TRUESLOOD (No. 6,179).

The Fickle Soldier

In a country far away came a soldier bright and

To a little village nestling 'mong the hills,
Where dwelt the village belle,
The fairest one that fell, a willing captive to his
iron will,
But one summer's day he left and she slewly faded
'way,
And some has heard her soltly, sadly sag.

Ожовия.

His broken vows and a broken heart, Was all he left behind, Oh, what were they, to the soldier gay; But a pleasant hour of time.

Long years have slowly passed away, since cane
the soldier gay.
Sweet Nell is laid to rest beneath the pines,
And her children gently say,
As around her grave they stray, the wind seems to
echo back her sigh.

CHORUS.

The years sped on again he came and vainly tried To win her edest daughter for his own, But she spurned him from her side With a voice that trembled cried Go your way; I seem to hear my mother's moan.

CHORUS.

Ida, you have certainly composed a beautiful piece of song pottery, but my dear, you must not call these effusions poems. Common, ordinary, every-day folks, like Shakespeare, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Tenuyson, Byron and all that crowd of dubbs wrote poems, but not one of them could ever write pottery, only the "Pots" of the C. L. O. C. can do that. I have looked over your effusions, Ida, and I regret to say there are a few kinks and bumps in gret to say there are a few kinks and bumps in it that want straightening out. In the first verse you have six lines, in all the rest four. I don't know if you intended that or just did not notice it. Of course it don't matter much, that is, I mean no one is liable to lose any sleep over it—but Toby thought he would like to set over it—but Toby thought he would like to set this to music, and he got worried about there being two too many lines in the first verse, but I told him he could cut those two lines out, and hang the wash on them—so that is all right. Your second line does not rhyme with your fourth. It gets near it, but if I am to send you a check from Toby's pants we must have it correct, my dear. Now suppose for your second and third lines you substitute this, and see how much better it sounds: see how much better it sounds:

Where dwelt the village belle, who wasn't feeling

P. S. She was taking castor oil and liver pills. Now that rhymes, while iron will does not rhyme, and what's more, I don't see why he had his will written on iron. Paper is the conventional thing for one's last will and testament. This soldier was a foxy guy. He showed the girl this iron will, and I'll bet you he islied her into thinking he'd made it out showed the girl this iron will, and I'll bet you he jollied her into thinking he'd made it out in her favor, and was going to leave her a wad as big as a cow barn. I'll bet he sprung this gag on a bunch of easy marks before he'd struck this poor gink, then when the girls thought he was going to marry them and die, and they almost felt they had their hooks on that iron will, he handed them a lemon, and hit the pike for the next burg. Well, it is the girl's own fault, they should not let these fresh guys in pants pass it to them so easy. They should cut out his heart and see if it's a real heart and not a lemon, and they should chlorogirl's own fault, they should not let these fresh guys in pants pass it to them so easy. They should cut out his heart and see if it's a real heart and not a lemon, and they should chloroform him some night when he comes to rub noses with the flower of the flock, and see whether the wad he carries in his breast pocket is the real stuff, or only a one spot wrapped around a bunch of fake green goods. Well, Ida, you say your heroine slowly "faded way." You wanted to say away, I suppose, but changed your mind. My dear, you can fade away (all song writers ought to do that) but you can't fade "way." You try it and see. Then you say someone heard her "soltly say." I've looked through thirteen dictionaries and I fail to find soltly. Maybe you mean saltly. Perhaps she got fresh and the soldier boy salted her down, but Toby thinks that maybe she shed so many briny tears that she talked salt. All the song heroines cry and die, they are the most mournful, mourtuary, weeping goops, that ever diagraced humanity. If ever I meet one of these weeping, melancholic misanthropes, instead of falling in love with her, I'd bat her over the nut and tell her to go and chase herself. But to continue with the song. Ida I don't think your chorus will everenthuse the singing public. You rhyme "behind" with "time." That may do in Texas, but won't go in New York, and if that soldier left a broken heart behind and ran around without one, he is the medal taker, for no man ever did it yet, and lived. Oh, it was the girl's heart he left broken behind was it? Well, I don't believe that story either, for in the next spasm, this frail, broken-hearted, fade-away heroine, is the mother of a bunch of healthy brats, that you couldn't count with an adding machine. Now where, oh where did this progeny come from? Evidently your broken-hearted heroine consoled herself with another lover, though you do not mention who he was or where he came from, or what he did for a living. Your heroine's name is Nell, ah, Ida, all song heroines are Nells, because Nell rh caned, well he deserved to be caned for he was a bad lot anyway. In the third spasm you have the gay soldier boy come back and make love to his old sweetheart's "edeat" daughter. Well, of all the diabolical villains I ever heard tell of, he's the knock out. Why didn't the "edest" daughter get her Pon to come and "edest" daughter get her rop wo come knock his eye out, the sassy brazen piece, he hammered into a jell. No ought to have been hammered into a jell. No wonder the poor Mommer started to moan in her grave. I suppose if you'd have had a fourth her grave. I suppose if you'd have had a fourth spasm, you'd have had the gay soldier boy coming back, and eloping with Nell's grand-daughter. Ida, you have a great imagination, but my dear, this old story of man's baseness, and woman's credulity has been done a million times, and it has been done in good rhyme, rhythm, and meter, and they are something you have only the crudest ideas about. Amateur song-writing is all right for a fireside amusement, but when hundreds of thousands of people take it up with the idea that they can quickly get rich at it—and have wild ideas that the world is longing to hear their effusions, then it becomes a disease, and wild ideas that the world is longing to hear their effusions, then it becomes a disease, and at times almost a tragedy, for often the last red cent in the family purse is taken to have these crude and rhymeless rhymes set to music and published. Then people, otherwise sane, neglect their daily work, and live in a golden castle, where they see millions floating for song royalties, while as a matter of fact not one cent in all the world's history was ever paid in royalties on these brain phantasies, for they never reach the public market, and no one would buy them if they did, and the man who tried to sell or sing them would be who tried to sell or sing them would be who tried to sell or sing them would be slaughtered. I've tried to point out the weak is spots in your lyric, but don't think your work is interior to the work of the average amateur song writer, for it isn't; as a matter of fact you can see away ahead of most of them, so you can

pottery is that reaches me. It's the only thing Billy the Goat won't eat, and yet the writers think the public will swallow it and pay for it. How foolish!

A little married cousin from way up in Maine, just where it gets ready to butt into New Brunswick, Canada, wants to join in the

New Brunswick, Canada, wants to join in the chip music.

Ashland, Argostock Co., Maine, Nov. 23, 1906.

Dear Uncle Charlie:

Please brush a few of those fat consins off your lap and give me room for a few minutes.

Would you like to hear something of this great potato country? In this country, many of the farmers are buying eggs, butter, oats, meat and vexetables. They will also buy turkeys or other fowls for Thanksgiving. Most of them keep only one cow, no sheep, very few pigs, and a barn filled full of horses. They seldom raise beans, wheat or buckwheat. The staple crops are potatoes and children. Mind, I am not writing of the State, only of the county which is well known as the "Garden of Maine." In this garden, the potatoes are the vegetables, and the children are the flowers. Here where I live sixty miles north of Houlton, there are carried on big lumbering operations, from sixty to seventy million feet of lumber being cut each winter. There is a large sawmill here owned by the Ashland Lumber Co. Our meat don't cost us much and it is of the best. It is running wild in the woods and fields everywhere—all we have to do is to shoot it. My man brought home a fine buck deer the other day. Besides having the two hundred pounds of nice meat for our own use, he has the head with beautiful antlers, that will sell for several dollars. Open time on game here lasts till the 1st of January. We are allowed one bull moose, and two deer of either sex, from the 18th of October until close time. The farmers are allowed to kill deer in the summer if they are found destroying their crops, but every one he kills then, counts against the number to his credit in the open time. I don't think there are many farmers that go meat hungry out of respect for the law. Wild ducks and geese are plentiful on the rivers. Help is scarce, and a combon obover your poems, it is worth its weight in

board.
Uncle Charlie, I wish to thank you for that handsome book of your poems, it is worth its weight in gold and many times over the price I paid for it. It is a sure cure for the blues. There now, I must bid you all good by, for I have a long cold walk ahead of me, and I must go. Your affectionate niece or cousin.

MRS. M. DELILAH YOUNG.

Thanks Mrs. Young I am clayers tickled to

Thanks, Mrs. Young, I am always tickled to death to have young matrons butt into our magic circle. When the young girl cousins come to sit in Uncle Charlie's lap—they usually approach timidly as maidens should, but when the married cousins come, they come in a way that proves they have never sounted on any approach timinly as mainers should, but when the married cousins come, they come in a way that proves they have never squatted on anything but a male lap in all their life. Well, it is good squatting, and beats a Morris chair to fits, if your hubby is the real goods, and knows how to appreciate a good thing. I've kinder neglected Maine, and I'll try and make amends by doing the square thing by Mrs. Young. Funny, but the name of Young recalls some rather painful memories. I put up fifty dollars some years ago with a matrimonial agency, and the man who ran it guaranteed to put me next to a young lady with a pile of chips that would make the U. S. Treasury look like a kid's savings bank. After a deal of corresponding and a pile of postponements, it was arranged that I was to meet the rich young lady in the office of the marriage bureau. With my heart in my mouth, and my shoes in my feet, I stepped into the reception-room of the bride bureau, and the guy who ran the joint, and bureau, and the guy who ran the joint, and had my fifty salted in a burglar proof safe, introduced me to a lady that I will swear had lost had my fifty salted in a burglar proof sate, introduced me to a lady that I will swear had lost all her teeth before Adam and Eve got chased out of the Garden of Eden. "Where did you dig it up?" said I, "and is that what you call a young lady?" "This is a young lady." said the manager, "she was born Young, and she'll be Young if she lives to be a million years old, for her name is Miss Young." "Well," said I, "she misses being young by one million years." Then I brought suit to recover my fifty dollars, in fact I brought several suits, a whole wardrobe in fact, but I got it where the boy got the boil, right in the neck. Mrs. Young, you are young by name as well as by nature, so this yarn does not reflect on you. I am greatly interested in what you tell us about business developments and agricultural products in your section. I am glad you can raise potatoea, children, and other vegetables of that kind. I never eat venison, much as I would like to, for I am too poor to afford it. No matter how low the price goes it is always deer meat. Cousins, write to Mrs. Young—it is pretty lonely way in the woods, and she will appreciate your cheery letters.

A little hoosier girl wants to say howdy.

A little hoosier girl wants to say howdy. REMINGTON, JASPER Co., INDIANA, Dec. 22, 1906. BAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have received my membership card and button. I think they are fine. Thank you, Uncle. I will tell you about myself. I am a girl fifteen years old, gray eyes and dark hair, light complexion. I weigh one hundred and seven pounds. I am five feet one inch in height. I have not been able to go much to school, as in our family there has been so much sickness, but we will not look on the dark side of things. Uncle, I milk and harness the horse, and hitch up and do all kinds of housework. I do all kind of work. I can play a French harp, and guitar. I like music of all kinds. Uncle, I hope you will excuse a poor scholar. Everything that is on this earth was put here by God our Father, for us to use, and we must be good to them all. I love my country and its flag. I like to wash and iron all our clothes, and they look like they had come from the laundry.

Your loving niece.

Miss Arransas Bigman.

I am sorry, dear, that sickness has kept you out of school, and on those conditions I will readily excuse the little slips I have found in your letter. What I cannot excuse is the fearyour letter. What I cannot excuse is the fear-ful onslaught on our mother tongue, by those who have been going to school for years, but your case is different, dear, and anyway, I have found very few errors in your letter. I would like to see you hitching up the horse, Arkie, dear, but for the land's sake, child, you don't mean to tell me that you actually milk—but there, you say you do—but I won't, positively will not believe it. You've got the cow and horse mixed. Milk the one and hitch up the other, but for Heaven's sake don't get muddled and reverse it. You are quite right, dear, never to look on the dark side of things. I looked on the dark side of things once and it will be to look on the dark side of things. I looked on the dark side of things once, and it will be the last time. I got corresponding with a young lady in Alabama, her name was Hyacinth Johnson. Our letters took on a very affectionate tone, as letters always do when passing between susceptible people. In course of time Hyacinth said she was coming North, and I went to Pensadelphia in the State of Phillapania to meet her. We were to meet at the depot, and I was to wear a shirt, collar, and shoes, so she could distinguish me from the ordinary mob of Quakers, who dream their lives away in Scrappletown on the Smelltiti lives away in Scrappletown on the Smellkili River. Hyacinth was to wear a skirt and a picture hat, and an expressive smile, and a mole on her teeth, so that I could know it was Hyacinth and not the other girl. It was agreed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When Jerry is his own master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it and rides off. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He will find out some day, but he does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. He tempts the man with money, and the Indian, reticent by nature, and Dick Clarke, occupied with thoughts of his own, travel in silence. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is about to close for the seeks. The landlord is about to close for the seeks. The landlord is about to close for his sea, he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst, her young mistress. Jerry Blue, the bound boy, annoys Mehitable. If Hetty were Miss Mabel she would make him study six instead of two hours.

Jerry Blue takes a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry

CHAPTER VII.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

HEN you left the city a few years ago," commenced the lawyer, "you sold a large part of your furniture at auction."

"All, except the little that you see in this room, with a few other articles," answered Joseph Parkhurst.
"So I understand. Among those who were

"So I understand. Among those who were attracted to the auction by curiosity or the desire of making purchases was myself. I was not tempted to purchase until a desk of an antique pattern was put up by the auctioneer. Finding it going at a low figure, and having need of an article of the kind, I ventured to bid upon it, and it was knocked down to me."

"Then you were the purchaser?" said Mr. Parkhurst, looking up suddenly.

"I was," returned the lawyer, a little surprised.

"It was one of the few articles," explained

prised.

"It was one of the few articles," explained Mr. Parkhurst, "which I had intended to reserve, but owing to some misunderstanding between the auctioneer and myself my direction was not followed. If either my daughter or myself had been present we should have forbidden the sale, but, for reasons which you will readily guess, the thought of being present was a painful one, and we were both out of the city. When I returned the next day I desired to obtain it even at a large advance, but found to obtain it even at a large advance, but found that the auctioneer retained no recollection either of the name or person of the purchaser, and entry had been made only of the amount for which it sold. If you would be willing to sell it at any reasonable valuation, I should be

glad to purchase it."
"I will set no valuation upon it, Mr. Parkhurst, but without consideration of any kind will with pleasure forward it to you when I return to New York, if indeed I am not favored with your company thither."

with your company thither."
"I acknowledge your courtesy," said Mr.
Parkhurst, "but I should prefer at least to pay
you the sum you gave for it."
"That was so triffing that the use of the desk

"That was so trifting that the use of the desk has already reimbursed me."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Parkhurst, "it only romains for me to accept your obliging proposal. But you will pardon my interruption, and proceed with your narrative."

"For a considerable time," resumed the lawyer, "I made use of the desk without feeling any especial curiosity about it. But one day curiosity led me to examine with more particularity the numerous little drawers and compartments that it contained, and while thus engaged my finger chanced to press a secret spring which at once revealed the presence of a drawer whose existence I had not before suspected."

"Indeed, this is news to me," said Mr. Park-

"Indeed, this is news to me," said Mr. Parkhurst with surprise.

"Then your father never communicated to you that the desk contained such a drawer?"

"Never."

"I need scarcely have asked the question, however, as otherwise you would have made the discovery it was reserved for me to stumble

'A discovery!" "Yes, and one of importance, as you will ad-

u. "Its nature?" questioned Mr. Parkhurst, fix-

ing his eyes eagerly upon the lawyer.

The drawer, which was a small one, contained a closely written paper in which your father went on to say that in the troubled state of the period-you know at his death the revoluBy Horatio Alger, Jr.

'You are no doubt correct."

"However, it has not been allowed to remain a secret. I suppose the place of concealment was mentioned."

"It was," answered the lawyer briefly.
Mr. Parkhurst looked expectant, awaiting
the revelation. But the lawyer was not inclined

A little surprised, he said after a pause, "And

this place?"

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, "I may as well be frank with you. I consider this document as a sort of treasure-trove, to which the finder is not without claim."
"Would you lay claim to my inheritance?"
exclaimed Mr. Parkhurst with indignation.

"Pardon my bungling mode of expression," said Clarke. "You have misunderstood me, but it is my fault. I mean that it is only to be expected that I should expect to reap a little advantage from this windfall of fortune."

"In other words you think you ought to receive some reward for your agency in the matter?"

"You have expressed my meaning, Mr. Park-

hurst. You know, sir, we professional men are apt to regard such things from a professional point of view, and, however, it may be with others, I do not pretend to be above the weaknesses of bumanity."

"(I) that sir have no disposition to com-

"Of that, sir, I have no disposition to com-plain. I trust I am too much of a gentleman to be guilty of the meanness of leaving you without compensation for so essential a service as

this."
"Thank you, sir. I felt sure that such would be your sentiments."
"The only thing that remains, then, is to fix the amount of that compensation. Would you regard two thousand dollars as sufficient?"
The lawyer cast down his eyes, and was silent

lent.

"I see that you do not so consider it," pursued Joseph Parkhurst. "Although I do not absolutely promise to accede to your proposal, yet I should wish you to be satisfied. Will you therefore have the goodness to name the compensation which you yourself would consider sufficient?"

Again the lawyer hesitated, as if in doubt.

sufficient?"
Again the lawyer hesitated, as if in doubt.
"The compensation which I desire," he said
at length, "is perhaps of a different nature from
that which you anticipate."
He paused again, and Mr. Parkhurst, though
surprised, signed him to go on.
"You have a daughter, Squire Parkhurst?"
"Assuredly, though what she can have to do
with this business is more than I can understand."

stand."

"I remember your daughter as she appeared in the city. I used to meet her every day on her way to school. She is very beautiful."
"I think, Mr.—ahem, Mr. Clarke—that it is a business matter we are discussing," said Mr.

Parkhurst stiffly.

"Very true, sir. I have by no means lost sight of that. As you are evidently impatient for me to come to a conclusion, I will state as explicitly as it is in my power that the only reward I seek is the hand of your daughter in marriage."

ward I seek is the hand of your daughter in marriage."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Parkhurst, rising in indignant surprise, and looking down upon the attorney, with infinite astonishment blended with scorn. "Do I hear aright! Is it the hand of my daughter that—that—"

"That I seek in marriage," suggested the lawyer coolly. "You are quite correct."

"Who are you, sir? What is your pedigree, that you should have the presumption to make such a proposal?"

that you should have the presumption to make such a proposal?"

"As for my pedigree, I take it that it corresponds with yours when you get far enough up. We are both, I believe, descended from Adam, or, if you want to come nearer, I think it probable that Noah is our common ancestor."

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" said Mr. Parkburst hotly.

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" said Mr. Parkhurst hotly.
"It certainly would not be very decorous to insult a man whom I have invited to become my father-in-law."
"Probably this is a jest. I regret that it should prove such a sorry one. I am willing to forget it, and will now ask you again to fix upon some components in which records."

upon some compensation which you would be

pleased to consider adequate."

"Squire Parkhurst," returned his visitor firmly, "I am not in the habit of jesting, and I am in the habit of saying what I mean. I repeat, then, that I am willing to put you in possession of this sum of fifty thousand dollars —a sum that will enable you to return to the city and resume your former style of living on this condition alone, that you give me the hand of your daughter in marriage? of your daughter in marriage."

Joseph Parkhurst paced the room in no little

Joseph Parkhurst paced the room in no little agitation. He was of what is conventionally designated as a high family, and his pride and prejudices revolted against the proposed union of his daughter with an obscure lawyer of no lineage. It is to be feared that this consideration weighed with him far more seriously than the thought of incompatibility in important respects by which his daughter's happiness would be likely to be imperiled. Like many of that day he considered love to be but a second that day he considered love to be but a secondary matter in a marriage contract, and con-siderations of family and fortune of paramount

The lawyer watched him narrowly as he paced the room, and easily penetrated the nature of the struggle through which he was passing. At the same time he thought he perceived that Mr. Parkhurst was a selfish as well as a proud man, and it was on this that he counted for the ultimate consent which he full restants. ultimate consent which he fully expected to

gain.

"I know what the old fellow is thinking of me," passed through his mind. "He no doubt regards me as a mere nobody—as a vulgar adventurer perhaps—and considers it probably as a piece of the most flagrant presumption on my part to aspire to the hand of his daughter. The pride of these old aristocrats is perfectly measureless. Strip them of everything—elect tionar struggle was not decided—I say in con, measureless. Strip them of everything else,

wait till he has that he will do it sooner or later."

By this time Joseph Parkhurst had made up his mind to another appeal.

"I think," he said, addressing the lawyer, "I understand your motive in proposing my daughter's hand as the condition of revealing the information of which you have come into clandestine possession."

"Allow me to correct your phraseolog: "At loan Cases or the poorhouse, or said the lawyer mild!"

"Allow me to correct your phraseolog: "At loan Cases or the poorhouse, or said the lawyer mild!"

"Allow me to correct your phraseolog: "At loan Cases or the poorhouse, or somewhere. I wish I knew for certain." sideration of the unsettled state of politics he had decided as a measure of proper precaution to conceal in a secure hiding-place one half of his property, which he had with that design converted into gold."

"Indeed," said Mr. Parkhurst with an air of surprise. "I had not suspected it. It was in relation to this, no doubt, that my father desired to speak to me when he was so suddenly seized."

"You are no doubt correct."

and that remains. Well, I can wait till he has made up his mind in my favor. I have no doubt that he will do it sooner or later."

By this time Joseph Parkhurst had made up his mind to another appeal.

"I think," he said, addressing the lawyer, "I understand your motive in proposing my daughter's hand as the condition of revealing the information of which you have come into clandestine possession."

"Allow me to correct your phrescology sir."

clandestine possession."

"Allow me to correct your phraseology, sir," said the lawyer mildly. "The word clandestine conveys a suspicion of my honor to which, as a matter of course, I object. Suppose you substitute the word 'accidental' as more befitting the actual circumstances."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Parkhurst, biting his lips. "I repeat, then, that I think I comprehend the motive which prompts you to make application for my daughter's hand. You think thus to extort from me—"

"Extort!"

"Obtain, then, from me a larger sum for the

"Extort!"
"Obtain, then, from me a larger sum for the information of which you have come into accidental possession."
"My dear sir, you greatly underrate your daughter's attractions, if you think that I have introduced her in this way."
Not heading this disclaimer. Mr. Parkhurst

Introduced her in this way."
Not heeding this disclaimer, Mr. Parkhurst proceeded: "This being the case, I yet feel that I am to a certain extent in your power. You have, honorably or otherwise, I will not say which, obtained a hold upon me. If you choose to demand an extravagant price for your information, I am compelled to submit to your terms." your terms."
"You do accept my terms!" exclaimed the

lawyer eagerly.
"You are too fast, sir," said Mr. Parkhurst coldly. "I so far yield to your demands that I coldly. "Iso far yield to your demands that I will agree to give you the marriage portion which I should design to bestow with my daughter, this being, as I conceive, what you really are aiming at. That portion will be ten thousand dollars, or one fifth of the property of which I expect to come into possession." "I regard the marriage portion as liberal, Mr. Parkhurst," was the lawyer's reply, "but in one point I grieve to disappoint you. I should of course expect to receive a marriage portion with your daughter, but I must insist

portion with your daughter, but I must insist on her going with it."

Joseph Parkhurst drew back haughtily.

Joseph Parkhurst drew back haughtily. "Sir," he said, "I regret to find you so persistent in refusing what I regard as an unusually favorable offer on my part. You must be aware that in respect of birth and station my daughter is no suitable match for you."

"I frankly admit it," was the unexpected reply, "and perhaps it is for this reason that I feel a strong desire to mate myself with one who possesses what I lack. I desire to elevate myself by marriage, and circumstances have pointed to your daughter as the one to whom I can with the most propriety look as a member of such a partnership. Her uncommon personal attractions of course recommend her further, and therefore I shall continue to insist upon this point."

"And if I break off the negotiations peremptorily, and forever?" demanded Mr. Parkhurst. "You will then have gained nothing

"Pardon me," said the lawyer coolly. "You appear to forget one very important circum-

"And what is that?"

"I know where the money is concealed!"

"Good Heavens! You would not possess yourself of it to the exclusion of the true owner?"

owner?"
"I certainly would. Indeed I take credit to myself for not having so done without speaking to you on the subject at all. You must allow that you at least would never have been the wiser, nor have had the slightest suspicion that you had met with a loss."

Mr. Parkhurst groaned and covered his face with his hands, as he realized the truth of these words and the extent to which he was in the

words and the extent to which he was in the power of the man before him. "However," pursued Dick Clarke coolly, "I did not do as I have said I might, for more than did not do as I have said I might, for more than one reason, perhaps, but certainly not least becaused I hoped to become your son-in-law, and I have the good taste to value youth and beauty above the mere dross of gold, which, however, is a very good thing in its way. But, sir, I see that in an event of this importance you are naturally unable to decide at a moment's notice. I will therefore retire for the present and take another opportunity of calling upon you. In the mean time I shall take up my residence at Hill's Tavern, where you can readily hear of me, if you should desire to confer further on this important subject. I have the pleasure of wishing you a good morning."

"Good morning, sir," was the stiff reply, and a moment later Dick Clarke was out of the house, leaving Joseph Parkhurst a prey to conflicting emotions.

"Hi think hell come around in time" the stopping at the tavern."

"No, I haven't met any strangers lately.

Some triend of Squire Parkhurst?"

There was a pause, and then the two separated, Jerry to fish in a hole that was a favorite spot with him, and Henry Davenport to go on a hunt for Mabel.

If there was one thing Jerry could do well, it was to fish, and ere long he had a mess of sixteen finny beauties to his credit.

"There, I don't know if he is a friend or not. He spent a couple of hours with the squire."

There was a pause, and then the two separated, Jerry to fish in a hole that was a favorite spot with him, and Henry Davenport to go on a hunt for Mabel.

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"There was a pause, and then the two separated, jerry to fish in a hole that was a favorite spot with him, and Henry Davenport to go on the had a mess of six-dence at hill's Tavern, where you can readily hear of me is a friend or not. He spent with the squ

flicting emotions.

either give up his daughter or lose it, he'll give in."

Although Dick Clarke did not know it, two persons watched his departure with interest. These were Mehitable, who gazed forth eagerly from a kitchen window, and Jerry, who was lurking behind one of the tell rose bushes. "I left him getting ready to fish. I don't Through Dick Charge did not know it, two persons watched his departure with interest. These were Mehitable, who gazed forth eagerly from a kitchen window, and Jerry, who was lurking behind one of the tall rose bushes.

"A handsome man," thought Hitty. "If only he had stopped around for a drink of water at something. It dikes talk to him.

water or something. I'd like to talk to him. I don't think he's married." Jerry's opinion was not so favorable. From

the start he noticed the crafty look on Dick Clarke's face.
"That fellow is a sharper if ever there was

"That fellow is a sharper if ever there was one," thought the boy. "I don't believe he is up to much good. What brought him away out here, anyway?"
"Jerry!" called the spinster.
"What do you want now?" asked the boy, coming around to the kitchen door.
"Did you see the gentleman go?"
"Yes."

"Would you marry him, Hitty?"
"What questions you ask! Go and get me a pall of water this minute." 'But would you?'

"Time enough to answer that question when he asks me to."
"Was the squire glad to see him?"

"I don't know. I don't play the eavesdropper, Jerry Blue. Now go and get the water, or you'll get no dinner."

And then Jerry went, for his appetite was good and he could not bear to think of miss-

All through the dinner hour Jerry failed to get Dick Clarke out of his mind.

He ate with Mehitable, so he saw little or nothing of Mr. Parkhurst or Mabel.

"Hitty, did you ever see that gentleman be-fore?" he asked during the meal. "Never. Why do you ask?" returned the spinster.

"It's in my mind that I have seen him some-were—but where I can't imagine."

"He has never been to this place. Perhaps you met him at Hill's Tavern."

"No, I think he's a stranger in these parts."

"Then you think you saw him before you left New York?"
"I ain't sure of it; but his face looks familiar."

"He had a long and earnest talk with the squire, and once they spoke so loud I thought they were quarreling. But what it was about I don't know," went on the spinster, after a pause. 'Perhaps he come for money.

"If he did, I guess he went away disappointed. The squire is hard pushed and has none to spare. The crops weren't half as good last season as he expected them to be."

"It's queer the squire came away out here."

"He was too proud to stay in the city after he lost the most of his money."
"Then he used to be rich?"

"Yes, and his father before him."
"Wish I was rich," continued Jerry, with a

"Yes, and his father before him."

"Wish I was rich," continued Jerry, with a sigh.

"Perhaps you will be some day, Jerry. How would you like to find out that you are the missing son of a millionaire?"

"That would suit me to death."

"I think it's awful to be roaming around this world not knowing who you be," went on the spinster, regardless of how she might hurt Jerry's feelings by the remark.

"I think so myself. But what am I to do?"

"Do? Don't ask me. If the squire and Miss Mabel couldn't find out anything about you, it would be pretty hard for anybody to do it."

"I believe you. But I am going to find out some day, and don't you forget it."

For two hours after dinner Jerry worked in the garden and hoed the corn patch, and then slipped away to do a little fishing at the upper end of the pond near the house.

As he walked along the edge of the pond he saw a handsome-looking young man coming toward him. This was Henry Davenport, and a great admirer of Mabel Parkhurst.

"Hullo, Jerry!" called out the young man pleasantly. "Where are you bound?"

"Fishing," answered Jerry with a grin.

"Good enough. I trust you get a good haul."

"Bo do I, Mr. Davenport. Don't you want to go along?"

"I can't spare the time, Jerry. Is Miss Mabel at home?"

"She was at home half an hour ago. But I think she went out for a walk."

"In which direction?"

think she went out for a walk."
"In which direction?"
"Off that way," and Jerry jerked his thumb in the direction.

"All right, I reckon I can find her."

Henry Davenport started to go on, but Jerry stopped him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Davenport, but have you been to Hill's Tavern lately?" he questioned.

"No, Jerry, not for the past ten days or two weeks."

weeks."
"Oh, all right then."
"Why do you ask?"
"I was wondering if you had met the gentleman who called on the squire today. I think he is stopping at the tavern."
"No, I haven't met any strangers lately. Some friend of Squire Parkburst?"
"I don't know if he is a friend or not. He spent a couple of hours with the squire."
There was a pause, and then the two separated, Jerry to fish in a hole that was a favorite spot with him, and Henry Davenport to go on

In the mean time Henry Davenport hunted. "I think he'll come around in time," the at first in vain, for Mabel Parkhurst. But at crafty lawyer told himself. "He won't want last he found her not far from the wilderness to lose that money, and when he sees he must home. She had just picked a wild rose when

"I left him getting ready to fish. I don't if know where he is now," answered Henry of Davenport. He was very much smitten with the beautiful girl, and presently he begged her to make him a gift of the wild rose she had plucked, and which she now held just out of his reach.

She shook her head playfully.
"But why won't you give it to me, Mabel?"

"But why won't you give it to me, Madeir" pleaded the young man.
"Why won't I, sir? Because you are altogether too acquisitive. Why should you deprive me of my poor little rose when there are so many others on the bushes close by?"
"But they are not the same to me, Mahel."
The lively girl pretended to misunderstand.

The lively girl pretended to misunderstand him, while his persistence really pleased her.
"You mean that I have helped myself to the

best one. For shame, Henry, to accuse me of such selfishness."
"Well, Mabel, I will make you a proposal."
"Hadn't you better make it to Mehitable?"

said Mabel slyly.

"Pshaw! I was going to say that I would

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

if we liked each other, we were to go to the minister and get divorced at once. The train minister and get divorced at once. The train arrived, and my heart throbbed so wildly with blissful expectation, that I had to take my teeth out of my face, and hold them in my hand. The passengers alighted, I watched 'em alight. Did you ever watch passengers alight? It is terrible to watch them alight, for it is only by a miracle they don't have to alight? It is terrible to watch them alight, for it is only by a miracle they don't burn to death. It was arranged that Hyacinth should wear a sunflower pinned in the middle of her back, so I'd know her if her face was turned to me. I saw the sunflower and rushed up to the wearer and said "Hyacinth, darling!" and then Hyacinth turned her head, and I shall never forget that face—it was as black as soot and fourteen times blacker than ink. It was a warm day, and the perspiration that dropped from Hyacinth's brow was the color of stove polish. "Man, dat you?" was all she said, and made a dive for me. I dodged and ran, Hyacinth hot on my trail, and I'm still running—I shall run if I live to be a million years old, for if I stopped—well, I'd be looking on the dark side of things, and that's no lie either. Arkie, dear, don't you ever look on the dark side of things. I did it once, but never again. It was a narrow escape.

Here's a brave little girl who needs a whole

Here's a brave little girl who needs a whole lot of love and sympathy.

It is the first letter I've written to you. I have only been a League member but a short time.

I am a young, unfortunate girl. I left school about two years ago, and did housework. Then I left housework to work in a laundry. Six months ago an accident happened to me. I caught my hand in a mangle. My hand was in the machine four minutes, and there was about eighty pounds of steam on at the time the accident happened.

Most everyone says I had great courage for so young a girl. They took me to the hospital. When the doctor saw my hand, he thought it would have to come off. My hand wasn't cut off until two weeks afterward, and then was cut off two inches above the wrist bone. I have been home from the hospital two weeks and am feeling fine.

It is kind of bad for me, because it is my right hand that is lost. You will have to excuse my writing, as I cannot get used to my left hand yet.

I will close now and send my love to you and the cousins.

Your niece,

Laura, you are a brave, heroic girl. Not a

Laura, you are a brave, heroic girl. Not a whimper, whine or complaint in your letter, and yet you've lost your bread-winning hand, which is equal to your two legs when it comes down to hustling for a living, as most of our work falls on that hand. Don't lose heart, dear. It is not necessary to tell you that, as you are all heart, and a stout heart is yours all right. You are pretty heavily handicapped, but you will soon find that that left hand will accomplish double what it once did, and acquire a dexterity and skill, that will surprise you. With a mechanical hand you will be able to do nearly as much around the house as the to do nearly as much around the house as the ordinary two-handed girl does. I've got a friend of mine on the stage, a very clever actor, and he has only one arm, but he does so well with the artificial one, no one ever suspects that he has not two good arms. He visited me twice before I knew of his accident, and then he had to tell me. Of course, no artificial hand will ever do the work of the old one, and you have indeed a cross to bear, but don't be disheartened, for I've no doubt there are plenty of good fellows in the world who will be willing to give you their arms to shelter, aid, and protect you, and will cheerfully do the little things you cannot do, and your very affliction will doubtless be the means of bringing a world of love and sympathy to you that you would to do nearly as much around the house as the love and sympathy to you that you would otherwise have missed. Be assured of our love and sympathy, and just how deep that is you will know, as soon as these lines are in

Here is a little lady from Kansas knocking for admission.

McCune, Kans., Nov. 9, 1906. DEAR COUSINS:

DEAR COUSINS:

As I am a little thirteen years old, and I am a reader of Comport, which I enjoy very much, I would like for some reader of the Comport to send me the words of, "Brave Custard's last charge," and "Please Mr. Conductor." And if this don't find the way to the waste-basket, I will write again soon.

I go to school every day. I am in the eighth grade. I have not missed a day this term. I wish you would please send me the songs. I remain your little reader,

EFFIE ATTERBURG, Box 67, McCune, R. F. D., 3, Kansas.

Kansas.

Effle says she would like the words of "Brave Custard's last charge." Well, Effle, I did not know that custards were famous for making brave charges, that is, as a rule, but I'll tell you right now it is a good thing you wrote to me, for I once saw and felt a custard make a brave charge, and if it did not nearly put the kibosh on my earthly career, well, ask me another. I was dining out, you will notice when I dine at all, I dine out. This is for obvious reasons. There is nothing doing in the grub line at home. Well, I was dining both out and in. That is, I was feeding my face on the outside, and storing it away in my safety deposit vault That is, I was feeding my face on the outside, and storing it away in my safety deposit vault on the inside. Anyway, after I had pushed a gallon of soup into my face, and rammed three buckets of kidney stew on top of it in my catchall, the hostess brought me a boiled custard. Just as the hired girl put the custard on the table—the ghostess, I mean the hostess, accidentally upset a bottle of claret, and it fell all over the custard, and gee, that custard got furious, and cussed hard, it was just boiling hot. You see, it appears that this particular custard never drank anything but champagne, and when it got soused with common claret, well, it was fighting mad, and used language that no respectable custard ever articulated before in genteel society. The ladies blushed and That is, I was feeding my face on the outside, and storing it away in my safety deposit vault on the inside. Anyway, after I had pushed a gallon of soup into my face, and rammed three buckets of kidney stew on top of it in my stehall, the hostess brought me a boiled custard. Just as the hired girl put the custard on the table—the phostess, I mean the hostess, accidentally upset a bottle of claret, and it fell all most in the world. Put your religion, your content to the table—the phostess, I mean the hostess, accidentally upset a bottle of claret, and it fell all must be interested, and gee, that custard got furious, and cussed hard, it was just boiling hot. You see, it appears that this particular custard never drawk anything but champagne, which is the property of the p

and figuring on royalties that will never come
—except in your mind. They all do that, Effie,
until they wake up. What's that? It is not a
custard you are talking about, but a celebrated
Indian fighter, who was wiped out by the Reds.
Oh, you mean "Custer's Last Charge!" Oh, dear,
dear, and I've been and got on the wrong track.
Well dear you've written custord and of dear, and I've been and got on the wrong track. Well, dear, you've written custard, and of course, I took it for granted that you wouldn't put a famous general into a pudding, and make him into a custard. You're too patriotic to do that. Anyway I have given you a very exciting account of a real custard's last charge, and I won't charge you anything for it. As regards account of a real custard's last charge, and I won't charge you anything for it. As regards the song, "Please Mr. Conductor," you must tell me whether you want a song about a street-car conductor or a lightning conductor. I'd advise you to get the latter as it is a flash song, with a swift movement, and strikes right home, and makes a hit every time.

A little lassie from Northern New York has a whole lot she wants to tell us. Order, please, while New York says its little piece.

whole lot she wants to tell us. Order, please, while New York says its little piece.

LA FARGEVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 24, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my card and button quite a while ago, and I thought I would write and let you know I received them all right, and I thank you very much for them.

I have only one sister, she is ten years old. I will tell about some of our pets. We each have a cat and a lamb, her name is Nancy. She goes with us everywhere we go, and sometimes she tries to follow us to school. We also have a dog his name is Freddie. He and Nancy have great times together.

Uncle Charlie, if you would come and see us we would go fishing. We live about four and a half miles from the St. Lawrence river. There are a great many kinds of fish caught in this river.

I live about two miles and a half from the village of La Fargeville, and about seven miles from Clayton. We have free mail, and during the summer months there are several egg carts go past our door, so we don't have to go to La Fargeville very often. If you would come out next spring we would give you some work to do. You could help father make maple sugar. He had almost three hundred trees tapped last year, and he had to boil several nights until after one o'clock in the morning, and one night it was after four o'clock.

I will give you a description of myself. I am thirteen years old, have dark, brown hair, blue eyes, and I am five feet two inches tall, and weigh one hundred aud fifteen pounds.

Rena M. Vincent, (No. 12,255).

Rena, your letter is neatly written, and very exciting. You say you have free mail at your

Rena, your letter is neatly written, and very exciting. You say you have free mail at your city. That must be dandy. Send out all the letters you want to, and no postage to pay. My, but I'd be busy in a town like that. Every magazine in the country will be moving to La Fargeville directly they get wise to this free mail business. mail business.

I don't like egg carts. When I was on the I don't like egg carts. When I was on the stage they wheeled a bunch of egg carts up to the gallery door, and then let me have them one at a time in bunches. First, they egged me on, and then they egged me off, the papers got out an eggstra edition, and I was full of eggotism for several years. I still feel eggy in the grub box at times. You see most of the eggs went down shells and all, and after a week, they began to batch out, and I was a leggs went down shells and all, and after a week, they began to hatch out, and I was a walking incubator with a barnyard attachment. I was able to crow over everybody in those days. Rena, I should be glad to help your father make maple sugar, but I'd never, oh, never consent to help him boil several nights. To boil one night would seem to me a pretty hard job; but several—oh, that's terrible. How can you get a great big dark night by the leg, and shove it in the pot, and boil it? A whole night is a pretty big proposition, and how you can not only get one, but several of 'em in a pot, and boil 'em, beats me. I should think after you had boiled a night, it would lose its nice dark color, and be a very washed-out sort of affair. I don't go fishing, dear. I went fishing once, and the grasshopper I caught for bait, pushed me into ninety feet of wet water, and I was drowned. Greenbacks are the only things I fish for now, and I would have a fit if I caught pole.

Below you will find a list of those who below you will find a list of those who are bravely bearing their crosses of suffering. You remember how Joseph of Arimathea bore the Saviour's Cross on the way to Calvary, if you don't it is time you did, and if you don't you had better read about it before you are another

had better read about it before you are another minute older. Here is your chance to lift the cross from the shoulders of sick brothers and sisters, and give them a brief respite from pain and suffering. Here are a few rules to observe when writing to invalids:

Don't write at all unless you can do them some good. Writing sixteen pages about your own personal troubles as nearly sixty per cent. of you do is enough to put a sick person in the cemetery. Cut your own troubles out, they have got enough of their own without hearing yours.

Don't write unless you inclose a postage stamp, and don't expect that stamp to be used for a reply—let the shut-in do as he or she pleases with it.

Remember, a silver dime "In His Name," beats all the sympathy, religion, tracts, and chin music in the world. Put your religion, your Christianity into deeds, or keep it to yourself, for neither God nor man want talk. Parrots talk, Christians act.

CORNSI Pianos Organs

Why Shouldn't You Buy a First-Class Instrument as Low as any Dealer?

The dealer, even though he buys only one at a time, gets it at wholesale price.

when YOU buy one why don't YOU get it at wholesale price?

THE MANUFACTURER who sells through agents and dealers dare not quote you the wholesale price, for he would antagonize the dealers.

THE DEALER cannot sell to you at wholesale price, for that would leave him no profit.

We get along without the dealer and can therefore quote you the wholesale factory prices direct.

We have thousands more satisfied patrons all over the land, who recommend our instruments and defend our business methods, than there are dealers.

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Cash Down.

We ask you to prove it for yourself—by your own examination, trial and comparison. That's the way a quarter of a million customers have proved it for three generations.



First we ask you to send us your name and address.

We will then send you our catalogue, which is a marvel of printing, color and design, showing the choicest of our fifty styles in miniature. The book will enable you to make a selection just as intelligently as if you saw the instrument at factory, We will also send you a reference book of 5.000 recent purchasers (some of whom you may know) and a list of testimonials from old Cornish patrons.

And further, we will send you a copy of our bond of indemnity, which is an iron-clad guarantee that no responsibility whatever will attach to you in placing one of our instruments in you home for examination and free trial. We take all the risk, We put you under no obligation whatever.

Our bond of indemnity also insures the instrument for a term of twenty-five years against defect in material or workmanship.

We deliver free of all freight charges, if desired. You place the instrument in your home and use it one month just as if it were your own. You call in your musical friends and let them put it to a test and pass judgment upon it before you decide to buy it—we agree to find no fault with your decision.

Cash Down.

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back, together with all freight charges and 6 per cent interest added.

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(ORMISH (O. Established 50 Years. Washington, N. J.

sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the Comfort to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also Comfort for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance Comport subscriber by sending fitteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents-in all, and say that you wish to join Comport of the League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership tee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth, Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Work of Mercy

League Sunshine and Work of Mercy for February

Lottie Monn, Penfield, Pa. Poor child has ad spinal trouble nine years. Edith Fishleigh

needy. Rebecca Pennington (25), South Portsmouth, Ky. Shut-in, wants cheery letters. Lonely and friendless. Little Julius Rifli of Suttons Bay, Mich., is confined to bed, owing to an accident, and will never leave it. Wants to an accident, and will never leave it. Wants cheery letters only. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel, Province Que., Can. Invalid for 17 years. Poor, lonesome, and needy. Nannie M. Jones (39), Yorkville, R. F. D., 4, S. C. Invalid. No means. Needs medical treatment. Being cared for by poor family. Gladys Bradshaw, Hale, Mo. Recovering from long illness. Needs cheery letters. Mother is dead. Charming girl. Eva L. Stevens, Greenville, R. F. D., 1, Ala. Shutin, needs cheery letters.

Now, be good boys, and angelic girls, until the March winds blow you all rosy cheeked into my lap, once more, and don't forget that I want every League member to work for one of my books of poems. Get seven 15-cent one-year subscribers to COMFORT, and you will have a beautifully gotten up book, bound in silk cloth, that will keep you laughing for the next thousand years. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

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The Hidden Wedding Treasure

The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake

By William T. Valentine

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CHAPTER XIV.

GOLD IS DROSS UNLESS IT BE SHARED.

GOLD IS DROSS UNLESS IT BE SHARED.

WO MONTHS have passed since the terrible day when the god of fire belched forth flames to destroy, like the city of Biblical times, and when the internal rumblings were stayed, the inrolling of the sea was stopped, and the golden sun of June smiled down upon people aiready becoming happy, in spite of great misery and loss of life.

Men, women and children were numbered among the victims of the San Francisco earthquake, and yet those who remained were looking about for happiness, and trying to build upon the funeral pyres, a new city.

"And just about the best in the city is Miss Rosalie," more than one laborer would remark, as he straightened his back to look up at the handsome Bronson home. In cottages all along the great hill were traces of her great generosity, the girl who had not hesitated to give away her wedding clothes that those of simple means might not go without. Such a girl could never be forgotten.

"And her old Pap," another would say regretfully, and then would sigh, for John Bronson was the friend of everyone.

The story of his wonderful wedding present, in twenty dollar gold pieces, would be talked about, and the question asked, the one of the other:

"Where be it?"

And the reply always came:

"The good God knows," and many there were who knelt praying and sobbing before the various churches, as much praying for Rosalie, as for themselves.

As she came down the hill, in her white motor, with her two friends, whom she had rescued, with her, she smiled and bowed in every direction. It was almost like a young queen in procession through her subjects, and at last Katherine said softly:

"Dear Rosalie, they act as I want to do all the time."

"Get right and tow, you dear," and Violet smiled with Katherine, while Rosalie cried almost im-

time."
"Get right and tow, you dear," and Violet smiled with Katherine, while Rosalie cried, almost im-

"Get right and word, with Katherine, while Rosalie crieu, some with Katherine, while Rosalie crieu, some patiently:
"See here, girls, if fortune had favored me, and spared alone my husband, you would think cruel to keep him boxed up. Just because a little money has been left me, too, is there any reason why I ought not to share it?" and she looked bleading.

wedding gift, we would not your wour wedding gift, we would not

spared alone my husband, you would think me cruel to keep him boxed up. Just because a little money has been left me, too, is there any reason why I ought not to share it?" and she looked pleading.

"If you had your wedding gift, we would not mind so much, but you have not enough for yourselves," Violet said slowly.

"Until we come to an end of the pile, allow us to do as we please," and her face looked like an angel's, but her heart was heavy because the end was very near. Owing to the fact that she had been given a thousand dollars for her spending money on the wedding trip, Rosalie and Ireton would have been as poor as any. They had spent so much, and divided so generously, refusing any assistance from others, they were fast becoming poor, among the poor, and she and her kenerous husband were trembling for the time when they would be obliged to turn away those who needed help so much.

As the white motor went along, driven by the young wife in her white gown, women and children ran out, begging for bare necessities, and Rosslie resolved that if she should ever come into possession of money again, she could not enjoy spending it all upon herself, but must give it to those suffering, and while she was resolving, she distributed all she had with her in the way of food and clothing, and a countless supply of tender smiles and soft words.

Ireton, Felton and Gerald met the ladies, and were taken aboard, but Rosslie's eyes caught the anxious line between the dear brow. Therefore as soon as she could draw Ireton aside, Rosalie asked gently:

"What is it, my dear?"

"You little Heartease, how do you know?"

"How do I know? Why because I love you," she returned, and her explanation was returned with a kiss, then he said earnestly:

"I hope you are very strong, darling."

"Strong?"

"Yes, my Rose, for I have news for you."

"My father!" she cried, a little hand clutching her throbbing heart.

"Yes, your father," he returned, then caught his wife in his arms.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME EXPLANATIONS.

Many years ago, when San Francisco was but a mining village, more than one miner looked among the rocks for a safe hiding-place for the treasures gathered up through danger and back-breaking efforts.

gathered up through danger and back-breaking efforts.

A man, who afterwards chummed with Bronson, found one of the best in the place, and when he died, he gave it and all he had in it, to a man who had been so faithful to him. Year followed year, and John Bronson gradually built his palace above the great treasure cave, which not only contained for a month prior to the wedding day, the great fortune in twenty dollar gold pieces, but rare jewels, almost priceless tapestries, golden vessels and exquisite paintings.

After seeing his, to him angelic child, ascend to her room, John Bronson, smiling to herself, had gone to the secret cuddy, behind which was arranged the entrance. Pressing upon the spring, a trap was revealed, which he entered, and he spent the entire night going over everything, hoping to make her dear eyes open wide with astonishment.

Buddenly there came a terrible noise, as though the whole world was being rent asunder, a column of the treasure, cave was thrown across the em-

the whole world was being rent asunder, a column of the treasure cave was thrown across the entrance, and while others were flying from rocks and fire, John Bronson was buried amid his wealth. At last he managed to draw himself out, into the very room containing the wedding presents; heard the gentle plans of his daughter, and those of her new father-in-law, and so, with his own blood, he managed to scratch a message, and took back with him all the gifts, leaving behind a promise that full value for each would be returned to the donor.

donor.

"What made you think of doing that?" his daughter cried, her arms about his neck.

"It was your own plan. I think I carried it out as you wished. I sent money in every case, except

one.
"Why did you keep us in anxiety all this time?"
Ireton asked, his face very pale.
John Bronson drew his daughter to his knee,

John Bronson drew his daughter to his knee, saying gently:
"My daughter knew that her old Pappy couldn't be killed any such way, could he?" he asked, rubbing his cheek against her soft one.
Rosalie drew him close to her, crying:
"She knew that her Pappy and she were too closely joined for that," and no one ever again saw her flinch at calling her father Pappy.

John Bronson noticed it, and with several tender kinsea, whispered:

values of roots and herbs, I might have fared pretty bad," then with a tender smile he asked:
"Are you ready to receive your presents?"
"Yes, but where?"
"On the altar of a little church I have been putting up, now call the guests," and he seemed to disappear from their sight.
Rosalie gave a sudden little cry, clinging to her husband, saying nervously:
"I don't think I can stand much more, Ireton," and quite naturally the young husband felt indignant towards his father-in-law for subjecting poor Rosalie to any more stress. She had been carried into the present chamber, as they had grown to call the room in which her presents had been set forth, and it was upon his dear face, Rosalie's eyes had first opened.
"What more did you know, Rosalie?" Ireton who had never before repeated the question to her, asked quickly.
Rosalie held out another piece of paper, on which were a few words written in red:
"When the proper time comes my daughter, bring with you those whom I have chosen, to the secret vault, and wait."
"Is not the real treasure vault, I am sure, for I often played in it, especially when mamma died, and I was so lonely."
"Then you had some idea of this?"
"A little, but I was afraid some of his plans had miscarried, and all this has unstrung me."
Ireton held her close in his strong young arms, wondering if he could ever be worthy of his treasure. It did not matter if she had not a cent, he was rich in her virtues, her sweetness, the one who had the power to shape his koharacter, and keep pure his sou!
"Dearest," Rosalie said softly, "I expect the proper time has come."
"Ithin kso, too."
"Then tell our friends, will you please, and do not forget Jim and Annie, they went through so much with us, that I want them," and first kissing her, and leaving the room, I reton felt almost dazed at the loftiness of her character.
"How few, especially now when she is so filled with our own affairs, would think of those two?" and with a powerful reverence in his heart for her, he summoned all she had mentioned, and they foun

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REAL TREASURE.

The few people sat in the dark vault, shivering, listening to the music with which was commingled soon the tread of many feet, though nothing could

soon the tread of many feet, though nothing could be seen.

The words were beautiful: "Onward Christian Soldiers," and awoke keen emotion in the breasts of those who had been through so much.

From out the gloom came a clear voice, and these were the words spoken solemnly:

"Our friends, I was buried alive, and yet I live. My fortune was entombed with me, and yet through the Mercy of God we are rescued.

"Through stress and suffering, you have all proven your real merit, but none more so than my daughter, my little Rosalie.

"On the eve of her wedding day, I promised her an immense fortune in twenty dollar gold pieces. I am now here to deliver it to her," and a sudden radiance lighting up the crypt, the visitors found they were sitting in a cave hollowed out of solid rock, with a chancel in the end, and on it was an immense pile of glittering twenty dollar gold pieces.

"With a little cry. Rosalie spring forward week."

pieces.

With a little cry, Rosalie sprung forward, wearing the dress intended for her wedding gown, for it had not been within the heart of woman to give

With a little cry, Rosalie sprung forward, wearing the dress intended for her wedding gown, for it had not been within the heart of woman to give it away.

"Is it all for me, Pappy?" she asked.

"Every cent."

"And you, Ireton?"

"Every cent."

"My friends?"

"Every cent."

"In my way you want." came from all but a discontented appearing man, crouching in one corner, his skinny fingers about a velvet-lined jewel case.

"Then if it is mine, I want to spend it in a certain way," she cried, her face glorified.

"In any way you want." came from her father's throat and the rest joined in, all but the shabby old Judge.

"During the past months, I have learned how terrible it is to be poor and sad. I have seen mothers thrust away their children from their barren bosoms; I have seen fathers cheeffully rob themselves to feed their children; I have seen children killing themselves to provide for parents.

During the days, when I hoped and prayed for this money that I might give it where it was so needed, I resolved to remove a little bit of the misery in the world, and along this road down the hill, there will always be good, honest work for men who take their pay home to women and children, and if I fail, why it will not be much worse than many others who have tried to do good, and not succeeded, I just want to do it, may I?" and there is no wonder that they all, even the old Judge, roused for the moment, cried:

"God bless you, you may!"

Then there was another dazzling light, and the guests saw wonderful piles of gold and jewels, and as though from out of the distance:

"This is the fortune she can not use as she can her Wedding Treasure, but with it all goes the love of two old miners, an angel mother, and her sweet, tender spirit which has absorbed all that is wise and good from all three."

"The wedding treasure lies there." pointing towards the twenty dollar gold pieces; "there is the rest of the fortune which

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

ber flinch at calling her father Pappy.

John Bronson noticed it, and with several tender kisses, whispered:

"Little girl you have given me the best gift I could have," and she hated herself to think that she had been so cruel; but if she had known the pleasure the calling of that simple name could have bestowed, she would never had given him any other.

"It suits me, too," Ireton said, deeply touched, as he remembered the difference between the two fathers.

"Thinking of the Judge? Never mind, lad. He's sail right now. Such a shock was enough to kill the strongest of men, and if I had not known of the commissioner. This whole Grand Miss is covered

with artificial lakes and reservoirs for water, and it is all measured and turned out by the paid men.

This is a beautiful place to live in after the mosquitos and horse flies are frosted out, then it is liable to snow so soon after that. The Columbine, our state flower, grows luxuriantly here. The lakes are full of trout large and small, but can be caught only at certain times of the year. Wild grouse are quite plentiful, but the game laws restrict the killing of them also.

I should be pleased to hear from any, and especially the sisters in the northern part of Arkansas near the Ozark mountain or in good farming or timber country. I will try to answer all promptly.

MRS. J. W. Lund, Cedaredge, Col.

DEAR EDITORS

DEAR EDITOR:

Inoted a request from H. O. Stiles, 152 West 28th St., New York City, for the removal of paint from garments.

After many years of worry, and trying everything I heard of, I have settled on two ways as the very best. I have never failed with either. For garments that will not stand boiling, grease the paint spots with very salty butter, if very dry and hard hang near fire, rub between fingers and grease again, let hang for some time, then roll up and lay over night, wash in good hot, strong soapsuds. For shirts, both white and colored, I roll up and let stand over night.

I once, years ago, cleaned an all-wool suit of clothes with butter, the edges of the sleeves were stiff as a board though not worn any. After hanging by fire for a day and laying over night I put into hot suds, and spread them on a wash board, then used a scrubbing brush over every bit of them. When dry and pressed they looked as well as when new.

For overalls and jumpers make with the hard lye a very strong lye water. Soak them over night—short time will not do—when the white clothes have been rubbed, put them in tub, lay out on board, and scrub with a good stiff scrubbing brush, one made of broom corn is best, soap well, and boil for ten or fifteen minutes, suds, rinse, starch and dry.

I. M. W. Clayton, Salem, Mouroe Co., Ill.

Dear Mass. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a milliner, but I am keeping house in one

I. M. W. Clayton, Salem, Mouroe Co., Ill.

DEAR MES. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a milliner, but I am keeping house in one room for the present. Rents are scarce here, but there is plenty of work for both men and women, building is progressing rapidly, and the refugees are being cared for. I enjoy the sisters' letters, and agree with Mandy Smith in regard to the badge, I think it would be fine.

Mrs. H. C. Koons. I do not believe in whipping children; there are other methods to be used which have more effect, and are more beneficial; study the child and you will soon learn the best method. I had only to say to my little daughter, "Hazel, mamma doesn't like you for that, she told you not to do it," she would go and sit down on her stool, and sob, presently she would say "mamma, do you like me now?" if I said "yes," she would sit there, until I told her "yes," and would always try to be better. She is now seventeen, and a dear good girl. It pays to go slow and study your child.

I wonder if you all know how to clean white felt hats. Just use corn meal, rub with white cloth and brush thoroughly.

To make deep cream lace use of Yellow Ochre one tablespoonful to two of French rice powder. nut it.

hats. Just use corn meal, rub with white cloth and brush thoroughly.

To make deep cream lace use of Yellow Ochre one tablespoonful to two of French rice powder, put it in box or bag with lace shake well, take out and dust out all that will come.

To clean white plumes, wash through two changes of warm soapsuds, with your hands, then rinse in lukewarm water to which one tablespoonful of laundry starch has been added, then draw through thumb and finger and hang out in the sun. When nearly dry, draw the feather through fingers the wrong way, then shake out well, when dry curl with silver knife by taking a small bunch at a time curl under; try it! they will be like new.

To color artificial flowers use stain for burnt wood, dilute with alcohol until desired shade is obtained, apply with brush.

Will the sisters send me white muslin blocks, tea inches square, with name and address worked on same? All favors returned. I would also enjoy autographs on paper six by four inches with quotations from your favorite author and name and address. Valentines please, don't forget sisters, and I will answer all. An old-time subscriber, Mrss, Lida M. Palmer, 3338 22nd St., San Francisco, Cal.

cisco, Cal.

dotations row your ravoitte author and hame and address. Valenthes please, don't forget sisters, and I will answer all. An old-time subscriber, MES. Lida M. Palmer, 3333 22nd St., San Francisco, Cal.

My Dears:

Here we are in the last month of winter; how short the time has been, what with preparing the Thanksgiving feast, arranging, planning, making and buying our Christmas gifts, the frolicking and buying our Christmas gifts, the frolicking and buying our Christmas gifts, the frolicking way of into Pebruary, a joyous month, St. Valenthes day, when master Cupid is busy, and the birthday of our honored George Washington.

Every month has some bright spot in it for some of us. Frost is king now, and with the warm sunshiny days that we will soon have, comes recollections to many, of the days gone by, "down on the old farm," when came the sap boiling and sugar-making, who of us remembers that, what with the delights of perhaps being allowed to go with "Pa" to the camp and sleeping in the rude shelter, with a breakfast of fried pork, warmed up potatoes, bread and butter. How good everything tasted, and later the joy of going around gathering the sap and riding the old horse, as the snow was too deep for your little short legs to wade through, you could and did gather wood for the fire and kept it going, while "Pa" was out gathering sap and pouring it into the kettles, where it was boiled down to syrup, then taken to the house and made into sugar. Oh. what funi scraping out the kettles for the toothsome syrup, and sugar, making wax, and butternut candy, going to bed full and happy, and the next morning's breakfast, buckwheat cakes, sausage and maple streakfast, buckwheat cakes, sausage and maple sprup. We did not hear of dyspepsia then, or so many enders were not known, alum and acids were not used in cooking, flour was not as orfined, and in consequence was more nutritious, all the nourishment was not known, aluments. In the first place food was not adulterated in any way, shape or manner, baking powders were not

gifts you have showered upon me, and some they come.

Mrs. Linden. Thank you very much for the views of Cincinnati, and the music.

So many are writing me of the useful, beautiful and practical prizes they have received from Compost for sending in new subscribers; the book of "Good old songs" mother and graudmother used to sing is worth its weight in gold, one lady wrote me. The Chart of chords and Giant Album of songs are two things that all musicians should have.

The book "St Elmo" is a beauty, the graceful, lover-like way that St. Elmo is holding Edna shows that though a very scientific, scholarly man he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



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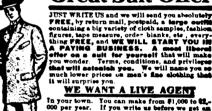
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SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO

The Great Chicago Mystery or,

The Man With Many Aliases

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Crit Truman and his assistant, Ralph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the Chief of Police to assist in suppressing crime. The leader is variously described, and one asserts he has a harelip. For a moment the men are silent, then the well-trained minds recall the recapture of "The Man with Many Aliases," Jim Hollis, Jim Holmes, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, and which, when healed, might pass for a harelip. "How is our work?" asks Crit. "Are the officials satisfied with the return of the money?" They ought to prosecute Percy Mandeville; he has the making of a confirmed criminal. There are several cases in their line. There's a missing girland a jewelry robbery on Fifth Ave., but they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his mind to catch this man who twice escapes, and he tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. He insists she encourages him. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathie Mandeville, confides to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage to her. Sylvia still loves her husband. Custer Quex is engaged to Sylvia; he will go to her at night. It's the last happy afternoon he has for many a long day. While Crit and Ralph are on the way to Chicago, the former has a telegram. "Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. It's the girl, whose people wants Orit to look up. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon, a month previous. Four guys, all masked, line the customers up-nothing is overlooked—even a pair of diamond cuff buttons is taken. As they emerge from City Hall they are joined by Peter, who is waiting. He tells Truman, Jim Hollis swears if he gets free he'll never let you teke him alive. The chief tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon, a month previous. Four windin

CHAPTER VIII.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

N almost broken-hearted man sat in the room where he had expected to meet his sweetheart the night she disappeared, reading a letter, written with pencil, and blurred by many tears. It was written on a tab of common writing-paper, and between the lines, he felt he could read a sorrow even deeper than the one she indicated. A sole study in his throot as he she indicated. A sob stuck in his throat, as he

she indicated. A sob stuck in his throat, as he read:

"My Own Darling Custer:

"I wish words of mine could convey the terrible sorrow I feel at being obliged to write you this.

"Dearest, although I belong to you with all my heart and soul, we cannot realize our heavenly dream of being husband and wife.

"I know you ask why? I cannot tell you, although I would gladly give all I possess, but Heavens, how little that is now, to tell you all, oh, I must endure the terrible shame alone.

"I go of my own free will away from the home I have always known, and loved so dearly. I go from the man who has treated me so royally and tenderly; and from you my best beloved, and that is the greatest wrench of all.

"Custer, do you remember when we first met, at the Assembly ball? I was introduced to society that night, and there has never been anyone else in my life. I feel yet the thrill which ran through me, when I saw that dear head of yours bowing before me. Perhaps it was a very wicked thing to say, but I told myself that unless I married you I would go single to my grave. I will keep that promise I made with myself, darling, for as I can never be your wife, no other man can claim me.

"I am thinking of oar delightful acquaintance, which developed so beautifully day by day, until my very heart seemed to burst with joy, for I knew that I was fair to you, and that you were growing to love me. Sweetheart, I believe I loved first."

The young lover reading these words, kissed them passionately, exclaiming:

"Indeed you did not, for as I bowed, my heart went forth to you, precious sweetheart!" then he continued reading his letter, teeming with love and devotion, and yet one of the saddest a woman ever wrote.

"Then came the blessed night when you told me that you loved me! Its memory will ever dwell with me, for I knew that I was beloved as I loved.

and devotion, and yet one of the sacatal ever wrote.

"Then came the blessed night when you told me that you loved me! Its memory will ever dwell with me, for I knew that I was beloved as I loved. No matter how long I live, my dear, no one can take that memory from me, nor the realization that I have known the great happiness of being all in all to the man whom I adore.

"From the moment that you received this letter, I will be as dead to you. Why, I cannot tell you, but I implore you to forget me, and to marry some girl without a shadow over her life. I am not to blame, I know I need not tell you that, but nevertheless I have to suffer for the wrong-doing of others. May the Great Father above bless you, my Custer, and bring you the happiness that I once thought I could. Darling, good by,

"Yours broken-heartedly," "Sylvia."

"You are not dead to me, I swear it!" cried the frantic lover, "for I will search the world over until I find you, and wrench from you the terrible secret which parts us!" then he began to read again.

CHAPTER IX.

A VERY NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

When Crit decided to take up the case as presented by Chicago's chief of police, he had considered every point carefully. He knew that he had to go among a desperate and crafty that he had to go among a desperate and crafty set of men, and to put his wits against one of the most successful and daring crooks in the United States. To do this a strong policy must be adopted and adhered to. After duereflection, he decided that he could produce best results by going as some former leader.

Critand his assistants. Ralph and Peter were

By Rosser W. Cobbe

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

plans had been suggested, when suddenly Crit had cried:

"I have just the thing!"

"What?" Ralph and Peter both cried.

"Remember 'Hang-eye' John?" he asked.

"Remember 'Hang-eye' John?" he asked. The others nodded.
"He went over the road for ten years. I say, Peter, get me long distance Joliet."
After talking with the warden of the Joliet penetentiary for ten minutes, Crit found out that "Hang-eye" John was quietly serving his sentence, and promised to aid the great detective by keeping any outsiders from communicating with him for a few days.
"It will do fine!" Crit had exclaimed as he unfolded a plan which made even Ralph and Peter wonder.
The trial of this noted criminal had been a long and sensational one, and his face was well

The trial of this noted criminal had been a long and sensational one, and his face was well known throughout the country. Crit had seen him more than once, when he was operating in New York, and was well acquainted with his peculiarities.

No man in the country can equal Crit Truman in the art of disguising and make-up, and while it is impossible to reveal all his methods, it is sufficient to say that it is possible for him to arrange his disguise so as to assume it with discovered that the discovered

Ferris led the way, and ducked down into a basement. Crit followed without an instant's pause. Ferris did not stop but went on through what proved to be an empty room into an alley in the rear, in through the back door of a saloon, up a pair of stairs, across a covered passageway, down another pair of stairs broken and tumbledown.

Finally he stopped in a dirty room, evident-y in the back of a low saloon, and said

ly in the back of a low saloon, and said hoarsely:
"Wait here," then left the room.
Crit glanced hurriedly about him. His practiced eyes looked for a trap, for he knew there must be one, and immediately discovered it. He saw that the floor sagged fully four inches from the foot board at one end, and searching, discovered that the entire floor was a trap door.

from the foot board at one end, and searching, discovered that the entire floor was a trap door. Without waiting to be dropped, he leaped lightly back to the stairs down which he and his companion had come, and just in time, for his feet had barely left the floor, when it was dropped, the entire surface swinging back towards the stairway. From below came a horrible stench, and considerable sewer gas, and Crit, peering into the dark hole felt glad enough that he was not lying in it, perhaps maimed or dying.



"DON'T JIM! I'LL FORGET ALL I HEARD!" CAME IN AGONIZED TONES.

to conduct some of his most famous cases.

After he had laid his plans, and sent Peter to his wigmaker with instructions for a wig after the sketch Crit had himself drawn, the great man took out all the pictures he had of the man took out all the pictures he ha criminal, and studied them carefully.

The wigmaker was used to working on short notice for Crit, and promised to get what was wanted done before the detectives left the folwanted done before the detectives left the fol-lowing morning, and Peter returned to find Crit fully made up for the part. To judge from the pictures, the impersonation was perfect. Ralph had seen the original several times, and so he was better fitted to judge, and he de-clared it one of Crit's best. Crit was not satisfied with going through the work once, however, but cleaneed his face and went over it again and again, until he was perfect, and knew without looking just how

perfect, and knew without looking just how much he needed of each pigment and just

where to put it.

This disguise was concealed about the person of Crit Truman when he went to call upon the chief of police, and he carried it with him when he disappeared around the corner of State and

he disappeared around the corner of State and Twenty-second street with Christie Ferris. Crit had seen the gesture made by the passing crook to Ferris, and the change in the lad, just as had Ralph. However, he gave no sign, but pretended he thought everything was as before. As has been seen he made no objection to sending his assistants off the car, although he knew they would follow by the next, and when Ferris told him to get off at Twenty-second street, he showed no desire to best results by going as some former leader.
Crit and his assistants, Ralph and Peter were sitting talking the matter over, and several thoroughly distrusted his guide.

Twenty-second street, he showed no desire to back out or indicated in any way that he sitting talking the matter over, and several

very little trouble. He can so change his own face as to make it resemble another's with altered, then turned to consider his next move, most lightning facility and in this way is able to conduct some of his most famous cases.

"Mantraps do exist in Chicago," he muttered, then turned to consider his next move, for he realized that he was in a perfect den of thieves.

thieves.

Half way down the stairway was a landing, and it took Crit but a moment to reach it. Several doors opened upon it, and Crit, cautiously turned the knob of one of them. It turned readily, and the door swung inward on oiled hinges. Crit had noticed that the trap below had worked very quietly, as though kept in good order. Another thing he had observed, the table and two chairs were fastened to the floor and went down with it.

the table and two chairs were fastened to the floor and went down with it.

The room was empty, and Crit entered it, for he was anxious to don his disguise. As quietly as though in his own office, the great detective assumed it, and then drawing up the long hair of the wig under a broad, dirty white sombrero, such as the original "Hang-eye" John always wore, he left the room on the landing, and once more descended the stairs, this time, however, opening a door in the wall, just before the bottom was reached, which led into the trap room.

It led, as he supposed, straight to an alley, and Crit had no difficulty in reaching Twenty-second street from there. With his excellent head for locality, he had no difficulty in placing the saloon, behind which was the trap, and he heldly entered it. As he kent his hat well ing the saloon, behind which was the trap, and he boldly entered it. As he kept his hat well over his face, he was not particularly noticed, and so had opportunity to look about him. Crouched in one corner was Ferris, trembling so violently that Crit decided that this was probably the first time he had led a victim into that fatal room. The wretched fellow's face was yellow; his eyes watered, and his mouth, loose and drooping, fairly drooled. At last he staggered to the bar, and tossed off a glass of

water, the barkeeper gave him, without com-

ment.
"That settles it," Crit said to himself. "Ferris is Jim Hollis's man. A crook that will keep from brandy after putting a man where he did me, is under Jim Hollis and no one else."

Ferris was evidently making some request of the man behind the bar, but the latter only shook his head, and then muttered:

the man behind the bar, but the latter only shook his head, and then muttered:

"Gw'an, see yerself."

Crit almost pitied the wretched coward, as he dragged his feet to the rear of the saloon, disappeared an instant, and then returned with Crit's bat, which the latter had been careful to drop on the lowest step of the stairway.

The barkeeper uttered an oath, when he saw it, but Ferris, although trembling, bundled it up, and fastened it inside his coat, then with a shifty look about, darted from the saloon, and Crit an instant later followed him.

The crook walked rapidly, but without taking any precautions to hide his destination, and so Crit had no difficulty in keeping him in view. For half an hour he went along, Crit following, then disappeared in a dark hallway. Crit did not pause, he followed him boldly, and up a pair of sagging stairs. So lightly did the detective walk, that the crook did not know he was being followed. On and on the curious pair climbed, emerging on several dirty landings, until they came to the top floor. Just one door opened on this stairway, and as he followed Ferris, Crit heard a low cry.

CHAPTER X. A MISSING HEROINE.

The detective started, for the cry came from a woman's lips, and evidently those of a young

a woman's lips, and evidently those of a young woman.

Ferris did not pause, but pushed ahead into a dark doorway, Crit following close at his heels, hearing the words:
"Don't, I say, don't!"
"Then will you stop that noise?" and Crit recognized the voice.
"Yes, yes, anything!"
"You'd better mind me my girl, or I'll give you something to scream for!" muttered the man so cruelly, that Crit could scarcely restrain himself, for a coward is something he could not endure, and a man cruel to a woman is the worst kind of a one.
"Don't Jim, I'll forget all I heard!" came in agonized tones, and then Crit heard a peculiar rap. Two quick taps, one long one, then three still quicker than the first two.
"Well?" came from the inner room, in an en-

"Well?" came from the inner room, in an en-tirely different tone, although the voice was not so disguised but that Crit still recognized

it.
"Skiddoo," Crit heard Ferris say, in a low

"Skiddoo," Crit heard Ferris say, in a low tone.

The door opened immediately, and Crit, flattened against the wall, caught sight of a tall man, with a cleft in his upper lip.
"What is it, Ferris?" the man asked angrily.
"Say, 'Four-time', don't you show no fancy tricks wid me," Ferris cried, dodging as though expecting a blow.
"Why not?" thundered the man.
"Dat fly mug youse always blowin' about, Crit Truman."
"Well, what of him?" the man cried with an

"Well, what of him?" the man cried with an

"I dropped him," was the quick response.
"When, where? Come in. Nell get on your hat and get out. Don't come back for an

"I won't listen, Jim, indeed I won't!" cried

"I won't listen, Jim, indeed I won't letter the girl.

Then she gave a low cry as there was the sound of soft flesh being struck, and Crit felt that if this continued much longer he would be obliged to show himself to prevent any more cruelty. An instant later, he slipped into the outer hall, and was standing there when the circle area out. girl came out.

She was tying a veil about her flushed face, one side of which was already beginning to swell. She was elegantly dressed, and was not what he had supposed, a fit companion for crooks, but an intelligent-looking, refined girl, of perhaps twenty.
She started when she saw the stranger, but

She started when she saw the stranger, but Crit said quietly:
"Pardon me, but I think you are in need of some help."
In spite of his disguise there was something in Crit's voice and manner which encouraged the girl, for she said rapidly:
"If ever there was a woman who needed help it is I."
"Can I give it?" Crit asked.

it is I."

"Can I give it?" Crit asked.

"Can I trust you?" she asked wearily.

Time was very precious. Ferris or Hollis himself might come out any minute. Crit took a card from his pocket and scribbled a couple of lines on it, then he asked:

"Know anything about the city?"

"Know anything about the city?"
"No."

"Can you tell east from west?"

"I do not know."
"Get out of here. Take a car running east.
Get off at State street, and walk one block to Wabash avenue. There board a Cottage Grove avenue car. Ride on it to Fifty-fifth street Boulevard. Go to the number on this card, and present the card whose name I have written there. Stay with her until you hear from me."

"Will I be safe with her?"

"By the memory of my mother. I sweet you

"Will I be safe with her?"

"By the memory of my mother, I swear you will," Crit said solemnly, then he pressed several bills into the girl's hands, and whispering:

"Be very careful for this is a terrible part of the town," he motioned her toward the stairs.

The detective dreaded to let her go alone, for he recognized that she had been trapped in

The detective dreaded to let her go alone, for he recognized that she had been trapped in some way and needed his care, but he did not dare leave these two crooks without learning something of their plans.

The girl with a grateful glance at her unknown friend hurried away, and Crit slipped back into the inner hall, to hear Hollis sneer:

"Well, suppose I did have you railroaded over? It was better to have you do time, than me, wasn't it? You fool!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

certainly understood the art of love making. Take my advice, you that have not got it, and send for "St. Elmo."

"St. Elmo."
Sometime when I have time I am going to write up the history of this dear old Compost. I can recollect it as long ago as I can remember anything, and you all know that "J. A. D." has seen quite a number of years. One friend writes me, "I would have Compost if it were two dollars a year, as I consider it worth even more than that to me. I have taken it for eighteen years, and my mother before me."

before me."
I cannot send any more flower seeds or bulbs this year. Why not all that have flower seeds adopt the plan of inclosing a few in every letter they send out to the friends of Comport? I have sent Velvet Marigold seed all over this continent in that way, as I had a superfluity of them. I should like Zinnia, Double Marigold, and Salvia seed; this exchanging of flower seeds is a beautiful idea.

in that way, as I had a superfluity of them. I should like Zinnia, Double Marigold, and Salvia seed; this exchanging of flower seeds is a beautiful idea.

I have recipes for Buttermilk, Salt Rising, Milk Rising Bread, etc., all good and old fashioned.

My dear Bell: I think you may hear from some of the sisters. As for "J. A. D.," her hands and time are full to overflowing.

Queen City Bachelor. The wireless message received, thanks very much. Sorry that you are suffering from a cold; come up to our Massachusetts mountains where you can breathe the dry, pure air instead of that smoky, sooty atmosphere that you are inhaling. I have in mind a gentleman who came here weighing one hundred and forty pounds in June, the first of October he tipped the beam at one hundred and seventy. You might work off that much perhaps and not miss it.

Sorrowing Comfort Sister. You poor child! Your letter made my heart ache; listen, sisters, while I read you a portion of this dear sister's letter. "I have recently given to God my darling baby girl, fitteen months old. Oh! how "Mother's" arms miss her, those little tender arms around my neck, and soft cheek pressed against my own. She is safe in Jesus' arms, but I miss her so, at times it is all I can say, 'God's will be done.'" Time alone may heal the wound, but the scar will always be there, the memory of that little one, no matter how many come later to bless your home and life, your heart and mind will turn to the darling gone before, but as the years go by, you may thank God on your knees that she was taken. I have seen such cases. I wonder if any of my readers have? In the same letter this dear one tells me: "I have just received a telegram telling us of the death of my brother's wife, leaving four little ones to the mercies of this cold world." Would you not rather know your dear little one was safe in the Father's arms than one of them? All mothers will be touched by this letter I know.

To the one that work end we will should appeal to the one that work of the form in which

Mrs. Berlin writes that: "Husband took Comport

needles from Mrs. Mildred Dawson, Lodge, Va., also Mrs. Brown, to whom Mrs. Dawson sent shells and curios.

Mrs. Berlin writes that: "Husband took Comport for a long time, I did not pay much attention to it, until I began reading the letters in the Sisters' Corner, then I fell in love with the entire paper, and now I cannot get along without my Comport."

Mrs. McNave, Tenn. I presume you think "J. A. D" rather dilatory in complying with your request, but I wrote you and inclosed the patterns you wished, directing the letter as I supposed correctly (as your town was rather vague and indistinct), but it was returned to me, so I could do nothing further until I could communicate with you. Will all of you that write me please direct the envelope you inclose very plainly, or write your name and address so that I can read it; now another thing had I not put my address on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope the letter would have been sent to the dead-letter office, and it would have been sometime before I received it back; in the mean time Mrs. McNave would have been sometime before I received it back; in the mean time Mrs. McNave would have been sometime before I received it back; in the mean time Mrs. McNave would have been sometime before I received it back; in the mean time Mrs. McNave would have been sometime before I received it back; in the mean time Mrs. McNave would have been sometime before I received it back; in the mean time Mrs. McNave would have been sometime before I received it back; in the mean time Mrs. McNave would have been sometime help to the first of the control of the profit by this in the future.

Mrs. Eckle. I was truly rejoiced to hear from you again. I trust your little friend will receive the monthly installment, but accidents will happen in the best regulated families, and we are such an immense family, you know.

Will you not please remember little Christoro Brice, Brutus, Michigan, a dear little girl, the old, old story, invalid mother, home burned, lost everything? Such a tale o

this cold weather. letter last

Mrs. Ducharm. I received a letter last week from one of my boys in your county.

Will the sisters to whom I sent my Comforts

please return them?
J. A. D. (MRS. VAN DYKE), Orange, Mass.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
This is my first letter to our interesting, instructive paper, Comfort, and I hope it will make its appearance in the Sisters' Corner, then I shall feel as

pearance in the Sisters' Corner, then I shah leed as if I were truly one of you.

I have started a collection of souvenirs for a "hoo-doo" cane, did any of the sisters ever see one? Little bits of ribbon badges, buttons, souvenirs of some trip or excursion, and of course it's all the more interesting if they are all of your own experiences. I haven't been housekeeping long so have make many suggestions.

periences. I haven't been nousekeeping long so can't make many suggestions.

A little kerosene oil on a flannel cloth is good to clean off anything burnt on the cook stove, and a mixture of linseed oil and turpentine applied with a soft cotton or flannel cloth, will clean picture frames or varnished woodwork, and make them

frames or varnished woodwork, and make the collock like new.

Dear sisters, do not let us mar the confidence and beauty of our letters with requests for trifles that we might get at the remnant counter for a few pennies, unless indeed it be a request for some

present size, and it really seems every number excels the last. I do enjoy the sisters' letters, some of them seem like old friends.

You who live in the North are enjoying some cold weather now, while down here in "Dixie Land" we have all the pretty flowers and green grass to look at.

weather now, while down here in "Dixie Land" we have all the pretty flowers and green grass to look at.

I am living in the growing and hustling little town of Quincy in Gadsden Co., in the extreme northern part of the state and the banner county; it is the county where there are so many Northern syndicates raising cigar tobacco, and everything is on a boom. Tobacco sells at from forty-five to sixty-five cents per pound for shade grown, and from twenty to twenty-five and thirty for sun grown; there are millions of pounds grown every year, the yield is from eight hundred to fourteen hundred pounds per acre according to amount and kinds of fertilizer used. Vegetable and poultry-raising is very profitable also, and dairying and stock-raising for beef.

Quincy is a thriving little town of about two thousand inhabitants, with a fine opening for a good hotel; there are two small ones, and one or two public boarding houses, but it is almost impossible to get hotel accommodation as all the hotels and boarding houses, and every private family who will take boarders or let rooms are crowded. Traveling men often have to sit up all night for lack of rooms. We have four churches, two hardware, nine grocery, thirteen general merchandise, two millinery stores, five drug stores, one bakery, one Chinese laundry, and to our shame be it said, five barrooms, but we are working hard to drive them out, and I think will be successful. We also have two ice plants, and another nearing completion, and the town has its own electric lights and waterworks, and one private light plant, and a telephone exchange out in the country to the tobacco farms, and to several small villages in the country. We have two railroads with bright prospects for two more, with several more brick stores in course of erection.

MRS. A. A. RANDALL, Box 361, Quincy, Fla.

MRS. A. A. RANDALL, Box 361, Quincy, Fla.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

I have lived in Colorado for seven years in a small town called Florence. It is situated in the Arkansas valley, thirty-four miles west of Pueblo, ten miles east of Cannon City, where the state penitentiary is.

We have good water here as it is brought through pipes from the mountains, a distance of ten miles. The well water is alkali, and does not agree with everyone who comes and who has been used to soft water.

Colorado has an ideal climate, more days of sunshine than most any other state. The winters are mild. We have more snow in the spring than in the first of the winter. Our summers are not so hot, and always cool at night.

Trout abounds in all the mountain streams. There are deer in the hills which a person is allowed to hunt so many days each year. The game law prohibits anyone from killing more than one deer each season.

Fruits of all kinds grow in abundance. Irrigation

to nunt so many days each year. The game law prohibits anyone from killing more than one deer each season.

Fruits of all kinds grow in abundance. Irrigation is used in all kinds of farming. The land is worth from twenty-five dollars to five hundred dollars per acre. The school system is extra good. We have good Sunday schools, and fine churches, seven or eight different denominations in all.

I would like to know how many of the Comport sisters have twin babies. My husband and I have quite a little family of girls, eight in all. Our last are twins, they are cute, and look so much alike I can hardly tell one from the other.

All of our children are subject to croup when they are small. The first thing I do when I hear them begin to cough hoarse (for I know what is coming) is to give them a dose of castor oil. If it makes them vomit so much the better. Then I get some lard, or mutton tallow, and a few drops of turpentine, and three or four drops of kerosene, and a little camphor. I set it on the stove and melt it all together, then I get a woolen cloth and spread the mixture on it, and put it on their chest, it soon gives relief, and they go to sleep and rest easy. I always keep camphor ready for use. I hope this may help some mothers who have little ones.

Mrs. B. Anderson, Florence, Col.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
May I come in for a chat with the sisters? First of all I will give a pen picture of myself.
I am five feet one inch tall, light complexion, blue eyes, and weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds.
For the past thirteen years I have suffered from nervous trouble, so I can do but very little work, but I do love and enjoy to read the sisters' letters; they are full of information, and most interesting to me.

Dear Mrs. Rush. You must enjoy living, how I should like to be with you.

J. A. D. I read your letters over and over, how kind and good you are.

Mrs. E. O. Nelson. If you send me stamped addressed envelope I will send you different kind of flower seeds.

E. O. Stokes. Please come again, and tell us of the Maori race of people, I never heard of them before.

the Maori race of people, I never heard or them before.

Mrs. Myrtle Rickard. You may be young, but you have some good ideas, and I should say, lots of common sense. I shall watch for your next letter.

Miss Lizzie Moulton. The bead centerpiece must be very handsome. I think I should enjoy doing such work.

I have a favor to ask, will all the sisters who can, please send me pieces of white lawn thirteen inches square?

Miss Mary J. Heyer, 44 Whitfield St., Nazareth,

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
At last I will venture to write, and will begin by giving a description of myself.
I am a farmer's daughter living four miles west of Carthage, on a farm, in a pretty, large farmhouse, nestled among tall cottonwood and pine trees. I weigh one hundred and twenty-one pounds, and five feet and two inches in height, black hair and hazel eyes, and twenty-six years old.

H. C. Dunham. I offer my sympathy as I have

old.

H. C. Dunham. I offer my sympathy as I have a similar affliction.

Retta Sweeney. I enjoyed your ghost story very much, though I do not believe in ghosts myself. Should I venture to suggest that may have been the reflection of a lantern used by some one around the house as I had a similar experience, it may have been the same in your case.

How many of the sisters think that Mrs. E. L. Culverwell gave the best account of the San Francisco earthquake? I enjoyed and understood it the best of any I ever read.

I am particularly interested in fancy work, and will tell the sisters how I made a 'pretty foot rest; take a small-sized box, and quite a number of empty spools cut in halves, and glue all around in different positions, paint all some pretty color, and cushion the top with velvet of the same or contrasting shade; if desired put hinges on the top and it can be used for a work basket also. Will the sisters try this, and report if successful? I am very much interested in the story St. Elmo.

If any of you have an old clock that stops here is my remedy: Take a piece of cotton, dip in kerosense, and put in the bottom of clock. It will keep it in regular order.

I should be much pleased to hear from the young people living in other states, and will try to answer all letters.

Muss Jennie Markey, Carthage, R. F. D., 4, Ill.

Editor Comfort Sisters' Corner:

sea coast send me a few seashells, mostly large ones. I will return all favors in any way possible. Mrs. Ida Burris, Moreland, R. F. D., 1, Ark.

sea coast send me a few seashells, mostly large ones. I will return all favors in any way possible. MRS. IDA BURRIS, MOreland, R. F. D., 1, Ark.

Dear Editor and Sisters:

Will you permit old Grandma, a crippled shut-in, to enter your corner, if so it will be highly appreciated? Reading your interesting letters so full of good cheer and comfort have very much endeared you all to me.

I have been a silent reader of Comfort for quite a while. It is a magazine I highly prize and always a welcome guest.

Ten years ago the eighth of last March I happened to have the sad misfortune to fall and was so badly crippled I have never been able to walk since that time. I sit in a rocker at a certain place in my room very nearly all the time. I sometimes imagine that if I had a rolling chair I could go to the windows and doors, out into the yard maybe, and view the beauties of nature, the flowers, the green fields, the woods, etc.; it would animate me and tend to while away the hours more pleasantly and enjoyably. But my burden is not brightened by many of earth's pleasures. It seems that to me is given the grinding weight of dependence and privation. But suffering in this world is inevitable and necessary in God's Providence. He knows best for us. He makes no mistakes.

Pray, for me, sisters, that I may patiently bear my burdens, that through the bearing of them I may reap the reward of being by Him made perfect through suffering.

The good Lord has allowed me the balm of human sympathy, and in the hours of pain I reach out for that help. It is a gracious privilege to look up through tears and sing:

"Jesus lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly."

And also a precious privilege to be able to sit up, read and write to relatives and friends. I am truly thankful that my case, though a sad one, is not any worse. It seems there is no condition but what could be worse. There is a woman who lives a few miles away who is a shut-in and blind. I can deeply sympathize with her; if she could see to read and behold the faces of her

Wishing you much faithfully yours,
GRANDMA HATTIE, Woodbury, Ga.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Custard Pie

Beat up the yolks of three eggs to a cream, stir thoroughly a tablespoonful of sifted flour into three tablespoonfuls of sugar. This separates the particles of flour so that there will be no lumps; then add to it the beaten yolks, put in a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and a little grated nutmeg, next the well-beaten whites of the eggs. and lastly, a pint of scalded milk (not boiled), which has been cooled; mix this in by degrees, and turn all into a deep pie tin, lined with puff paste, and bake from twenty-five to thirty minutes.

MRS. R. J. BORSACG, 708 BOSSWOTH AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Squash Ple

Stew the squash, mash and put through a sieve; to one cup of the squash add one egg, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and cloves, half a teaspoonful of ground ginger, two cups of sweet milk. Bake with one crust.

Cream Pie

Line a plate with crust, prick with a fork before putting into the oven; this will prevent the crust from blistering, and while hot fill with the following cream, which has been cooked five minutes in a double boiler: One pint of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, yolks of two eggs, one and one half tablespoonfuls of forn starch, wet with a little of the cold milk, piece of butter size of a hickory-nut; beat all together and cook with the boiling milk five minutes, then fill the crust, beat whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, beat a moment, and spread over pie, sprinkle over with grated cocoanut if desired.

Fruit Salad for Comfort Dinner.

Fruit Salad for Comfort Dinner

Scoop out center of apples to form a cup, and fill with the following equal parts of apple, celery and nuts, mayonnaise or cream dressings. Stick a sprig of celery into the top of each and stand apple on lettuce leaf.

Cream Dressing

Put half a cup of milk or cream in double boiler, when boiling add two eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, piece of butter half the size of spanegg, a teaspoonful of ground mustard, a little pepper; cook until smooth, remove from the fire and add slowly half a cup of vinegar, and half a teaspoonful of salt. When cold pour over salad.

Pickled Red Cabbage

Slice into a colander, sprinkle each layer with salt; let it drain two days, then put into a jar, pour boiling vinegar enough to cover over it. A few pieces of beets gives a nice color. Choose purple red cabbage. If you like spice with it put whole cinnamon, cloves, mustard seed in a small muslin bag, and place in jar before pouring the boiling vinegar over. Cauliflower cut up in small pieces, and thrown in the jar after being salted, will look red and beautiful.

Buckwheat Cakes

Buckwheat Cakes

Allow three cups of buckwheat flour to one half cup of white flour; one tablespoonful of corn meal, one tablespoonful of cooking molasses; one teaspoonful of salt, one compressed yeast cake (or one cake magic yeast,) mix with warm water or milk, let rise over night. In the morning, thin to the consistency of regular batter cake mixture, and fry on hot cake griddle. Be sure to reserve at least a cupful of the batter. After breakfast mix again same as before, only leave out the yeast, as the cupful is enough, the next morning add half a teaspoonful of baking soda, dissolved in a little warm water. The batter can be kept in this way all winter, and gradually assumes a slightly acid taste which many enjoy. The soda partially removes that.

Sausage

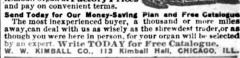
Sausage

To every ten pounds of lean pork use two pounds of fat pork; chop very fine, or run through meat (CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Incubation

ARE must be taken to place the incubator so that it will not set in a draught, and it should be made as nearly level as possible. Use a spirit draught, and it should be made as nearly level as possible. Use a spirit level on top of the incubator to test it front to back, and from side to side. If a level is not at hand, use a shallow pan of water on top of the machine for the same purpose. If on top of the machine for the same purpose. If the water is the same depth on all sides, with the bottom resting evenly on the top of the in-cubator, the machine is level. Block up under the legs of the machine until you get it right. If the body of the incubator is not level, the egg chamber will not heat evenly; therefore, be sure that the machine is as nearly even as possible. Be sure it sets firmly. possible. Be sure it sets firmly

Warming Up

When starting the incubator, run with low lamp flame until the machine is thoroughly warmed through. Then run with a moderately high lamp flame, and adjust the regulating device according to the manufacturer's directions. After securing the proper adjustment, the machine should run evenly at a temperature of 102 1.2 to 103 in the egg chember with the

the machine should run evenly at a temperature of 102 1-2 to 103 in the egg chamber, with the center of the thermometer bulb two inches from the bottom of the egg tray.

Maintain this temperature throughout the hatch. Run the incubator empty for a few days until you become familiar with it, and are sure that the regulating device is working properly. After you are sure you understand the operation of the machine, and can run it at an even temperature, the eggs may be put in. an even temperature, the eggs may be put in. Do not put in the eggs until you can run the empty incubator at an even temperature.

Supply Fresh Air

Be sure that there is an abundant supply of fresh air in the incubator room at all times. A serious mistake of beginners is being afraid that a little fresh air will jeopardize the hatch. It is important to remember that if you have one hundred and fifty living germs in an incubator, all those living organisms are consuming oxygen every day, and every minute of the day, hence, it is important that they be supplied with that life-giving element.

If the incubator is a moderately warm place, say about 60 degrees, more air can be admitted to the machine, and the eggs can be cooled and aired a longer time than if the machine is in a considerably colder place. This means that cooling and airing the eggs should be much less in cold weather than in mild, spring weather. Then, too, you can do decidedly more cooling and airing the last third of the hatch than earlier, and the living embryos will be the better for it.

be the better for it.

The practice of operators varies considerably, some cooling and airing the eggs a great deal after the first week; and there are some who cool and air from the very start almost. Generally speaking, however, if the incubator is in a cool place it will be found that the eggs get sufficiently cooled and aired at the daily turning the first week then a few minutes a day. sufficiently cooled and aired at the daily turning the first week, then a few minutes a day the second week, and the last week (up to the time of pipping) ten to fifteen minutes a day is none too much. Indeed, if the animal heat in the eggs is strong, and the temperature of the incubator room is 60 degrees or above, quite a long airing daily will be beneficial.

Don't be afraid of giving the embryo chicks shut up within the erg shells too much fresh

Don't be afraid of giving the embryo chicks shut up within the egg shells too much fresh air to breathe,—the errors are all in the other direction. One man, for example, stuffed rags into every crack and crevice, to keep out the life-giving oxygen in the air! He will save a few cents' worth of oil by keeping out the cool air, but at the expense of vitality and vigor of the chicks—and some of them may be so weakened by the lack of fresh air to breathe, that they may not be able to struggle out of the that they may not be able to struggle out of the shells.

Care of the Lamp

Keep the incubator lamp clean. Put in a new wick when starting each hatch. Be sure to trim the wick and fill the lamp after turning the eggs every morning. Never attend to the lamp and handle the eggs with oily hands. Carelessness of that kind has ruined many hatches. Keep the perforations in the disc about the wick tube of the lamp burner clean and open, and do not allow crusts to accumu-

and open, and do not allow crusts to accumulate on the wick tube. Use only the best grade of kerosene oil.

In filling the lamp, be careful not to run the oil over; have it full, but not too full. Always run a lamp flame of sufficient height so that it can be turned higher or lower as needed. Never turn the flame high enough to cause the lamp to smoke.

Testing the Eggs

An egg tester is furnished with every incu-An egg tester is furnished with every incubator, and hens' eggs should be tested twice during every hatch. Experienced operators will make their first test on the sixth day, but it is easier for the beginner to test on the tenth day. Do not turn the eggs on testing day, as handling them while testing will stir them up all that is necessary. In cold weather test the eggs in a warm room. When the egg tray is removed, close the door of the machine.

The egg tester should be ready for use in a

removed, close the door of the machine.

The egg tester should be ready for use in a dark room, and it is more convenient to provide an extra tray, in which to place the fertile eggs and a basket for the infertile ones and dead germs. By holding the eggs before the opening in the egg tester, which has been placed on a lighted lamp, the operator will be able to examine the contents. The infertile eggs will be perfectly clear, or only show a slight shadow of the yolk.

The dead germs are not so easy to recognize, and a little practice is necessary to identify them.

Many dead germs will show a small, irregular

red line, apparently adhering to the inside of the shell, or a broken circle of red containing a dark brown spot. The operator will soon be-come familiar with the various types of dead

one laminar who and putrid eggs.
On the sixth day the live egg is easily recognized, as it contains a spider-like arrangement of blood vessels, in the midst of which appears a small irregular dark body which the embryo, a small irregular dark body which has pulsating motion, and appears to be float-ing in the center of the network of blood ves-

on the center of the network of blood vessels which radiate from it.

On the tenth day the larger portion of the fertile egg appears dark, with a fair-sized air space at the large end. Mark any doubtful eggs and let them remain in the machine until the next test.

When the trayful has been tested, and the when the trayful has been tested, and the infertile eggs and dead germs removed, the live eggs should be returned to the incubator. The infertile eggs may be cooked and fed to large brooder chicks, growing stock, or breeding birds. Do not feed eggs to newly-hatched chicks.

chicks.

The second test should be made on the seventeenth or eighteenth day. All live germs will now appear to fill the greater part of the egg, making it opaque when held before the tester. The air cell will be considerably interested in size and may show a slightly iregg, making it opaque when held before the tester. The air cell will be considerably increased in size, and may show a slightly irregular outline. Dead germs will show a streaky or mottled appearance. All dead germs and any eggs, marked doubtful at the first test, which have failed to develop, should be removed at this time.

Do not be in a hurry to open the machine at the end of the hatch; your chicks will not die of starvation; nature has provided for all their requirements for at least forty-eight hours after exclusion, and more chicks are killed by opening the machine, perhaps with a view of saving some chick which it is thought can not get out by itself, than by any other means. The chick that has to be assisted out of the shell is never any good, and in saving, or try-ing to save, the one, you may kill fifty others.

Correspondence

W. H. C. H.—Are Rhode Island Reds as large as Plymouth Rocks? Are they as good layers and hustlers? Are they healthy chickens? (2) What is good for cholera?

good for cholera?

A.—Rhode Island Reds are not so heavy as Plymouth Rocks, being small boned; are always plump, which makes excellent broilers and roasters; are better hustlers than the Rocks, and excellent layers, healthy and handy. (2) Cholera is a contagious disease. Remove the birds showing any tendency to the complaint from the general flock.

any tendency to the complaint from the general flock.

Add to each quart of drinking water for the sick birds: Spirits of camphor, one teaspoonful, and one fourth ounce of sulpho-carbolate of zinc. The sulpho-carbolate of zinc should be white in color. The more red it shows, the more impure and irritating it is. Much of the sulpho-carbolate offered is not white, and should be avoided for internal use. You will notice that this salt of zinc is often suggested by me. I get much satisfaction from it as an internal antiseptic. For drinking water for the apparently well birds, add to every quart, one eighth ounce sulpho-carbolate of zince.

If the diarrhea is excessive, give a pill of "Dover's Powder," one grain every two hours until the discharge lessens. The opium in the pill relieves pain and quiets the muscular action of the bowels. The diet question is difficult to solve. Anything bulky is out of the question, if indeed the bird does not solve this by refusing to eat at all. Highly concentrated food is needed to sustain life—something easily digested; and this requirement is best found in meat fuice. One tablespoonful, every four hours, given by means of a glass dropping tube or a spoon, will help the case. The meat juice is prepared by half cooking steak, squeezing the liquid out, and adding a little salt and pepper.

L. C.—Will ducks hatch successfully in an incubator, and would a machine heated by steam be

out, and adding a little salt and pepper.

L. C.—Will ducks hatch successfully in an incubator, and would a machine heated by steam be better than hot air?

A.—Ducks' eggs hatch splendidly in an incubator. I have always used the same hot-air make as for hens' eggs, only putting a sponge, partly squeezed out of hot water, into the egg chamber as soon as the eggs begin to pip. Ducks take much longer to break out of the shell after pipping than chickens do, so don't get nervous and think they are dying in the shell, and spoil the hatch by perpetually opening the door to help them out. Given sufficient moisture, they will pick their own way from the shell in eight or nine hours.

Note to Correspondents.—Space compels leaving

Note to Correspondents.—Space compels leaving several letters, which do not demand immediate answers, until next month.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

cutter, allow one quarter of a pound of salt, four teaspoonfuls of ground black pepper; one quarter of a cup of sage. Warm the meat a little so you can mix all thoroughly, pack in stone crock, or shallow pans, the latter is preferable, as it will form into a solid mould, and can be turned out of the pan and sliced to fry.

Corn Pone

Two cups corn meal, one teaspoonful of salt, three level teaspoonfuls of lard, cottolene or butter, one egg, one tablespoonful of sweet milk. Mix the salt and meal together dry, put the shortening in the center, and pour over enough boiling water to wet the meal. Beat well, and bake in a very hot oven about fitteen minutes. The baking pan should be hissing hot and well greased.

Syrup for Cake

Three cups brown sugar, two cups water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, boil until thick. A little maple sugar can be added, if desired, to give it a flavor. If white syrup is wished, make it of granulated sugar. Now comes the dyspeptics bread.

Rye Bread

One pint rye flour, half pint corn meal, half pint white flour, one teaspoonful of sugar (or if liked very sweet, half a cup of molasses), one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard, cottolene or butter, cake of compressed yeast (or one of magic yeast), set to rise the same as any bread, only do not mix too stiff.

Laxative Bread

Oatmeal, graham, and white flour equal proportions, for one pint of each, use one teaspoonful of salt, half cup molasses, one cake of yeast, and mix same as any bread. Sift bran, use equal portions of that and corn meal for bread, always sweetening with molasses, and not mixing too stiff, using yeast, and salt as for any bread.

Entire Wheat Bread

Entire Wheat Bread
Two quarts of unsifted entire wheat flour, one and a half pints of warm water, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, half a tablespoonful of salt, one cake of yeast. This ought to make three loaves. Never knead any of the above breads as much as white flour bread. Entire wheat flour is made from the whole wheat, with the coarse husk discarded, graham flour is the coarse ground wheat meal, many confound the graham with the entire wheat, but they are very different.

Swedish Bread

One pint barley meal, half pint graham flour, half pint white flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint sweet milk, cake of yeast, set to rise over night, do not mix too stiff.

"J. A. D." (Mrs. Van DYKE.)

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Recipe for Watermelon Cake

Two cups powdered sugar, three fourths cup butter, three fourths cup sweet milk, three cups form, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, white of five eggs.

Red Part

One cup red sugar, one half cup butter, three fourths cup sweet milk, two cups flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, yolks of five egg, one half pound raisins, if desired. The raisins are to represent the seeds

MISS MARY J. HEYET, Nazareth, Pa.

Deviled Tomatoes

Deviled Tomatoes

Remove the skins from three tomatoes, and cut each in three slices, season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and put on small pieces of butter, place on dish and pour over the dressing; cream four tablespoonfuls butter and two teaspoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful mustard, one quarter teaspoonful salt, a few grains cayenne, one egg yolk, which has been boiled, rolled to paste, one whole egg beaten, and two tablespoonfuls vinegar; cook until it thickens.

MRS. FORCE.

Superb Fruit Salad

Superb Fruit Jalad

Six medium-sized apples, one cupful nut meats, chop apples and nuts fine, then add six bananas, or seven, cut up small, and the pulp and juice of six oranges, add two tablespoonfuls of good salad dressing and a dash of vinegar and salt. Then sugar to taste. Make cups of scooped out oranges, notched at top, or orange baskets, and fill. This is filling for about one dozen oranges—and is delicious. Try it and tell me how you like it.

MRS. P. MORAST.

Molasses Cookies

Take a large coffee cup: put in one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful soda, three tablespoonfuls sugar, three tablespoonfuls of hot water, three tablespoonfuls of melted lard, fill the cups with molasses, stir until mixed, pour in the flour, then prepare another, if you like a nice batch. They are to be rolled very thin and baked in a quick oven.

Mrs. Charles E. Nichols.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

When Felix Won

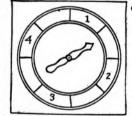
When Petix Won

Said little Tom Teaser to fat Felix Fogg,
"I'll run you a footrace from here to that log."
"Agreed," chuckled Felix, with evident mirth,
And both started running for all they were worth.
Now Tom, being nimble, could go like the wind,
So cumbersome Felix was left far behind.
But when they arrived at the goal-marking log,
Right out from behind it there leaped a big dog.
"Oh, wait for me, save me, my feet are like lead!"
Yelled Tommy, for Felix was forging ahead.
"I have no time to tarry," the big boy did cry,
"Besides you're a much faster runner than I."
And so Tom the tease, who could run like the wind,
Was left several rods and some drygoods behind.

Indoor Game

Boys who love the national game now have a chance to play it all winter. First, however, we must make our diamond and scoring apparatus out of cardboard. Procure a piece one foot square, and mark out the four bases, just as they are on a real ball field, also cut five little tabs to be used as layers. On another piece of the same size draw a dial like the face of a clock, marking it with four alternate numbers and ciphers as shown in cut. The arrow or indicator is fastened with a pin, and we are ready to begin. The first player whirls the arrow with a sharp blow of the finger. If the point stops at two he has made a two base hit and marks it by putting a little tab on second base. If his next trial results the same way, he has forced the first man in thus scoring a run. Every time the arrow stops at a blank, it is one out, and three out, of course, constitute an inning. If a tie results, more than nine inn-







ings may be played. The cuts make everything so plain that you can go right ahead and play this game if you wish.

Code Writing

Wouldn't you like to be able to write in such Wouldn't you like to be able to write in such a way that no one could read your note only the person to whom it was addressed? A simple and puzzling code is to use one letter back of the one you really mean, that is to use the character that occurs in the alphabet just before the one you want to write. For instance of "d" use "c" and so on. The word "boy" written according to this code would be "anx." Here is the sentence, "Will you come?" "Vhnn xnt bnld?" Now wouldn't that puzzle anyone not in the secret? With a little practice you can become very proficient in this puzzle writing, and will certainly excite a good deal of wonderment.

Baby Cart



trai part of the axies are square and to them are tacked the bottom of the box. That part of the axie that fits through the spool is round, and fits loosely, for the spools turn and the axies do not. Pins or tacks are put through the outside ends to keep the wheels from falling off. A cord will serve to pull the wagon around.

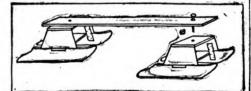
Clothes Line Hanging

Some things escape one's notice by reason of their utter simplicity. Take for instance the little knack of putting up a wire line. One will frequently spend time looking for or making a hook or other device to attach to the post, when, as a matter of fact no such device is needed. Simply

device is needed. Simply bore a hole in the post or barn, stick the wire through and give it a couple of twists, so it cannot pull out. Every boy can utilize this scheme in the manner shown by the cut, and it is the neatest and quickest way out of an every-day difficulty.

Bob Sled



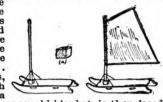


we put crosspieces on top, drill a hole in the center of each, place over same plank with corresponding holes bored, and drop into each hole a long and rather loosely fitting bolt. The only thing now lacking is a hill, and the right

A Sail Sled

If you have never tried sailing on a sled you have missed a good deal of sport. First get a tough, pliable five-foot pole, hickory preferred, and mount it upright on the front of the sled. This may be done by boring a hole through a short piece of scantling "a," fitting the end of the pole into the socket thus prepared and then nailing the block to the

block to the front end of the sled seat. Heavy canvas, in lieu of which



you may use a piece of carpet, or an old blanket, is then laced to the pole. The end of the sail should be high enough from the sled to permit a person's sitting on same. A small strip of light wood is tacked on the border of the sail so that it may be more easily managed, and a guide line is attached to the lower end. Now with a good stretch of smooth road or ice you are due to have some real fun.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE S.)

get another rose and then exchange with

you."
"I don't see what advantage there would be in that," said Mabel, with provoking obtuse-

"But you will agree to it, nevertheless."
"No, sir, I shall not encourage you in your whims. It is time you began to exercise a little elf-denial." whims. "But you know I am not used to that."

"So much the better. Perhaps, under my training, I may be able to make something of

"Will you, indeed, take me under your training, Mabel?" asked the young man earnestly. "I fear it would be too great an undertaking," said she, shaking her head. "I am afraid you would make a very troublesome responsibility. Perhaps Mehitable—"
"Confound Mehitable!"

"What has poor Mehitable done? Do you think I will stand still and hear her abused in

"What has poor Mehitable done? Do you think I will stand still and hear her abused in such fashion?"

"Oh, I have no doubt she is a very estimable old lady—"

"Old lady! It would be hardly safe for her to hear you speak of her thus. By her own account she is only about thirty."

"Heaven preserve her then from ever living till sixty! She will look old enough to be the great-grandmother of all living."

"Poor Mehitable! I see you have a prejudice against her. But how we have been wasting our time! If you will come to the house with me, I will give you some cake of my own making."

"That will certainly be a powerful inducement. But why need we be in haste? It is so much pleasanter here in the open air."

"I don't feel as if my friendship for Mehitable should permit me to remain longer with one who is so wanting in appreciation of her charms."

"But, Mabel," said the young man, "I am ready to make amends for that."

"How! By proposing to the young lady? I think she will accept you."

"How provoking you are, Mabel! But since you have tempted me, I am going to be guilty of an act of daring."

"I' Tempting you to an act of daring! I think, Henry, that you overrate my influence!"

"You are quite incorrigible!"

"I am glad you admit it. Now you will see how hopeless a task it will be to attempt reforming me."

While the latter part of the conversation was going on, they had gradually advanced to the base of an old tree of huge proportions—a perfect Titan among the forest trees—under which, for convenience' sake, a seat had been erected.

"Sit down a moment, Mabel," said young Davenpert, with a sudden change of tone." erected.

"Sit down a moment, Mabel," said young Davenport, with a sudden change of tone; "there is something I have wished to say to you for a long time. I feel that the time has come for saying it now."

come for saying it now."
"Perhaps you are about to confess some guilt that lies heavily on your soul," said Mabel lightly, although her heart beat faster than its wont, for with the subtle premonition of a true woman, she felt what it was that Henry Davenport was about to say.
"I am, indeed, about to make a confession," said the youth sortivals, continue himself her."

said the youth seriously, seating himself beside

said the youth seriously, seating minious her.

She did not venture to look up, for she knew that she could not meet the steady gaze of his eyes, without betraying her own feelings.

"I am ready to hear your confession," she returned, while mechanically she began to pull apart the rose, which had been the subject of dispute between them.

"I hope, Mabel, you are not unprepared to hear that I love you," said the young man abruptly. "Pardon my coming to the point so bluntly, but I cannot help following the bent of my feelings."

The roses were brighter than ever on Mabel's

cheek, but she could not avoid giving way to her natural archness.

"It is a worse offense than I anticipated," she said, "but if you do truly and sincerely repent of it, I may extend you my forgiveness."

"No, no," said the young man eagerly. "I do not feel the slightest particle." "No, no," said the young man eagerly. "I do not feel the slightest particle of repent-

ance."
"But, perhaps, if you make a slight ef-

"Pardon me; that I have no intention of doing."
"Then," said Mabel demurely, "I am afraid I

shall have to forgive you on your own terms.

She looked so attractive at that moment—l eyes half veiled in maiden shyness, her cheeks tinged with a crimson flush—and her answer conveyed so much hope and encouragment, that Henry Davenport may be pardoned for yielding to the temptation to which he was subjected and steeling a kies.

subjected, and stealing a kiss.

The action was so sudden that he was completely successful. [See first page illustration.]

"How dare you, Henry!" exclaimed Mabel, who was not, however, very seriously offended, when her intended rebuke was cut short in an unexpected manner. unexpected manner.

The sound of a laugh, half-suppressed and suddenly checked, smote upon the ears of both at the same moment. Mabel with a deep blush separated herself from the embrace of her lover, and looked about her with an air of confusion. The young man started to his feet and looked in various directions for the author of the un-

pleasant interruption, but no one appeared to be in sight.

"Did you hear a noise, Mabel?" he asked.

"That sounded like someone laughing!"
"Yes!"

At this moment a rustling caught the attention of both, and revealed the whereabouts of the spy upon their privacy.

Perched among the branches of a tree at a little distance was Jerry, with his string of sections.

nsh.

Now it is not very pleasing to be disturbed in an agreeable tete-a-tete, and it was in a stern tone that Henry Davenport called out:

"What mischief are you doing up there,

Jerry's "I ain't doing any mischief," said the boy

boldly.
"Then why did you go up there? What

"Then why did you go up there? What other inducement could you have?"
"There's a good prospect from here, Mr. Davenport," said Jerry, laughing out of the corner of his eye.
"Humph!" said the young man, coloring.
"That is no answer to my question."
"I ain't responsible to you, as I know of," said the boy. "I'll answer Miss Mabel there, though perhaps it's all the same."
This was said in so droll and knowing a tone that neither Henry nor Mabel could heln that neither Henry nor Mabel could help

"Well, Jerry, come down, and I will give you something," said the young man good-hu-

something," said the young man good-humoredly.

"A licking perhaps?" suggested the wily Jerry, not stirring.

"No, Jerry, of course you wouldn't stand in need of that. But here's half a dollar for you." At sight of the coin the boy slid down the tree with wonderful rapidity and presented himself before the young man.

"Of course, Jerry," said Henry, "you know that we feel an interest in you, and if you behave well you may get another."

Jerry perfectly well understood what was implied by the expression emphasized, and signified as much by a very knowing wink.

"I understand, Mr. Davenport," said he. "It ain't always necessary to tell what a feller sees. Did I tell you that Mehitable thinks she's got a beau?"

beau?"
"Mehitable got a beau?" exclaimed Mabel,

forgetting her embarrassment.

"Just ask her, if you don't believe me," said Jerry, and strode off, with his half dollar in one hand and his string of fish in the other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Hats, and How to Make Them

By Comfort's Home Milliner

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the fourth article on Hat Making. We invite you to read the first and other install-ments commencing in COMFORT'S November number. Any questions you desire answered relating to this department should be addressed to Comfort's Home Milliner, Augusta, Maine.



A DURABLE HAT. FIG. 1.

it will be time for planning the spring hats.
The first one to think about is one that can be utilized all through the sumer,—so should be of durable straw in some good color to harmonize with the spring gown,—not trimmed too elaborately, nor with perishable materials.
A dark straw trimmed with ribbon and buckles on top,

trimmed with ribbon and buckles on top, and under the brim a spray of flowers of becoming shade, is about as sensible as anything. When the flowers fade others may be substituted, and after three or four months of wear pressed and put back

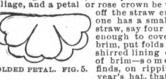
the ribbon can be taken off, pressed and put back on, the other side out, and an almost new hat is the result.

Three hats are really needed in the summer, a good plain straw hat to be worn with wool gowns, dark skirts and shirt-waists, and when a coat is worn. Next a little more dressy hat, to be worn with linen and muslin gowns, which might be a flat, wide-brimmed, white straw, with a foliage crown and wreath of flowers. And for a church hat, to wear with silk or light wool gowns, a flower turban. With these three hats one is equipped for any emergency.

We will illustrate and describe some hats of these styles, to aid you in choosing, and help you in



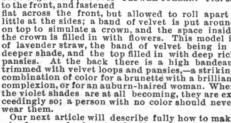
which primare drews, hair to be well with the while street, whit follings cross was with all for light wood gowns, a flower turban, we was with all for light wood gowns, a flower turban, we with all for light wood gowns, a flower turban, we was with all for light wood gowns, a flower turban, we was with all for light wood gowns, a flower turban, we was with all for light wood gowns, a flower turban, we was with all for light wood gowns, a flower turban, we was an extended to the control of the state, the state of the control of the state, the state of the st



Notember number. Any questions you desire answered relating to this department Home Milliner, Augusts, Maine.

Y the time these instructions reach the eyes of Common readers it will be time for planning the pring hats. This style of hat may be varied in numberless ways; the brim may be faced underneath with folds of green tulle, the top of brim covered with folds of green tulle, the top of brim covered with folds of green tulle, the top of brim covered with folds of green tulle, the top of brim covered with folds of green tulle, the top of brim covered with folds of green tulle, the top of brim, put folds of tulle, or a shired lining on underside of turable straw in fresh and clean, any by two over the top of brim, put folds of tulle, or a shired lining on underside of turable straw in fresh and clean, any by that some of the straw is fresh and clean, any by that some of the straw is fresh and clean, any by the some time es one for brim-so met ime es one for brim-so met ime es one for him, put folds of tulle, or a shired lining on underside of brim-so met ime so ne time so ne time so ne time so ne time so ne to the same in the same shade, and a pray of flowers of ecoming shade, is bout as sensible as nything. When the owers fade others the same shade, and a gray be substitueed, for months of wear ressed and put back ilmost new hat is the ower for the cover, not the full flower, the brim covered with a mass of tiny roses in the same shade, and a large single rose, with foliage, placed just at the left of the front, half on the brim and on the crown, and when a coat is say hat, to be worn hich might be a flat, the foliage may be used for the crown, and the work to buy a straw to buy a frame and ribbon and flowers.

Almost every household has a lot of flowers of all thinks, and foliage, the way is not a shired in the same shade, and a large single rose, with foliage, placed just at the left of the front, half on the brim and on the crown in the foliage ro



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ST. ELMO

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Edna goes to her grandfather. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She decides to go to Columbus to Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, cancity of the comes on and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, cancity of the comes of the comes

CHAPTER XXVI. (CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXVI. (CONTINUED.)

ITH one hand clasping Hattie's and the other resting on the back of her chair, Edna fixed her eyes on Mrs. Andrews' face, and gave the quotation.

"His house she enters, there to be a light Shining within when all without is night; A guardian angel o'er his life presiding, Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing; Winning him back, when mingling in the throng.

Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,
From a vain world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness and hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his! her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Gtill subject—ever on the watch to borrow."

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MEMORY IS HARTE'S EXTRIBUTION FOR MAN'S SINS.

Flowery as Sicilian meads was the parsonage garden on that quiet afternoon late in May, when Mr. Hammond closed the honeysuckie-crowned gate, crossed the street, and walked slowly into the churchyard, down the sacred streets of the silent city of the dead, and entered the enclosure where slept his whiterobed household band.

Honey-burdened bees hummed their hymns to labor, as they swung to and fro; golden butterflies floated dreamily in and around and over the tombs, as if waiting, listening for the clarion voice of Gabriel, to rouse and reanimate the slumbering bodies beneath the gleaming slabs.

The pastor cut down the rank grass and fringy ferns, the flaunting weeds and coreopsis that threatened to choke his more delicate flowers, and, stooping, tied up the crimson pinks, and wound the tendrils of the blueveined clematis around its slender trellis, and straightened the white petunias and the orange-tinted crocaes, which the last heavy shower had beaten to the ground.

The small, gray vault was overrun with ivy, whose dark, polished leaves threatened to encroach on a plain slab of pure marble that stood very near it; and as the minister pruned away the wreaths, his eyes rested on the black letters in the centre of the slab: "Murray Hammond. Aged 21."

The old man was weary from stooping so long, and now he took off his hat and passed his hand over his forehead, and sighed as he leaned against the door of the vault, where fine, fairy-fingered mosses were weaving their green arabesque immortelles.

In a mournfully measured, yet tranquil tone, he said aloud:

"Ah! truly, throughout all the years of my life I have never heard the promise of perfect love, without seeing aloft amongst the stars, fingers as of a man's hand, writing the secret legend: 'Ashes to ashes! dust to dust!"

A low, wailing symphony throbbed through the church, where the organist was practicing; and the nout of the windows, Mozart began on earth, and finished, perhaps, in heaven. MEMORY IS BARTH'S RETRIBUTION FOR MAN'S SINS.

ering poplar that leaned against the church, and rustled its leaves caselessly, and shive and rustled its leaves caselessly, and shive she does the stack that day, when Christ staggered along the Via Dolorosa bearing his cross, carved out of poplar wood.

Leaning with his hands folded on the handle cross, on the music.

From this brief reverie some slight sound aroused him, and lifting his eyes, he saw a man clad in white lines garments, standing of the control of th

the recording angel shall be, Saved! saved! for ever and ever, through the blood of the Lamber and ever, through the blood of the Day of the place of the lamber and white head on his bosom; and once more silence fell over the darkening cemetery.

One by ne the birds hushed their twitter and went to rest, and only the soft cooing of the placens foated down now and then from the will come and hear you preach for the first time since that sunny Sabbath, for the will come and hear you preach for the will at a tree many days. Sodden, and bitter, and it after many days. Sodden, and bitter, and worthless from long to still find it after many days. Sodden, and bitter, and worthless from long to still find it after many days. Sodden, and bitter, and worthless from long to still find it after many days. Sodden, and bitter, and worthless from long to still find it after many days. Sodden, and the preach for the will always the will be all the will c

for after a few more days I shall gather her back to my bosom in that eternal land where the blighting dew of death never falls.

"Atone? Ah, St. Elmo! you can atone. Save your soul, redeem your life, and I shall die blessing your name. Look at me in my lone-liness and infirmity. I am childless; you took my idols from me, long, long ago; you left my heart desolate; and now I have a right to turn to you, to stretch out my feeble, empty arms, and say, Come, be my child, fill my son's place, let me lean upon you in my old age, as I once fondly dreamed I should lean on my own Murray! St. Elmo, will you come? Will you give me your heart, my son!"

He put out his trembling hands, and a yearning tenderness shone in his eyes as he raised them to the tall, stern man before him.

Mr. Murray bent eagerly forward, and looked wonderingly at him.

"Lo you, can you mean it? It appears so impossible, and I have been so long sceptical of all nobility in my race. Will you indeed shelter Murray's murderer in your generous, loving hearit?"

"I call my God to witness, that it has been my dearest hope for dreary years that I might win your heart back before I die."

"It is but a wreck, a hideous ruin, black with sins; but such as I am, my future, my all, I lay at your feet! If there is any efficacy in bitter repentance and remorse; if there is any mercy left in my Maker's hands; if there be saving power in human will, I will atone! The strong man trembled like a wave-lashed reed, as he sank on one knee at the minister's feet, and burled his face in his arms; and spreading his palms over the drooped head, Mr. Hammond gently and solemnly blessed him. Murray stretched out one arm over the

reed, as he sank on one knee at the minister's feet, and burled his face in his arms; and spreading his palms over the drooped head, Mr. Hammond gently and solemnly blessed him.

For some time both were stient, and then Mr. Murray stretched out one arm over the slau, and said brokenly:

"Kneeling here at Murray's tomb, a strange; incomprehensible feeling creeps into my heart. The fierce, burning hate I have borne him seems to have passed away; and somethins, and something, mournfully like the old yearning toward him, comes back, as I look at his name. Oh, idol of my youth! hurled down and crushed by my own savage hands! For the first time since I destroyed him, since I saw his handsome face whitening in death, I think of him kindly. For the first time since that night, I feel that—that—I can forgive him. Murray! Murray! you wronged me! you wrecked me! but oh! if I could give you you wrecked me! but oh! if I could give you you wrecked me! but oh! if I could give you you will you'd forgive you all my injuries! His blood dyes my hands, my heart, my sou!"

'The blood of Jesus will wash out those stains. The law was fully satisfied when He hung on Caivary; there, ample atonement was made for just such sins as yours, and you have only to claim and plead his sufferings to secure your salvation. St. Elmo, bury you layour thoughts to the future. Half of your life has ebbed out, and yet your life-work remains undone, untouched. You have no time to spend in looking over your unimproved years."

"Bury my past!" Impossible, even for one hour. I tell you I am chained to it, as the Aloides were chained to the piliars of Tartarus! and the croaking fiend that will not let me sleep in memory! Memory of sins that which is a suffering fiend that will not let me sleep in memory! Memory of sins that goad me sometimes to the very verge of suicide! Do you know, ha! how could you possibly know? Shall I tell you that only one thought has often stood between me and self-destruction? It was not the fear of death, no, no, no! it was not th

"St. Elmo, do not upbraid yourself so bitterly—"
Mr. Murray shook his head mournfully, and
the moonlight shining on his face showed it
colorless, haggard, hopeless.
The pastor rose, put on his hat, and took
St. Elmo's arm.
"Come home with me. This spot is fraught
with painful associations that open afresh
all your wounds."
They walked on together until they reached
the parsonage gate, and as the minister raised
the latch, his companion gently disengaged
the latch, his companion gently disengaged
the arm clasped to the old man's side.
"Not tonight. After a few days I will try
to come."

the artch, his companion gently disengaged the arm clasped to the old man's side.

"Not tonight. After a few days I will try to come."

"St. Elmo, tomorrow is Sunday, and—"
He paused, and did not speak the request that looked out from his eyes.

It cost Mr. Murray a severe struggle, and he did not answer immediately. When he spoke his voice was unsteady.

"Yes. I know what you wish. Once I swore I would tear the church down, scatter its dust to the winds, leave not a stone to mark the site! But I will come and hear you preach for the first time since that sunny Sabbath, twenty years dead, when your text was. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.' Sodden, and bitter, and worthless from long tossing in the great deep of sin, it drifts back at last to your feet; and instead of stooping tenderly to gather up the useless fragments, I wonder that you do not spurn the stranded ruin from you. Yes, I will come."

"Thank God! Oh! what a weight you have lifted from my heart! St. Elmo, my son!"

There was a long, lingering clasp of hands, and the pastor went into his home with tears of joy on his furrowed face, while his smiling lips whispered to his greateful soul:

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Mr. Murray watched the stooping form until the deep stoop of the stooping form until the deep stooping form until the deep stooping form until the stoop

liammond had rested, in days long, long past; and Remorse, more powerful than Erictho, evoked from the charnel house the sweet girlish features and fairy figure of the early dead.

His pale face was propped on his hand, and there in the silent watches of the moonlighted midnight, he held communion with God and his own darkened spirit.

"What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,
For God and man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth,
To life's mid-span?"

His almost Satanic pride was laid low as the dead in their mouldering shrouds, and all the giant strength of his perverted nature was gathered up and hurled in a new direction. The Dead Sea Past moaned and swelled, and hitter waves surged and broke over his heart, but he silently buffeted them; and the moon rode in mid-heaven when he rose, went around the church, and knelt and prayed, with his forehead pressed to the marble that covered Murray Hammond's last resting-place,

"Oh! that the mist which veileth my To Come Would so dissolve and yield unto mine eyes A worthy path! I'd count not wearisome Long toil nor enterprise, But strain to reach it; ay, with wrestlings stout.

Is there such path already made to fit The measure of my foot? It shall atone For much, if I at length may light on it And know it for mine own."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CAN YOU CONSENT TO BE DOUGLASS MANNENG'S WIFE?

"Oh! how grand and beautiful it whenever I look at it, I feel exactly as I did on Easter-Sunday, when I went to the cathedral to hear the music. It is a soleman feeding, as if I were in a holy place. Miss Earl, what makes me feel so?"
Felix stood in an art-gallery, and leaning on his crutches looked up at Church's "Tear of the Andes."
"Year at the Andes."
"Year at the Andes."
"Year to the Andes."
"The boy was silent for a few seconds, and then his thin, sallow face brightened.
"Yes, indeed! You mean that splendid decription which you read to me from 'Modera Palnters?' How fond you are of that passage, and how very often you think of it! Let me see whether I can remember it."
Slowly yet accurately he repeated the elong the fourthurbour of the fourthurbour to the fourthurbour of his expressions are like certain songs which, the more frequently we sing them, the more valuable and eloquent they become; and as we rarely learn a fine plece of music to be played once or twice and then thrown aside, why should we not be allowed in the fourthurbour to the fourthurbour to the

as far off as I could see her as when she came close to me—"

A hearty laugh cut short Hattie's observation; and, coming forward, Sir Roger Percival put his hand on her head, saying:

"How often children tumble down 'the step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' and drag staid, dignified folks after them? Miss Earl, I have been watching your little party for some time, listening to your incipient artlecture. You Americans are queer people; and when I go home I shall tell Mr. Ruskin that I heard a little boy criticising 'The Heart of the Andes,' and quoting from 'Modern Painters.' Felix, as I wish to be accurate, will you tell me your age?"

The poor, sensitive cripple imagined that he was being ridiculed, and he only reddened and frowned and bit his thin lips.

Edna laid her hand on his shoulder, and answered for him.

"Just thirteen years old; and though Mr. Ruskin is a distinguished exception to the rule that 'prophets are not without honor, save in their own country.' I think he has no reader who loves and admires his writings more than Felix Andrews.

Here the boy raised his eyes and asked: "Why is it that prophets have no honor among their own people? Is it because they too have to be seen from a great distance in order to seem grand? I heard mamma say the other day that if some book written in America had only come from England everybody would be raving about it."

"Some other time. Felix. we will talk of that problem. Hattle, you look sleepy."

"I think it will be lunch time before we get hook, her gently, saying:

"Come, wake up, little sweetheart! How can you get sleepy or hungry with all these (CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

My Old New Hampshire Home.

By

Più mosso.

Più mosso.

wil - low,

In the wildwood where to-geth - er

I stooped to kiss her

She clung to

And

part - ed, and I left her brok - en heart - ed,

heart lies bur - ied with her 'neath the

ritard.

p ritard.

stream

a - gain

where we

then

me and trem-bled when I told her,

In the

In the

I

a - wak - ened,

old New Hampshire vil-lage

old New Hampshire vil-lage

I

wan - dered in

told her that

And

1

Man - y

And I

It was

Once

MUSIC BY HARRY VON TILZER.

the gloam - ing,

I loved

1. Far a - way on the hills of Old New Hamp-shire,

2. In my dreams by the stream last night I wan - dered,

p dolce.

thought my

rall.

WORDS BY ANDREW B. STERLING.

part - ed, Ruth

by

stand - ing

and

my

I:

side;

we

there I kissed my love a sad good-bye.

gain she prom-ised she would be my bride;

My

the sun-shine lin-gers there, And the ros-es bloom so fair

one I loved so dear, On the hills of my old New Hampshire home. .

love was

pp

plead - ing - ly she begged of me to

called her, but she was not there to

a - way. . . .

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Comfort Recitation Club Consumption

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the eighth article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appear ing in January issue where first article appeared.

OOKING over my letters this month I find, among others, a plaintive little wail from one who "can learn the lines but don't know how to act them." It is from a new subscriber else she would have learned that the first step towards "acting" any selection is to forget one's self. For instance, you cannot portray to your audience an act of great heroism, a race, or a great victory, if you are all the while worrying about the position of your hands and feet. Generally speaking, if you will only let your feet alone they will take care of themselves. In regard to gestures, use only those which really help to convey a clear idea of the piece. Never make a gesture simply for the sake of waving your arms in pretty curves and circles. Get your physical culture some other way. If you study your selection thoroughly you will feet what gestures to use. Gesture is the outward expression of some thought or emotion and should seem spontaneous. Better too few than too many of them, at least until they come to you easily and naturally. Those of you who have been saving the lessons from month to month will have found that the gestures given may be applied to other selections. Of course they will need some slight modification, as no two lines call for exactly the same expression, but they will help you. The object in all these little lesson talks is not to teach you to recite in a parrot fashion, but to teach you to help yourselves. First of all then, learn to study the piece until it "takes possession" of you and you are enabled to forget yourself and remember only what you are trying to picture to your audience. Remember that one selection with lesson talk would cost at least twenty-five cents—more than a year's subscription to Comport, where you are getting two each month. Tell your friends about it and induce them to subscribe and share your good fortune. OOKING over my letters this month I

Washington

BY ELIZER COOK.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest
far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet-

star. Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er

depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart,
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone,—it is thy Washington.

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath;
his wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they

death.

France had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,

Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves;

Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slavage. who of slaves; Who, though their kindred barred the path, still flercely waded on; Oh, where shall be their "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe he sought to be a friend. He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word!
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge,—sword to sword!
He stood, the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage: sage; He showed no deep, avenging hate,—no burst of despot

rage; He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on, Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington. No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheel proclaimed him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery, with strong and high disdain,
And forged no scepter from the links, when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down.

down.
To change them for a regal vest and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy,—too proud of such a To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

Lesson Talk



Lesson Talk

This recitation should be given in a clear, ringing voice throughout. Do not recite too fast, but take plenty of time to round out and correctly pronounce each word. The English language is beautiful when properly spoken, but like everything else it loses much of its beauty when abused. Both in reciting and in ordinary conversation let us avoid clipping half our words and mispronouncing the other half. After the word "West" make quite a pause, but keep the voice up. It is a salutation. You will notice that very much of the effect in this selection depends upon the stress laid upon separate words. Another way to show emphasis is by making a pause, sometimes before, sometimes after the statement to be emphasized. For instance, pause long enough to count at least three, wherever a dash occurs in this selection, with the pause need not be quite so long. You should be careful not to let the voice fall as if at a period. On the words, "Let others have their satellites," the hand is raised, but not so high as in figure 39. In the second verse good opportunity for contrast is shown, and should be taken advantage of in look, tone and gesture. Some of the gestures already given in previous lessons will help you here, I think. In the third verse draw the line of comparison by making a longer pause after "fought" Fig. 40. "HE STOOD, THE and "struck" than the com- FIRM, THE CALM, THE ma commonly calls for. The wise," ETC. fourth verse also shows a comparison of Washington's motives with the motives of those actuated by personal ambition only. It has plenty of spirit and has the advantage of not being worn thread-bare, as most pieces for such occasions are. You could not have a better piece for Washington's birthday.

She Would Be a Mason

The funniest story I ever heard.

She Would Be a Mason

The funniest story I ever heard, The funniest thing that ever occurred, Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde, Who wanted to be a Mason.

Her husband, Tom Byrde is a Mason true, As good a Mason as any of you; He is tyler, of lodge Cerulean Blue, And tyles and delivers the summons due,

She followed him around, this inquisitive wife, And nabbed and teased him half out of his life; So to terminate this unhallowed strife He consented, at last, to admit her. And first, to disguise her from bonnet to shoon, This ridiculous lady agreed to put on His breech—ah! forgive me—I meant pantaloons; And miraculously did they fit her.

The lodge was at work on the Master's Degree;
The light was ablaze on the letter G;
High soared the pillars J. and B.;
The officers sat like Solomon wise;
The brimstone burned amid horrid cries;
The goat roamed wildly through the room;
The candidate begged them to let him go home;
And the devil himself stood up in the east,
As proud as an alderman at a feast;
When in came Mrs. Byrde.

Oh, horrible sounds! oh, horrible sight!
Can it be that Masons take delight
In spending thus the hours of night?
Ah! could their wives and daughters know
The unutterable things they say and do,
Their feminine hearts would burst with woe;
But this is not all my story,
For those Masons joined in a hideous ring,
The candidate howled like everything,
And thus in tones of death they sing;
(The candidate's name was Morey);
"Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn—
Give old Morey another turn,
And make him all grim and gory."

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde. Unable to speak a single word; She staggered and fell in the nearest chair, On the left of the Junior Warden there, And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans, That the chair was made of human bones.

Of human bones! on grinning skulls
That ghastly throne of horror rolls,—
Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan bore!
Those bones, the bones that Morgan wore!
His scalp across the top was flung.
His teeth around the arms were strung— Never in all romance was known Such uses made of human bone.

That brimstone gleamed in lurid flame, That brimstone gleamed in lurid flame,
Just like a place we will not nam.;
Good angels, that inquiring came
From blissful courts, looked on with shame
And tearful melancholy,
Again they dance, but twice as bad,
They jump and sing like demons mad!
The tune is Hunkey Dorey—
"Blood to drink," etc., etc.

Then came a pause—a pair of paws
Reached through the floor, up-sliding doors,
And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
How can I without tears relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?
She saw him sink in a fiery hole,
And heard him scream, "My soul! My soul!"
While roars of flendish laughter roll,
And drown the yells for mercy!
"Blood to drink," etc., etc.

That ridiculous woman could stand no more— She fainted and fell on the checkered floor, 'Midst all the diabolical roar. What then, you ask me, did betall Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all— She had dreamed she'd been in the Mason's hall.

Lesson Talk



Lesson Talk

This recitation is well worth the most careful study. It should not be given by one lacking in self-confidence as it is necessary to throw one's self into the narrative in order to bring out its good points. Humorous selections are really much harder to do well than most people seem to think. Only once in a great while do we find one who takes to such recitations naturally. The first of this selection is light easy narrative. Figure 41 shows you a good pose for where the audience is let into the secret of Mrs. Byrde's disguise. The lines following show a change. Mrs. Byrde is filled with horror at the sights she sees. Every line here should be carefully studied. You are describing a terrible scene, and no wonder the little woman is overwhelmed. The description of the initiation should be as weird and horrible as you can possibly make it. It is the strongest part of the selection—the part on which your success will hinge. Chant the lines in quotation while you dance, or prance, around in a circle, being careful, however not to turn your back to the audience at any time. Gestures may be used here or you may assume that the Masons joined hands thus forming a ring. With the words, "Give old Morey another turn," reach in the supposed circle and whirl the victim. This chant is repeated later on. Describe Fig. 42. "SHE SAW vividly the horrors which HIM SINK," ETC. follow. Throw yourself into the second chant with even more abandon than into the first. In the next verse Mrs. Byrde leans forward with her hands raised and her face convulsed with horror as she sees him "sink in the fiery hole." The interest must be kept up to the very climax, "She had dreams" etc., which should be spoken slowly, distinctly, and with emphasis.

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poken slowly, distinctly, and with emphasis.

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Dr. L. T. LEACH, Nov. 15, '05.

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fail to give you the credit for it. Words cannot
express my heartfelt thanks to you.

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e mention Comfort when you write.

(continued prom page 16.)

handsome pictures staring at you from the walls?"

The good-natured child laughed; but her brother curled his lips, and exclaimed scornfully:

"Hattle, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Hungry, indeed! You are almost as bad as that English Lady-, who, when her husband was admiring some beautiful lambs, and called her attention to them, answered, 'Yos, lambs are beautiful-boiled!"

Desirous of conciliating him, Sir Roger replied:

"When you and Hattle come to see me in

She turned to quit the gallery, and Sir Roger said:

"I leave to-morrow for Canada, and may possibly sail for England without returning to New York. Will you allow me the pleasure of driving you to the Park this afternoon? Two months ago you refused a similar request, but since then I flatter myself we have become better friends."

"Thank you, Sir Roger, I presume the children can spare me, and I will go with pleasure."

"I will call at five o'clock."

He handed her and Hattie into the coupe,

"I will call at five o'clock."

He handed her and Hattie into the coupe, tenderly assisted Felix, and saw them driven away.

away.

Presently Felix laughed and exclaimed:
"Oh, I hope Miss Morton will be in the Park
this evening. It would be glorious fun to

"Why, Felix?"

"Oh! because she meddles. I heard Uncle Grey tell mamma that she was making desperate efforts to catch the Englishman; and that she turned up her nose tremendously at the idea of his visiting you. When Uncle Grey told her how often he came to our house, she bit her lips almost till the blood spouted. Sir Roger drives very fine horses, uncle says, and Miss Morton hints outrageously for him to ask her to ride, but she can't manage to get the invitation. So she will be furious when she sees you this afternoon."

Later in the day Mrs. Andrews went up to Edna's room, and found her correcting an exercise.

exercise.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Beautify Your Home

The Editor Tells You Today How Easily You Can Win a Prize to Decorate Your Home

Did you ever win a prize-a real beautiful, artistic, valuable prize, something of which you felt proud?

If you have, I can point out a way for you to win another. If you have not, I can show you how you can win a magnificent one by the slightest effort.

For this great prize offer does not cost you one

You want a pretty home, don't you?

So if you will follow me through this short article and then read the great prize offer on this page, you will discover how very, very easy it is to secure something that will give your home an artistic tone, something that will beautify it and make your friends envy you. You will say to yourself:

"My. I wish I had had this offer long ago."

Dinner Set For a Prize

Look at the picture of the magnificent monogram dinner set on this page. 100,000 of the prize sets are going to be distributed free, and every one of our readers can have one of these sets free by doing a good turn for a friend of mine Geo. Clark.



"NATURE'S GOODIES"—One of the beautiful fac simile framed pictures which will be sent to you.

Now, Mr. Clark, as you may have heard, is the publisher of the famous high-art pictures, among the most beautiful pictures in the world, and he has asked me to tell you that he will give every one of my subscribers one of these magnificent dinner sets absolutely free as a prize if you merely help Mr. Clark a little by recommending and introducing a few of his pictures in your locality. locality.

As you see, Mr. Clark does not want you to do any canvassing. It is not necessary to do any canvassing.

How To Win a Prize

Read carefully on this page where it says in ig type, "Win a prize—how."

Read carefully on this page where is easy.

big type, "Win a prize—how."

I am pleased to guarantee Mr. Clark's offer is
exactly as represented and I am giving you certificate of guarantee. I am proud he has selected
the readers of this paper to profit by this marvelous prize offer. This offer shows his confidence in the honesty of my subscribers.

Even it you do not succeed in carrying out the simple conditions of Mr. Clark's offer, you will receive an elegant prize anyway. You do not have to send any money as you do in so many prize offers, and for whatever effort you put out you will get at least one prize; so it is, as Mr. Clark says, a case where "you can't lose."

So Easy, So Very Easy

Mrs. Charlotte Miller of Purdue, Ind., a lady of my acquaintance, took advantage of Mr. Clark's offer. She received the pictures and was amazed at their beauty and Mr. Clark's method of disposing of them. That very afternoon one of her neighbors came in and saw the pictures lying on the table with part of the wrapping paper still around them. paper still around them



"SAVED"- The other beautiful picture which will be sent to you for you to keep.

"What perfectly beautiful pictures!" she exalmed.
"Do you like them?" asked Mrs. Miller.
"Indeed I do."

You can have my offer at 25c."
Will you give me two on this plan for 50c?"

Mrs. Miller's friend purchased two pictures and took them away and told some of her acquaintances of her good fortune; they called on Mrs. Miller that very day, and before Mrs. Miller retired that night she had disposed of all 24 pictures and forwarded the \$6.00 to Mr. Clark.

Prize Winner Is Pleased

In three days the prize dishes arrived and Mrs. Miller tells me they are the most beautiful she ever saw any place. "I would not take anything for that set right now," she declared.

Can you picture your dining room with a beautiful gold monogram, Parisien Chir dinner set gracing the sideboard, the dinner table and the plate rail! Haven't you for a long time been wanting a set like this?

I have several of Mr. Clark's pictures in my home and they are certainly very beautiful. I cannot begin to show you here how they look in their many rich and splendid colors. They are perfect works of art, if for any residence, measuring 16x90 inches. What is more, they come ready to hang on the wall, for every picture is finished complete ready for the wall just as received from Mr. Clark.

I hope that every one of my readers will sign the fre coupon and send for Mr. Clark's high-art victures toda



for every reader of this paper This elegant 42 piece Monogram Dinner Set is free AM Giving Away as PRIZES

42.PIECES as follows:

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YOUR own initial in GOLD on every piece (cups and saucers excluded).

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get one of the sets. Everybody can get one complete set as a free PRIZE and you can get it so very, very easily

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Do not miss your share—a PRIZE of 42 pieces of

beautiful China, artistically decorated, your initial in gold on the

Certificate of Guarantee by the Editor of Home Polks.

I hereby certify that every statement made on this page is the truthful, honest avowal of a large and thoroughly reliable firm. This prize offer is exactly as represented.

Editor Home Folks

This Elegant Dinner Set is made of finest Parisien China, the kind endorsed and used by the most stylish people, Although this superior china costs us a great deal of money, we chose the Parisien China to give away as PRIZES; for we figure that by being very generous with you and giving you the best right now, we would at once win your friendship and recommendation, and the beautiful dinner set standing on your table and envied by all neighbors—the best dinner set in town—ought to prove a fine advertisement for our proposition. As you can see from the picture, every piece of the dinner set is decorated with the modern high art, and besides, if you write at once, every piece (except cups and saucers) with your initial in pure gold free of charge. Read the first column of this page.

PRIZE—How: Send no Money.

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at the bottom of this page. You will then get 24 famous high-art pictures, richly colored, 16 x 20 inches, complete with facsimile lithographed gold scroll frames for you to distribute, and two extra pictures for you to keep-a total of Twenty-Six (26) pictures. The two extra pictures you hang up in your home. Invite your friends to see your pictures, and whenever a friend calls hand her one of the other 24 pictures at only 25 cents each. By giving away the 24 pictures at only 25 cents each you will take in \$6.00. Send us \$6.00 and we will send you the beautiful, aristocratic 42-piece Monogram Dinner Set absolutely free.

As soon as people see the pictures decorating the walls of your room they will be eager to get a similar picture. But if for any reason you should not succeed, we will pay you for the number of pictures you distributed, and besides we want you to keep the two extra pictures anyway, just for having made an honest effort. The art pictures are fully described by the editor in the first column of this page.



Dining Room of Mayor Grosse, of Harlem, Ill., whose wife earned the beautiful monogram dinner set as a prize and also the free pictures. (From photograph by Orville Hart, all rights reserved.)

Mayor Grosse's wife writes as as follows: "I received your beautiful monogram dinner set with initial in gold and it is certainly beautiful. The stores here do not carry anything like it. It is so artistic and elegant. I shall always be glad to recommend you for your fairness, promptness and generosity."-MRS. MARTIN V. GROSSE, Harlem, Ill., Oct. 9, 1906.

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Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inamuch as it is one of the principal missions of COM-FORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is velcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORTS HOME LAWIER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. P. J. C.—We understand from your statements to us, that you now own one piece of property which you have paid for and that you desire to purchase another of equal value, but do not have the money to do so, as your first purchase has exhausted all your money. We think the best course for you to pursue would be to sell the property you now own before making another purchase. Of course, you could probably raise money enough on a mortgage on the property you own to make a payment on the property you desire to purchase and then give a mortgage for the balance of the purchase price, and, in that way, own two properties with mortgages on both instead of owning the one, as we understand you now do, without any mortgage on it. But in case you do that you always run the risk of having the mortgages, one or both, foreclosed when they come due, unless you are sure you could pay them at that time. We do not think it very advisable for women to mortgage their property in order to buy more, unless they are exceptionably good business women and possess foresight enough to purchase property that will increase in value.

R. A. M.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we

erty that will increase in value.

R. A. M.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion, that in such a case as you describe the property of the deceased, in the event of no will, would pass as follows: To the husband or wife, one third absolutely of all the property of the intestate, real and personal, and, if there be no children of the intestate or representatives of children, all the estate absolutely to the extent of two thousand dollars and one half absolutely of the remainder of the estate. We think that, in that State, if the person you mention had been named before April 20, 1877, the property would pass differently.

M. M. B.—We think that, if you can prove upon the

M. M. B.—We think that, if you can prove upon the trial, that the death of your horse was caused by the defective condition of the street of the city you mention without any negligence on your own part, you have a right of action against the city for the value of the horse at the time of its death. (2) We think you should employ a lawyer to bring the action for you, as your letter to us leads us to think that you yourself could not properly conduct your case.

M. E. C.—We think D. should procure the old deed from A. to B. and have the same recorded now. In case he can not do that, he should have A. execute a deed to him and have the same recorded. If he had made an examination of the title at the time he made the purchase, it would have saved him the trouble he is put to now.

to would have saved him the trouble he is put to now.

C. M.—We think you have a very mistaken idea as to the duties and powers of a detective. We think that in many cases detectives are selected from the police forces of their respective cities. We presume the advertised detective agencies or bureaus, to which you refer, are some private agencies. A detective having such a connection has no right to search houses without a search warrant or to perform the various other acts you mention.

V. C.—We do not think the judge you mention is limited by any statutory provision as to the time he can take in rendering his decision.

ited by any statutory provision as to the time he can take in rendering his decision.

Mrs. J. K.—Under the laws of the State where you say the property you mention is situated, we think your brother would be limited to twenty years in which to bring an action to establish whatever right he claims in the property. We think the only way for you to establish a title of record to the property would be by an action to establish the deed or will, both of which you say have been lost before being recorded or probated. We think, however, that this might be a dangerous course for you to pursue as, in the event of your failure to establish by your proof the lost instrument, your brother's title to an interest in the property would be established. We think you might better remain quietly in possession of the property, being careful to have the tax bills receipted in your name and try to establish a title by possession. The execution by yourself and sister of such deeds as you mention would be unwise, as they in themselves would be an admission on your parts that your title is disputed.

S. G.—If the deed of the property you mention has not as yet been made and delivered to the man you mention, he should have it drawn to himself and wife as grantees. Both names should be written in, and after the wife's name should be inserted the words "as tenants by the entirety." In that way we are of the opinion that the property, upon the death of either the husband or wife, would go to the survivor, and neither could sell it without the other joining in the deed. If the property has been already deeded to him, he could make a will and devise it to his wife; the great trouble with this method, however, is that he might change his mind and destroy the will before his death, in which event she would only be entitled to her share under the intestacy laws.

Subscriber.—You have no rights in the estate of the man with whom you live. We do not understand what you mean by loining with his his his dead of treasets.

which event she would only be entitled to her share under the intestacy laws.

Subscriber.—You have no rights in the estate of the man with whom you live. We do not understand what you mean by joining with him in the deed of property purchased by you. The purchaser of property does not execute the deed; possibly you have joined in a mortgage given in part payment of the property. An examination of the deed would be necessary to show whether you have any interest in the property. If you should marry the man without first procuring a divorce from your husband, you would be guilty of bigamy.

Mrs. L. M. J.—If the tax sales of the property you mention have been made absolute and were so conducted that they cannot be set aside, we are of the opinion that your husband has lost his property. We think that, in any event, under the laws of the State where you say this property is situated an action for its recovery is limited to ten years, but that this time is extended one year in the cases of the minor children.

M. M. S.—We are of the opinion that the heirs of the

M. M. S.—We are of the opinion that the heirs of the woman you mention have no interest in the property she sold before her death, whether the purchaser had the deed recorded or not.

sold before her death, whether the purchaser had the deed recorded or not.

H. B.—We do not know of any law school of high standing, which gives instruction in the way you mention. We think it would be better for you to attach yourself as a student to the office of some lawyer in your locality and receive instruction from him; you can make some arrangement under which you can be absent from the office when your other duties call you away.

Mrs. B. E.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State from which you write, a married woman may own, in her own right, real and personal property acquired by descent, gift or purchase, and manage, sell, convey, and devise the same by will to the same extent and in the same manner that the husband can property belonging to him. (2) You should consult some other lawyer in your divorce or separation the question of the custody of the minor children is one for the court, before which the action is tried, to decide. We think, however, that you need not fear, in your case, that the court will take your nursing baby away from you, if you present your case and place that evidence before the court.

B. E. H.—Under the laws of the State from which you

THESE GOODS FREE if you buy from us.

THESE GOODS FREE if you buy from us.

B. E. H.—Under the laws of the State from which you are to the opinion that, if the deeds of the property ouch, Morris chair or other valuable goods absolutely free. Our plained in the feeding book, write than ever, all exposed and place that evidence before the court.

B. E. H.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that, if the deeds of the property as the profit Sharing Plan is more liberal than ever, all exposed the property with the property would go to the survivor, which is your mother, and that she can dispose of the whole or any mother, and that she can dispose of the whole or any part of the property either by one deed or separate conveyances as she sees fit, if, however, your father was the owner of the property, she would only have her

widow's rights and the signature of all the heirs would be necessary to the deed.

L. H. M—We do not think such a requirement as you describe on the part of the bank would be enforceable at law, unless provided for in their by-laws, or otherwise. We do not, however, think it is an unreasonable requirement for them to make in order to protect themselves.

C. and S.—Under the laws of the State from which you write and upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the deed you procured from the two heirs for their interest in your former wife's estate would not convey to you their interest in the land which has since come to them by reason of the death of another heir. We think that, in case the heir who died was unmarried and left no will and in case both his parents were dead at the time of his death, his estate would be divided among his brothers and sisters and their descendants, if any.

Mrs. N. B. H.—We do not think it necessary for you to employ a lawyer in the matter of your brother's estate, unless the administrator neglects to account or you wish to dispute some of the items of his account, or unless he disputes your relationship and makes it necessary for you to prove your heirship. In any such event we think it advisable for you to employ a lawyer, if your interest in the estate is substantial. We do not think it necessary for you to prove your kinship unless it is disputed. We think the administrator should account within eighteen months after his appointment unless he can show good reason for not doing so.

Mrs. J. F. H.—If at the time of the purchase of the land, to which you refer, some person, or persons, having an interest in the land refused to join in the deed and have not since executed a deed to the interest, we are of the opinion that your title to the land is defective, and that you can not cure this defect by adjusting what you think to be the value of the interest outstanding and paying that amount to the person or persons owning the interest. We think you will either have to come to an agreement with them and get a deed from them or bring a partition suit of the property and have the court determine what their interest may be. The agreement of those who executed a deed of their interest can in no way bind the owners of the interest still outstanding. (2) You can not execute a good deed of the interest in the property belonging to your brothers or sisters who are minors without first being appointed their guardian and afterward bringing a court proceeding allowing you to do so. (3) We think the husband of the woman, who died owning an interest in the property.

C. M. P.—Upon the statements made by you to us, we Mrs. J. F. H .- If at the time of the purchase of the land

C. M. P.—Upon the statements made by you to us, we are of the opinion that your mother should have contested the account of her stepmother as administratrix of her father's estate at the time she accounted. We think it is now too late to take any proceedings to have the accounting opened up.

J. H. R.—You should examine the tax records and see that the tax sale is canceled and the redemption properly entered there.

The Great Chicago Mystery or, The Man with Many Aliases

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"Aw, I say now, 'Four-time' dat's dirt!" Crit heard Ferris reply with an oath, but evidently Hollis cared but little for his henchman's displeasure for he gave him some directions, and ordered him to go and tell "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike to bring Mandeville to him

When Crit heard the name Mandeville, he

there.

When Crit heard the name Mandeville, he began to do some thinking. He remembered the telegram received on the train. He would have done considerable more thinking if he had known that the girl he had befriended was Sylvia Lyster, the girl supposed to have run away with Mandeville, and whose parents had solicited his aid in recovering.

Not wanting to show himself quite yet in his assumed character, Crit hurried down into the street, and was hiding in an adjacent doorway when Ferris appeared. The boy took a car, Crit following, and Crit was glad to see at the further end the girl he had hoped would make no mistakes in reaching her-destination. She had donned still another veil so her beautiful features were hidden, but Crit recognized her. He would have liked to keep with her, so as to see she came to no harm, but when Ferris swung off before they had gone half the distance toward State street, he followed, and was just outside the saloon when Ferris entered it. At first Crit was tempted to go to the aid of Ralph and Peter, but he thought his boys could get out all right from this tight place as they had from others.

"Wish we could have a speel with Crit," Peter remarked confidentially to Ralph, as the

had from others.
"Wish we could have a speel with Crit,"
Peter remarked confidentially to Ralph, as the latter held a handglass for him in a dark doorway, while by the aid of the light furnished by Ralph's cigar, Peter was transforming himself into a very disreputable young tough, with

a black patch over one eye.

"Maybe I don't, too," Ralph returned. He was now an elderly man, whose nose had become a rich crimson evidently by years of soaking in whiskey; the two made a rare

soaking in whiskey; the two made a rate pair.

"Bet he's skun through some pretty difficult things since we swung off that car," Peter continued, giving a finishing touch to his eye.

"Rather, but he's skun, and that's enough," Ralph returned pocketing the glass, and the two emerged into the street just in time to see Crit, with his black hair floating over his collar being borne away in triumph by Ferris, "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike, the last two supporting Mandeville.

porting Mandeville.
"And now what's t "And now what's up I wonder?" Ralph asked as he and Peter gazed after the strange proces-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "A Strange Situation," when Orit Truman, in the guise of "The Man with Many Aliases," faces what appears, a sure and horrible death, and watch the coils as they slowly tighten around the guilty, bringing them to speedy tight the accordance with the a and just punishment. If not a sub cents and read this story to the end.

Cure for Liquor and Tobacco.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add. with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Soc'y, 78 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

THE TREATMENT OF THE EYES AND EARS

When the eyes are out we are all out. Ailments of the eye require expert treatment.

People know very little about their own eyes, and many physicians are not well informed in regard to the treatment of these important organs. On another page of this paper appears an advertisement of Dr. F. G. Curts, of Kansas City, whose testimonials prove the statement that many people have been successfully treated by him in their own homes by mild medicines. In regard to ear troubles, the testimony is equally strong and convincing. Dr. Curts has issued a book which is full of valuable information and should be read and referred to by everyone. Write Dr. F. G. Curts, 262 Gumbel Bldg: Kansas City Mo., and ask for a free copy of his Eye and Ear Book.

Rheumatism Cured Through the Feet

Don't Take Medicine-External Remedy Which Gives Immediate Relief Mailed Free on Approval.

We Want Every one who has Rheumatism to Take Advantage of our FREE COUPON OFFER Below.

Return mail will bring you-free to try-Dollar pair of the famous Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan cure for rheuma-tism. They are curing very bad cases of every kind of rheumatism, both chronic and acute, no matter how severe. Hundreds of thousands of persons have tested Magic Foot Drafts without paying us a cent in advanceyou have the same opportunity. No other remedy ever stood such a test—there is no other remedy like Magic Foot Drafts, which cures after doctors and baths and medicines fail-after, in many cases, 30 and 40 years of



Send us the coupon today. When the Drafts come, try them. If you are satisfied with the benefit received—then you can send us One Dollar. If not, we take your simple say so, and the Drafts cost you absolutely nothing. Can you afford not to accept such an offer? You can readily see that we couldn't afford to make the offer if the Drafts didn't cure. We rearnestly believe that they will cure you. The coupon below will entitle you, if you have never used Magic Foot Drafts, to a dollar pair free to try. Cut it out and mail it today to the Magic Foot Draft Co., 256 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. A valuable book (in colors on rheumatism comes free with the trial Drafts. Send no money—just this coupon with your name and address plainly written.

-FREE \$1. COUPON-

Good for a \$1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, to be sent Free on Approval.

as explained in above special offer.

Only one trial pair to one address.

\$1 Package



Send your name today and get by return mail our new 3-fold Treatment which is curing thousands.

To every person who sends us the coupon below at once we will send—Free to try—our complete new three-fold absorption cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumors, Constipation and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit re-ceived, send us one dollar. If not, we take your word and it costs you nothing; you decide after a thorough trial.

This treatment is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. Act now and perhaps save yourself great suffering. Our three-fold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Our val-



comes free with the approval treatment, all in plain package. Send no money—just the coupon—to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 256 Majestic Building, Jackson, Mich.

Free \$1.00 Coupon

Entitling any one with Piles

to receive, prepaid, Free to Try, a regular DOLLAR PACKAGE of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Treatment, together with our valuable New Book in colors. (All plain wrapped.)

Address

Only one trial package to one address.

FORTUNE Send a 2 cent stamp, name, address, and birthdate for fortune worth having, the greatest of all.

TOLD FREE Tollows true. Please try me and see, SALVO, DEP7. 18, Station A, BOSTON, MASS.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Pumpkin Pie

Two cups sifted pumpkin, two cups of sweet milk, one and one half cups sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, one of wheat flour, two well-beaten eggs. This makes one pie.

Boiled Sweet Apples

Place one dozen nice smooth apples in stew dish or kettle and partly cover with water, with one cup of sugar, cover and cook till tender; when done turn all in fruit dish, and serve.

MRS. JOHN PRESTON, Arctic, N. Y.

Comforting Hints from the Sisters

SURE CURE FOR FELON. Bind up in gunpowder, and keep well saturated with turpentine. FOR A CUT. If camphor is applied immediately it will stop the bleeding, and take out the soreness.

IDA MILLER, Hastings, Neb.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM POLISHED MAHOGANY FURNITURE. Take a feather and brush with oil of Vitriol.

To whiten the teeth. Take one part of chloride of lime, fifteen parts prepared chalk, one half ounce of pulverized Peruvian bark, and a few drops of attar of roses. Use once a day.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN GLASS, CHINA, ETC Dissolve half an ounce of gum acacia in a wineglass of boiling water; add plaster of Paris sufficient to make a thick paste, and apply with a brush to the parts required to be cemented together.

A GOOD GREEN INK. Rub three and one half drams of Prussian Blue, and three drams of Gamborge with two ounces of mucilage, then add one half pint of water.

CAROLINE S. BROWN, Rockville, Conn.

WHITE KID SHOES can be cleaned by dipping a perfectly clean white fiannel cloth in a little ammonia, and then rubbing the cloth over a cake of white soap; after doing this, rub the solid places gently, and they will be white again. As the fiannel becomes soiled, change for a clean one.

fannel becomes soiled, change for a clean one.

To clean equart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear, rinse, shake and dry in the sun, or by the fire. Keep nickel, silver ornaments and mounts bright by rubbing with woolen cloth saturated with ammonia. Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will remove paint from clothing, even if it be dry and hard. Saturate the spot as often as necessary, and wash out with soapsuds. One teaspoonful of ammonia in a teacupful of water will clean gold or silver jewelry. A few drops of clear ammonia poured on the underside of diamonds, will clean them immediately, making them very brilliant. A few drops in a cupful of warm water, applied carefully, will remove spots from paintings and chromos. Ammonia inhaled will often relieve a severe headache.

Letters of Thanks

Letters of Thanks

DEAR FRIENDS:

Will you kindly admit a crippled brother to this page and let him visit with the sisters awhile? I have been a cripple nearly all my life. I am thirty-five years old, can't walk or use my legs at all, but creep around on hands and knees, on the floor, am strong in my arms, and help what I can with the housework. I have a tricycle and wheel around town when the weather is pleasant, but in the winter I can't get out doors at all, then sometimes the days are very lonely, with nothing to do to take up the time. I enjoy reading Comfort very much, and belong to Uncle Charlie's League, for he's such a jolly fellow, and so good to the shut-ins like myself. I am always glad to hear from any of our Comfort readers, and would like to get acquainted with any one sending a stamp for reply. I want to thank the few friends through Comfort, who were so kind to remember me with letters, post-cards, and reading matter; I answered some, but not all of them, and take this way to thank them. If the person of Lower Bridge, Oregon, who kindly sent some magazines to me, will please send his or her name and address to me, I would like to write to them.

Again thanking you all, with love and best wishes from your shut-in friend,

DANIEL H. DURHAM, 46 Washington Ave., Oneida, N. Y.

DEAR FRIENDS:

In response to request sent in by a friend, I re-

N. Y.

DEAR FRIENDS:

In response to request sent in by a friend, I received several nice letters and some pieces. You who have health cannot realize what a comfort it is to a shut-in to receive any token of kindness or sympathy from a far-away friend; it seems very ungrateful of me not to have returned thanks sooner, but owing to my feeble condition I have not been able to do so. Hoping you all will pardon my long delay,

Your shut-in friend,

PATTIE ODUM, Bunn, N. C.

Miscellaneous Requests

Will the Comfort sisters send me some gladiolus bulbs. I would also like phlox, pinks, parsies or petunias for a "Comfort bed" next year. I will return postage on anything sent if name and address is given. EVA BROWN SAWVER, Ludlow, R. F. D., 1, Windson

I am very anxious to get the novel callled "Wed-ded and Parted." Favor returned. Mrs. E. Fleming. Kennesaw, Cobb Co., Ga.

MRS. E. FLEMING. Rennessay, Cosb Co., Ga.

Can any of the sisters send me either of these three books, "Won by Waiting," "Thrown on the World," "A Woman's Face." I will pay postage and return favor in some way.

MRS. LIZZIE M. L. SMITH, Plain Dealing, La.

Will anyone having the Peacock design in cross-stitch please write me.

MRS. J. C. FLIPPIN, Wallows, Oregon.

Mrs. Axtell. If you will write me I will gladly send you several quilting patterns.

Mrs. E. LAWRENCE, Hunter, Okla.

I am a conductor, and have a hobby of collecting old coins and transfers. My number is 299, and I would like to increase transfers from all towns and cities in the United States. I will return all favors, if possible.

JULIUS F. WOESLEY, Elmwood Car House, Providence, R. I.

Can some one please send in to this page a reliable recipe for canning and drying figs.
G. A. Brown.

Will some of the sisters kindly send me samples of drawnwork. MAY BRIDGES, Gadsden, Ala.

I am anxious to secure the words and music to "Mama's Boy." Can anyone send it.

Miss EMMA LAWRENSON, Viborg, S. D.

would like any kind of flower seeds and will return all favors.
MRS. E. A. LANEY, Carlile, Wyoming.

I would like to get the book, "The Rival Heir-sses," also canceled postage stamps from all coun-ries. H. F. Neilsen, Garland, Minn.

May Rhoads, Milton, N. Y., requests ribbon two inches wide, and also silkateen. Mrs. Geo. Yoeger, Dell Rapids, R. F. D., 2, S. D. Silk, satin, or velvet pieces for crazy-work. Favors

Miss Grace Cummins, Wentworth, N. H. One half yard of three-inch width ribbon.

Miss May Kramer, Kramer Ranch, Mancos, Colo. Pieces of ribbon, or silk, or satin six inches square. Mr. L. M. McGee, Gage, R. F. D., 4, Okla. Silk, satin, or velvet for crazy-work.

Miss G. A. Hinton. Jasper, Fla. Silk, satin or velvet pieces.

Mrs. Nora Jordan, Chatom, Wash. Co., Ala. Silk, satin, or woolen pieces.

Miss Mary J. Heyet, Nazareth, Pa. White lawn thirteen inches square.

Will someone please send me pattern for knitted infant's bootees? I would also like pieces of ribbon one yard long, any color, with sender's name and address worked in silk.

MRS. ADDIE L. STEVENS, Forest, Idaho. Can anyone send me the first copy of Comfort No. 1, Vol. 1. I will gladly return the favor if I can

HERBERT J. HIPPLE, 3 Greenoak St., Astoria, L. I. City, N. Y.

Can anyone send me the old Scottish Legend containing these words:

"Twas Hallow E'en, a night well known,
To Scotland's young and gay.

There is a charm around it thrown
A magic in its sway.

MRS. J. T. PANCOAST, AUBULT, N. J.

Can anyone send me back numbers of Comport, for any time previous to January 1905. I will gladly return all favors.

NORMAN C. WILDER, Selma, R. F. D., 2, N. C.

Will anyone who has had Asthma, and found a change of climate beneficial, please write me. I would also like to hear of any remedy, but have tried all sorts of treatment without success.

MRS. L. M. SPANG, 220 Hosmer St., Lansing, Mich.

Will some kind sister send me patterns for making animals and dolls for children.

Mrs. K. Austin, Box 72, Colton, R. F. D., 1, N. Y.

Will Sister Huff kindly tell me where I can get eer seeds, and how to make the beer. Mrs. C. M. Spencer, 1421 Walnut St., Helena, Mont.

Miss Nettie Rogers, Halfway, Ill., wishes to make a Comport album, and requests photographs of any of this great family, from grandma to baby. Send name and address with each photograph.

Mrs. Jno. H. Nicholson, Wakulla, Fla., asks if any sister knows of a remedy which will remove wens to please write her.

Will some reader please send me a copy of "Ten Nights in a Barroom." I will return the favor. All kinds of good reading matter gladly received, also letters.

Mrs. Eva Sisco, E. Front St., and Garfield Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Any music for the violin. Oldtime songs liked EMILY RAE, New Baltimore, R. F. D., 2, Mich.

Will some of the sisters tell through these columns how to prepare fish scales so they will not curl up and become discolored. A SUBSCRIBER.

Can anyone tell me how to restore a looking-glass which has blistered on the back?

IDA MILLER, 1020 W. 2nd St., Hastings, Neb.

Will some sister please send me a good recipe for ill pickles. Mrs. Fred Cook, Almond, N. Y. Dill pickles. I would like to get the old poem entitled "Wishing." The beginning lines are:

"Of all amusement of the mind From logic down to fishing, There isn't one that I can find So very cheap as wishing."

MRS. C. F. WASHINGTON, North Yakima, Wash. Mrs. Lizzie Head, Neelysville, Ohio, requests story books for small children, canceled stamps, bright letters and reading matter.

Mrs. E. V. Richardson, Freeville, N. Y., a cripple of twenty-eight years from rheumatism, cannot piece nor read much, would like some fancy head pins and beads of any description, also letters with stamps.

Miss Minnie M. Love, Dillsboro, Ind., a young rheumatic sufferer of twenty-eight years, would like letters and anything pretty or useful.

M. S. Butler, Box 18, Buena Vista, R. F. D., 1, Tenn., a shut-in, requests pieces of any kind for patchwork, and letters.

Movella Tanner, Howell, Jackson Co., Miss., a fourteen-year-old invalid, send letters inclosing stamps for answer and any kind of pieces of silk, satin, velvet or bright ribbon. Mrs. Minnie Strickland, Box 722, Union City, Michigan, a patient sufferer for the past twenty-two years, remember with any souvenir or token of friendship, letters with stamps or pretty cards.

Harriet A. Cockrane, Eureka Springs, Ark., a rheumatic sufferer for the past thirty years, asks for silk and velvet pieces, H. J. Wall, Helicon, Ala., requests a good tried remedy for Sciatic rheumatism.

As I live on the edge of the Rocky Mountains in a very lonely place will the sisters please re-member me with letters Feb. 14 or later and also reading matter. Maria Johnson, Casper, Wyo.

reading matter. Mrs. W. F. Kirkpatrick, Fountain City, Tenn Fifteen inch square blocks of red or blue calico, also blocks of bleached domestic.

Mrs. N. M. Esterline, Bernie, Mo. Calico blocks welve by twelve inches, plain or any pattern. Mrs. Cynthia Baker, Leslie, Ark. Wool pieces twelve by twelve inches with name and address of sender worked in the center of each.

Nellie Baumgartner, Amboy, Minn. Bleached muslin blocks, twelve by twelve inches square, with name and address of sender, and date of birth all worked in red cotton.

worked in red cotton.

Miss Bessie McGuire, Box 102, Bay St. Louis, Miss. Two yards pink, blue or yellow ribbon, each favor promptly returned.

Mrs. C. H. Bachelder, 10 W. Brock St., Manchester, N. H. Silk, satin, or velvet for patchwork. Miss Margaret E. Preece, 2950 Guadalupe St., Austin, Texas. Woolen, silk and calico pieces, drawnwork samples and also cross-stitch designs would be appreciated.

Mrs. Emma Glassman, Blue Earth, R. F. D., 1 Minn. Picces of slik, satin or velvet, reading mat-ter and letters.

Mrs. Felix Parsons, Johns, Ala. Squares, eight by eight inches of cotton goods, with name and address of the senders worked on each.

Mrs. S. L. Bond, Bremen, R.F.D., 1, Ga. Bleached muslin squares, eight by eight inches, with name and address of each sender worked in red cotton. Favors returned if possible.

Requests from Shut-ins

DEAR SISTERS:

I wish to request canceled postage stamps to aid shut-ins. I will return favor to all who send their address. I am eighteen years old and a cripple. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

MISS MAY HOLBERT, 427 Main St., Los Angeles,

Mrs. Jas. Beatly, Dlo, Miss., an invalid, confined to her chair, asks for contributions of anything likely to prove of interest; letters and good read-ing matter always welcomed.

ing matter always welcomed.

DEAR SISTERS:
I have been a silent reader for two years. I like the idea of describing one's self. I am quite an old lady, sixty-eight years old, weigh about eighty pounds. You see I am sick, I have had poor health for fifteen years. I have suffered a great deal in that time, and am failing fast. I have had the rheumatism so bad my hands are all drawn. I can't hardly write any they are so sore, and my arms so helpless, but I am glad I am no worse. I can sit up the most of the time, and walk around a little, but I am a shut-in and have to stay alone nearly all of the time so get very lonely. I would greatly appreciate letters, papers and books, especially travels, or the life of some good man or woman. Hoping someone will remember me, I remain,

remain,
MRS. ALMERA HOSKINS, Augusta, Butler Co., Kans.

Kans.

DEAR SISTERS:

I would be thankful if you would send me scraps of any kind of goods, or reading matter, flowers, slips, or bulbs to pass away the long winter days. I would like letters, also, and will answer all who inclose stamp as I have but little money to spend for them. I thank all in advance.

MRS. G. W. CLARK, Bowers Mill, R. F. D., 3, Mo.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:
I am another one of those unfortunate shut-ins and have been for fifteen years. I have heart and

nerve trouble and spend most of my time in bed. After we have suffered we are better prepared to sympathize with other afflicted ones. I will not talk of my clouded life, I must not cast a shadow over this happy circle. I would appreciate reading matter and pieces for patchwork, also please give me a letter party, Feb. 25.

MISS WILLIE LONG, Graham, Young Co, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been an invalid from rheumatism for many years; for the past three years I have been a shut-in, I can't walk a step nor stand on my feet, but have much to be thankful for, as I have my eyesight, so I can spend my time reading and writing.

eyesignt, so I can special ing.

I would be glad to receive letters containing scraps of any kind, or reading matter, or anything to occupy my time as I get very lonesome. I am a reader of Comfort and enjoy the Sisters' Corner.

MRS. NANNIE WOOD, Union City, Obion Co., R. F. D., 4, Tenn.

F. D., 4, Tenn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I will be glad if you would just let me thank everyone that has sent me letters, or reading, and to let them know I am still living in the same house and room where I was when I wrote three years ago. I got so many good letters and a few little tokens of love and sympathy, I would be glad to receive letters any time. No one but a shut-in knows how long the days and nights seem, and this is my eighteenth year as one. May God bless you all till we meet in that home where there is no pain.

MRS. RHODA SMITH, Bear, Ark.

Also please remember the following list, although

Also please remember the following list, although space compels us to admit their letters and con-dense each request. All are cheerful, patient suf-ferers who deserve sympathy, help and cheer.

Fanny R. C. Nigh, Box 423, Marietta, Ga., a sufferer, for many years, would appreciate letters, silk scraps, etc.

Mrs. Nora Needom, 223 W. 6th St., Flat 1, Cincinnati, Ohio, crippled from the rheumatism and tuberculosis, asks for letters, send stamp, bright literature.

Weltha A. Dotson, Lafayette, R. F. D., 2, Tenn., a little shut-in, send letters, reading matter, bright

Elmer Boyer, Cottageville, W. Va., nineteen years elimer Boyer, Cottageville, W. Va., nineteen years, asks for letters, reading matter, and bright pieces.

Mrs. E. Shifflet, Richmond, Ky., asks for playthings, or anything which would amuse a seven-year-old boy who is a cripple.

Mrs. Randolph Espy, Huntington, Tenn., a closely confined invalid for the past four years, would appreciate letters, good literature, and pieced quilt blocks, twelve by twelve inches. Thomas Lockhart, Wellington, Missouri, again asks to be remembered with letters.

Correspondents Wanted

Correspondents Wanted

Mr. G. W. Brown, 518 East Irene St., Cripple Creek, Colo. Mrs. Viola A. Osborn, Box 44, Sparta, R. F. D., 2, Wis., mothers and grandmothers. Cloud Looker, Homer, Ohio, young people. Otis M. Redd, 1752 Broad St., Augusta, Ga. Miss Nellie F. O'Connell, 281 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Louise Holm, 1217 Washington Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn. Miss Daisy Baker, 439 Harrison St., Passaic, N. J., postal card party, St. Valentine's. Leontine Laurent. St. Helena, Napa Co., Cal., young people. Ben N. Hannan, Box 39, Colfax, R. F. D., 1, N. Dak., young people. Miss Minnie Aspengren, Box 28, Winnipeg Junction, R. F. D., 1, Minn., February 25, or later, young people. Hilda Sacher, 110 E. Brie St., Chicago, Ill. Miss Veatrice Gorman, L. Box 3, Melbern, Ohio, young people. Miss Katie Mitchell, Edanville, Mo. Fannie Ellerd, Colquitt, R. F. D., 2, Ga. Caroline S. Brown, 72 Village St., Rockville, Conn., young people. Miss Cedonia H. Baten, Box 38, Bodycamp, R. F. D., 1, Va. C. R. Johnson, Tillamook, Oregon. Mrs. G. E. Lenagood, Quinn, Sciota Co., Ohio. C. P. Hammer, Box 103, Harper, Iowa. Miss Salie Pipkin, Lafayette, R. F. D., 7, Teun. Miss Minnie Erickson, 62 Dale St., St. Paul, Minn., young people. Miss Carrie Leach, Middlebury Center, R. F. D., 2, Pa., especially readers living in Westerville, Ohio. Edelia Clowes, Thief River Falls, Minn. Maude Hamby, Forest, Ga. E. E. Fisher, Thornport, Ohio. Wesley Osborn, Box 13, Cottageville, Ky. Miss Floy Walton, Holt, Mo. Grace D. Windhorst, Wells, Kans. Myrtle Smith, Pine Bluff, Ark., young people. Mrs. C. J. Hagerty, 303 3rd Ave., West Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Comfort Postal Request

Comfort Postal Request

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free
This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all
over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousade of postals without cost.
name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in
the list and send you cards. Some parties have received
hundreds and hundreds of cards from just having their name
inserted here. The Publishers simply ask the slight service
from you of getting up these small clubs. We know any one
can get a few more subscribers now we are giving such a
good big paper for 15 cents a year, and we have a very large
assortment of elegant Souvenir Post Cards. We will send an
assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a
club of five. As we have thousands of cards, we are ready to
help you get a large collection without any outlay on your
part whatever. In sending in your club, say whether you
want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You
can start your collection this way and then exchange with
others as yousee their name in the list.

HEREAFTER, we cannot insert requests for cards in this
column unless you take advantage of this offer. Send us a
club of twenty-five subscribers and we will send you our
Banner assortment of one hundred American, Foreign and
Gomic Postals. Below we give a list of some of our regular
cards: New York City Views including Flatiron Building,
Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Grant's Tomb. Gentral Park Views,
Brooklyn Bridge. Broadway, New York Harbor, Post Office,
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Island Views, etc., making a great assortment of every kind
of seenes in and around this great metropolitan city. We
give a list of some of the other difference is and we will serve to unders.

Mass.; New Orleans, La; Troy, N. Y.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Detroit;
Mich.; Kansas City, No.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.;
Washington, D. C.; Chicago; Milwuwkee, Wis.; (CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)



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of people having CANCER. This man got so on our plan for 3 names. "Received money for names. Was well pleased. Will send more names." WM. UPHOUSE, Milford Station, Pa. We refer to this paper or any bank. Send names of all people who have CANCER to SEPTICIDE CO. 243 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Post Cards One Cent Each



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"AND THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE"

I am carrying out your orders.
In a false position here.
I was just in time.
Take a tip from me.
And the clock struck one.
Br the clock struck one.

"AND THE CLOCK STRUCK ORE"

I I am carrying out your orders.
I I am one of the push.
I I am one of the push.
I I was just in time.
I I was waves,
I I make this proposition to no one but you.
I I make this proposition to no one but you.
I I make this proposition to no one but you.
I I make this proposition to no one but you.
I I was just in time.
I I was just in time.
I I was just in time.
I Yes, I got home all right, all right.
I I have a very perplexing problem on I will be up as soon as possible.
In what do you think about it?
I I was a great blow out.
I Yes, I got home all right, all right.
I I was a great blow out.
I Yes, I got home all right, all right.
I I was a great blow out.
I Yes a great blow out.
I I was a great blow out.
I I did not expect you to go off so soon.
I Wash to you think washing (Russian) busiI I was a great blow out.
I I did not expect you to go off so soon.
I Wash to you think the sun (son) rise.
I I was a great blow out.
I I was a great blow out.
I I did not expect you to go off so soon.
I Wash to you think the sun (son) rise.
I I was a great blow out.
I I was a great b

Any 10 Post Cards 10 cents, 30 for 25 cents, 50 for 40 cents. These post cards are in many colors, regular size, all ready for mailing. Best and funniest post cards on the market. 15 extra post cards in colors (not comic) FREE with every 25 cent order. Not less than 10 post cards sold. Order by number. Stamps caken. Satisfaction guaranteed. UBIYED SPECIALTY COMPARY (Rec.), 26 Dearborn Street, Dear 150 CNICAGO

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

"At work as usual. You are incorrigible. Any other woman would be so charmed with her conquest that her head would be quite turned by a certain pair of brown eyes that are considered irresistible. Come, get ready for your drive; it is almost five o'clock, and you know foreigners are too polite, too thoroughly well-bred not to be punctual. No, no, Miss Earl; not that hat, on the peril of your life! Where is that new one that I ordered sent up to you two days ago? Miss Earl, put your hair back a little from the left temple. Where are your gloves? You look charmingly, my dear; only too pale, too pale! If you don't contrive to get up some color, people will swear that Sir Roger was airing the ghost of a pretty girl. There is the bell! Just as I told you, he is punctual. Flve o'clock to a minute."

She stepped to the window, and looked down at the equipage before the door.

"What superb horses! You will be the envy of the city."

There was something in the appearance and manner of Sir Roger which often reminded Edna of Gordon Leigh; and during the spring he visited her so constantly, sent her so frequently baskets of elegant flowers, that he succeeded in overcoming her reticence, and established himself on an exceedingly friendly footing in Mrs. Andrews' house.

Now, as they drove along the avenue and entered the Park, their spirits rose; and Sir Roger turned very often to look at the fair face of his companion, which he found more and more attractive each day. He saw, too, that under his earnest gaze the faint color deepened, until her cheeks glowed like seasnells; and when he spoke he bent his face much nearer to hers than was necessary to make her hear his words. They talked of books, flowers, music, mountain scenery, and the green lanes of "Merry England." Edna was perfectly at ease, and in a mood to enjoy everything.

They dashed on, and the sunlight disappeared before Sir Roger turned his horses' heads homeward. When they reached Mrs. Andrews' door he dismissed his carriage and spent the evening. At eleven o'c

hours I have spent with you. If I should not return to New York, will you allow me the privilege of hearing from you occasionally?"
His clasp of the girl's hand was close, but she withdrew it, and her face flushed painfully as she answered:
"Will you excuse me, Sir Roger, when I tell you that I am so constantly occupied I have not time to write, even to my old and dearest friends."
Passing the door of Felix's room, on her way to her own apartment, the boy called to her: "Miss Earl, are you very tired?"
"Oh, no. Do you want anything?"
"My head aches and I can't go to sleep. Please read to me a little while."
He raised himself on his elbow, and looked up fondly at her.
"Ah! how very pretty you are tonight! Kiss me, won't you?"
She stooped and kissed the poor parched lips, and as she opened a volume of the Waverly Novels, he said:
"Did you see Miss Morton?"
"Yes; she was on horseback, and we passed her twice."
"Glad of it! I guess she finds it as hard to get to sleep tonight as I do."
Edna commenced reading, and it was nearly an hour before Felix's eyes closed. Softly she put the book back on the shelf, extinguished the light, and stole upstairs to her desk. That night, as Sir Roger tossed restlessly en his pillow, thinking of her, recalling all that she had said during the drive, he would not have been either comforted or flattered by a knowledge of the fact that she was so entirely engrossed by her MS. that she had no thought of him or his impending departure.

When the clock struck three she laid down her pen and the mournful expression that

she had no thought of him to departure.

When the clock struck three she laid down her pen; and the mournful expression that crept into her eyes told that memory was busy with the past years. When she fell asleep she dreamed not of Sir Roger but of Le Bocage and its master, of whom she would not permit herself to think in her waking hours.

vould not permit herself to think in her waking hours.

The influence which Mr. Manning exerted over Edna increased as their acquaintance ripened; and the admiring reverence with which she regarded the editor was exceedingly flattering to him. With curlous interest he watched the expansion of her mind, and now and then warned her of some error into which she seemed inclined to plunge, or wisely advised some new branch of research. So firm was her confidence in his mature and dispassionate judgment, that she yielded to his opinions a deferential homage, such as she had scarcely paid even to Mr. Hammond.

mond.
Gradually and unconsciously she learned to
lean upon his strong, clear mind, and to find
in his society a quiet but very precious hap-

in his society a quiet but very precious happiness.

Edna's intense and dreamy idealism demanded a check, which the positivism of the editor supplied; and his extensive and rigidly accurate information, on almost all scientific topics, constituted a valuable treasury of knowledge to which he never denied her access.

Through his influence Edna made the acquaintance of some of the most eminent scholars and artists who formed this clique, and she found that his friendship and recommendation was an "open sesame" to the charmed circle.

One Saturday she sat waiting for Mr. Manning, who had promised to accompany her on her first visit to Greenwood, and, as she put on her gloves, Felix handed her a letter which his father had just brought up.

Recognizing Mrs. Murray's writing, the governess read it immediately, and, while her eyes ran over the sheet, an expression, first of painful, then of joyful, surprise, came into her countenance.

"My Dear Child: Doubtless you will be amazed to hear that your guandam lover."

of painful, then of joyful, surprise, came into her countenance.

"My Dear Child: Doubtless you will be amazed to hear that your quondam lover has utterly driven your image from his fickle heart; and that he ignores your existence as completely as if you were burled twenty feet in the ruins of Herculaneum. Last night Gordon Leigh was married to Gertrude Powell, and the happy pair, attended by that despicable mother, Agnes Powell, will set out for Europe early next week. My dear, it is growing fashionable to 'marry for spite.' I have seen two instances recently, and know of a third which will take place ere long. Poor Gordon will rue his rashness, and, before the year expires, he will arrive at the conclusion that he is an unmitigated fool, and has simply performed, with great success, an operation familiarly known as cutting off one's nose to spite one's face! Your rejection of his renewed offer piqued him beyond expression, and when he returned from New York he was in exactly the most accommodating frame of mind which Mrs. Powell could desire. She immediately laid siege to him. Gertrude's undisgulsed preference for his society was extremely soothing to his vanity, which you had so severely wounded, and in fine, the indefatigable manoeuvres of the wily mamma, and the continual flattery of the girl, who

is really very preity, accomplished the result. I once credited Gordon with more sense than he has manifested, but each year convinces me more firmly of the truth of my belief, that no man is proof against the subtle and persistent flattery of a beautiful woman. When he announced his engagement to me, we we sitting in the library, and the library a

writing and of teaching so constantly, the governess enjoyed the brief season of emancipation.

Mr. Manning's long residence in the city had familiarized him with the beauties of Greenwood, and the history of many who slept dreamlessly in the costly mausoleums which they paused to examine and admire; and when at last he directed the driver to return, Edna sank back in one corner of the carriage and said: "Some morning I will come with the children and spend the entire day."

She closed her eyes, and her thoughts traveled swiftly to that pure white obelisk standing in the shadow of Lookout; and melancholy memories brought a sigh to her lips and a slight cloud to the face that for two hours past had been singularly bright and animated. The slience had lasted some minutes, when Mr. Manning, who was gazing abstractedly out of the window, turned to his companion and said:

"You look pale and badly today."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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If you have Catarrh let me show you what to do for it—how to drive every bit of it out of the

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Remember, Catarrh is more than a trifling all-ment—more than a disgusting trouble. It is a dangerous one. Unchecked Catarrh too fredangerous one. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing, and often opens the way to Consumption. Be warned in time. If you have Catarrh, start to cure it NOW!

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Catarrh can be cured, if you take it in hand the right way. Write to me today and I'll give you valuable medical advice free on just what to do for it.



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LEARN AT ONCE HOW TO CURE CATARRH

Tell me about your trouble. After careful study I'll send you, without any charge whatever, a complete diagnosis of your case which will ex-plain clearly how to get rid of Catarrh.

Simply for the asking you'll receive excellent counsel that will point out how Catarrh can be cured, not just for a week, or a month, or a year—but PERMANENTLY.

Don't let this offer pass—accept my assistance today. This treacherous disease has been my life-study—I know it in every form and stage. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh. You can be also if you will.

Read my list of questions carefully, answer them yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines and mail the Free Advice Coupon to me as soon as possible.' Twill cost you nothing and will obtain for you the very help you need. Address

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Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
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Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

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Million Women Use It.

Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs.
Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she
can refer you to ladies in your own locality who
can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous
remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that
Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is
always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to
women who have never used her medicine \$10,000.00
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back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melaneholy,
desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles' from
any cause, should sit right down and send her
name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 3163,
Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge
in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous
medicine; also her valuable book, which every
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Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering
will take advantage of this generous means of
getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer
another day, but send your name and address to
Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the
\$10,000.00 worth is all gone.



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YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862. Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTMAS DAY. HE worshipers at St. Mark's heard the music of the bells as the Hetherton sleigh passed by, but none of them knew whither it was bound, or the scene which awaited the rector, when, his services over, he started towards home.

Lucy had kept her word, and, as Mrs. Brown heard the hall door open softly, she looked surprised at the sight of Lucy Harcourt, with her white face and great sunken eyes, when she mournfully said:

want to go to Arthur's room-the library, I

white face and great sunken eyes, when she mournfully said:

"I want to go to Arthur's room—the library, I mean."

"Why, child, what is the matter? I heard that you were sick, but did not suppose 'twas anything like this. You are paler than a ghost!" Mrs. Brown exclaimed, as she tried to unfasten Lucy's cloak and lead her to the fire.

But Lucy was not cold, she said. She would rather go at once to Arthur's room. Mrs. Brown made no objection, though she wondered if the girl were crazy as she went back to her fowls and Christmas pudding, leaving Lucy to find her way alone to Arthur's study, which looked so like its owner, with his dressing-gown across the lounge, just where he had thrown it, his slippers under the table, and his armchair standing near the table, where he sat when he had asked Lucy to be his wife, and where she now sat down panting for breath, and gazing dreamily around with the look of a frightened bird when seeking for some avenue of escape from an appalling danger. There was no escape, and, with a moan, she laid her head upon the table and prayed that Arthur mighs come quickly, while she had courage and strength to tell him. She heard his step at last, and rose up to meet him, smiling a little at his sudden start when he saw her there.

"It's only I," she said, pushing back the clustering curls from her pale face, and, grasping the chair to steady herself and keep from falling. "I am not here to frighten you. I've come to do you good—to set you free. Oh, Arthur, you do not know how terribly you have been wronged and I did not know it, either, till a few days ago. She never received your letter—Anna never did. If she had, she would have answered yes, and have been in my place now; but she is going to be there. I give you up to Anna. I'm here to tell you so. But, oh, Arthur, it hurts so—it hurts!"

He knew that it hurt by the agonized expression of her face, but he could not go near her for a moment, so overwhelming was his surprise at what he saw and heard. But when the first shock for them bot

He held her to her promise and she must be his wife.

"Can you tell me truly that you love me more than Anna?" Lucy asked, a ray of hope dawning for an instant upon her heart, but fading into utter darkness as Arthur hesitated to answer.

He did love Anna best, though never had Lucy been so near supplanting even her as at that moment, when she stood before him and told him he was free. There was something in the magnitude of her generosity which touched a tender chord and made her dearer to him than she had ever been.

ment, when she stood belief a lim hat doth him he was free. There was something in the magnitude of her generosity which touched a tender chord and made her dearer to him than she had ever been.

"I can make you very happy," he said at last, and Lucy replied:

"Yes, but yourself—how with yourself? Would you be happy, too? No, Arthur, you would not, and neither should I, knowing all I do. It is best that we should part, though it almost breaks my heart, for I have loved you so much."

She stopped for breath, and Arthur was wondering what he could say to persuade her, when a cheery whistle sounded near and Thornton Hastings appeared in the door. He had gone to the office after church, and, not knowing that anyone but Arthur was in the library, had come there at once.

"I beg your pardon," he said when he saw Lucy, and he was hurrying away, but Lucy called him back, feeling that in him she should find a powerful ally to aid her in her task.

Appealing to him as Arthur's friend, she repeated the story rapidly, and then went on:

"Tell him that it is best—he must not argue against me, for I feel myself giving away through my great love for him, and it is not right. Say what a true woman ought to say, that it is my duty to give him up. Tell him so, Mr. Hastings—plead my cause for me—say, for, believe me, I am in earnest in giving him to Anna."

There was a ghastly hue on her face, and her features looked pinched and rigid, but the terrible heart-beats were not there. God, in his great mercy kept them back, else she had surely died under that strong excitement. Thornton thought that she was fainting, and going hastily to her side, passed his arm around her and put her in a chair; then, standing protectingly by her, he said just what first came to his mind to say. It was a delicate matter in which to interfere, and he handled it carefully, telling frankly of what had passed between himself and Anna, and giving as his opinion that she loved Arthur today just as well as before she had left Hanover.

"There was something

room.

"I am willing—I am ready—I have made up my mind, and I shall never revoke it," she answered, while Arthur again put in a feeble remonstrance. But Thornton was on Lucy's side. He did with cooler judgment what she could not, and when, at last, the interview was ended, there was no ring on Lucy's finger, for Arthur had it in his hand, and their engagement was at a nor did.

Lucy's finger, for Arthur had it in his hand, and their engagement was at an end.

Stunned with what he had passed through, Arthur stood motionless, while Thornton drew Lucy's cloak about her shoulders, fastened her fur himself, taking such care of her as a mother would take of a suffering child.

"It is hardly safe to send her home alone," he thought, as he looked into her face and saw how weak she was. "As a friend of both I ought to accompany her."

She was, indeed, very weak, so weak that she

company her."

She was, indeed, very weak, so weak that she could scarcely stand, and Thornton took her in his arms and carried her to the sleigh; then, springing in beside her, he made her lean her tired head upon his shoulder, as they drove to Prospect Hill. She did not seem frivolous to him now, but, rather, the noblest type of womanhood he had ever met. Few could do what she had done, and there was much of warmth and fervor in the clasp of his hand, as he bade her good by and went back to the rectory, thinking how deceived he had been in Lucy Harcourt.

Great was the consternation and surprise in Hanover when it was known that there was to be but one bride at Prospect Hill on the night of the fifteenth, and various were the surmises as to the causes of the sudden change; but, strive as they might, the good people of the village could not get at the truth, for Valencia held her peace, while the Hethertons were far too proud to admit of being questioned, and Thornton Hastings stood a bulwark of defence between the people and their clergyman, adroitly managing to have the pulpit of St. Mark's supplied for a few weeks while he took Arthur away, saying that his health required the change.

took Arthur away, see the the change.

"You have done nobly, darling," Fanny Hetherton had said to Lucy, when she received her from Thornton's hands and heard that all was over; 元公平公(平本3公(平)金)

then, leading her half-fainting cousin to her own cheerful room, she made her lie down while she told of the plan that she had formed when first she heard what Lucy's intention were.

"I wrote to the doctor, asking if he would take a trip to Europe, so that you could go with us, for I knew that you would not want to stay here. Today I had his answer, saying that he will go, and what is better still, father and mother are going too."

what is better still, father and mother are going too."

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad. I could not stay here now," Lucy replied, sobbing herself to sleep, while Fanny sat by and watched, wondering at the strength which had upheld her weak little cousin in the struggle she had been through, and now that it was over and the doctor safe from temptation, feeling that it was just as well; for, after all, it was a mesalliance for an heiress like her cousin to marry a poor clergy man.

reeling that it was just as well; for, after all, it was a mesalliance for an heiress like her cousin to marry a poor clergyman.

There was a very quiet wedding at Prospect Hill on the night of the fifteenth, but neither Lucy nor Arthur were there. He lay sick again at the St. Denis in New York, and she was alone in her chamber, fighting back her tears and praying that, now the worst was over, she might be withheld from looking back and wishing the work undone. She went with the bridal party to New York, where she tarried for a few days, seeing no one but Anna, for whom she had sent at once. The interview had lasted more than an hour, and Anna's eyes were swollen with passionate weeping when at last it ended, but Lucy's face, though white as snow, was very calm and quiet, wearing a peaceful look, which made it look like an angel's face. Two weeks later, and the steamer bore her away across the ocean, where she hoped to outlive the storm which had beaten so piteously upon her. Thornton Hastings and Anna went with her on board the ship, and for their sakes she tried to appear natural, succeeding so well that it was a very jeasant picture which Thornton cherished in his mind of a frail, little figure standing upon the deck, waving a smilling good by to Anna and himself.

More than a year after, Thornton Hastings followed that figure across the sea, finding it in beautiful Venice, sailing again through the monlit streets and listening to the music which came so oft from the passing gondolas. Her form had recovered its former roundness and the face was even more beautiful than it had ever been before, for the light frivolity was all gone and there was reigning in its stead a peaceful, subdued expression which made Lucy Harcourt very fair to look upon. At least so thought Thornton Hastings and he lingered at her side, feeling glad that she had given no outward token of agitation when he said to her:

"There was a wedding in Hanover at St. Mark's, jost before I left. Can you guess who the happy couple were?"

Then she

this, his second wooling, was more successful than his first.

"Married in Rome, on Thursday, April 10th, Thornton Hastings, Esq. of New York, and niece of Colonel James Hetherton."

Anna was out in the rectory garden, bending over a bed of hyacinths when Arthur brought her the paper and pointed to the notice.

"Oh, I am so glad—so glad—so glad!" she exclaimed, emphasizing each successive "glad" a little more, and setting down her foot as if to give it force. "I have never dared to be quite happy with you as I might," she continued, leaning lovingly against her husband, "for there was always a thought of Lucy and what a fearful price she paid for our happiness. But now it is all as it should be; and Arthur, am I very vain in thinking that she is better suited to Thornton Hastings than I ever was, and that I do better as your wife than Lucy would have done?"

A kiss was Arthur's only answer, but Anna was satisfied, and thererested upon her face a look of perfect content as all that warm spring afternoon she worked in her pleasant garden, thinking of the newly married pair in Rome, and glancing occasionally at the open window of the library where Arthur was busy with his sermon, his pen moving all the faster for the knowing that Anna was just within his call—that by turning his head he could see her dear face, and that, by and by, when his work was done, she would come into him and, with loving words and winsome ways, make him forget how tired he was and thank heaven again for the great gift bestowed when it gave him Anna Ruthven.

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Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be.

COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

following month.

Christine, Plano, Ky.—Sapphire is blue.

Christine, Plano, Ky.—Sapphire is blue.

Anna, Ahloso, I. T.—There is no categorical answer to your question. There is an answer to every varying condition of climate and market and location, and all are different. For families who are meat eaters, vegetables are not economical, and vice versa. You will have to work the problem out in your own locality.

Old Coins, Braddock, Pa.—You will have to consult experts. Write to Capen Crawford, 116 Nassau St., New York, or to W. P. Brown, 213 Broadway. And write very much more distinctly than in your letter to us. You write well enough, but you try to get too much on one sheet.

G. B., Braham, Minn.—Anv first-class jeweler in

G. B., Braham, Minn.—Any first-class jeweler in St. Paul or Minneapolis can probably tell you. Or you might write to Tiffany & Co., New York City, who are the leading experts in that line.

E. F. S., Charleston, Ill.—We can not give you an address of Mr. Carnegie to which a letter might be sent and receive an answer. He does not answer letters and you are wasting money and time writing to him.

Miss L. L., Eugene, Fla.—You could get what you want, we suppose in Savannah or Atlanta, but we do not know business addresses there. Write to the Postmaster of each place inclosing a post card for reply.

M. E., Albany, Ind.—Write to F. Bredt & Co., 194 Fulton St., New York.

N. & M., Hamburg, Minn.—Christmas Comport was printed and in the mails before you had even written your letter to us. Hence our failure to reply in December number, as you requested.

B. N. H., Paris, Ark.—Write to J. H. Small & Sons, Washington, D. C., or to I. K. Allen, 106 West 28th St., New York. St. Louis, or Memphis would be a better market for you.

W. B. F. S., East Pittsburg, Pa.—We do not have the address, as addresses are not kept. We can give yours, however, and ask the party to write to you.

w. M., Mertilla, Kans.—W. Simpson, 91 Park Row, L. C. Newberger, 784 Eighth Ave., Rob't Simpson & Co., 143 West 42nd St., H. McAleenan, 194 Eighth Ave., New York City.

L. M. P., Leland, Mich.—You will get the information at much more length than we could possibly give it if you will consult any Cyclopedia, of which there must be numerous copies in your town. The nationality would no doubt be German.

M. I. C., Kosciusko, Miss.—Echo, Chicago, Ill., Musical Record, Boston, Mass., Kunkel's Musical Review, St. Louis, Mo., Musical Courier, New York. Any of these will probably send you sample copies. Mrs. E., Alton, Ill.—Chicago or St. Louis is your best market. You can get addresses from the newspapers of those places, both of which circulate in your town.

Politician, Merrill, Wis.—Governor Beckham of Kentucky, and Governor Hoch of Kansas.

C. M., Floyd, Iowa—There is some money in wolf scalps in Wyoming and states thereabouts, but not enough to justify your devoting your time to it.

G. K. C., Hudson, Ill.—See answer above to "Old Coins."

R. A. M., Fairfield, Conn.-Every such institution has its own rules which can only be learned by applying to them for information. You are so near to New York that you should be able to find out without much trouble. We should think being married would not be a bar to admission. Especially if you have no incumbrances.

ly if you have no incumbrances.

Uninformed, New Park, Pa.—The only way to sell such matter is to send it to editors and see if they want it. If it is good and what they want, they will buy. (2) We know of none such, though they may exist. Try the ordinary music publisher. (3) We do not have the household recipes you wish, and suppose every baker uses his own yeast.

M. C., Homer, La.—The Western Milliner, Chicago, Ill. Fashion World, Boston, Mass., Illustrated Milliner, New York, Fashions, Philadelphia, Pa. You will find books on the same subject advertised in the magazines.

A. L. F., Saginaw, Mich., and J. S. Richland, N. V.

A. L. F., Saginaw, Mich., and J. S. Richland, N. Y. See answer above to "Old Coins."

Mrs. H. F., Pratt, Minn.-18 East 23rd St., New York.

S. M., Percy, Pa.—Write to Pitt-Thompson, Co., 56th St., and 8th Ave., New York, or to Henry Mal-kan, 18 Broadway, New York.

If several correspondents, who have written asking for the address of "Mrs. E. E., Republic, Wash.," wish us to do so we will give their addresses and request the lady to write to them. It is the way we can reach her, as we keep no addresses. G. M. L., Judge, Mich,—Write to P. Lucchesi, Bros, & Co., 121 East 59th St., New York City.

S. F. S., Lacona, Ia.—You will probably get all the needed information by writing to the Manhat-tan Passementerie Co., 5 Walker St., or to Louis Metzger & Co., 637 Broadway, New York City.

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THE MONEY AND THE MARRIAGE CAME AS PREDICTED.

THE MONEY AND THE MARKIAGE CAME AS PREDICTED.

Tronville, N. Y.

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If you want to make your future successful and know what it contains, write me at once.

I will send the free Horoscope immediately without any charge and I will reveal the future certainly and without failure. I will tell you the history of your life from the cradle to the grave, what you can expect as your share of happiness, what failures may overtake you unless, having my predictions, you are the proposition to evoid them. I will tell you things can be a sound address, and the Horoscope or star reading will be immediately sent you in sealed envelope free of the proposition to evoid them. without failure. I will tell you the history of your life from the cradle to the grave, what you can expect as your share of happiness, what failures may overtake you unless, having my predictions, you are immediated in a position to avoid them. I will tell you things

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- -That's the time to eat a Cascaret.

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It stimulates the muscular lining of the Bowels and Intestines, so that they mechanically extract nourishment from the food and drive out the waste.

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GOLD WATCH FREE



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

FEBRUARY greeting to you all, dear cousins, and a wish that the New Year is keeping pace with its promises. Everything is new yet, and the resolutions you made a month ago are nice and fresh. But as the months go by they will begin to grow stale, and then is the time when you must take a new hold, and pull yourselves out of the old ways into which it is so easy to fall. But we mustn't talk too much. Work is to be done, and now is the time to do it.

The first letter in the pile before me is from Blue-

and now is the time to do it.

The first letter in the pile before me is from Blueeyed Elsie of Spokane, Wash., who wants to know
if she is too young, not quite seventeen, to have the
company of young men. If she is out of school,
and her books are laid by, she is supposed to be
ready to enter upon the course which leads to
marriage and settlement in her own home. But
really, now, cousins, do you think a child of sixteen
is old enough to undertake so great a responsibility? Shouldn't she think about something else
for a while, say until she is twenty at least, and
prepare herself properly to be the right kind of a
woman to care for a home and family? It is well
enough for her to meet and know the right kind of
young men, and enjoy society to a certain extent,
but only as means to an end. P.S. Her other
question is answered in Manners and Looks column.

Dutch, Greentown, Ind.—Ask the young man to

Dutch, Greentown, Ind.—Ask the young man to call on you. That is quite permissible. But do not show him any especial preference until he shows some for you. Be nice to him, that's enough.

Blue Eyes, Pine Bluff, Ark.—There is no love in it. Telephone to him, and ask him about what you have heard he was saying, and why did he say it. The rest of it will be easy enough.

Rosy Cheek, Cad, Ark.—If he thinks very much of you and is so anxious to call, as he says he is, he must be "jollying," or he would call. As long as he does not, you may believe that he does not mean what he says.

A. K. C., Kerrville, Texas.—When the girl is so poor that she can not provide her own wedding outfit, it is better to marry in her old clothes than to let the groom buy them. Of course, if you want him to buy an outfit for you, there is no law against it. (2) The girl may help the man put on his overcoat if she wants to. He will always want her to. (3) The afternoon call is quite allowable under the circumstances. her to. (3) The afternoon under the circumstances.

under the circumstances.

Sweetheart, Chewelah, Wash.—Since you do not care especially for any one of the dozen beaus around you, give each one a chance, and you will always have company, and keep them all guessing.
(2) Choose the one that you like best. He will make you miserable all your life, but you will be happier miserable, than if you had the one you didn't like. That's women's way. (3) A flirt is a kind of a girl no honorable girl should be, or can be.

Blue Lily, Boston, Mass.—Nineteen is not too old for you to wait a little longer for the young man to propose. If you should get a better chance, in the mean time, you will not be sorry that you waited.

Mary and Hope, Havensville, Kans.—Yes, the girl in the High School is too young to have a beau. Any girl in school, of any age, is. An engagement should not extend beyond six months. Less is better, when the two know each other well.

Anxious Anna, Onalaska, Wis.—You must have queer sort of parents if they want you to go with a young man such as you describe. As you seem to understand what he is, why don't you refuse to have anything more to do with him? That is all you can do.

you can do.

Deserted, Richmond, Va.—Your letter was answered. But as I have said over and over again in this column, letters can not be answered promptly in print. It is often that a letter received, say in December, is not answered before February. You must not forget that thousands of letters come to Comport every day, and it sometimes takes weeks to sort them out and place them in their proper departments.

Geotrapie Beardstown III As leave the source of t

Gertrude, Beardstown, Ill.—As long as your parents do not object, you need not give it any thought.

Dearest, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Both of you are at fault. He seems to be a sensible sort of young man, and you seem to be a sensible girl. Why don't both of you use the sense you have and talk your troubles over? That is the only way to get at them and to settle them definitely. You are acting like children now, and very silly children, if I may be allowed to speak frankly. A sensible talk of half an hour would clear the whole sky and put you both in fair understanding of each other. Unless you do settle it by "getting together," as the slang is, both of you will be playing a losing game.

Puzzled Lily, Dietz, Wyo.—Your parents are

is, both of you will be playing a losing game.

Puzzled Lily, Dietz, Wyo.—Your parents are right. You should marry the young man or drop him, unless there is some reason why you should wait. When a man tells a girl he loves her and she loves him, it is for them to marry. Sometimes there are reasons why an immediate marriage is not possible, but when there is no such reason, and the young man simply dawdles along making love to the girl, he should be dropped right away.

Ignoramus, Lexington, Va.—That was merely a bit of slang, and meant no harm, but it was not what a polished gentleman should say to a lady in asking if he might call. It is quite proper for you to ask anyone to call, provided your parents consent. Still. a seventeen-year-old girl should not have too many callers.

Blue Bell, Beloit, Wis.—It means that the young man is silly and thinks you are as silly as he is.

Are you?

Illinois Orphan, Elgin, Ill.—Bonbons and such souvenirs are recognized as permissible presents, and you can only refuse them at risk of hurting the young man's feelings. You might tell him that your parents did not like for you to accept presents of any kind except from old friends. If he is the right kind, he will understand and stop. If he isn't, then you send them back to him when he offers them. He'll understand that, probably.

Baby, Khedive, Pa.—Girls of fifteen should go to school and not to parties. Ask your mother about your dresses and colors.

Innocence, Middleborough, N. Y.—A sofa pillow makes a very nice present for a young man. (2) It is all right to go out with your cousin's husband if she does not object. (3) She should say nothing, but she should be careful never to let the man take her by the hand again. Married men have no right to squeeze girls' hands.

There, dears, your questions are answered and I have done the best I could to put you on the straight road to happiness. May we all reach the goal and with good cheer greet each other and rejoice. By, by, now, until we meet again.

Cousin Marion.



An American patent has been granted for making pens of tantalum or its alloys. Aluminium paper is now manufactured in Ger-many, and recommended as a substitute for tin foil.

A combined dough-kneading board and barrel cover, to keep out dust, is among the newer inven-

Doctor Bordet, chief physician at the Brabant Pasteur Institute, has positively discovered a serum to prevent whooping cough.

A milking machine, reproducing accurately, by mechanical means, the action of the hands in milking, is among the recent inventions.

A French physician has invented an instrument by means of which the sufferings of a patient can be accurately weighed in pounds of grams.

Among the recent startling inventions, for which inventors have been striving for years is that of the reversible rotary steam turbine engine.

Three lives have been saved by means of a device invented by a Swedish woman named Lind, for preventing people from being buried alive.

The manufacture of paper from the fiber of the cotton stalk is one of the latest inventions which are said to have passed the experimental stage.

An improved window raising locking device, which will permit ventilation, and yet be secure from the intrusion of burglars, has been devised.

A process has recently been invented for rendering celluloid non-inflammable. It is claimed by the new process it can be manufactured into any form and size desired.

A recent invention, combining a stove-lid lifter and clothes drier is so constructed that when not in use, the support for the articles to be dried may be slid into the handle of the lifter.

A new method of sterilizing milk, without boiling or destroying any of the essential principles has been discovered. The method is based on the powerful qualities of German perphydrol, simply oxygenated.

Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Among the worst foes of memory are too much food, too much physical exercise, and, strangely enough, too much education.

A new method of steel making that will revolu-tionize the whole industrial world is among the re-cent inventions. It is said that battleships using the new plate could carry one fourth less the bulk of armor plate and still be better protected.

One of the most simple devices for railway signalling has been recently invented, and consists in automatically sounding a gong in the car or engine cab, which will warn the motorman or engineer of danger in case he has disregarded the primary signal.

A new medium for ascertaining death with per-A new medium for ascertaining death with per-fect certainty is among the recent discoveries. It consists in injecting a solution of fluorescine deep into the tissues. If circulation exists, the skin and mucous membranes become very yellow and the eyes assume the color of emeralds; if the circula-tion has ceased, none of these results occur.

A most remarkable lock, with a combination, consisting of four sets of 24 letters of the alphabet, which can be set to a sentence in most modern language is among the recent inventions. When one letter is used in one alphabet and another in the second set and so on it becomes a complicated matter. Then there is the initial problem of what language it has been keyed in, to be solved by the man who attempts to open the safe.

Dr. George R. Nunnelly of Kansas City, confidently claims that he has discovered a method which will revolutionize the coal trade of the entire world. His method is to liquefy the coal beds by use of his spray, pump it to the surface where it will be stored in tanks and sent through distributing pipes to the cities the same as gas is now distributed. The liquefied coal will remain soluble till exposed to air, when it rapidly hardens.

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Teacher Found Dead

Center Street Grammar School, in Richmond, last Thursday morning had the awful experience of finding their teacher, Miss Ina B. Reed, lying dead by her desk in the schoolroom. The coroner's physician, Dr. Jerome, at once pronounced it "sudden death from Heart Disease."
Mrs. Reed, the mother, said: "Several

times during the last term of school Ina has mentioned that it put her out of breath to hurry any, and that her heart had spells of acting queer, but every time that I would urge her to do something for it she would only laugh me off and say, 'Oh, it's nothing but a little palpitation—it's my stomach, I guess—it will get well of itself anyway.' But I know she hurried to get to school a little earlier than usual this morning and it has cost us her precious, young life."

This case is only one; sixty thousand people die yearly of Heart Disease! Six in every ten have it. Many don't know it, they think it's something else and doctor the stomach.

ten have it. Many don't know it, they think it's something else and doctor the stomach, kidneys, female organs, etc., and get no better; and a good many who do know think it can't be cured. Now Heart Disease is just as curable as any other disease; we have proved this fully by curing over a hundred and thirty thousand cases! Many of these were the most chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which all other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone, but our treatment cured them quickly and to stay cured! In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also, and in such it is useless to treat the heart alone, and such it is useless to treat the heart alone, and one reason why our treatment cures is be-cause it sets the stomach right, removes con-

one reason why our treatment cures is because it sets the stomach right, removes constipation, steadies and revitalizes the nerves
and builds up the whole system, besides
strengthening, controlling and curing the
heart. We can cure YOU! no matter how
bad off, and to prove it we will send you by
mail, postpaid, without any conditions, without any restrictions, and without any cost,
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case as well as any doctor. Both are free.
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Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind, nothing but a fair, square
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or Skipping Beats of the heart, Short Breath,
Fainting, Smothering, Choking, Numb or
Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Nose-bleed, Swelling Legs, Asthma, Pain in Heart, Side or
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6783—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
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6801—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6802—LADIES' ONE-PIECE APRON; 5 sizes, 32 to 42.
6803—LADIES' WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6803—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 43.
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4054—MISSES' 7-GORED RIPPLE SKIRT: 5 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
4062—GIRLS' COLLARS; 4 sizes, 4 to 16 years.
4062—MISSES' ETON JACKET, 5 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
4070—MISSES' 7-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT; 5 sizes, 13 to 17 years.

13 to 17 years.
4075—MISSES' AND GIRLS' NIGHTDRESS; 6 sizes, 6 to 16 years.
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4097—MISSES' SHIRT-WAIST; 5 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
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13 to 17 years.
4099—GIRLS' 1-PIECE APRON; 8 sizes, 4 to 12 years.
4106—GIRLS' WRAPPER; 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years.
4108—BOYS' NIGHTSHIRT; 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years.
4110—GIRLS' DRESS; 9 sizes, 2 to 10 years.
4112—GHILD'S SET; one size.
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4112-GIRLS' DOUBLE-BREASTED LONG COAT; sizes, 4 to 12 years, 4116-CHILD'S DRESS; 5 sizes, 2 to 6 years. 4122-CHILD'S SHORT CLOTHES SET, one size. 4122-GIRLS' 1-PIECE APRON; 9 sizes, 3 to 13 years, 4123-GIRLS' 3-HORCOSTUME; 9 sizes, 6 to 14 years, 4126-GIRLS' AND MISSES' DOUBLE-BREASTED OAT: 6 sizes. 6 to 15 years.

COAT; 6 sizes, 6 to 16 years.
4133—GIRLS' RUSSIAN BLOUSE DRESS: 9 sizes. to 14 years. 4124—GIRLS' DRESS; 7 sizes, 6 to 12 years. 4137—TEDDY BEAR AND RAG DOLL; 2 sizes, 14 and



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbid-ding manners"—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

Spitfire, Kerrville. Texas.—Ordinarily, it is better for the man to take the outside of the sidewalk when walking with a lady. (2) The hours for evening driving are according to the custom of the locality. We believe from seven thirty to ten or ten thirty, is most generally observed. That sort of driving is not known at all in the larger cities. (3) Engaged girls should not correspond with other men except with the consent of their fiances.

M. L. N. H., Spartansburg, Pa.—We believe the remedy requires from four to six months to produce results. (2) Only an operation will bring wide extended ears close to the head.

Honey Sweet, Bolla, Mo.—The nights are proper

extended ears close to the head.

Honey Sweet, Rolla, Mo.—The nights are proper for a gentleman to call, whenever the young lady wants him to call. It may be Sunday and Thursday, or Sunday and Wednesday, or Sunday and every other night. There is no rule for that sort of calling. Ordinary calls are not made oftener than once a week, or two weeks, depending upon the friendliness and congeniality of the parties at interest. (2) If your parents do not object you may go buggy riding."

H. W. S. Glanvilla, Pr. Having and Property of the parties at interest.

H. W. S., Glenville, Pa.—Having met the lady once, another introduction is not necessary. Write a note to her—don't telephone—recalling the time when you met her and ask if you may call. People may be introduced any number of times. If they do not forget each other after the first, though they may not meet in fifty years, another introduction is not necessary.

Elsie, Spokane, Wash.—The man leads the way into church, unless it is in the lady's own church, and she knows best where her pew is. She always precedes him into the pew.

Olive, Wayne, Mich.—Don't dress too much like a small girl. Girls of sixteen are very nearly women as far as size is concerned and the way they look on the street. Dress as other girls of your age do.

Edna, Mabel, and Peggie, Thayer, Mo.—Submit your three questions to the postmaster of your town. He will be able to give you valuable information on the subjects you present. He knows all about the mails.

Constant Reader, Canton, N. Y.—A card with "Regrets" written on it in any corner is a style of declination of an invitation to any affair which is little short of a snub. Write the word anywhere if you intend a snub, and if you do not then write a note of regret. It is proper to send your regrets to any written invitation which you can not accept.

Ignoramus, Lexington, Va.—If he will not answer your letter when you have answered his and let him know you want to hear from him, it is very evident that he does not want to correspond with you, and there is nothing for you to do but to give him up, even if it does hurt you. He does not want you, and you should not want him. (2) The expression is only some boyish slang, and you would do better not to try to reply to it. We have never heard the expression, and it does not seem to mean anything.

buttercup, Nance, N. C.—If the man is a proper person to write to, we suppose it would be proper to answer a note written by him in a schoolroom. Why did you think it would not? (2) The man who has the lady's permission to go home with her should resent the other man coming up and taking her arm. Indeeed, we do not understand how a man would do such a thing unless he were drunk or intending to insult the escort of the lady. She has nothing to say except to tell the other man that she has an escort. What we have said does not always apply when all the parties are on very friendly terms, and such an obtrusion would not be considered more than good-natured roystering carried somewhat too far.

Brown Eyes, Watsonville, Cal.—The usual depilatory is composed of orpiment, one part; starch and quicklime, each ten parts. Powder the orpiment thoroughly, and mix with the others into a paste just before using. Apply, and let remain for four or five minutes. Remove with a blunt knife. Bathe and apply cold cream. If the skin is broken, be very careful how you use this or you will have a sore and perhaps disfigured face. Really, the safest depilatory is a good sharp razor and plenty of lather.

Bashfulness, Nonamia, Mo.—Tell him she will be very glad to go with him, or to have him go with her. Tell him she is very sorry, but she can not, when she must decline. There is no set rule for these things, and one must say whatever is pleasantest, either in accepting or declining. Requests to be excused are not replied to always, but when they are, "Certainly," is enough to say. There is no rule governing here-either. There could not be because conditions vary so.

A. J. M., Boston, Mass.-You are all right, and if A. J. M., Boston, Mass.—You are all right, and if by any chance the girl doesn't choose you, she will be losing a good thing. Still, you never can tell what women will do. We are inclined to think that you will win out in good shape, and you ought to. You certainly have our best wishes. Don't be of too faint heart, but go forward. Not too fast, but with firmness and gentleness. But manage to see her oftener than you have been doing. She has too many chances to meet other men.

A Record Breaker.

It is said that the greatest and quickest permanent advertising success on record is that of Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, which have been persistently advertised in every way, but chiefly in newspapers for about six years. In that time the sale of Cascarets has grown from nothing to over one million boxes a month. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known. Those who tried Cascarets as a direct result of advertising. tried Cascarets as a direct result of advertising, were pleased and recommended the articles to their friends until its fame was spread to become universal.

Catarrh Advice Free

At this season of the year when the severe winter weather is upon us and the treacherous spring approaching, we wish to warn our readers against the peril of allowing that common but really dangerous disease—Catarrh to run on unchecked, perhaps to end in consumption. We urge everyone who has catarrh, to turn at once to Specialist Sproule's announcement on another page of this Issue, and read his generous offer.

Talking and DOLL Sleeping Dinner Set

MAMMA WE are a large Chicago firm with \$60,000.00 capital and are anxious to introduce our Capital and are anxious to introduce our house everywhere, and will give these beautiful premiums for a little help in your locality. The doll is 17 inches high, dressed in latest style from hat to shoes, satin finished waist and skirt trimmed with lace, Floradora hat elegantly trimmed, complete underclothing, open-work stockings and neat buckle low shoes. Dolly opens and closes her eyes and also speaks quite plainly, calling "papa" or "mamma" when you ask her to. Dolly is very pretty, with long curly hair and big brown eyes. Dolly's Dinner Set consists of 27 pieces as follows: 6 plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 teaspoons, tea pot, sugar and creamer. These dishes are handsomely decorated in colors. Sendus your name and we will send you 10 art pictures which sell to your friends at 25 cents each, send us the \$2.50 collected and the same day remittance is received we will ship you this beautiful talking and sleeping doll, fully dressed as described, and the set of doll's dishes neatly and securely packed in box. Our pictures are new, large size, in many beautiful colors and finished with magnificent lithographed frames. They sell on a risk and take back pictures if they do not

cent lithographed frames. They sell on sight. We run all the risk and take back pictures if they do not sell easily and quickly. GEORGE CLARK, President, 65 Washington St., Dept 756, Chicago.



Has a REAL

THE SWEETEST SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address so
I can tell you how to get this rifle absolutely free. I
mean just what I say—it will not cost you a single penny of your
money. All I want is one honest boy in each town to do a few minutes work for
me which is very easy and pleasant This is not a toy air gun but a real Stevens
rifle with Fine Steel Rifled Barrel—Breech Loader.—% Cock Lock—Pin Fire—Take Down—
Shell Ejector—Tripple Reinforced Breech—Patent Drop Breech Meanism—Loaded at Safety
Cock—Walnut Stock—V Sights—Each rifle stamped genuine "Stevens." Nearly 3 feet long. Be
sure and write today for particulars.

MAY WAUTERS. 213 Tenth St., Des Moines, Iowa.

AS YOUR STAR REVEALS IT!

GIRL

Would you like to know what is going to happen to you in the future?—What your health will be?—Who and when you will marry?—Whether you will be happy or unhappy?

you not thank anyone most heartily for snowing you a favorable opportunity that might lead to happiness and riches?—If so, send your name, birth date and 22 stamp, and I will tell you the above things by astrology which makes all this plain, and much more too. I want to send FREE a reading of your life which will show first what fate has in store for you. It will tell you the lucky and unlucky periods of your life. It will explain your character and capabilities, It will guide and assist you in business, love, marriage, society, etc. It will explain the influence of the planets under whose sign you were born. It will help you to secure perfect happiness and real success and avoid the dangers and pitfalls of life. Don't confound this with mere guess work fortune telling. It is as different as day is from night. To me your life is as an open book and I want to read to you from its pages. Simply send your date of birth, and a 2c stamp for this free reading of your life by the world's greatest astrologer. Address Prof. H. A. Astro, Box 3693. Philadelphia, Pa.

IN IOWA

Troubles Cured NEW DEVICE CURES WHERE ALL DRUGS HAVE FAILED A Dollar's Worth FREE PEPTOPADS cure Stomach and Bowel troubles of almost every form and stage, in either sex. They relieve soreness, strengthen weak stomachs and give

you a keen, hearty appetite. If you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Catarrh of Stomach, Heart Fluttering, Nervousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, Belching, etc., just fill out the coupon below, mail it to me, and I will send you by return mail, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a full dollar's worth of my stomach. It will give you can't relief. No metter remedy. It will give you quick relief. No matter how long standing your case may be, cut out the coupon and mail it right to day.

DR. G. C. YOUNG, 116 National Bank Bldg., JACKSON, MICH. PEPTOP AB to

NAME ...

CITY ...

GALL STONES ARY LIVER DISEASE. Write me all about it. Will tell of a cure FREE. Address R. COVEY, 388 E. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WRITE A for us today. It may be worth SONG THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS Hayes Music Co., 39 Star Bidg., Chicago.

RUPTURE CURED WHILE YOU WORK. No elastic or spring around body or under leg. No pressure on back, Bocklet-"How Ropture is cured-"FREE. S.H.Co., Box 503, Westbrook, Maine,

\$10 Cash Paid Postage Stamps. Send 10c For Frice List Paid.

Ladies: Make Sanitary Belts. \$1.20 dozen. Stamped enve-lope particulars. Sanitary Co., Dept.K50, Chicago.



signed with this New Idea Penell will be honored as quickly as though ink were used. This indelible penell is always ready to use and has a patented lead protector that prevents the point from ever becoming broken. Answers every purpose of ordinary penell; but, having indelible lead, is a perfect substitute for pen and ink or fountain pen. Carried in the pocket same as stylograph, and always ready to sign checks, receipts for any papers where you want signature in ink. Marks Linen and Clothing. No stain or blots; also the best penell in the world for women and school children. An ideal penell for business men who want a new idea penell with full nickeled case, it is neat and attractive. As hundreds will be sold after introducing, we send one free if you will send 6 cents for part cost of advertising and masiling, including a copy of our new big premium catalogue. Then we will give you wholesale rates if turther interested. A Ten Thousand Dollar Check

East Boston, Mass.

EAGLE WATCH COMPANY,

Dept. 67,

GOLD WATCH FREE
AND RING
AN American Movement Watch with Solid
Gold-Plated case, warranted to keep correct
time; equal in appearance to a Solid Gold
Watch warranted for 25 years; also a GoldFilled Ring, set with a Sparkling Gern, are
given free to any one for selling only 20
Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents each. Send
name and address for Jewelry. When sold,
send us the \$2 and we send
you the Gold Watch and
Ring, Write today. Address
ATCH COMPANY.

Liberty Bells

STEVENS

For Washington's Birthday



For Washington's Birthday

In this glorious country of ours the Liberty Bell always rings. Freedom and liberty are our dearest he ritage. No other people on earth enjoy the freedom or bounties of a progressive government, a rich country and a prosperity exceeding the ancient dreams of Midlas. What more typical symbol of patriotism or expressive demonstration of appreciation can you imagine than the Stars and Stripes unless it be a Liberty Bell, the Liberty Bell we now offer you and the stars and Stripes unless it be a Liberty Bell, the Liberty Bell we now offer you and the stars and Stripes unless it be a Liberty Bell, the Liberty Bell we now offer you and the stars and Stripes unless it be a Liberty Bell, the Liberty Bell we now offer you and whose or out of doors as well, anywhere and everywhere they should be hung for ornamentation, nothing in the decorative line can equal the beauty of these handsome bells.

For Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays you should have one or more paperet Liberty Bells in Red. White and Blue or plain Red. with loop for hanging form the window fastening. Hung under a hanging lamp, or in any suitable place where decorations are usually placed, they will add cheer and brilliancy to the room, particularly in the sick room as they are made of rich colored paperet ingeniously folded into the pretty bell eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, as shown in our illustration, and being nearly sun proof, may be kept hanging for months. We have a special quantity of these Bells made to fold compactly for sending away by mail, so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home.

Send us only six cents for part cost of packing and postage and we will send you one Bell with our large premium catalogue, just to interest you in our immense line of useful premiums all free. Address COMFORT, Box R, Augusta, Maine.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Beautles A Pair of Lace Curtains. Adjustable Reclining Chair.

It is made of the finest Oak and so arranged by a simple device in the back that it can be adjusted to either a loung ing or upright position. It is the most use of the control of the co

Lace Curtains Free.

Sell only six Electric Plasters at 25c. each, which we trust you with and we will send you a pair of these elegant Nottingham Lace Curtains, each Curtain is nine feet long so you get six yards of Curtains in the pair, and as they are four feet wide for the two, they gather up nicely and furnish an elegant draperly for even the very broad windows, in fact in many instances one pair would do for several windows, and just what any one needs to adorn the home with. Every one of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "drasses up" a room so much as a pair of lace curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperles. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as six or eight dollars a pair. They are oblived free to you, all charges paid. Don't fall to send for the six Plasters to-day, as soon as you sell them and send us the six Plasters to-day, as soon as you sell them and send us the six Plasters to-day, as soon to you sell them and send us the of goods as some firms profess to de, but we make you the most liberal, honest and straightforward offer ever put out. We are paying our agents over two dollars for selling only one dollar's worth of goods in order to get them advertised. We want to prove there is a sure prevention and cure for Lame Back, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Coughs, Colda, Pneumania, Malarin, etc., etc. Sand for the six Plaster to-day, Address The Giant Plaster Co., Box C. Assute, Raise

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Comfort Postal Request

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postais and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postais free, per offer above.

sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Mrs. William Horst, Jr., Box 55, Santa Clara, Cal. Mr. Fred Herman, 1337 So. Chipman St., Owosso, Mich. Blanche Whaley, Hopewell, Maryland. Harry Umbaugh, Luckets, Va. Mrs. Nellie M. Kelley, Estelle, Okla. Florence Williams, 817 W. Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y. A. C. McInturf, Box 14, Grand Junction, R. F. D., 3, Grand Junction, Col. Mrs. Jennie Waters, Enoch, Ky. Fred C. Jenkins, Atlantic Mine, Mich. Miss Susie E. Harper, Luckets, Va. Miss Arlie Smith, West Auburn, Pa. Miss Irene F. Clark, Walla Walla, Wash. Miss Elizabeth Dirksen, 167 Ouderdonk Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Nettie Anderson, Box 68, Valparaiso, Ind. Hazel Green, 470 W. Main St., Newark, Ohio. Julia M. Calterson, Brownsburg, Ind. H. J. Travis, Monument St., Newburgh, N. Y. Florie F. Tolman, Box 75, Thomaston, R. F. D., 1, Maine. Mrs. Will Justus, Carlsbad, New Mex. Jennie Taylor, 9215 Central Ave., South Chicago, Ill. Mrs. J. C. Bagg, Holland Patent, N. Y. T. H. Dyer, Savage, Ky.

Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite, our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

My Trundle Bed

As I rummag'd thro' the attic,
List'ning to the falling rain,
As it patter'd on the shingles,
And against the window pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread;
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess, so I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song;
As she sung in sweetest accents
What I since have often read—
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.

As I listen'd, recollections,
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently, Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter,
Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
Hallowed be thy name, "O Father!
Father! thou who art in Heaven."

This she taught me, then she told me,
Of its import, great and deep,
After which I learned to utter,
"Now I lay me down to sleep;"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked, "Our Father!
Father! do thou bless my child!"

Years have pass'd, and that dear mother
Long has moulder'd 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit,
Revels in the home of God;
But that scene at summer twilight,
Never has from mem'ry fled,
And it comes in all its freshness,
When I see my trundle bed.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

"I have not felt as strong as usual, and it is a great treat to get away from the schoolroom and out into the open air, which is bracing and delightful. I believe I have enjoyed this outing more than any I have taken since I came North; and you must you must you for your considerate remembrance of me."

enjoyed this outing more than any I have taken since I came North; and you must water taken since I came North; and you must you for your considerate remembrance of me."

"Miss Earl, what I am about to say will perhaps seem premature, and will doubtless surprise you; but I beg you to believe that it is the result of mature deliberation—"

He paused and looked earnestly at her. "You certainly have not decided to give up the editorship of 'Maga,' as you spoke of doing last winter? It would not survive your desertion six months."

"My allusion was to yourself, not to the magazine, which I presume I shall edit as long as I live. Miss Earl, this state of affairs cannot continue. You have no regard for your health, which is suffering materially, and you are destroying yourself. You must let me take care of you, and save you from the ceaseless toil in which you are rapidly and you are destroying yourself. You must let me take care of you, and save you do, all day, and then sit up nearly all night to write, would exhaust a constitution of steel or brass. You are probably not aware of the great change which has taken place m you appearance during the last three months. Hitherto circumstances may have left you no alternative, but one is now offered you. My property is sufficient to render you comfortable. I have already purchased a pleasant home, to which I shall remove next week, and I want you to share it with me—to share my future—all that I have. You have known me scarcely a year, but you are not a stranger to my character or position, and I think that you repose implicit confidence in me. Notwithstanding the unfortunate disparity in our years, I believe we are becoming mutually dependent on each other, and in your society I find a charm such as no other human being possesses; though I have no right to expect that a girl of your age can derive equal pleasure from the companionship of a man old enough to be her father. I am not demonstrative, but my feelings are the institution of my liftle Lila. She was but six month

So entirely unexpected was this proposal that Edna could not utter a word. The idea that he could ever wish to marry anybody seemed incredible, and that he should need her society appeared utterly absurd. For an instant she wondered if she had fallen asleep in the soft, luxurious corner of the carriage, and dreamed it all.

Completely bewildered, she sat looking wonderingly at him.

"Miss Earl, you do not seem to comprehend me, and yet my words are certainly very explicit. Once more I ask you, can you put your hand in mine and be my wife?"

He laid one hand on hers, and with the other pushed back his glasses.

Withdrawing her hands, she covered her face with them, and answered almost inaudibly:

"Let me think—for you astonish me."

"Take a day, or a week, if necessary, for consideration, and then give me your answer."

Mr. Manning leaned back in the carriage,

swer."

Mr. Manning leaned back in the carriage, folded his hands, and looked quietly out of the window; and for a half hour silence

folded his hands, and looked quietly out of the window; and for a half hour silence reigned.

Brief but sharp was the struggle in Edna's heart. Probably no woman's literary vanity and ambition has ever been more fully gratified than was hers, by this most unexpected offer of marriage from one whom she had been taught to regard as the noblest ornament of the profession she had selected. Thinking of the hour when she sat alone, shedding tears of mortification and bitter disappointment over his curt letter rejecting her MS, she glanced at the stately form beside her, the mysteriously calm, commanding face, the large white, finely moulded hands, waiting to clasp hers for all time, and her triumph seemed complete.

To rule the destiny of that strong man, whose intellect was so influential in the world of letters, was a conquest of which, until this hour, she had never dreamed; and the blacksmith's darling was, after all, a mere woman, and the honor dazzled her.

To one of her peculiar temperament wealth offered no temptation; but Douglass Manning had climbed to a grand eminence, and, looking up at it, she knew that any woman might well be proud to share it.

He filled her ideal, he came fully up to her lofty moral and mental standard. She knew that his superior she could never hope to meet, and her confidence in his integrity of character was boundless.

neither the right to expect nor the presumption to dream of. My reverence and admiration are, I confess, almost boundless, but I find not one atom of love; and an examination of my feelings satisfies me that I could never yield you that homage of heart, that devoted affection which God demands that every wife should pay her husband. You have quite as little love for me. We enjoy each other's society because our pursuits are similar, our tastes congenial, our aspirations identical. In pleasant and profitable companionship we can certainly indulge as heretofore, and it would greatly pain me to be deprived of it in future; but this can be ours without the sinful mockery of a marriage—for such I hold a loveless union. I feel that I must have your esteem and your society, but your love I neither desire nor ever expect to possess; for the sentiments you cherish for me are precisely similar to those which I entertain toward you. Mr. Manning, we shall always be firm friends, but nothing more."

An expression of surprise and disappointment diffed eacher.

shall always be firm friends, but nothing more."

An expression of surprise and disappointment drifted across, but did not settle on the editor's quiet countenance.

Turning to her, he answered with grave gentleness:

"Judge your own heart, Edna; and accept my verdict with reference to mine. Do you suppose that after living single all these years I would ultimately marry a woman for whom I had no affection? You spoke last week of the mirror of John Galeazzo Visconte, which showed his beloved Correggia her own image; and though I am a proua and reticent man, I beg you to believe that could you look into my heart you would find it such a mirror. Permit me to ask whether you intend to accept the love which I have reason to believe Mr. Murray has offered you?"

reason to believe Mr. Murray has offered you?"

"Mr. Manning, I never expect to marry any one, for I know I shall never meet your superior, and yet I cannot accept your most flattering offer. You fill all my requirements of noble, Christian manhood; but after today this subject must not be alluded 'to."

"Are you not too hasty? Will you not take more time for reflection? Is your decision mature and final?"

"Yes, Mr. Manning—final, unchangeable. But do not throw me from you! I am very, very lonely, and you surely will not forsake me?"

There were tears in her eyes as she looked up pleadingly in his face, and the editor

WIFE WHISKEY WHICH?

How One Woman Solved the Drink Question In Five Minutes. "Women Can Now Have All the Temperance They Want, the Day They Really Want It." She Says:



about the simple, home treatment lused and they, too, have had splendid success, many of them with the most hopeless kind of drinkers. The remedy can be given secretly, is inexpensive, easy to obtain, perfectly harmless, and doesn't take long to do the work. I am sure it will help you, and I will gladly tell you all about it if you will send me your name and address. Mine is Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 279 Maple Ave., Hillburn N. Y. Send no money; I have nothing to sell

GOLD Watch AND RING FREE We give a Stom-Wind, SolidGold Laid, quaranteed Watch, gold Laid, quaranteed Watch, pears equal to 25-year SOLID GOLD WATCH; also GOLD LAID Ring sat with a sparking gen, brilliant as a GRNUINE 800 DIAMOND, for salling 20 jewelry a regardly when sold send 12 and we will send watch and ring; who a gold laid chain, LADLES OR GRAYP RIPE AND EXTIL OR GRAYP RIPE AND EXTIL OR GRAYP RIPE AND EXTIL OR GRAYP AREA CO, DEFT.

Can Be Cured My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does to and FREE SAMPLE proves it. Stops the Write NOW-TODAY. it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. Stops the Itching and cures to stay. Write NOW-TODAY. DR. J. CANNADAY, Sedalia, Mo.



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WONDER Everybody wants OC With It you can apparently see the Ochocas through your flesh, the lead in a pench, or through your flesh, the lead in a pench, or through your flesh, the lead in a pench, or through your flesh, the lead in a pench, or through your fleshers, makes everything seem fun. Peatpald 10c, 3 for 25c. FREE with each celer the cone moving pletures. C. Armstrong, Sta. Och Chicago

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WANT THESE DISHES? 42-PIECE INITIAL SET With Wild Ros



We have a very pleasant and genteel method for you to get this complete and elegant set by forming a Faney Work Subscription (Inb among your friends. This method is so delightful and easy that it is a pleasure and is especially gratifying as it makes you a leader, atmong your associates, while not costing you a cent. If you would like this beautiful set for yourself or as a present for some friend, just send us your name today and we will tell you all about it. This is a fine set, beautifully decorated with Wild Rose pattern in natural colors and trimmed in Gold. Your set will be finished with any letter you wish in pure gold put on to stny. We guarantee the dishes to reach you whole and to be perfectly satisfactory. We are not a "if-yo-night" house. We have been doing business here for 15 years and expect to for 50 more. We want your lasting good-will and we give you honest and generous treatment, because it is right and because we want your friendship. Just send us your name today and let us write you all about it. You want this fine initial set of 4.2 pleces and we want to make your acquaintance. Write a tone to FANCY WORK BAZAAR, Dept. 30 291-293 Congress St. Boston, Mach.

"ST. ELMO" IN BOOK FORM and COMFORT One Year Only 65 c.



She felt that his society had become necessary to her peace of mind; for only in his presence was it possible to forget her past. Either she must marry him, or live snigle, and work and die—alone.

To a girl of nineteen the latter alternative seems more appalling than to a woman of thirty, whose eyes have grown strong in the gray, cold, sunless light of confirmed old-maidenhood; even as the vision of those who live in dim caverns requires not the lamps needed by newcomers fresh from the dazzling outer world.

Edna was weary of battling with precious memories of that reckless, fascinating cynic whom, without trusting, she had learned to love; and she thought that, perhaps, if she were the wife of Mr. Manning, whom without loving she fully trusted, it would help her to forget St. Elmo.

She did not deceive herself; she knew that, despite her struggles and stern interdicts, she loved him as she could never hope to love any one else. Impatiently she said to herself:

"Mr. Murray is as old as Mr. Manning, and in the estimation of the public is his inferior. Oh! why cannot my weak, wayward heart follow my strong, clear-eyed judgment? I would give ten years of my life to love Mr. Manning as I love—"

She compared a swarthy, electrical face, scowling and often repulsively harsh, with one cloudless and noble, over which brooded a solemn and perpetual peace; and she almost groaned aloud in her chagrin and self-contempt, as she thought, "Surely, if ever a woman was infatuated—possessed by an evil spirit—I certainly am."

While she sat there wrestling as she had never done before, even on that day of trial in the church, memory, as if leagued with Satan, brought up the image of Mr. Murray as he stood pleading for himself, for his future. She heard once more his thrilling, passionate cry, "Oh, my darling! my darling! come to me!" And pressing her face to the lining of the carriage to stifle a groan, she seemed to feel again the close clasp of his arms, the throbbing of his heart against her cheek, the warm, tender, lingerin

hollowness in her voice as she sale annows sorrowfully:

"No, Mr. Manning! We do not love each other, and I can never be your wife. It is useless for me to assure you that I am flattered by your preference; that I am inexpressibly proud of the distinction you have generously offered to confer upon me. Sir, you cannot doubt that I do most fully and gratefully appreciate this honor, which I had

sighed and paused a moment before he replied:

"Edna, if under any circumstances you feel that I can aid or advise you, I shall be exceedingly glad to render all the assistance in my power. Rest assured I shall not forsake you as long as we both shall live. Call upon me without hesitation, and I will respond as readily and promptly as to the claims of my little Lila. In my heart you are associated with her. You must not tax yourself so unremittingly, or you will soon ruin your constitution. There is a weariness in your face and a languor in your manner mournfully prophetic of failing health. Either give up your situation as governess or abandon your writing. I certainly recommend the former, as I cannot spare you from "Maga."

Here the carriage stopped at Mrs. Andrews' door, and as he handed her out Mr. Manning said:

"Edna, my friend, promise me that you will not write tonight."

"Thank you, Mr. Manning; I promise."

She did not go to her desk; but Felix was restless, feverish, querulous, and it was after midnight when she laid her head on her pillow. The milkmen in their noisy carts were clattering along the streets next morning, before her heavy eyelids closed, and she fell into a brief, troubled slumber; over which flitted a Fata Morgana of dreams, where the central figure was always that tall one whom she had seen last standing at the railroad station with the rain dripping over him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna Earl, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the March number for COMFORT. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. The price will soon be advanced.

Back numbers of COMFORT cannot be furnished. Read our offer below.

"ST. ELMO" IN BOOK FORM

So many have expressed a wish to possess a copy of the famous story "ST. ELMO," in book form to preserve, or for the fibrary, that we secured a trial thousand copies to give away as premiums, of an excellent 565-page. 37-chapter edition, printed on extra quality book paper from new. clear type, bound in cloth, with a very attractive halftone cover portrait of both St. Elmo and Edna, with embossed title. This is a suitable presentation or library edition worthy of any home. For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, we will send you a copy of this beautiful book at our expense.

Help Old and Young. You Can Get a Lot FREE.



EE this dear old lady, worn and bent, with colorless lips, sunken in the chest, a victim probably of consumption; her joints stiff and crooked, because her system is charged with rheumatism. OXIEN, if taken in time, could have saved her from all this and made her a strong, well woman. Even now, with the aid of OXIEN, she could bring the color back to her cheeks and pains that are making life almost unbearable, patient even as she is. OXIEN is the OLD FOLKS' REMEDY. We know of hundreds, yes, thousands of cases, where elderly people have started on OXIEN remedies and have killed the germs of consumption, driven out every particle of rheumatism from their system, cured indigestion and lung complaints and been given rich, red blood and new life and vitality. It is never too late. (See Mrs. Cooper's Photo below). OXIEN helps many old people the same as it has Mr: Philip Knee of Shaw, Pa., who writes that he was 75 years old last December, and cured himself of Lame Back and other serious troubles by the use of OXIEN Remedies. OXIEN is also good for the young, as the same Mr. Knee writes that his grandson, a young man 20 years of age, was also cured of serious troubles by applying the OXIEN Plasters; and that he himself now works like a young man, owing to taking OXIEN, Mrs. Mollie Nelson of Baum, Indian Territory, says she was a perfect wreck in body and mind from La Grippe and Fever. The doctor, whom she quit three years ago, had given her no relief, but since she began taking OXIEN Remedies she has not been in bed aday or taken a dose of doctor's medicine. She does all of her own housework, and, thanks to OXIEN, can hoe and pick cotton as well as a young person.

Eighty-year-old J. J. Crockett of Marrowbone, Tenn., says OXIEN Remedies have done him so much good he cannot praise them enough; and Malise Crenshaw, Howe, Indian Territory, who is 59 years old, was so afflicted before taking OXIEN she cannot fully explain her deplorable condition. Catarrh of the head and lungs interfered with the working of her mind. She had torpid liver and kidney trouble and was so nervous she could hardly talk. After taking four boxes of OXIEN and two bottles of OXIEN Pills and Salve, she was so wonderfully improved that she is now able to run a large hotel, doing all her own work, and is a strong woman today. Mrs. Lou Lizerbee, Sikeston, Mo., is 46 years of age, and has a large family, but her nerves and stomach trouble of two years ago got the best of her. She could find no remedies to do any good until she used OXIEN. Today she writes that she is as strong as ever, and can do as much work as anyone, Mrs. Mason Brown, Riverton, N. J., is 70 years old, but says she feels very young since using OXIEN Plasters. She had pains in her back and also cured the severe colds on her lungs. H. T. Johnson says his poor, old mother suffered untold ageny with Rheumatism for many years. She was so weak she could hardly do her work. After using two boxes of OXIEN, she now feels strong and well. Although 86 years of age, R. W. Condley, Tag., Ark., says he is now as well as any man of his age could be. After suffering several years without finding help, OXIEN Remedies immediately cured him, He could not sleep and could only lie on one side and cough. He now rests comfortably at night, thanks to OXIEN. Miss Ida Johnson, King, N. C., says her father, who is now 71 years old, had Pneumonia and LaGrippe, leaving him with a weak heart. He had night sweats and could not sleep, but after using OXIEN and OXIEN Plasters he feels completely well.

Now look into the strong-well-kindly face of 73 year old Mrs. Cooper, shown below, and you can fully appreciate reading her letter here given in full:

OXIEN is wholly original and unlike anything ever offered to the public. Its effects are original, and unlike the effects of anything else. It will give new strength, new life and new hope after everything else has failed. It is the only real Food for the Nerves ever discovered, and one trial will prove the truth of this. It contains a subtle something that cures. OXIEN differs from every other discoverery in medicine as yellow gold differs from gray, lustreless lead, and its effects differ from the effects of other so-called foods and medicines as gold under a written energy excites the energy excited the energy excites the energy excited energy excite

THE ABOVE IS THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. A. .F COOPER. 73 YEARS OLD.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., Augusta, Maine.

Gentlemen:—I am sending you my photograph, and, although 73 years old, thanks to OXIEN I feel like a young woman.

Nearly 15 years ago, in 1891 or '92, my attention was called to an advertisement of OXIEN in one of the papers. As I had just been attacked by a severe case of La Grippe, I sent for a sample, and it helped me, and also my husband and daughter almost like maglo. I have not had attendance from a physician for all these years; and when I feel III, I send for a supply of the GIANT OXIEN, which is all the doctor I need. Racine has a cold, wet, changeable climate, and people always have had colds here, and I cannot speak too highly of your great medicine. OXIEN, which not only keeps me well and free from all ills, but my husband, too, who is also 73 years old. His friends in the shop all say they have been greatly helped by the OXIEN Remedies. Wishing you great prosperity, I remain, your friend. MRS. A. F. COOPER, IS30 Packard Ave.

OXIEM Remedies. Wishing you great prosperity. I remain, your friend.

That OXIEM is as good for the young as it is for the old, there can be no possible doubt. Thousands of letters are received giving testimonies about people of all ages, from two months to ninety years old.

Martha L. Kayses of Cottage Grove, Oregon, writes that she gave OXIEN to one child that had been affected from birth with muscle and nervous troubles. It was never able to walk a step until he used OXIEN. Mollie Marsh of Clifton, Ark., says her baby is only two months old and she gives her OXIEN, and she is getting to be a fine, strong girl. Mrs. Barney Philpott, Guston, Ky., says her boy was ruptured when three years old. Doctors said he would always have to wear a truss, but by using OXIEN and OXIEN and OXIEN leads the rupture and is now ten years old, sound and well. Mrs. Chas. Balcom, Peach, Wash, says she realizes the power of the wonderful OXIEN. It cured her 14-year-old boy after he had lost the use of his left side from St. Vitus Dance. Mrs. Laura O Quinn, Jumb Mines, India Veryon years, and so OXIEN had to of OXIEN needles in his family for many years, and sold them to others. They all derive great benefit from their use. His wife gave birth to twins, one of whom was very ill. Although being afraid to give it doctor's medicine, a quarter of an OXIEN leads and other suffering as well. Sixty-flev-pear-old W. B. Renfro, Buller, Tenn., says he had been afflicted forty years—dras by Typhold Fever, then Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Gout and Dropsy. Specialists could not do him any good, but OXIEN has helped him where all doctors falled. Mrs. A. F. Cooper, Racine, Wis., whose picture falled. Mrs. A. F. Cooper, Racine, Wis., whose picture falled. Mrs. A. F. Cooper, Racine, Wis., whose picture falled. Mrs. A. F. Cooper, Racine, Wis., whose picture falled. Mrs. A. F. Cooper, Racine, Wis., whose picture falled. Mrs. A. F. Cooper, Racine, Wis., whose picture falled. Mrs. A. F. Cooper, Racine, Wis., whose picture fall the control of the contr

Heed the warning Nature is giving you in the form of pain and suffering. Don't become a physical wreck. Write for OXIENwhile there is yet time for you to take advantage of our great free trial offer, and reap the benefits of this great discovery.

Name

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TO those who will agree to test the powers of your Wonderful Discoveries, either personally or in their own homes, or in the home of some friend, and who will cut out and mail tous the following coupon, we will send all charges paid, a sample box of Oxien Tablets, with a 25-cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of our Wonderful New Oxien Pills As this offer is made exclusively to those who will make a PERSONAL TEST as here stipulated.

PERSONAL COUPON.		

All communications in reply to this special offer must be addressed
THE GIANT OXIE CO., 116 Willow Street, Augusta; Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning that a column will be devoted to answering them The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not ous. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Alice Schollert, New Salem, N. D., would like to hear from "N. V. H., Merritt," who sometime ago told of a sure cure for consumption in this column.

B. A. W., Charlton Depot, Mass.—A powder for excessive perspiration of the feet is composed as follows: Seven ounces carbonate of magnesia; two ounces powdered calcined alum; seven ounces orris root and half dram powdered cloves. Apply morning and night, after bathing the feet and drying them thoroughly. As the patient has always been troubled with too much perspiration you must not expect this remedy to bring a cure.

D. M. M., Elmira, N. Y.—There are no simpler remedies for biliousness than those you know of. Try a good one of them, and with it, try the advice you will find in Physical Culture magazine or book, as to the kind of exercise to take to give you good color and health. You can get a magazine or book at any bookstore. You will also find in that the best way to reduce your waist.

Isabella, Bay Fork, Mont.—There should be

best way to reduce your waist.

Isabella, Bay Fork, Mont.—There should be nothing harmful in uncooked oatmeal, but why take it uncooked? (2) You will have to consult a physician and find out what causes the trouble at night. It may be due to any one of several causes, which may or may not yield to treatment.

which may or may not yield to treatment.

Mrs. E. H., Everett, Wash.—Your numerous ailments are altogether too much for us to undertake to give you advice. As you can not afford to consult a physician, why not go to the City Hospital in Seattle and get treated there as a free patient? At your age, you should, by a little care of what you eat, and keeping off indigestion, be able to live out your three-score and ten years. But you can not be cured through newspaper advice.

A. H. Angusta, Ky.—As catagrh is so much a

not be cured through newspaper advice.

A. H., Augusta, Ky.—As catarrh is so much a result of climatic conditions the only real cure for it is a climate where it does not exist. That you will find in the cold, dry air of Colorado, or the hot, dry air of Arizona. Dryness of air is what is needed. Medicine may relieve it somewhat, but with bad weather it is pretty sure to come again, and the Ohio river valley has plenty of it in the fogs that visit you so frequently.

J. D., Cooley, Okla.—Just what causes the bad odor of perspiration we will not undertake to say. You can get at any drug store very good preparations which will kill the odor. These are specially prepared and are more or less expensive. A very simple disinfectant is a few drops of ammonia in the water you wash with.

W. D. J., Columbia, S. C.—We do not recall the

w. D. J., Columbia, S. C.—We do not recall the advice. We think it much wiser for you to consult a physician than to take newspaper advice in a matter which is of so much importance for the future. Now is the time if ever, when personal advice is of the greatest importance.

vice is of the greatest importance.

A., Lorraine, Miss.—The trouble is either bronchial, or the result of the palate coming down until it tickles the throat and causes the cough. Have you ever asked a physician to examine for this cause? If not, you should do so, for a simple operation would relieve it almost at once. As you give the symptoms we are rather inclined to think that this is the cause? On the other hand bronchial trouble is very stubborn, and sometimes will not yield entirely to the best treatment. No better remedy can be had for it than inhalation. But look after the other first.

E. G., Rockwell, Iowa.—Not at this distance. Better let some near-by physician have a look at it.

L. H., South Otselia, N. Y.—No simple news-

L. H., South Otselia, N. Y.—No simple newspaper remedy will cure as bad a case of nasal catarrh as you mention. What you should do with the child is to send her out of the climate she is now in. The cold, dry air of Colorado, or the hot, dry air of Arizona, are the only sure cures. There is much danger of catarrh going into consumption.

Discouraged, New York, N. Y.—Stop the physic and try simple diet and reducing your weight. In a city of so many hospitals where the very best treatment in the world is open free to you, you should be able to be made a well woman.

treatment in the world is open free to you, you should be able to be made a well woman.

O. R., Talent, Ore.—You are mistaken about having seen anything concerning the drug in this column. We do not know of its use in removing scars. The authorities give it as used in lupus and kidney troubles. Better not try it on yourself except by prescription. Why didn't the druggist who sold it to you tell you how to use it?

A. C., Adairsville, Ga.—Sometimes indigestion may be cured, and sometimes it has come to stay. That depends upon the strength of the digestive organs and the treatment they have received. If you are a drinking man stop the liquor. If you drink coffee stop that. A little tobacco will not hurt, but do not use it to excess. Eat the simplest and most digestible food, and chew every mouthful thoroughly before swallowing. You can arrange your own diet by cutting out whatever you can not digest easily. After each meal take a half glass of hot water with a half teaspoonful of cooking soda dissolved in it. Breathe long breaths of fresh air, and give your body plenty of massaging. A dose of salts, before breakfast, two or three times a week may be of advantage if your bowels are sluggish. If you will do what you are told to do, you may be cured or greatly relieved, but if you will not, what is the good of advice?

E. M. F., Noble, Okla.—For a while suppose you try no medicine of any kind and put yourself on a digestible diet. You have taken enough medicine to choke a horse, and as it does you no good, it might be advantageous for you to let it alone for a season. If you drink coffee stop it. Read the advice above for indigestion, and maybe you can get some good out of it. If you could get farther West, to the high and dry country of Colorado you might be benefited.

Remarkable Popularity of the World Famed

Remarkable Popularity of the World Famed

Remarkable Popularity of the World Famed Cornish Pianos and Organs.

The most popular instruments in the World seem to be the Cornish Pianos and Organs if we are to judge by the endorsements they have received during the last half a century from a quarter of a million satisfied patrons.

Recently one of the most motable firms of export merchants in New York City who have branches in India, Ceylon, China and Japan, in sending an organ for a new customer of theirs in the interior of China, informed Messrs Cornish that the goods were intended to be transported a thousand miles after arriving in Shanghai.

Recently Messrs Cornish received the following letter from the Superintending Minister of the Missionary Board if Natal, South Africa:

"I have pleasure in stating that the organ manufactured by Messrs Cornish for the new Wesleyan Methodist Church at Dundee is in every respect a most suitable instrument. The tone is rich and full and the compass all that can be desired."

an inat can be desired."

In addition to an increasing domestic trade there is steady demand for Cornish Pianos in Australia, Ne Zealand, South Africa, the East and West Indies areven in Iceland and Finland.

GREENBACKS \$100 IN STAGE MONEY FOR 109 your own roll and show your friends what a wad you carry. Big bunch of \$100 for 10c; \$300 for 25c. S. DRAKE, Dept. 209, 539 Van Buren St., CHICAGO.

SICKOF

NEW REMEDY SENT FREE

Oh! what a pleasure to see your man or boy turn, with a wry face from tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, or snuff, disgusted and sickened by the very odor!

Here are a few of myriads I have helped, I believe all will verify me, if stamped envelope is sent: J. D. Dear, DeRidder, La.; E. M. Delap, Sunnyside, S. Dak.; J. E. McAllister, Byrnside, W. Va.; Miss C. Windon, Penn Yan, N. Y. (father); Mrs. W. W. Blazer, Walland, Tenn. (snuff.) Robt. P. Baker, Rockford, Wash. My husband was a tobacco "fiend." This wonderful NEW REMEDY cured him, restored his broken health, and I am determined that the whole world shall know of this great blessing for women, who cure their loved ones; the PowDers being odorless and tasteless, may be

GIVEN SECRETLY In tea, coffee and MEN CURE THEMSELVES

casily and gradually, by taking in TABLET FORM three or for times a day. They like the remedy because they don't hav to quit; IT MAKES THEM QUIT.

The Free Treatment has cured hundreds, although merely sent to show how harmless it is, how it may be used, etc. If you need more, it will cost less than to bacco, and thus you will save money

it will cost less than tobacco, and thus you will save money and health and lose no pleasure. Send NOW: state if secret remedy is wanted; send two stamps and you will hear from me, in plain envelope, promptly.

MRS. K. A. DOWNING, 832 Victory Bldg., Dayton, O.

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oo you feel yourself deficient as a plump, well-rounded figre? Is your bust measurement all that you desire? Are there hollow places above and below your collar bone? Whatever you may lack in the way of perfect form or figure Nature will supply for you if you use

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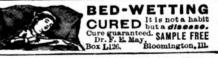
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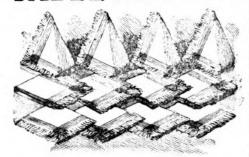
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TABLE NAPKINS.



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean, fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than the wife's effort to have his meals tempting. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

Club Offer. We will send you postpaid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 8 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address

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It RIFLE. Pneumatic active and the second of the sec

WEDDING RING. A suit able wedding ring and the most rins a heavy band ring (gold plate that wear and astisfactorily. So

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We print here but a very few premium offers, although we publish for free distribution a large and comprehensive catalogue illustrating thousands of articles, all of which are free to our agents, who will solicit new subscription orders and renewals to this peer-less home magazine, COMFORT, at the present and popular yearly rate of FIFTEEN CENTS. Send postal card for complete catalogue subscription blanks and try the easy, pleasant sub.-getting work and be convinced of our sincerity in making this offer to you. Countless thousands of agents have been made happy through their connection with COMFORT and this is just the time for you to identify yourself with the good work and find every day and every year a happy one.





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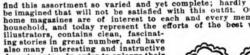
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nearly as large or pretentious as now.

nearly as large or pretentious as now.

We have frequently said that with the generous co-operation of our countless readers we would find ourselves in a position to produce a bigger and better COMFORT. As we have been fortunate in having such enthusiastic support from those who appreciate and enjoy the varied interesting contents of their favorite monthly periodical, we now find it possible to continue for a little longer the present advantageous fifteen-cent rate, although not without sacrifice upon our part.

Yet we are building a strong foundation for more healthy and profitable growth which is sure to follow such community of interest and effort, as we enjoy through the medium of six millions of hearts that are beating with the slogan of COMFORT, which is "ever onward and upward."

After the concluding chapters of "St. Elmo" appear we shall immediately commence the opening chapter of another beautiful story, written by this famous writer, whose pen name has become famous on two continents; this new serial story, entitled "A Speckled Bird." the last story written by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, will, if possible, exceed the popularity of "St. Elmo," for the serial rights to print, more money was paid by COMFORT than is annually expended on the entire editorial make-up of many periodicals.

The Sisters' Corner feature, Uncle Charlie with his throng of happy COMFORT Cousins, the regular departments devoted to interesting topics, short story after short story, Music and special features will aid COMFORT to retain its pre-eminent position among the popular home monthlies, and it is not too much to expect the usual and commonplace "extras" which the publisher so generously contributes regularly; in fact, nearly every month there is a surprise for the readers, in the shape of some added article or feature.

Those who will give but a portion of their time to club-raising find the employment pleasant and very

Those who will give but a portion of their time to club-raising find the employment pleasant and very agreeable, the rewards generous and of unusual value.

In this issue we publish several pages of premiums selected from our catalogue, and you will be delighted with the ready manner in which people respond to your request for a subscription, by exhibiting a specimen copy.

YOUR EYE ON THE WRAPPER

IN WHICH THIS PAPER COMES

Every month a certain number of subscriptions expire. The expiring number this month is 220, and the Jan. number was 219, while for March it will be 221. If any of these numbers appear on the address seal in which we send your copy of COMFORT, please attend to the renewal of your subscription without further notification from us; we do not carry delinquent subscription accounts nor send COMFORT to any whose subscription has expired.

nas expired.

Now we have appreciated your patronage during the past, and wish to here thank you for every favor or courtesy extended. If you will continue to share with us in the upbuilding of COMFORT by repeated courtesies of similar character, we shall be enabled to make COMFORT the greatest home publication in the civilized world. Begin today by subscribing for a friend or neighbor using coupon below. Or better still, get up a club of subscribers as per premium offer here printed.

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The retail value of some of these designs is more than we charge for the whole outfit. Just see the value we are going to give to secure new subscribers. With this outfit we send a box of Modern Stamping Material, with which one can transfer the patterns to any material desired. No teaching is needed, for full instructions are on the box. We also send printed and illustrated lessons showing stitches for the new work in eyelet and shadow embroidery.

There are countless patterns in this outfit, which consists of four sheets of best quality imported linen stock, giving many clean impressions.

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Please read carefully our descriptive matter above, also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, COMFORT, at 15 cents each for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will go forward same day at our expense. Address
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OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT.

Make Money Printing Cards.



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy **Printing Outfit** a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickeled pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

It subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will complete as described.

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CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in an, and dyou postpaid one of these Printing Outlits all complete as described.

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BOOKS



Maggie Miller. Marian Grey. Mildred; or the Child of

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Charles M. Sheldon.

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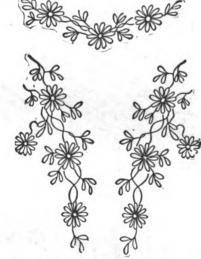
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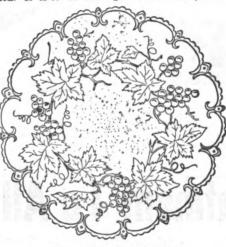
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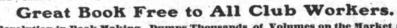
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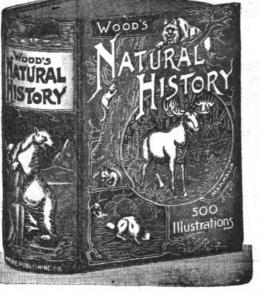


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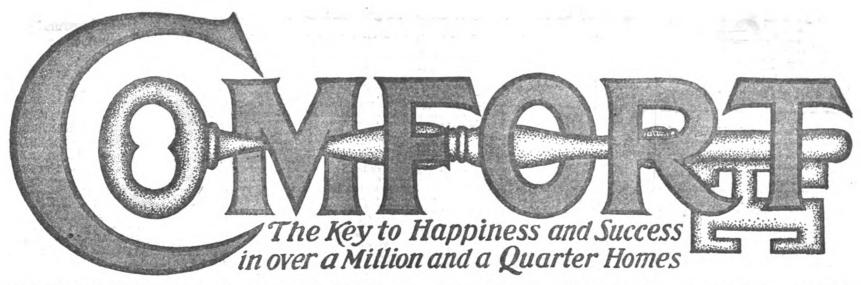
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Vol. XIX

March 1907

No. 85



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March, 1907

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Crumbs of Comfort

Afflictions clarify the soul. Arebition is but avarice on stilts. A face that cannot smile is never good. Ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace. He lives who dies to win a lasting name. Some there be that shadows kiss; Such have but a shadow's bliss. hakespeare.

Sin is a state of mind, not an outward act. The farmers are the founders of civilization Nature never betrayed the heart that loved

Command large fields, but cultivate small ones Nothing is too late till the tired heart stops

beating. Absence of occupation is not rest, A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

There is purpose in pain, otherwise it were

Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break. There are epidemics of nobleness as well as epidemics of disease.

Each departed friend

tracts us to the next world. Gray hairs are like the light of a soft moon

silvering over the evening of life. More helpful than all wisdom is one draft of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

Silence in love betrays more wee
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

When men once reach their Autumn, sickly joys fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees. Where all are selfish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous Alas, for the unhappy man that is called to stand in the pulpit, and not give the bread of life.

Amusements are to religion like breezes to the flame—gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out.

Music! Oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell;
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou caust breathe her soul so well?
—Moo

None but God can satisfy the longings of the immortal soul; that as the heart was made for Him, so He only can fill it.

Most arts require long study and application but the most useful art of all, the art of pleasing requires only the desire to please.

A Few Words by the Editor

in life, and it is during Lent that we should strive to give a little time to devotion, and we should endeavor to hush the warring elements in our nature, and listen to the "still small voice," and seek a little of the peace that passeth understanding. It will be all the better for us, if we do this. We shall gain, both physically and spiritually. For once in a while, as we hurry through life, we should all stop to note the road on which we are traveling, and mark where it leads to, and what is at the end of it. Perhaps such a period of reflection may show us that we are on the wrong road, that we have lost our way, and are far, far from home, deep in the morass that threatens our destruction, sinking in quicksands that will eventually engulf us.

Once a year men take stock of their business, and calculate their losses and gains, so they may know just where they stand. It is in Lent that a man should take stock of himself, and note where he is journeying. If he is not satisfied with the inventory he has taken of himself, if his footsteps are uncertain, the outlook dark, the storm clouds gathering, he need not de-

if his footsteps are uncertain, the outlook dark, the storm clouds gathering, he need not de-spair; greater men than he have taken this self inventory, and have been harassed by doubts and fears, and disheartened and discouraged, and fears, and disheartened and discouraged, have faitered, not knowing which way to go, or how to reach a harbor of safety, and a rock of security, which something told them was not far ahead, if they only knew just where and how to seek it.

No trial which has taken place in this country, except those of the assassins of President Garfield and President McKinley, has caused wider interest and comment than that of Harry Thaw, the young Pittsburg millionaire, for the shooting of Stanford White, the famous New York architect. It is hardly necessary to go into details. Evelyn Nesbit, a pretty chorus girl, was the cause of all the trouble. After a more or less scandalous career, Thaw married her, and then was her opportunity to have retired from public view, and as wife, possibly mother, to have lived down her past. But the young Mrs. Thaw was not made of such stern stuff. She could not make the sacrifice even in so good a cause. She came back to New York where White was, and her husband's jealousy grew until one night last summer he killed the man whom Mrs. Thaw swears first led her astray.

Whatever may be true of the shooking testi-

Whatever may be true of the shocking testiwhatever may be true of the shocking testimony with which all newspaper readers have
been served, the lesson is in it against the
modern metropolitan methods of living among
those who exist in the glare of the lights which
are red. This is the light which attracts so
many young people all over this country, and it
is the flerce blaze which scorches the virtue of

is the herce blaze which scorches the virtue of so many girls who come to the city, and leads to destruction so many weak young men who cannot resist the temptations about them. Thousands of young girls in every part of the United States, whose homes are comfortable, and whose lives might be fitly shaped for what is best in living are drawn to the city by the and whose lives might be fitly shaped for what is best in living, are drawn to the city by the promises of better opportunities and wider scope of mind and work, only to find disappointment and death, or the life that is worse, now and hereafter. These girls may read the dreadful story of Evelyn Nesbit and be properly shocked at it, but will they heed it? Will they listen to the words of the wise who would save them, or will they still want to try for themselves and weep the bitter tears of sorrow that selves and weep the bitter tears of sorrow that must come to most who know not the lure of the city, and depend upon the careless, often the wicked, to instruct them in the ways they should not go? Comfort has many readers among the young who are dissatisfied with the simpler life of the country, and long to go to the city, and to these this word of warning in all kindliness is spoken. Better rust in the country than rot in the town.

Your editor has just been running his eyes over a number of magazines that compete with the tell that good old Comfort was so far patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant despair.

Your editor has just been running his eyes over a number of magazines that compete with the tit would be unwise to take it for granted that good old Comfort was so far ahead of its rivals, that there was no necessity of his spying out the land, and knowing what the dead of the syving out the land, and knowing what others were doing in the way of cataring to others were doing in the way of catering to your literary needs. The ostrich, you will re-member in a time of danger, puts its head in the sand, and ignores its enemy. Your editor does not believe in imitating the ostrich, Comrorr imitates no one, but blazes a pathway for itself, a pathway most other publications are only too glad to follow. Your editor's main desire then, in casting his eye over the magazine field, was to note if anyone was giving a more generous literary dish, and setting a more bountiful table for its readers than Comport.

While he was noting capitate and country it While he was noting quality and quantity, it occurred to him also to notice price. The review was a conscientious and impartial one, fair and thorough, and we have much pleasure in making the result known to you, for that examination convinced your editor, and would examination convinced your editor, and would also have convinced you, had you been here when it was made, that COMFORT leads all its competitors both in quantity and quality. Many publications, which charge nearly double what COMFORT charges you for a year's subscription, had not one half the reading matter to be found in one of our ordinary ismatter to be found in one of our ordinary issues. Where COMFORT gave 32 pages, the majority of other publications gave only 16. One magazine whose yearly subscription rate is 25 cents, had only 19 columns of reading matter, while COMFORT had just four times as much. It is only natural that everyone should want to get the best possible return for their money. get the best possible return for their money both as to quality and quantity. The readers of this paper can rest assured that we give

All in the wild March morning, I heard the angels twas when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll.

And in the wild March morning, I heard them — Tennyson.

The are now approaching that portion of the church year, known as Lent. Easter comes early this year—on March 31st. Lent used to be observed only by Catholics and Episcopalians, but nowadays its observance is becoming more general.

In these days of hurry and scurry, when every nerve is strained to its utmost tension, and brain and body racked to the point of exhaustion, anything that calls a halt to the mad rush of life is to be welcomed. As the old saw says, "Life is not all beer and skittles," and neither is it all moil and strife, social functions and money getting. There is a deeper purpose in life, and it is during Lent that we should strive to give a little time to devotion, and wes should endeavor to hush the warring elements in our nature, and listen to the "still small voice," and seek a little of the peace that passet understanding. It will be all the better for us, if we do this. We shall gain, both physically and spiritually. For once in a while, as we hurry through life, we should all stop to note the road on which we are traveling, and mark where it leads to, and what is at the end of it. Perhaps such a period of reflection may show us that we are on the wrong for the money, we are endeavoring to see just how much our plant and resources will east to help the unfortunate of the passe of the profit of the peace that passet understanding. It will be all the better for us, if we do this. We shall gain, both physically and spiritually. For once in a while, as we hurry through life, we should all stop to note the road on which we are traveling, and mark where it leads to, and what is at the end of it. Perhaps such a period of reflection may show us that we are on the wrong. see just how much our plant and resources will permit us to place before you. You know COMFORT's heart is in the right place. Our interest in seeking to help the unfortunate proves that, and our generous methods of catering also substantially prove it. You can rest assured that no publication will ever do better by its readers, ever can do better by its readers and manage to exist, than will Comfort. Every promise we make we keep. Some, magazines make a specialty of proclaiming their generous intentions towards their readers only to still further curtail the scanty literary fare provided for them. Our word is our bond. Comfort is the biggest and best, not because we say so, but because it is so, and no one knows this fact to be true better than yourselves.

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Your friend, of sim where.



Child Labor

"One of the hard problems to handle," said the philanthropist, "is that of child laborthat is, making children under 14 do day's work, as an adult does. Most states have laws against it, but they vary, and in addition we must contend against the need of what the children may earn by working in families and getting no help in our efforts from parents. According to the latest census there were 1,750,178 children from 10 to 15 years of age engaged in various occupation, and in 20,452 families 35.7 of the breadwinners were under 15. Of the total, 1,054,446 were employed on the farms where they lived. Next to farm work comes servants and waiters, of whom there are 138,065, mostly girls. Of general laborers, principally working in cities, there were 128,617, all being boys except 17,059. In the gainful occupations about one third were ears of age, and more than one half above 14. Of working children about three fourths are boys. The per cent. of colored child laborers is much higher than among whites, but it is almost entirely on farms. More children are employed in cotton mills than in any other industry, and the majority of them are in New England, North and South Carolina and Georgia. Of the 71,622 messengers, errand boys and cash girls, 90 per cent. are boys. Of the textile workers and needle trades, 29,-334 were girls and 5,123 boys. In 188 families the children supported them entirely, the size of the families ranging from five to eight dependents. In some families every member is a bread winner, and still the children have to work. However, this is merely for gain, and here is where the law should be exercised on the parents.

A Paid Sunday School

"As far as I know," said a clerical-looking party, "there is but one Sunday school in this country, or the world, where teachers and tuition cost money. Some say it is not a good plan, but I think it is. This school has competent teachers who instruct children on religious subjects of an entirely undenominational character, and the scholars pay a tuition see of \$15. The school meets every Sunday morning, and opens with simple religious exercises of responsive Bible reading and singing of hymns. For the little ones there is a kindergarten with Bible stories and songs, and for the older ones the Bible is taught in all its phases, moral, historical and literary. The good part of the Bible is taught to the children, and they are shown how its precepts may make better boys and girls of them, and how they can improve all persons with whom they come in contact. It is simply teaching practical religion to the right kind of children by competent and liberal-minded teachers, and the result cannot help being of the greatest benefit now and hereafter. Pictures and lectures are constantly used to interest the children in their Bible studies, and the school is growing, with bright prospects of similar schools being established elsewhere."

Current Topics

John F. Stevens, chief engineer of the Panama canal commission has resigned. The President has asked the canal commission to assign to the office of chief engineer, Major George W. Goethals, of the Engineer Corps.

The historic battleship Oregon that Captain Clark raced around the continent to bring in the nick of time into the battle of Santiago Bay, is to be modernized, and the Secretary of the Navy has authorized the expenditure of \$1,000,000 on her. She was one of the best battleships in 1898, and now has become almost obsolete.

During the present session of the Indiana Legislature an appropriation will be asked to care for the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the care for the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. That the grave of the mother of Abraham Lincoln should have been so long neglected does not speak well for public sentiment in that state, or for the whole

Sabatis Shay and Newel Ranco, full-blooded Indians, in Maine, are to erect a building for the manufacture of canoe paddles and cantdog handles—articles which require honesty in manufacture as a safeguard to life. A young Indian girl, a graduate of a High School and business college, is to be the stenographer and bookkeeper of the company.

Halley's comet, last seen in 1835, will be visible again in 1910, and astronomers are bestirring themselves in preparation of the event. It is the greatest comet known to have been seen at more than one return, its average period being about seventy-five years. The object of the astronomers at present is to predict the moment of its perihelion with the utmost possible accuracy. sible accuracy

Charles Curtis, who was lately elected United States Senator from Kansas, has served in the House of Representatives, fourteen years. His mother was a full-blooded Kaw Indian.

One of the worst disasters for many years was in the wreck of the Rotterdam Steamer Berlin, off Hook, Holland, and within sight of her dock, Feb. 21. As a result of the courage and determination of Prince Henry of the Netherlands, 11 survivors were rescued. The Berlin carried passengers and crew to the number of 141. Among the drowned were 16 mmbers of the German Opera Co., who had just concluded their season at Covent Garden. Three members were rescued.

A Service Pension Bill has been passed by Congress, under which every honorably discharged soldier of the Civil War who served as much as three months, is entitled to receive a pension of \$12 a month at the age of 62, of \$15 a month at the age of 70, and of \$20 a month at the age of 75. A provision giving survivors of the Mexican War a pension of \$20 a month was incorporated in the bill. It is estimated that the bill will entail an additional expenditure of about \$15,000,000 for the first year.

The collision of the side-wheel steamer Larchmont, of the Joy Line, with the schooner Harry Knowlton, off Block Island, resulted interrible disaster, causing great loss of life. Of the more than 200 passengers only 10 were saved. Some of the crew reached land. Thirty-two bodies were washed ashore, which with the 11 brought in on the boats and rafts made 43 recovered. The full loss of life may never definitely be known, as the only list of passengers was held by the purser of the steamer. steamer.

A remarkable surgical operation is reported from Vienna. The patient had lost the sight of both eyes. Dr. Zirm, the surgeon, had to remove the eye of an eleven-year-old boy. The eye was fatally injured by a steel splinter in the interior, but the corner was intact. The operator, therefore, cut slits in the opaque corners of the man's eyes and inserted pieces from the boy's. The experiment failed as to The idea of a religious service to open the day's session of the New York Stock Exchange has been taken up by the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Warren, employing the novel expedient of the telephone. Just before the beginning of business the preacher's study is connected by

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he flow soft prints of the control of

CHAPTER X. SECOND THOUGHTS.

HE lawyer's visit had operated upon Joseph Parkhurst as a stone thrown into a pool—producing movement and agitation, a general feeling of unrest, which time alone could calm. There are some natures that seem made for a particular sphere and are not pliant enough to adapt themselves to the requisitions of another. So it was with him. He had been bred to all the privileges which wealth and high birth bestow, and in a quiet way had been in the habit of looking down upon all who did not move in the same circle with himself.

To such a man the sudden downfall which has already been described proved a severe

not move in the same circle with himself.

To such a man the sudden downfall which has already been described proved a severe blow. The thought of ranking with those whom he had regarded with condescension only, and of being treated as an inferior by those with whom he had hitherto moved on terms of perfect equality, was indeed bitter to one of his disposition. He could no longer endure to live where he would be subjected to such mortifications. But for that imperative reason he never would have brought himself to what in his case might be fairly considered a desperate stepnamely, a home in the wilderness. It was a sacrifice which he made upon the altar of his pride. He had indeed exhibited a little interest in fitting up the cabin, but after that was completed he sank into a state of lethargy which gave Mabel, when she observed it, a vague feeling of uneasiness. But she, herself, was so thoroughly contented with the change she was unable to enter into her father's feelings. She had no longings after the old life which she had led in the city. This was particularly the case after her acquaintance with Henry Davenport had ripened into intimacy, which led to their being almost daily together.

Both Henry and Mabel had many tastes in common. They delighted in long walks, or gallops upon the soft turf, and scarcely a day passed without some such mutual engagement. In addition to this, Davenport had placed a boat on the little sheet of water near the house, and would often row his fair companion across it. He had even taught her to manage an oar with considerable decreative.

boat on the little sheet of water near the house, and would often row his fair companion across it. He had even taught her to manage an oar with considerable dexterity, so that she would sometimes laughingly order him to take his turn as passenger while she plied the oars.

But Mr. Parkhurst had no such pleasant associations with the country. The cultivation of land he regarded as irksome but essential to the support of the family. He therefore committed it to other hands, nor did he even reserve to himself the general superintendence of the farming operations, for which indeed he was as little fitted by experience as by inclination.

him that long as he regarded his present state as evitable, these feelings were kept under some limitation, and he submitted, though with an ill ce, to what he knew no complaints could edy. But after his conversation with the yer the feeling of disgust for his present mstances and yearning for the past came By Horatio Alger, Jr.

he thought of the possibility which existed of regaining what he so much coveted, the more desirable it seemed—the more unendurable it appeared to get along without them.

"To think," he murmured to himself, as he paced his apartment with hasty steps, "to think that I may again live in the old mansion which I was compelled to surrender; that I may again keep my carriage and entertain my old friends, and live as befits a gentleman of my rank and breeding! One year of my former life is worth five, nay ten, in this out-of-theway place where I am deprived of all that I value. Yes, I may get it all back. He says so, and though he is not a gentleman, yet his story is a plausible one. But the condition—"

Here his countenance changed, and with think that I may again live in the old mansion which I was compelled to surrender; that I may again keep my carriage and entertain my old friends, and live as befits a gentleman of my rank and breeding! One year of my former life is worth five, nay ten, in this out-of-the-way place where I am deprived of all that I value. Yes, I may get it all back. He says so, and though he is not a gentleman, yet his story is a plausible one. But the condition—" Here his countenance changed, and with some heat he exclaimed: "The low-born fellow has actually the audacity to demand Mabel's hand in marriage, and to make that the condition of restoring to me what is rightfully my own. I have a great mind to have him arrested!"

A moment's reflection was sufficient to con-

him arrested!"

A moment's reflection was sufficient to convince Mr. Parkhurst that such a proceeding would be ill-advised, inasmuch as he would be utterly unable to prove anything. The lawyer would undoubtedly meet his charges by a cool denial. He could hardly be expected to admit

denial. He could hardly be expected to admit anything to his own detriment.
What, then, could be done?
There seemed to be but a single alternative, either to give up all thought of obtaining the money and its contingent advantages, or to submit to the condition imposed.
The last Joseph Parkhurst could not at first endure to think of; but being a man who had

Mr. Davenport was unquestionably much the wealthier. But, as he had no aristocratic prejudices to contend against, it was not likely that this would have any effect upon his mind. "Father," said Mabel in a tone of hesitation, arising from the knowledge of the purpose for which she solicited an interview, "I should be glad to see you in the study a few minutes." "Certainly," said her father, surprised that she should have anticipated a request which he had himself thought of making.

Mehitable heard this request through the half-open door, and the curiosity of the handmaiden—a quality of which she certainly had her share—was greatly excited.

"I wonder what she's got to say to her father," thought that lady. "Maybe she's going to complain of me. She told me yesterday that she thought the meat was overdone. A pretty chit she is to talk to me, that knew all about cooking before she was born."

Mehitable forgot that her expressions were

1 6

"FATHER," SAID MABEL, "YOU FORGET THAT I LOVE HENRY DAVENPORT!"

been accustomed through life to regard his own comfort and advantage of paramount importance, he began little by little to reconcile himself to it. This he was the better able to do because the objections were merely from his own prejudice, not from regard for his daughter's feelings. It then ultimately resolved itself to this, and in this form he submitted it to himself for consideration.

Would it be a greater sacrifice for him to put up with an unacceptable son-in-law, or to spend the remainder of his life in a wilderness

and a state of society which he detested?

It was not difficult to decide what the answer would be. It required only little time to ar-

The lawyer had had the foresight to see this.

The lawyer had had the foresight to see this, and for this reason he had had the good policy not to insist upon an immediate answer to his proposition, but to give time for Mr. Parkhurst's selfishness to present the matter in its bearing upon his own comfort.

After Joseph Parkhurst had begun to reconcile himself to that branch of the alternative which would require from him the least sacrifice, the process became rapid.

"After all," he thought, "there is nothing in this man's profession which should interfere with his being a gentleman, and if he is lacking a pedigree the deficiency can easily be supplied by money. It can be reported that he has high connections in England, and as no one will take the trouble to go over and ascertain the incorrectness of the report, it will pass unquestioned. It is, I admit, presumption in him to make the demand; still, it is better to sacrifice a little pride for the sake of a greet adventers.

of a nature to throw doubt upon her often as-

In compliance with his daughter's request,
Mr. Parkhurst proceeded to the study.
Mabel followed with a flushed cheek, yet
with a happy light in her eyes. She dreaded
the task of opening to her father the subject of
her love, yet she would not for a large sum
have foregone the occasion of her embarrass-

ment.
"I'd like to know what it is they're a-going "I'd like to know what it is they're a-going to talk about," repeated Mehitable, as she prepared to clear away the table. "Perhaps the squire may say something about that fine young man that came here yesterday, and seemed so struck with my appearance. I'd give a good deal to know who he is, and what is his business with the squire, and whether he thinks of settling down in this deestrict of country, and whether he's married, though I don't think he is, and whether he isn't in search of a wife."

Mahitable's volubility in wondering was your

Mehitable's volubility in wondering was very great, but it was at least fully equaled by her curiosity. Accustomed as she had been for many years past to consider, in regard to every man, whether he was available in a matrimonial way, the politeness of the lawyer, added to Jerry's hint, had worked upon her imagination to such an extent that she was already hold. to such an extent that she was already half persuaded that it required but an effort upon her part to bring the lawyer to her feet. That

her part to bring the lawyer to her feet. That effort she was willing to make.

"Poor man! Perhaps he's had a misfortunate attachment, like my Joshua that I rejected because I didn't love him. But I'm sure I didn't object to somebody else making him happy. So I think, if I could see it to be my duty, that I should be willing to marry this gentleman that seems so pretty and polite in his manners. I can't say but what I'd like to have a house of my own. There's some satisfaction in working to make the demand; still, it is better to sacrifice a little pride for the sake of a great advantage. And besides, I don't know dy. But after his conversation with the er the feeling of disgust for his present matances and yearning for the past came him with redoubled force. The longer

isn't in working for other people, that don't know how to appreciate you."

These thoughts were soon terminated by the closing door after Mabel and her parent.

"I wonder if I couldn't creep up to the door and hear what they're a reasyin'," thought Mehitable to herself. "I've a great mind to. I guess I'll take the dust brush with me, so's if the door should suddenly open, they'd think I'm a-dustin'," and she lost no time in putting it into execution.

"The dishes may stand," she muttered. "Jerry hain't had his breakfast, and I guess I'll let the table wait for him a few minutes."

Seizing the dust brush Mehitable passed cautiously into the entry, treading on tiptoe and avoiding carefully even the least noise, intent upon gratifying her natural desire for information without the somewhat awkward accident of discovery.

She leaved her head forward so that her ear

dent of discovery.

She leaned her head forward so that her ear was close to the keyhole, and in this attitude listened eagerly to what was said. What she heard was of even greater interest than she had articlested.

But, alas for poor Mehitable! In her plans of avoiding detection there was one element of uncertainty she had quite forgotten to

of uncertainty she had quite forgotten to take note.

Jerry had gone out early in the morning in search of birds' eggs, of which he had already collected quite a variety, and this made him late for breakfast.

Entering the kitchen with bare feet he did not make sufficient noise to attract attention. This was an unfortunate circumstance for her, as it proved. Entering the kitchen, Jerry naturally looked about for Mehitable. Not finding her he stepped to the entry door, and there, to his surprise, found her in the act of eavesdropping.

"I'll fix her," thought the boy, after pausing a minute or two, hoping that she would look up and learn to her confusion that she was discovered. Jerry finally got tired of waiting and determined to precipitate matters.

Accordingly he gave a slight cough, which was sufficient, however, to draw Mehitable's attention.

Turning suddenly she saw the boy looking.

attention.

was sumcient, however, to draw Menitable's attention.

Turning suddenly she saw the boy looking at her with a whimsically knowing air, that clearly indicated that he very well understood what she was about.

Menitable started with a guilty look, and her sallow face actually flushed.

"Why, Jerry," said she in a flustered manner, "have you got back? I thought I'd let the breakfast things stand till you got home, and as the entry needed dustin' I'd go to work doin' it."

"Do you generally dust the keyhole, Hitty?" asked the boy, his eyes twinkling with mirth.

"What do you mean, Jerry Blue?" inquired Menitable with offended dignity.

"Oh, I don't mean anything, of course," said the provoking boy. "Only I saw you bending down with your ear close to the keyhole."

"I suppose you hain't any objection to my

"I suppose you hain't any objection to my stoopin' over and tying up my shoestrings," said Mehitable, in an injured tone.
"It took you pretty long to tie it, then. You didn't seem to be doing nothing for about five minutes while I was looking at you."
"Oh, you audacious boy!" exclaimed she. "How do you dare to say such things about a poor, unprotected girl that hasn't done you any harm! I've lived for years and years—"
"There's no doubt about that, Hitty," said Jerry with a meaning look.
"Don't you interrupt me, you little wretch. I ain't too old to be your sister."
"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed Jerry. "I should as soon think of being brother to my own grandmother."
"You can't have any tea this morning," said Mehitable spitefully."

"You can't have any tea this morning," said Mehitable spitefully, "for it has got cold."

Then you'll warm it for me," said Jerry

quietly.
"I will, will I? And who's to make me, 1'd like to know?"
"I am."

"You!" retorted Mehitable in a shrill voice,

"You!" retorted Mehitable in a shrill voice, turning up her nose in ineffable contempt.
"Yes, that is, unless you'd like to have me tell Mabel about you listening at the door."
This produced another outbreak from Mehitable, who nevertheless thought it most prudent to comply with the boy's demand—feeling that she had placed herself in his power. Nor was this the first occasion on which Mehitable had to rue the results of eavesdropping. eavesdropping.

CHAPTER XI.

A HARD ALTERNATIVE.

When the father and daughter themselves together a mutual feeling of embarrassment affected both. Each was considering in what way it would be best to open the conversation. At length the father spoke: "I had a visitor yesterday, Mabel."
At that moment Mabel could only

At that moment Mabel could only think of one person. She thought it possible that Henry Davenport, in his impatience to have the matter decided, might have called upon her father without her knowledge. In this case her father's answer, when she had requested a private interview, could readily be understood.

"Was it Henry Davenport?" she asked in a low voice, endeavoring not to look unduly interested.

"Henry Davenport!" represted Manual contents of the country of th

low voice, endeavoring not to look unduly interested.

"Henry Davenport!" repeated Mr. Parkhurst in some surprise. "Certainly not. I know of no especial reason for his calling. It was a lawyer from New York."

"Was he a man, of about forty, with a rather forbidding aspect?" inquired Mabel.

"No," said Mr. Parkhurst, hesitating, for it was his desire that his daughter should look as favorably as possible upon the stranger. "I should not describe him in that manner. He was not absolutely young, to be sure, nor I suppose what the ladies would call handsome, but you know beauty is not expected of a man."

"I won't quarrel with you on that point, father," said Mabel, laughing, "nor oblige you to defend him. Whether he is as homely as a rail fence or as handsome as an angel, he is nothing to me. I was only going to say that I caught a glimpse of him as he was walking in the direction of the tayern. I did not know

caught a glimpse of him as he was walking in the direction of the tavern. I did not know that he had been here until I listened to Me-hitable's enthusiastic praises of him after I re-turned. By her account he was very polite to (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st; roll stitch l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. *indicates a repetition.

The Art of Netting

OME time ago we published an article on netting, but as this is an art which the younger people are not very familiar with, we will give again the method of doing this work for the benefit of all who have made inquiries in regard to it.

The making of twine or thread into meshes is a contrivance of ancient date for catching fish, birds, and even enclosing tracts of land into which wild animals were driven.

Hammocks or tennis nets can also be made by following the succeeding instructions:

The cord employed should be of a soft cotton variety. For a measure take a smooth piece of

The cord employed should be of a soft cotton variety. For a measure take a smooth piece of hard wood, eight or ten inches in length, one and one half inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick, having it planed off thin toward one edge, about an eighth of an inch in thickness. In making fancy netting round wood, steel or ivory sticks, or flat ones, in two widths are used; and they may be obtained in almost any fancy work store. A shuttle will also be needed, and if it cannot be obtained elsewhere, can also be manufactured at home. To make a shuttle, take a smooth piece of hard wood ten or eleven inches long, a little less than an inch wide, and only thick enough to be supple and not break; at one end cut it out so as to form a deep curve or heel and shape the other end off to a long point; about an inch and a quarter below the point cut away the wood about an eighth of an inch from each side of the center for four inches down to form a prong about which the cord is to be wound. In winding a shuttle remember that it should be held in one position so as not to twist the cord, and wind tightly so it will not slip off during the knotting.

Knitted Shoulder Cape in Doubles

Knitted Shoulder Cape in Doubles edged Sections

Cast on twelve stitches and knit across plain.

1st row.—K. 6, o., n., o., n., o., k. 2.

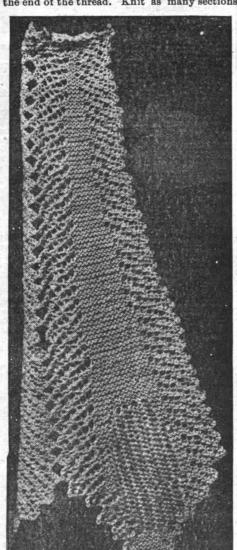
2nd row.—K. 7, o., n. 2, o., k. 2.

3d row.—K. 8, o., n. 2, o., k. 2.

4th row.—Bind off 3 sts., k. 6, o., n., o., n., o.,

k. 2.

5th row.—Bind off 3 sts. Continue back and forth, and by following the directions the center stitches will widen one stitch, each row. When as long as desired, o., n. four times in the center, back and forth for 10 rows; then o., n. twice on each side, back and forth. To form the pointed end, simply bind off 6 instead of 3 sts. for the points on each side, following the exact directions to n. 2, o., k. 2, down to the last point in the center. Bind off, secure the end of the thread. Knit as many sections



SECTION OF SHOULDER CAPE.

as required to .fit the shoulders. Run ribbon through and through the points sewed together for dressy effect. Mrs. G. T. Drennan. for dressy effect.

In netting some weight is needed, anything staunch enough to resist the strength of the worker; in fancy netting some use a cushion, filled with sand others simply pin it to the

filled with sand others simply pin it to the knee.

To make a hammock, tie the cord selected around the wedge, making an ordinary knot on the thinner edge. Have ready a good-sized hook in a convenient place; slip the loop off the wedge and throw it over the hook, then take the wedge in the left hand and hold the thickest edge toward you; bring the cord from the loop on the hook over the wedge, carry the shuttle up underneath and press it through the loop on the hook; pull the cord tightly so that the sides of the loop through which the shuttle passes will be straight and tight, and the end of the loop even with the top of the wedge, holding the end of the loop so that the knot at the hook will not slip away from the hook. Place the thumb close to the end of the loop, holding the cord drawn through the loop down tightly; now throw the cord up over the loop, pull the shuttle through, carrying it downwards and to the right and underneath the two threads under the thumb, close to the loop shock in a convenient place; slip the cord selected around the wedge, carry the kneedles, such as are sold at Fancy Work Stores in the large Cities. They are very necessary in the large Cities. They are very necessary in the large Cities. They are very necessary in the large Cities.

STEEL NETTING NEEDLE.

NEEDLE PARTLY FILLED.

doing the fancy netting described below. To fill a netting needle, pass the end of the thread through the little hole or eye, and tie it, and then wind the thread through the large Cities. They are very necessary in the large Cities.

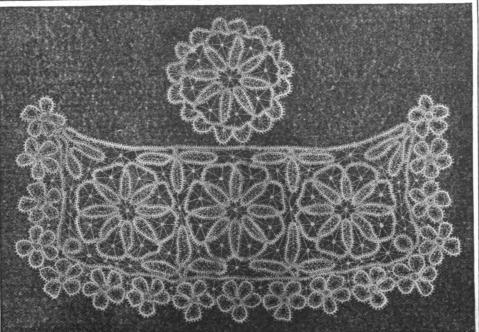
again; take up the next two wedges in the same manner and again throw the cord over the hook, continue in this way until all the meshes in this end are taken up, to form the guys. Now wind the cord tightly about the guys far enough below the hook to have a ring sufficiently large to suspend the hammock, winding the cord closely for several inches; then lift the ring off the hook and wind it the same way.

Finish the other end in a similar manner. If one prefers, metal rings can be used, and will be more durable.

Steel Needles for Fine Netting

We illustrate here the regular Steel Netting Needles, such as are sold at Fancy Work Stores in the large Cities. They are very necessary in





BABY'S LACE CAP IN FEATHER-EDGE BRAID.

This lovely creation for a baby is made of the finest feather-edged braid which is basted upon a pattern, as for point lace. Lace stitches are used the same as in point lace. This cap was especially designed for our readers by Mrs. H. L. Miller.

cap was especially designed for our readers by hook; now take hold of the cord and pull it as tightly as possible, still holding the thumb in the position directed, so that the cord will not slip. The thumb must be pressed firmly over the cord and the cord drawn as tightly as possible, so that a slip knot will not be produced; now slip this loop off the wedge and carry the cord over the wedge, close to the knot last formed, then carry the shuttle up underneath and pass it up through the loop last removed from the wedge, carry the shuttle downward over the wedge, also allowing the wedge to slip downward; pull the cord tightly so as to draw the loop down straight and tight and bring it close to the top of the wedge, then place the thumb close to the end of the loop and press it closely over the cord, as previously directed. Bring the cord up over the loop, pass the shuttle under the loop drawn down, taking up both sides of the loop, then carry the shuttle downward over the wedge, and pull the cord tightly to make another knot, always holding the thumb closely till the knot is made. Now slip this loop off the wedge and continue in this manner to make knots and loops until the required width of the hammock is obtained. Thirty-six meshes make a good width.

Knots formed as described are known as

width.
Knots formed as described are known as Knots formed as described are known as netting. When you have finished the thirty-six meshes, take the loop off the hook, but do not cut the cord. Then take a piece of cord half a yard or more in length, and pass it in and out through one of the two rows of loops. Tie the ends thus, run through in a knot, and place this loop of cord over the hook, now take the shuttle in hand, pass the cord over the wedge, carry the shuttle up underneath, and pass it up through the mesh nearest the working cord, carry the shuttle downward over the wedge, pulling the cord tightly so as to draw the wedge, pulling the cord tightly so as to draw the loop firmly, and bring it close to the top of the wedge; throw the cord up over the loop and pass the shuttle under the loop, holding the thumb, and drawing the cord in the same way as above directed for making the meshes. Keep this loop on the wedge and take up the next and each succeeding mesh in the same way holding a convenient number on the wedge. Returning the loops or meshes to the wedge is only to secure regularity in size and avoid entanglement.

tanglement.
When a convenient number of meshes have been taken up this way—and extreme care must be used not to skip any—take the wedge in the right hand, and with the left take hold of the first loop or mesh to the left on the wedge, and pull all but the last loop off; continue to take up the remaining meshes in the same way. Then proceed to the next row and continue knotting until the hammock is as long as desired; one thirty-six meshes wide should be seven or eight feet in length.

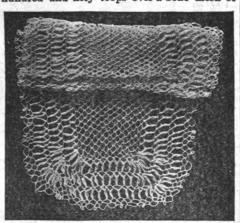
seven or eight feet in length.

As the work proceeds the cord may be taken off the hook and run through a row of meshes nearer the netter, so it will be easier work.

When the hammock is done take out this cord, smooth out each end of the net, then take a piece of cord, tie it so as to make a long loop, throw the loop over the hook, and hold one end of the net straight in front of you, pass the shuttle through the first loop at the left side of this end, from underneath, and also through the side of through the first loop at the left side of this end, from underneath, and also through the side of the side o this end, from underneath, and also through the next wedge in the same manner; then throw the cord over the hook and carry it down

Netted Tie

For a tie forty-five inches long cast on one hundred and fifty loops over a bone mesh or

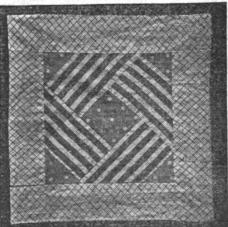


A NETTED TIE.

round wooden needle one half inch in diameter. Turn, and net back and forth for ten rows. Then with double thread net over a mesh one and one half inches all round the tie, making three stitches in one at the corners. Net all round over small mesh. Double thread, and net a round over the large mesh. Then a round over small mesh. Double thread, and net a round over large mesh. Then net two rounds over small mesh. Widen in three corner stitches when working over large mesh in the last two

Quilt Making

Striped goods for patchwork can be de-

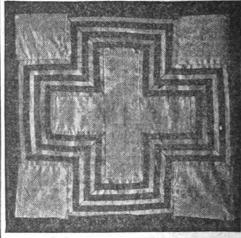


The zig-zag is composed of four striped pieces, combined with dotted goods of the same color as shown in the design, and then bordered with white, checked off in the same color. A quilt made in this way is odd.

Duplicate Cross

This is easily made, but care needs to be exercised in cutting the pieces so that the strips will exactly match.

A handsome quilt which I call The Wave



DUPLICATE CROSS.

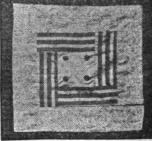
may be pieced by cutting diamond-shaped pieces of blue and white striped goods and piecing so the strips will match and run in points across the whole quilt.

Another called

Cross Roads

Is a simple design of straight strips set together as shown in illustration with a dotted center and suit-

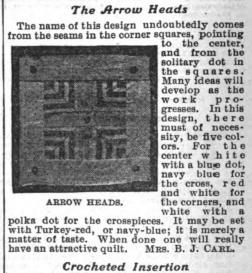
able border. Numberless other designs may be evolved by patient study. There is no limit when one will exerone will exercise patience and ingenuity, and these two qualities are shown in some of the quilts made by our grandmothers and great-



CROSS ROADS.

grandmothers and preserved with loving care, as priceless heirlooms. They exhibit a skill which would put to shame many, who in these later days have had advantages, which they did not, in developing a talent for designing.

The Arrow Heads

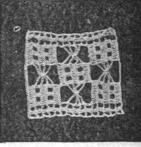


Crocheted Insertion

This pattern of insertion is made from No. 70 crochet cotton for an apron; or of linen thread for tidies or lunch cloths.

Make a chain of forty-two stitches, then make a single crochet in each stitch which is the best

way to begin and end any length of cro-cheted lace. 1st row.— Make a ch. of 4 sts., put a d. c. in the third s. c. on ch., d. c. in the next; ch. 2 sts., sl. 2 s. c., then put a d. c. in each of the next 10, ch. 10 sts., sl. 10 s. c. and put a d. c.



and put a d. c. in each of the next 10, ch. 2, sl. 2 s. c., put 2 d. c. in the next 2 s. c., ch. 2, put a d. c. in the last s. c.

2nd row.—Ch. 4, put 2 d. c. in the next 2 d. c. of first row; ch. 2, put 2 d. c. in the next 2 d. c., ch. 2, sl. 2 d. c., put 2 d. c. in the next 2, ch. 2, put 2, d. c. in the next 2, ch. 2, put 2, d. c. in the next 2, ch. 5, catch in the middle of ch. 10 of first row, ch. 5, put 2 d. c. in the next 2 d. c. of first row, ch. 2, sl. 2 d. c., put 2 d. c. in next 2 d. c., ch. 2, sl. 2 d. c., put 2 d. c. in the next 2, ch. 2, and put 2 d. c. in the next 2 d. c. of first row, ch. 2, and put a d. c. in last d. c. of first row.

next 2 d. c. of first row, ch. 2, and put a d. c. in last d. c. of first row.

3rd row.—Ch. 4, put 2 d. c. in the first 2 d. c., of last row, ch. 2, put a d. c. in each d. c., and in each st. between the d. c. of last row, making 10 d. c. in all, then ch. 5, catch in the middle of ch. of the other row, ch. 5, then put a d. c. in each d. c., and in each stitch between the d. c. of last row, until you have 10, ch. 2, then 2 d. c., in the next 2 d. c., ch. 2, put a d. c. in the last d. c. feecond row.

. c. of second row.
4th row.—Like second row.
5th row.—Like third, only let the ch. 10 hang

oosely.
6th row and following rows can be readily veloped into attractive blocks which look much more intricate than they are.

Out of which row and tollowing rows can be readily seen from the pattern to be a repetition of the previous rows, only changing the position of the open and the solid blocks.

MRS. O. L. SATEREN.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in-stead of including them in the letters.

stead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least three months before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been ask-

anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar re-

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have com-plied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and homesurroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

DEAR SISTERS:

DEAR SISTERS:

As many of you have been disappointed by the non-appearance of your letters, I will try to make amends somewhat by a little explanation. You all must realize that with the enormous subscription list which Comfort has, a goodly number of letters come to this department each month, many more in fact, than we could possibly publish, if every page were devoted to them; so you see, as this is not possible, in choosing those which shall appear, it is simply a survival of the fittest, that is, the letters which are really the best and will give the most pleasure and information, are naturally and rightfully chosen. Then the others are considered and each recipe request, or bit of experience, or help is weeded out and appears in its proper place, thus we try to be just to all and make this corner as interesting and helpful as possible. Do not feel badly if your first letter failed to find a place, just make the next one so good, it can not meet a similar fate.

Maggie Forier and Eleonora R. Weatherholt.

fate.

Maggie Forier and Eleonora R. Weatherholt.
Your letters received and I thank you for sending the letters inclosed. As stated above and as I have said so many times, such changes are wrong and we do not intend these columns to be used by anyone who breaks this rule, for this reason.

Mrs. Clara Olsen. I can not give you Mrs.

Mrs. Clara Olsen. I can not give you Mrs.

Grifflits's address.

Dear J. A. D. Please do not refer in your letters to persons whom you know persist in these methods.

these methods.

Mrs. Arrilla Moore, Fredonia, N. Y. The paragraph to which you refer was simply a suggestion for Christmas presents for an elderly couple; read it over again and you will understand.

Mrs. Jesse Hathaway. Mrs. L. M. McGee's address is Gage, R. F. D., 4, Okla.

Nellie F. O'Connell. Your letter received; do write a long letter, I know all the sisters would enjoy a description of the "Windy City." Miss Lucy A. Hoover. I could not tell until seeing it, whether we could use the rose design of which you write. If you will submit it and inclose postage, we will return it to you, and if available for use in the fancy work columns, pay for the same at current rates.

available for use in the fancy work columns, pay for the same at current rates.

To R. E. Dallas, M. Wyman, Mrs. L. T. Walker, Nellie Bliss and numerous others who have written, requesting patterns of different kinds, and asking questions all of which are fully answered above, I would repeat, please read these Points to Remember, very carefully, and you will be saved the trouble of writing for a reply which will not come, as our object in publishing them each month is to give you just the desired information and save this correspondence. spondence.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for the past nine years and think no other paper, for its price, can compare with it, as it seems so homelike and brings so many cheerful hearts together.

I am a resident of the stricken city of San Francisco; if this should meet with favor I will write again and describe how the city managed for a few months after that eventful morning of April 18, 1908. I am also a member of the League of Cousins and feel highly honored to belong to such an interesting band.

an interesting band.

I am twenty-six years of age, an artist by occupation; if I can help any of the sisters with any suggestions in any line will gladly do so (providing they will inclose a stamp). I make all kinds of satin, silk, or velvet hand-painted pillows, also paint on porcelain, but no china or any other material that the oil paint won't absorb without spreading.

material that the oil paint won't absorb without spreading.

Mrs. Van Dyke and others. Many thanks for generous favors, greatly benefited by same.

Mrs. Dickens. Please try steeping fresh celery root and drinking the liquid for your poor nerves.

Miss Emma Gerlach and others. Would you kindly try alum (powdered if you wish, but sew it between a thin cloth), and place it near the afflicted parts and in all the pockets and if possible keep the hands in them as the heat of the body dissolves the alum. It cured a colored gentleman here of many years' rheumatism.

Mrs. J. R. Robbins. A good transparent tracing-paper can be made by using varnish formed from Demarara resin. Place amount of tissue paper required in a flat pile spreading the varnish evenly over the paper with a soft-haired brush then remove sheet by sheet and hang it up to dry. For a colored tracing, I generally use colored chalk rubbed smoothly over common wrapping-paper, turning chalk side down, but please be very careful turning chalk side down, but please be very careful.

and not press too heavy on the article as to put extra chalk on your material. Miss Caerie Van Wie, San Francisco, Cal.

MISS CARRIE VAN WIE, San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I am deeply interested in the Sisters' Corner, and love to read letters from all parts of the United States, and I will join in with the rest of the sisters and represent Washington. We are living in Palouse, Washington, second best town west of the Cascade mountains. It is situated on the north slope of Palouse River, one of the most beautiful places for natural scenery of all kinds in the state. We can take an electric car at six P. M. and attend a good theater at Spokane, and be home at twelve, midnight. We were out to our country farm today. It was a beautiful day, which made the trip indeed pleasant. We will sooner or later move out on the farm, and I will go into the poultry business, as I dearly love to look after little chicks.

chicks. We had beautiful weather till the middle of November, then the snow came and covered the mountains, and along the foothills it is very deep, and the sleigh-bells jingle all around. Sisters, to ride in a light sleigh with a pair of horses and sleigh-bells, so like Uncle Josh when he rode in an automobile, or a kerosene buggy, as he called it, it makes you feel like you are going to lose all your hair.

In a recipe for cleaning a clothes wringer. It is very simple, yet few know it. Saturate a soft cloth with kerosene, and rub on the rollers, you will find it very satisfactory.

To Mrs. Belle Rush of Hansen, Idaho, Mr. Coigny says he claims you for his first cousin, and says

To Mrs. Belle Rush of Hansen, Idaho, Mr. Coigny says he claims you for his first cousin, and says your description is correct. We would like to have had the chance to spend the 4th of July at the Shoshone Fall. Write and tell us of your trip to Twinfall, Ill.

We have no sage-brush to burn here, and though we have thousands and thousand of acres of heavy timber near us, you may be surprised that wood is eight dollars a cord, coal ten dollars per ton.

MRS. VENEVA COIGNY, Palouse, Washington.

MRS. VENEVA COIGNY, Palouse, Washington.

DEAR SISTERS:
In response to my letter in May Comport, I received many letters telling me how to raise Angora cats, but it was goats, not cats, that I was interested in; now who can help me out? I enjoyed all the letters and thank you all for the many helps and hints. I was especially interested in letters giving methods of raising poultry and nursing the sick. Let's hear from some of you on bee-keeping and the rearing of goats, and the cultivation of flowers. I think raising goats would be a profitable business for women. What do you think about it, sisters?

welcome, also thank all that remembered me Christmas. I'm sailing down life's swelling tide; may our vessels safely glide, and may they anchor, side by side, in Heaven.

MISS EMMA GERLACH, Newburg, Wis.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 222 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "It. Elmo," which will be continued for some months during 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

during 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

Dear Editor and Sisters:

I'm a stranger in the letter department, that is, in writing, but not reading. I enjoy all the letters, and especially those from Missouri and Indiana, as these states were both my home for some time. My husband and family lived in Missouri about five years, near Breckenridge. His mother is living there now, then we lived in Indiana seven years. We came to Dakota two years ago and we are living now within one mile of the Missouri River and it is very beautiful here in summer. The steamer travels up and down the river until fall, then all through the long winter the children have to walk three miles to school, that is, when it is not too bad.

I am the mother of four, three boys, Oren, Estle and Paul and one girl named Edith. The two oldest were born in Missouri, and the others in Indiana.

I suppose there are a great many here in Dakota,

diana.

I suppose there are a great many here in Dakota, who take Comfort and I surely think it a comfort to have it in the house these long, dreary winter nights in the far West when the prairie chickens fly over your house and the hungry cayotes can be heard growling around, the wind playing hide-and go-seek here and there.

We have had lots of snow, and it has been falling all day.

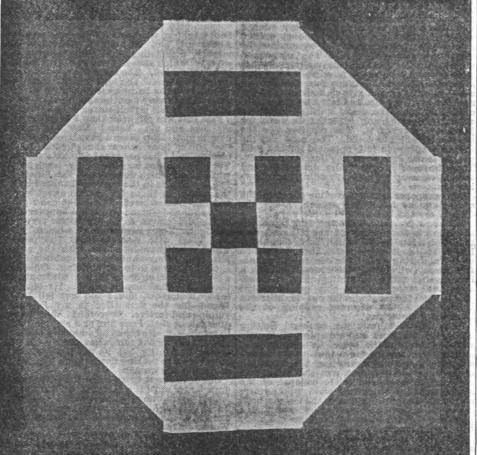
We have had lots of show, and so all day.

Now for a pencil description of myself. I am quite tall, with brown hair and blue eyes, generally good-natured and full of fun.

I firmly believe in looking on the bright side, or in other words, "Stay on the Sunny Side," and help all you can as you go along if you wish to be happy.

MRS. MAE TUTTLE, Geddes, So. Dak.

happy. MRS. MAE TUTTLE, Geddes, So. Dak.
DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:
I have been a subscriber to Comfort one year.
I take several magazines. Comfort is my choice
and preference, and I echo the wish of other sisters that it might come every week, I read everything from beginning to finish.
I will try to be helpful to all. I have always
tried to do all the good I could in all the ways I
could at all the times I could, to all the people
I could, and I mean to just as long as ever I can.



CHECKERED SQUARE.

Patchwork quilt block to be made of two colors, a light and dark, and put together with alternating squares of the dark color or solid strips the width of the squares.

MISS ANNA LAW.

Rheumatism Liniment

Take one pint of coal oil, one pint strong apple vinegar. Put the vinegar in a bottle and shake well, add the coal oil and turpentine, and fifteen cents' worth of gum camphor, and shake well; rub the effected parts.

ESTELL POYNTER, Shonville, Kv. Are you reading the serial, "The Shadou of a Cross?" It is a strong story and will appear serially in COMFORT for some months. Only 15 cents for a full year's sub-scription, if sent at once.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I think Comfort the dearest little magazine I ever read. I have made many pleasant acquaint-igh it. I wish to thank all that attended

ever read. I have made many pleasant acquaintances through it. I wish to thank all that attended
my mother's birthday, especially Mrs. Dorman;
she came all the way from England.
Mrs. A. I. B. The Florida moss and seashells are
beautiful, thank you.
Mrs. J. Y. Bryant, Md. I thank you for the pretty
sewing bag.
Mrs. Fairbanks, Cal. Accept my thanks for the
neat little cift.

I will now tell you something of myself. Unlike so many of you I did not succeed in getting "one of the best husbands in the world," and so a year ago I was compelled to go out into the world, with two little children to care for, one only a baby in my arms, my health poor, and no one to turn to.

I want to earn an honest living and enjoy most kinds of work. I would like to receive woolen, or sik pleces for quilts, also flower seeds, and would appreciate bulbs of dahlias. I will try to return favors.

If any of you have trouble with canned fruit spoiling, try dipping the rims of the can tops in melted bees wax. I will send a recipe for liniment, which is said to be excellent.

I wish I could send a blessing to all the dear shutins.

I do not wish to boast of my home, but will tell you that I have always lived on a beautiful and voul that I have my own chickens, and enjoy all the fresh eggs I want, and fresh vegetables and fruit. I have lived on the same farm for thirty-eight years, and I am not sick of it yet.

Here is a little verse for the dear shutins:

"Bear thee up, be strong and fearless,
Let not sorrow bend thee down,
In thy need be calm and tearless,
Thou shalt wear a starry crown."

I will not wear my welcome out this time, I have many good things to pring you later.

I will not wear my welcome out this time, I have things to bring you later. MRS. M. M. GREENE, Sandusky, Ohio.

MRS. M. M. GREENE, Sandusky, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I live in Southwest Missouri on the farm where I was born, and don't think I would feel at home anywhere else. I am a farmer's daughter and I like country life better than town life. I enjoy the pure, fresh air and like to roam the pastures in search of the cows and drive them home; these simple pleasures one can only enjoy in the country. I am nineteen years old, five feet five inches tall, have blue eyes, light hair and a fair complexion. I am quite a musician. I have an organ, guitar and banjo, and can play the French harp and Jew's harp.

I am not afraid of work as my mamma always taught me to help. I love it, and can cook, sew or do anything that a farmer's daughter has to do. I have been going to Horner College, and while I am, as some people would say, only a farmer's daughter, I have a deep desire for an education and enjoy the privileges I have.

Miss Estella Freeland. I agree with you on what were read about heaving matience with the little ones.

Miss Estella Freeland. I agree with you on what you said about having patience with the little ones. We older ones should use lots of patience in trying to exert a good influence on the little ones, especially if we have brothers and sisters; and above all, teach them to have patience, for that is something no one ever had too much of.

Have any of you had the privilege of reading Thomas F. Lockhart's little book? If so, you would surely never complain or grumble at anything that goes wrong through life. Just think of his condition and then of how kind the Heavenly Father is to us. We surely don't appreciate His kindness as we ought. I will ask a little favor. Will all of the readers of my age write to me? I will stry to answer all. Wishing success to our editor and the sisters,

WINNIE SHEWMAKE, BOX 5, Bocky Comfort, R. F. D., 1, Mo.

Comfort

Grandma sits in her easy-chair
By the firelight's ruddy glow,
And in and out her needles flash
Knitting the stocking toe.
Her hair is soft, but thin and white,
And her eyes hold a merry smile;
Ask her whence comes her sweet content—
"Why, I take Comfort all the while."

A baby lay in his downy bed,
Gazing with wondering eyes—
Some pure angel, passing by,
Must have dropped him from the skies.
A mother knelt by the cradle low.
And joy in her dear eyes came,
"My hope, my pride, for years to come,
And Comfort shall be his name."

Old Dame Puss in her basket lay,
And close to her furry side
Was a little bundle as soft as silk
That wiggled and squirmed and cried.
That it would be a cat some day
You'd never, never guess,
"What will you call it, dear?" I asked,
"Comfort," said little Bess.

Roy goes down to sail his boat
Where the wild waves wash the beach.
And the water stretches far away,
As far as the eye can reach.
Such a dear little boat, with white sails spread,
Such a beauty never was seen,
See how she rides the tossing waves,
He calls her Comfort Queen.

A farmer sat by the evening lamp,
A paper in his hand,
His hair thrown back from off a brow
That was majestic—grand!
"What paper do you read, my friend?
What's best for wife or son?"
"COMFORT," answered the farmer low,
"COMFORT, 'tis the only one!"

So, friends, if you are tired of life,
 If your lot is hard to bear,
 If you are bowed beneath a load
 Of overwhelming care,
 If you'd lift your life to one
 Of happiness and cheer,
 And brighten others as you go,
 Take Comfort for a year.
 ELIZABETH C. HENRY, McGregor. Iows.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Here I am again. Do I come too often? I hope not.

Mrs. B. L. Griffitts. I agree with you, mothers should teach their children to do all kinds of housework and make good cooks of them. I have two little daughters and when they are old enough I shall teach them to be model housekeepers so when they marry they will not be like the friend you wrote about who did not know how to

make pancakes.

Miss Azubah Lee. I am sorry for you with all your suffering. I enjoyed your letters, please write again.

write again.

Mrs. A. Pitts. I am going to make some paper racks as you suggested. I wish I could see your pretty rooms? I will try to remember and send you a quit block.

Estella Freeland. I liked your letter so much I would like to hear from you again personally, if you feel inclined to write, I will surely answer it.

Mrs. John J. Myer. You certainly must live in a lovely country. I would like to visit Niagara Falls. I am anxious to hear more about that watch-chain. I am sending in a recipe for making limiment that I make and keep on hand all the time; it will cure almost any pain such as headache, backache, sideache, and toothache. Rubit on where the pain is, rubbing hard and always downward apply several times and rub until it is dry and the skin burns.

Liniment

Three eggs, beat well, then add two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, beat well, one teacupful cider vinegar, one cup of turpentine, five cents' worth of sassafras oil, shake well in bottle before using. Keep corked up tight. I know this is good and hope it will relieve some sufferer.

Sometime I will tell you of a cholera cure, which never fails.

I would be pleased to hear from any of the Com-rort family and would welcome pieces of silk or ribbon any size or color for sofa pillow.

HARRIET M. KLISE, Box 113, Crozet, Va.

Don't fail to promptly renew your sub-scription to COMFORT while the present low 15-cent yearly rate is in force. We may be obliged to advance at any time; if you send 25 cents now, it will pay for and ex-tend your subscription for two years from the time of expiration.

the time of expiration.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have never read a letter in Comfort from North Platte, so thought I would write one. I have been a Comfort reader for several years. I have enjoyed it very much, especially the Sisters' Corner, and have corresponded with a good many shut-ins, and in every letter I sent a remembrance and a stamped envelope. If any of the sisters want a sample of smocking on gingham for sofa pillow covers, write to me and I'll send it.

From time to time during the years I have been reading Comfort, I have read of the good the sisters have been doing. A little here and a little there all help to make sunshine.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of sunshine for someone. As my year will be out soon, I want my name down for another year, fitteen cents for a whole year's good, solid reading. Everyone, young or old, can find something to interest them in your paper. When one sees Comfort, and reads it, they will be convinced that they could not get as good value elsewhere for fifteen cents.

I would like the sisters to give me a nice letter party on the 24th of April. I will try to answer all. Mrs. Minnie Perkins, North Platte, Neb.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I want to tell some young housewife how to prepare an easy dinner for washday, when she has not much to do with. We call the dish potato soup

pare an cas, and the content of the

DEAR SISTERS: Will you allow a Hoosier to join your circle? I don't see very many letters from Indiana, so I thought I would write and tell you how much I enjoy your cheery letters.
The little town where I live is not very old and

there are not many industries here. There is a gas pumping station west of the town which employs a few of the men of which my husband is one. He is chief fireman. They work two twelve-hour shifts; changing shifts, one month at night and one in the day. There are two railroads through here, an elevator, a sawmill, stave factory, and a canning

factory.

I have a little girl almost eighteen months old.

I have a little girl almost eighteen months old. She trys to say almost everything.

How careful we ought to be of our actions and words before these little ones, for we are making them what they will be in after years.

Perhaps I had best describe myself. I am five feet four inches tall, weigh about one hundred and ninety pounds, I have brown hair, and light blue yes, I am twenty-four years old, have been married three years last January.

Did any of the busy housekeepers ever try washing dishes in hot suds, then scald in hot water, and drain upon a cloth. It makes them as nice as if wiped, and saves so much time when one is busy.

When potatoes are slightly scorched in boiling, set the vessel in which they are, in another of cold

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The tall athletic figure of a young man is seen leaning against the trunk of a tree. Half aloud he soliloquizes, and wonders what is keeping them. He asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this i am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of many voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. The service ends, and Theta Rosslyn meets her lover, Gene Warfield. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to ber breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us." Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the angulsh which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting for him; she sees the stricken look, that goes to her heart, and she tries to comfort him. He will carry the scar to the grave. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. Could she have her way she would have him a simple farmer, marry and settle down for a long and happy life. His uncle John is a good manager, but has spoiled him for the happy contented life. If she were sure the forces of his nature were always to be arrayed on the side of right, she would not mind. She is assured he will never yield to the power of gold, but she knows his weakness—the insatiable appetite for power, and this fear comes, because he has broken with all religious traditions. The mother's shoulders softly says, "God will take care of him."

him."
Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The boyish look is gone forever and the lines of power deepen. He finishes the last page of a paper and with the exclamation, "I am glad it is finished!" the door opens and Judge Blodgett enters. Gene tells him he has arrived in the nick of time.

CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED.)

HAVE noticed," the Judge remarked sententiously, "that the man who arrives in the nick of time, usually finds himself in a tight place. "You are at it, as usual, I see," with a glance at the manuscript on the desk.
"Yes, writing them out and sitting up all night like Webster to learn the speeches I expect to deliver impromptu next day," Gene replied, smiling.

pect to deliver impromptu next day," Gene replied, smiling.
"A good way, Warfield, a very good way. A speech is always better for a careful preparation beforehand, and then in the heat of an argument if you want to branch out you can, but you've got the main thread to come back to. You begin your legal battle next week I believe?

"Yes, but I confess it seems an almost hopeless undertaking. No, not that chair, Judge—it's got a round gone—take that leather-covered one, it's more comfortable. Yes, I'm to begin my fight next week. The evidence has all been collected; it seems meager enough, but it gives me a fighting chance when court convenes. I've done what I could to marshal my forces, but I begin to feel the pressure of Corcoran's power. I suppose I'll go on fighting then, though, until among them they crush me." As he spoke he took a piece of paper from the desk, rolled it into a tight ball and let it drop to the floor.

The action was significant and the Judge looked grave.

looked grave.
"Ca-areful, Gene, ca-areful," spreading out

looked grave.

"Ca-areful, Gene, ca-areful," spreading out his hands on his pudgy knees as he spoke.

Gene's broad shoulders squared themselves and his lips tightened.

"You certainly wouldn't wish to have me truckle to them, Judge?"

"N-o," the Judge brought out the word slowly, "and yet, Gene, I've seen young men as able as you get caught between that upper and nether millstone, the Trusts and the people, and I've seen them ground up a heap finer than anything the mill of the gods ever did grind, and I say now, I hope you'll feel your way carefully. I've never had a son," he went on, his voice softening, "and all my girls are dead and under the grass roots, and somehow you've come to be almost like a son to me, and I'd hate to have you get into a mixup with Corcoran. It isn't the Trust I fear. It has bought legislatures and bullied courts until it imagines the public is powerless against it. Soulless, blind, molelike it burrows and knows not its digging betrays it to its own destruction. No, it isn't the Trusts I fear, but the brains which conceived 'em, the stupendous power summed up in that one word—Corcoran. Mind—I wouldn't want you to do anything against the dictates of your own conscience—and yet I want you to be eareful. There are more ways than one of downing a man, and if smirching his character doesn't work there are always rufflans to be hired to strike a blow in the dark. It is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization but it is so." the dark. It is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization but it is so."

Gene made no reply to the Judge's warning, though he felt a vague uneasiness creep over him. A sense of his own hopelessness to cope with the power against which he was arrayed was strong upon him. He turned back to his desk and collected the scattered sheets into a nile.

pile.

"Here, Judge," he said as he handed them over, "just look this over and polish it up a bit for me, if you please. You'll find it pretty rough. I wish sometimes I'd taken my four wears at The Latin."

agn. I wish sometimes I'd taken my four are at The Latin."
'Nonsense," said the Judge as he adjusted wonderse," said the Judge as he adjusted the gold-rimmed eyeglasses on his nose. "You wouldn't be any better off if you had taken them. Ingersoll says— the Judge was fond of quoting Ingersoll—"Ingersoll says: "Thousands of men go to college and get a certificate that they have an education and that certificate is in Line with the same transfer of the same transfer that they have an education and that certificate is in Latin, and they stop studying, and in two years to save their life they couldn't read the certificate they've got. If you'd gone to college the chances are about this time you'd be starting on a long and dusty hunt for something to do, instead of being well started on your career as you are. Now, here is a sentence," running his pencil through a few words, "that I think I'll have to modify, and here," writing a few words, "is a place where a long the only recreation he had allowed himself since coming to Excelsior. He loved that long easy gallop over the rolling swells the feeling of the free wild wind on his brow, a wind that stung often like the lash of a whip.

At these times he was no longer Warfield, the man of action, who had won his way by sheer force of personality, pluck and endurance, but Gene, the dreamer, who held that the solution of the life-problem would ultimately prove to

Written in Collaboration

By Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

sentence can be added to bring out the meaning a little better." The Judge kept up a running fire of comment as he looked over the manuscript and when he had finished he had it back to Gene with:

"Well, that is the best I can do for you. It isn't well to polish too much, it's the rough surface that sticks, and holds the public attention. I think that's all the revising it needs. About the most curious instance of speech revising I ever knew of happened when I was a member of the North Dakota Legislature. Did I ever tell you about that, Gene?"

"No, Judge, I can't say you ever did. Let's have it!" "Well, that is the best I can do for you. It isn't well to polish too much, it's the rough surface that sticks, and holds the public attention. I think that's all the revising it needs. About the most curious instance of speech revising I ever knew of happened when I was a member of the North Dakota Legislature. Did I ever tell you about that, Gene?"

"No, Judge, I can't say you ever did. Let's have it!"

The Judge took out a cigar, chewed the end

have it!"

The Judge took out a cigar, chewed the end of it reflectively a moment and began:

"It happened as I said, when I was a member of the North Dakota Legislature, or rather the senate of that body. There was a character from somewhere up in the north part of the state, a good old soldier with a wooden leg whom we called Colonel. How the Colonel ever got elected was a mystery to him as well as to the legislature and its associates, but elected he was and the one consuming ambition of his existence was to make a speech. elected he was and the one consuming ambition of his existence was to make a speech. The opportunity never seemed to present itself till someone from his county petitioned to have a game law passed. This appealed to the Colonel and he made a speech and such a speech! After it was over the Colonel walked over to the reporter's desk and complained he wasn't quite satisfied with it. The Colonel had gotten onto the fact that this reporter—he has since become famous as a novelist—had revised gotten onto the fact that this reporter—he has since become famous as a novelist—had revised some other speeches. At any rate the Colonel asked him if he could give an hour or so to the revision of his speech, and laid a ten dollar bill on the corner of the desk, stating something about people not being expected to work for just the pleasure of it. The reporter saw the ten and told him he could. The next day the Colonel's speech in full appeared in the local press. It was a glorious day for the Colonel. Then the reporter helped him draft a bill and the bill came up for its first reading the following day.

the bill came up for its first reading the following day.

"A newspaper man was reading clerk in the senate and he heard the speech, heard the Colonel cry and felt with him his anguish. I don't know just why, but something prompted the fellow in the reading of the bill next day to add on a few words which read something like this: 'Be it enacted etc., that it shall be unlawful during certain periods to shoot buffalo, geese, (wild) etc.,' incorporating quite a list of game and then adding, 'fish, tadpoles, cows and craps.' About this period in the proceedings the senate broke out in hilarious uproar despite the vigorous rapping of the Lieutenant Governor.

"The Colonel's heart was broken. Getting up on his one limb and stamping vigorously

"The Colonel's heart was broken. Getting up on his one limb and stamping vigorously with the stump of the other, he said in loud and not too modest tones that there wasn't anything in his bill prohibiting the 'shooting of craps.' This, of course, was the added fuel necessary to cause a complete collapse of the senate and they adjourned amid wild uproars and hearty congratulations for the Colonel both upon his speech and his bill." The Judge paused and Warfield paid tribute to the story by a hearty laugh.

upon his speech and his bill." The Judge paused and Warfield paid tribute to the story by a hearty laugh.

"What, you are not going yet!" he exclaimed as the Judge arose and lit his cigar.

"Yes, I promised to do a little commission for my wife. Now where, I wonder, did I put that piece of cloth—" feeling his vest pockets—"Oh, yes, here it is. She wants a pair of gloves to match an especially fetching costume she is to wear to a blowout up at the Huston's this evening, and if I don't get the right shade—"he broke off with a comical gesture of dismay, then went on: "It is a reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law, Mrs. Moore, widow of the late General Moore, and her daughter Miss Victoria of Washington, D. C. The daughter is said to be a great beauty. You've been invited, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Gene with a touch of annoyance, "and that reminds me that I meant to have sent regrets, and I haven't and now it is too late, and I'll be expected to attend. What a bore!"

"Nonsense. Warfield, it isn't natural in one

bore!"
"Nonsense, Warfield, it isn't natural in one
"Nonsense, Warfield, it isn't natural in one soll says: 'The grandest ambition any man can possibly have is to so live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman.' Take my advice, young man. Array yourself in purple and fine linen and go to the party." And so saying, the Judge opened the door and tramped away down the corridor.

CHAPTER IV.

MEETING WITH VICTORIA.

Gene went over to the telephone and ordered his horse brought from the stable, mounted and rode slowly out of town. As he passed along he nodded to several acquaintances and along he nodded to several acquaintances and once he stopped for a few minutes' chat with an old countryman he met on the way. His horse, a big Kentucky-bred chestnut, carried him swiftly over the ground, and once beyond the thickly-settled, farming district he struck out across the open prairie.

Warfield loved horseback riding, and it had really been the only recreation he had allowed

warfield loved horseback riding, and it had really been the only recreation he had allowed himself since coming to Excelsior. He loved that long easy gallop over the rolling swells the billows left there in ages past, and he loved the feeling of the free wild wind on his brow, a wind that stung often like the leak of a whin

face, "then settling down into silence, the end alike of man and of dust! With all our boasted learning how little we really know of that old problem which Sphinx-like stands ever before us. We see through our telescopes giant balls of vapor resolving themselves into flery planets, cooling down until they become fit to bring forth life, then growing cold and rigid, finally floating like black and battered hulks across the sea of space; we know, too, that when the last faint spark has expired they will fall in upon their central sun and the whole dead mass thus regaining heat will rearise in blinding, bewildering mist and the whole process of evolution will be repeated over again, but the meaning of all this turmoil we strive in vain to solve. Is it, as Fiske has said, that through countless zons of time the last consummate work of Creation, the Human Soul might be wrought? This alone we know: Above all, and beyond all, there is a Fate, mighty, compelling, and strive against it as we may, which sweeps us onward like the dust before the wind. The atom Man, who fondly imagines himself the lord of his little day, what power has he against the force of Fate? That day so many months ago, up there on the mountain, I felt myself strong to conquer, yet a Fate that was mightier than I came between my love and me. Theta! How her memory haunts me! How often I have lived over again that little hour when she yielded to my my love and me. Thetal How her memory haunts me! How often I have lived over again that little hour when she yielded to my caresses and I felt her give back kiss for kiss! Yet is she now as far beyond my reach as yon white cloud which floats across the blue! Am I to live always in the memory, he unted cells of white cloud which floats across the blue! Am I to live always in the memory-haunted cells of the past? Is there for me no sweet woman waiting—somewhere? The Judge was right. I have shunned women—andyet I long for love—my nature craves it as the flower craves the sunlight. Yes, I have shunned women. I have put down with resolute hand the passions which would have interfered with the accomplishment of my ambition. My ambition! Here again Fate steps in to my undoing. Once more a power that is stronger than I confronts me. Corcoran! That man of might! He comes to see me tomorrow, and I did not tell my old friend—for the first time in my life I felt vulpine and furtive. Corcoran! Will he conquer me, or shall I use him as a stepping-stone to reach—" He broke off suddenly and stood silently gazing out across the prairie. He had prated of fatality but he did not know even then Fate was bearing down upon him in the

then Fate was bearing down upon him in the shape of a fair woman.

Out of the west came a speck which rapidly grew larger until it resolved itself into a superb female figure, mounted on a sorrel colt which bore "thoroughbred" in every line of its sinuous body. As the borse and its vider component.

ous body. As the horse and its rider came into Warfield's range of vision an exclamation of admiration broke from him.
"What a splendid horsewoman!" he thought, and then he shuddered as he added: "But at what a tremendous pace they are coming—the ground is uneven hereabouts,—if there should be a misstep——" The words had scarcely left his lips when the expected happened, for as the horse drew opposite him it stepped into a gopherhole, swerved, lurched sidewise and came down to the ground.

See first page illustration

came down to the ground.

See first page illustration.

Horrifled, Gene rushed to the spot, but great was his surprise to see a tall handsome young woman rise lightly from the side of the fallen horse and stand calmly ragarding him.

In that flashing glimpse Gene saw a pair of magnetic blue eyes, and hair of an auburn so darkly bright it shone blood-red against the whiteness of the fair face it framed.

"Are you hurt?" Gene inquired anxiously.

"No, but I think my horse is." She was perfectly cool as she said this, only her slightly accelerated breathing betraying any agitation,

accelerated breathing betraying any agitation, which may have been caused more by the rapid ride than by any fright.

A glance at her smiling lips which had not lost a tithe of their rich color assured Gene she was uninjured, and he turned his attention to the horse which was making frantic efforts to get on its feet, only to fall back each time. After a careful inspection he announced

After a careful ruefully:

"Your horse is badly injured. The poor brute has broken his shoulder."

"It can't be helped," she rejoined coolly.

"Take your gun, please, and put him out of his misery."

Gene's face

"My gun! I never carry one." Gene's face was a picture of astonishment.
"You haven't one?" She arched her finely penciled brows. "Then take mine." And from among the folds of her well-fitting riding habit she draw out a silver-mounted devringer and

she drew out a silver-mounted derringer and held it out to him in a small, gauntleted hand. An odd sensation came over Warfield. The thought of inflicting death on anything was repugnant to him. He made no move to take the weapon, but said temporizingly:

"He is such a beautiful animal it is a pity to kill him. Maybe if a vetrinary..."

"He is such a beautiful animal it is a pity to kill him. Maybe if a veterinary—"
"No use," she cut him short, "if his shoulder is broken. He would always be lame, and no one could expect me to ride a lame horse. If you are afraid to do it," she looked daringly at him, "stand aside and I'll shoot him, myself!" And she half turned as if to put the threat into

execution.

He became angry—as she had expected he would. As he took the deadly toy out of her

hand his manner had in it as much of sternness as he ever permitted himself to use toward a woman.

woman.

"Go over there," he said authoritatively, pointing to a little dip in the land, "and stand with your back to me!"

She gave him a look which seemed to carry with it a challenge, then her eyes drooped and she meekly obeyed.

Bending over the prostrate animal it required the exertion of all his will to steady his hand when he caught the look of almost human pain in the beautiful eyes upraised to his; there was a blinding flash, a few struggles, and the poor brute was dead.

He was pale when he rejoined her.

"I have killed your horse as you bade me," he said shortly.

She gave him a smile

"I have killed your horse as you bade me," he said shortly.

She gave him a smile.

"I knew you would," she said, "but there is another thing you can do for me. My saddle—it is one I fancy, and it is possible I may not be able to get another that will suit me as well—take it off, please, and I can send out tomorrow and have it brought in." This was said with the precision of a military general giving an order on the battlefield. an order on the battlefield.

Her coolness had an odd sort of fascination for Gene, and at the same time her seeming heartlessness—for she expressed never a word of regret or pity for the noble animal—repelled

"Is she utterly devoid of sentiment," he thought, "or is it that she possesses such perfect control over her nerves she will not exhibit any feeling?" It pleased him to think the letter

"Certainly," he said, "I will take the saddle off for you." And without further words he obeyed the order.

When he came back she took a bit of paste-

board from a tiny chatelaine that hung at her

board from a tiny chatelaine that hung at her belt.

"We ought to be introduced," she said, "and in the absence of Mrs. Grundy perhaps this will serve," and she held out the card.

Miss Victoria Moore,
Washington, D. C.

As he read the name a flash of intelligence was conveyed to his mind.

"You are the young lady visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Huston's," he said as he offered one of his business cards.
Glancing at the card she regarded him earnestly. During the past week she had heard much of this Eugene Warfield. Around her uncle's dinner table she had heard him discussed as a possible candidate for Congress.

as a possible candidate for Congress.

"You have guessed rightly," she rejoined,
"but the question now arises, how is that
young lady to get back to Excelsior?"

"You will have to ride my horse." And as
he spoke he looked about for the animal.

he spoke he looked about for the animal.

The horse had run away at the sound of the pistol, but had come back and was standing over the dead one regarding it strangely.

Warfield easily caught the chestnut.

"Can you—"he said diffidently—"can you ride this kind of a saddle?"

"Can I?" she echoed. "Yes, I rather think I can. But you—what are you going to do?"

"I can walk," he said airily. The prospect of a ten-mile tramp had no terrors for him at that moment.

a ten-mile tramp had no terrors for him at that moment.

"Nonsense! you would be half the night getting back. There is really no need of your walking," with a critical glance at the chest-nut, "your horse is big and strong, and if he will carry double we can both ride."

Her promptness took Gene's breath away but he rallied quickly.
"So we can," he said with an admiring look at her beautiful face, "and I'm sure I shall be delighted. Will you take the saddle, or would you prefer—"
"Yes," she replied with alacrity, "I will. I always like to lead in the procession."
"I believe you do," he said with a hearty laugh. "I think you are one that wouldn't want to take a back seat—anywhere."

Victoria affected mirth and Warfield was startled as her voice fell upon his ear, it was so soft, so musical, such a gurgling ripple of sweet sounds.

sweet sounds.

He helped her into the saddle doing it very badly, Victoria thought, but did not say so—and then mounted behind her and they set off

at a smart pace.

There was little conversation on the homeward ride. Gene blamed himself for his stupidity and thought of a lot of brilliant things he might have said—the next day. Nevertheless, the silence was potent.

The very consciousness of her physical nearness held Gene tongue-tied, and besides, there

was so much for him to see.

First of all there was that lovely curling hair that coiled and uncoiled itself; there was a dainty shell-like ear and behind it a little half circle of white flesh—Gene thought there was but one skin in the world that could compare with it for whiteness—and below this a soft full throat; then as she balanced herself sidewise with marvelous grace, considering the difficulty of riding a man's saddle in that position, her profile was turned to him showing the outline of a pink cheek and red lips softly parted; her figure was a trifle large—in after years it might become gross—but just now it was the perfection of womanly beauty. As he looked at all this the savage instinct awoke in Gene. A thrill pulsed through his half circle of white flesh-Gene thought there as he looked at all this the savage instinct awoke in Gene. A thrill pulsed through his veins. The hunter's blood stirred and he was conscious of a passionate desire to seize that lovely breathing woman in his arms and kiss those red lips so perilously near.

He resisted the impulse, but the thought was

in his mind, and somehow, it came back to him afterward.

As for Victoria, she was not greatly gifted

As for Victoria, she was not greatly gifted as a conversationalist and on the present occasion she said even less than usual. She was, in point of fact, doing some serious thinking. Although her years numbered but twenty-two, Victoria Moore was a thorough woman of the world. The Moores had formerly been people of considerable wealth, but during Victoria's childhood there had been a crash in the business world and nearly all their fortune had vanished. had vanished.

Victoria's mother was a proud woman and to have dropped down from the position she held would have broken her heart. By sundry makeshifts, not all of them as honorable as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



LEAGUE RULES :

To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welco

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

ARCH is here, and we are marching into the New Year at a great pace. Only the other day the New Year was born, just a bald-headed infant not a day old. Today the New Year is running around in long pants, and wearing chin whiskers, and sporting a plug hat. That shows that Time is fast and ever flying, and before long the baby year will be bent with age, and marked with wrinkles and dying in the snows of Winter. I want you to make good use of your Time, with a capital T., as it is the most precious thing you possess. Get up and do something and be somebody. Don't be a bump on a log, and for Heaven's sake, think once in a while. You all have brains, but only about one fifth of your brain capacity is ever used—the other four fifths might just as well be fried, put on toast, and served to the cat. Now that is so, and I know it, because I read your letters. The trouble is that no one but your Uncle Charlie dare tell you the truth, but I dare, and I am just going to do some straight talking this year to most of you. It is straight talking the world wants, but those who are paid to talk, and paid to write, are so mortally afraid of treading on somebody's toes, that they only deal in mushy platitudes that do no good, and puts people to sleep. I have got the biggest audience of any living man wielding a pen. I'm mighty glad to say that, but at the same time, that statement implies a tremendous responsibility, and if I don't make good use of the privilege bestowed upon me, and shake you up once in a while, God is going to shake me up later on for neglecting my duty. I want you to remember that all of you have brains, hearts, and souls. I want you to remember that you are expected to make the hear wegethle nee of these three things. want you to remember that all of you have brains, hearts, and souls. I want you to remember that you are expected to make the best possible use of these three things. You have a brain to think with, a heart to feel with, and a soul to save. Remember that life at the best is a very short affair (the average is about forty years for all of us) and then the curtain falls on life's drama and we go elsewhere. Most of us live as though we expected to buzz around on this earth for nine billion years, and the only God or ideal that we have is the dollar. That is bad enough, but the worst-of it is this dollar-chasing turns the hand of everyone of us against his neighbor, and our neighbor against us. It turns that brain that should be full of sublime thoughts, and lofty ideals, into an adding machine and a

hand of everyone of us against his neighbor, and our neighbor against us. It turns that brain that should be full of sublime thoughts, and lofty ideals, into an adding machine and a cash register. It makes that heart that ought to be throbbing with love, a stony abode of hate and malice, and as for the soul—well, it dries that into husk.

Now all of you, do for Heaven's sake get a wiggle on you, and do something worth while during the little space allotted you on this planet. The fly is born in summer, he buzzes around and tickles bald heads, annoys everybody, spreads diseases, and dies of his own gluttony in the molasses barrel, or cream pitcher, and that is the end of him. There are a lot of humans that live just such lives as the fly. They buzz around, lying, drinking, blaspheming, they don't work, they eat up good victuals others provide, spread disease and ruin, and finally they die victims of their own drunken and dissolute habits. Let me ask you, who belong to this League—boys especially—how many of you are going to imitate the fly, and go to your graves with nothing but a life of wrong-doing, gluttony, debauchery as your contribution to the world's uplifting? Now wake up—shake up—all of you. Get a new set of ideas—read—think; yes, for God's sake use your brain capacity and THINK. Think how you can improve your friends and neighbors, so they'll improve. Set a good example to your associates, be kind and helpful, and be thoughtful. We don't need to die to go to Heaven. We'll have Heaven on earth, as well as beyond the grave, as soon as you, everyone of you use your brain capacity

We'll have Heaven on earth, as well as beyond the grave, as soon as you, everyone of you, use your brain capacity to its fullest, and THINK, your Heart capacity to its fullest, and LOVE, your soul capacity to its fullest, and get filled with noble thoughts and lofty ideals. The latter is the part of you that is immortal—the part of you that lives on after that precious carcass you pamper and pet. carcass you pamper and pet, has been a luncheon for worms. You had better look

COUSIN EFFIE TURNER (23),

UNCLE CHARLIE

TEPIC, TEPIC TY., MEXICO, Dec. 9, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I will write you a letter from Mexico, it being the first I ever wrote to the cousins. I hope it will be interesting to you all.

This city has about 15,000 population, consisting of Mexicans and Spanish-speaking people. Recently the electric lights were installed here for streets and dwelling illumination; one step toward American methods, you see, in progress. There is a government telegraph system also here that is used to send any telegrams one wishes to any part of the could to the toward of the could be a superior of the could be superior of the could be a superior of the could be superior of the superior

Willie, your letter is a great treat, and I've enjoyed it im-mensely, and I am sure all the other cousins have done the same. I'm particularly interested in the siesta business, as it explains an extraordinary condition of affairs that I never before understood. I was in old Mexico myself some years ago, and I'd been eating a bunch of green bananas, and I felt as though I had swallowed a barber shop, and I felt as though I had swallowed a barber shop, and swanowed a parper snop, and all the razor pushers were trying to cut their way out. The perspiration was dripping from my brow in streams that would have irrigated the Sahara Desert, and made Death Valley blossom like a rose. I reached blossom like a rose. I reached a drug store on the stroke of twelve, and just as I was about to enter the physic shop, a great fat greaser slammed the door in my face, and said, "See Esther!" I said, "I don't want to see Esther, I want to see two doctors, and a three-gallon doctors, and a three-gallon. doctors, and a three-gallon jar of Jamaica ginger!" "See Esther!" he growled

carcas you pamper and pet, has been a luncheon for worms. You had better look after the part of you that lives forever, as forever is a whole heap longer than the few years you buz around here dollar-chasing. Now take this little talk to heart, everyone of you, and do something, and don't be a selfish, hogside didiot." I yelled, "what in thunder do ly preached my first sermon, I hat pereaching the working, and on't be a selfish, hogside didiot." I yelled, "what in thunder do it, for it seems to me that if I don't nobody it

waited to see Esther I would have been as dead

waited to see Esther I would have been as dead as Queen Anne's goat.

The nights are delightfully cool, and require a light blanket for covering do they? Willie, I'd like to see you covering the cool nights with a light blanket. You must need a big blanket for a job like that. Eggs at four cents, that is pretty stiff. The hen can't be very busy at that rate, or prices would be lower. Maybe the hens are so busy seeing Esther, that they don't have time to lay. Anyway, Willie, we thank you for your lovely letter, and please give my love to Esther, and tell her to wake up.

Here is a little note from a cousin who mines

MINDEN MINES, Mo., Dec. 12, 1906.

MINDEN MINES, Mo., Dec. 12, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my membership card and button O. K. and am well pleased with them. I am seventeen years old and have worked in the coal mines for three years, and read Comport every month, and like it very much. Minden Mines is not a very big town but has its share of saloons and wholesale liquor houses. I do not drink liquor or use tobacco in any form. I have no pets except a dog and a cat. Father keeps game chickens and fights them.

them.

I read most all the time that
I am not working. We work
eight hours a day out here,
starting at half past seven and
ouitting at four o'clock. I like starting at hair past seven and quitting at four o'clock. I like to write and will answer all letters. I would like reading matter from the cousins and will try to return all favors as quickly as possible. I remain your loving nephew.

W. L. PAGE (No. 16,399).

W. L. PAGE (No. 19,39).

Willie, they had no right to put you to work in the coal mines when you were only fourteen. I hope the state of Missouri will pass a law prohibiting the employment of children under sixteen, in coal mines. The way children are put to work in mines and factories in this country is enough to call down the vengeance of Almighty God on this republic. There are two millions of children under the age of fourteen who are being chained to the wheels of remorseless industrialism. Their young lives are blighted and ruined, and their very souls crushed out of them to pile up the dollars for conscienceless employers. Think of this when you sing "Star Spangled Banner," and let off firecrackers on the Fourth of July to celebrate our Independence. Independence we whether the postal of those peaches, and I want to tell you that that was the only desert I had for my Christmas dinner. I ate the postal card with the picture of the peaches, and it was just dandy. If you have any more canned peach postal cards, send them at once, and if you have any of the \$35 you got from the sale of those peaches you can send that, too. If the peaches taste as well as their pictures, they must have been dandy peaches. If I had only have any of that turkey I might have been dandy peaches. If I had only and their very souls crushed out of them to pile up the dollars for conscienceless employers. Think of this when you sing "Star Spangled Banner," and let off firecrackers on the Fourth of July to celebrate our Independence. Independence have Willie, they had no right to put you to work in the coal mines when you were only fourteen. I hope the state of Missouri will pass a

of this when you sing "Star Spangled Banner," and let off firecrackers on the Fourth of July to celebrate our Independence. Independence — rubbish—what sort of independence have two million child slaves? It is a national sin, a national disgrace, that this proud republic should permit this atrocious crime against poor defenceless children. We have the worst and most inhuman child labor laws of any nation calling itself civilized. Our national conceit is so great, we are blind to our sinful shortcomings. When we turn the lifeblood of our children into dollars we are a nation of criminals and hypocrites, not a nation of Christians. Thank God public sentiment is being aroused on this point and President Roosevelt is aiding the National Committée of Child Labor in its efforts to put through a National Child Labor Law that will protect the helpless little ones. We waged the bloodiest war of history to free the black slaves, and then went right to work and made slaves of our helpless white children, so that we might have a few more dollars coming into the house, and bigger dividends on investments. We want another Abraham Lincoln to free our child slaves, and God grant he may come soon. We prate about giving our children an educahave a lew more dollars coming into the house, and bigger dividends on investments. We want another Abraham Lincoln to free our child slaves, and God grant he may come soon. We prate about giving our children an education. Education—rubbish—not three in a hundred of those who go to school ever get through High School, and anything short of a High School graduation is only the mockery of an education. As I said before, we don't use our brain capacity—not a fifth or fiftieth part of it. We build magnificent schools, and that satisfies the national conscience, but the children who should be in these schools, are forced into mines, factories, field and sweat shop before they get an education. Our legislators know all these facts, but they won't do anything, because it would hurt cotton and coal dividends, and they would rather crush out the life of a million children than have a million dollars lost in dividends. The Isrælites of old sacrificed bullocks and animals to God on their altars. We sacrifice our children on an altar of gold, in our blind worship of the great and pitliess God Almighty Dollar.

Now that I've had my say on a topic on which I feel deeply, and which I have sworn to do my level best to remedy, and which you can help to remedy by writing to your State senators and representatives, your congressmen and assemblymen, it is in the power of everyone of you to help alter this condition, so do your part, and do it at once.

Now, Willie, please tell us why your papa fights chicken. Why don't he fight somebody his own size. It is no credit to any man to fight a live chicken. I've waged many a battle with a dead one, but I'll be jiggered if I could be paid to fight a live chicken. What weapon

with a dead one, but I'll be jiggered if I could be paid to fight a live chicken. What weapon with a dead one, but I'll be jiggered if I could be paid to fight a live chicken. What weapon does your Pop use when he goes into the ring for a scrap with the chickens. Willie, I am shocked to hear you say that you read most all the time that you're not working. Who is it spreads those false reports about you? It must be intensely annoying to pick up the paper, and there read all the time that you are not working. I suppose the report runs thus: "We regret to say that our distinguished fellow citizen, Willie Page, is not working today." When a man reads all the time that he is not working, it surely must discredit him in the eyes of the community. What's that, Toby? You say I am all off on the wrong pike, and that Willie means that he spends his leisure hours in reading? Thank you, Toby, for your correction, but I am not here to guess what people say, I'm here to take them at their word. I am also here to denounce a merciless system

METAMORA, ILL., Dec. 30, 1906.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I thought Fd try again knocking at your door as you were very busy the other time I knocked for admission. I am five feet ten inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifty-one pounds, twenty-two years of age, dark eyes and light, curly bair. I have four brothers and five sisters. We have a large orchard. We had over three hundred bushels of the big Elberta peaches this year, the first crop.

Our little town has nearly one thousand inhabi-Our little town has nearly one thousand inhabitants, three fourths of the people are retired farmers. We have three churches, two elevators, four grocers, four dry goods stores, two hardware stores, one butcher shop, a bank, three saloons, printing office, harness shop, two doctors, two barbers, and a beautiful park in the middle of the town. We also have the Orphans' Home.

My father and older brother run the meat market, which is the only one. My other brothers do the farming and orchard work, and I am a school teacher, also two of my sisters teach, but we all stay at home, making an even dozen. Most of the time we have a hired man as two of my brothers are quite young, that makes thirteen at the table.

We have taken the Comport ever since I can remember. Metamora used to have the Court House, but Eurekatook it about ten years ago. Lincoln precised large in Most and country the court of the people of the court house, but Eurekatook it about ten years ago. Lincoln

Court House, but Eureka took it about ten years ago. Lincoln practiced law in Metamora, and a great many other great men. I am going to send you a postal card with peaches on it; there are twenty bushels in the picture. I took them to Peoria, twenty miles away, got \$1.75 a bushel.

bushel.

In December issue you hit it just about right about young couples living in a boarding

house.

We have a large Collie dog weighing about twenty pounds. Your loving nephew, Leo J. THEENA, (No. 9,039).

Here is a letter that is a decided novelty.

NORTH DUMPLING LIGHT HOUSE,
FISHERS ISLAND, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I wonder if you or any of the cousins ever lived in a light house? As I have never seen any letters from any of the cousins living in one, I thought I would write. I am living on a little island, in a light house, called North Dumpling light house. It is three and a half miles from the main land, and sometimes it is a week before we can get ashore. I have lived on this one dumpling for nearly twelve years, and there is enough of it left for Uncle Charlie to live on it for twelve years longer. I would like to hear from all cousins living in a light house and I will answer all letters. If I see this in print will write again and tell you more about this place. Your loving niece,
Miss Annie Fowlers, (No. 11,990).

Annie, I am ever so glad to hear from you,

Miss Annie Fowler, (No. 11,990).

Annie, I am ever so glad to hear from you, and I'd give anything if you'd send us a picture of your light house. Oh, yes, I know all about light houses. I lived in a light house once. It was out in Kansas, and I never knew how light that house was until one night there was something doing in the wind line out on the prairie. I did not have time to skiddoo to the cyclone cellar before old "Si" hit that two-story frame a biff in the slats that sent it whizzing at a ninety-mile-an-hour gait through space. Here was a house doing the balloon act, and flying like a bird with sixteen wings, and it flew and flew until it couldn't flew any flewer. After traveling several hundred thousand miles, it flopped down on terra firma to take a short rest. It did not rest long, however, as the wind got busy again, and there was I holding that house down, sitting on the roof, and clinging to it for dear life. It was the lightest house I ever saw until Mr. "Si" Clone quit business, and then you could not budge it with dynamite. No more light house for and clinging to it for dear life. It was the lightest house I ever saw until Mr. "Si" Clone quit business, and then you could not budge it with dynamite. No more light houses for me, though. I have a friend who has gone light housekeeping, but the other night when I called on him, there was not a light in the place. My friend explained to me that his wife and he had an oil stove, a couple of crackers, and a cent's worth of pickles, and that was what they called light housekeeping. Queer ideas some people have, don't they? Annie, I think it is absurd to have a light house on a storm-swept island. It is more than absurd, it is criminal foolishness. Give that old light house away and get a heavy thouse, or some of these cold days you'll be careening over the billows, bound for nowhere, and going there fast, and a watery grave will be the end of your promising career. I lived in another light house once It had sixty-two windows on the parlor floor, twice as many on the ceiling, and Heaven knows how many on the sides. That was indeed a light house. Fancy, Annie says she has lived on one dumpling for twelve years. That's tough diet, even Toby would kick at that. Annie, if your light house gets too light, put the dumpling on the top of it, that will hold it steady for a while.

Our next letter is a thriller and no mistake.

Our next letter is a thriller and no mistake.

Our next letter is a thriller and no mistake.

Newman, Stanislaus Co., Cal.

Dear Uncle Charlie:
Here is a maverick from California who wants to break into your circle.
In Feb. 1899, my regiment landed and took possession of Iloilo, Panay Island a little island about three hundred miles South of Manila.
I was put on guard the first thing, and as I was a raw recruit, my first time on guard, I felt that I was just a little better and of more importance than the President of the United States. In the evening, I was notified that my post was to be changed, and that I was to be placed on out post duty. Then I did throw out my chest. I took my post at six in the evening and stayed there until eight; it was about half a mile from town, and on a road that led down to the beach. On one side of the road was a thick forest of palm trees over grown with vines, and on the other side was an old abandoned convent, surrounded by a high cocina wall. The big wooden doors or gate had long since rotted and fallen down, and through this gate could be seen the court, all a mass of palm trees and matted vines. A more God forsaken spot I never saw.

When I had taken charge of this post, and I was



The Great Chicago Mystery or,

The Man With Many Aliases

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Crit Truman and his assistant, Ralph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the Chief of Police to assist in suppressing crime. The leader is variously described, and one asserts he has a harelip. For a moment the men are silent, then the well-trained minds recall the recapture of "The Man with Many Aliases," Jim Holines, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, and which, when healed, might pass for a harelip. "How is our work?" asks Crit. "Are the officials satisfied with the return of the money?" They ought to prosecute Percy Mandeville; he has the making of a confirmed oriminal. There are several cases in their line. There's a missing girl and a jewelry robbery on Fifth Ave., but they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his mind to catch this man who twice escapes, and he tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. He insists she emocarages him. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathle Mandeville, condices to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage to her. Sylvia still loves her husband. Custer Quex is engaged to Sylvia; he will go to her at night. It's the last happy afternoon he has for many a long day. While Crit and Ralph are on the way to Chicago, the former has a telegram. "Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. It's the girl, whose people wants Crit to look up. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon, a month previous. Four guys, all masked, line the customers up—nothing is overlooked—even a pair of diamond ouff buttons is taken. As they semerge from City Hall they are joined by Peter, who is waiting. He tells Truman, Jim Hollis. Ralph and Peter four names, although only twenty, who is in for "dipping." Truman "sweats" him and asks him, "Do you want to know how the sage

there is instant confusion. Crit Truman in the guise of "Hung-eye" John enters, and fakes his escape from Joliet.

Custer Quex receives a letter from Sylvia Lyster. She loves him still, but from the moment he receives this letter she will be as the dead to him. The lover declares he will search the world until he finds her.

Crit Truman talks with the warden of Joliet penetentiary, and finding that "Hang-eye" John is serving sentence exacts a promise to keep outsiders from communicating with the warden for a few days. He conceals the disguise of "Hang-eye" John. Christie Ferris leads Truman into a trap. Without waiting to be caught he leaps out of danger. He assumes the disguise, and entering a saloon sees Christie Ferris, who drinks water. A crook who will keep from drinking brandy after putting a man, where he did me, is under Jim Hollis, Truman reasons. Ferris produces the hat Truman leaves. The barkeeper utters a terrible oath. Truman follows Ferris and hears him tell "Four-time" Jim that he "dropped" Crit Truman. He hears the low cry and earnest pleading of a girl. She comes out. Crit Truman offers assistance and tells her to go to the number on the card. The girl hurries away and Crit slips back into the hall. He hears Jim Hollis order Ferris to tell "Fake" Pete and "Snow-flake" Mike to bring Mandeville there. Crit Truman borne away in triumph by "Fake" Pete and "Snow-flake" Mike, the last two supporting Mandeville.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE SITUATION.

HIS case was to be a war of wits, that Crit knew from the beginning, but he believed, and truly, that he was the match for any criminal, however quick-witted he might be.

"In the first place, I'm in the right," he contended, "and in the second place, I'm willing to back myself against Jim Hollis, 'The Man with Many Aliases,' or any other crook."

So far his playing had taken every trick, but he well knew the extremely dangerous game he was playing.
"A man's life is the stake," he thought, even as he was enthusiastically escorted by the crooks he had met in his assumed character of "Hang-eye" John.

he was cannot have the many control of the could fool that astute criminal, he would not walk so openly along the Chicago streets, but then he appreciated how well he was protected by men who would go to any length to save him from recapture, or rather the man they deemed their friend.

The men were jubilant, and kept saying:

"What will Four-time" say?

Orit was wondering a little himself. If he could fool that astute criminal, he knew it would be easy sailing, but could he do it?

As he passed, the great detective recognized his

As he passed, the great detective recognized his faithful boys in their disguises, and managed to communicate to Ralph his desire to have him go to the number to which he had sent the hapless girl whom he had found emerging from the room of the man he was hunting down with the scent of a bloodhound.

The woman residing at Allerence and the scent of a least the sce

bloodhound.

The woman residing at this number was a Mrs.

Haddam, long prominent in settlement work in

New York. When she had removed to Chicago,
she gave Crit her address, and told him that if any
time he needed her assistance, to feel free to call
upon her. It was on account of this that Crit had
taken the risk of sending the girl to her motherly
care.

Care.
Crit also indicated to Peter to follow the little Crit also indicated to Peter to follow the little procession. These detectives have certain signals, a regular code, so they can communicate with each other without anyone being at all the wiser. Of course Balph did not know why. Crit wanted him to go to Fifty-fifth street boulevard to Mrs. Haddam, but he started there immediately. His work

dam, but he started there immediately was to obey.

Peter, skillfully concealing the fact that he was following, kept up with the gang until it came within a block of the place in which "The Man with Many Aliases" had hidden himself.

"We'd better separate," "Fake" Pete suggested, and the rest agreed.

"Fake" went with Crit, and to the latter's delight, and a palgestically:

"Fake" went with Crit, and to the latter's delight, said half apologetically:
"We had to make a few changes, so I'd better go ahead," and "Fake" appeared in his every-day suit.
"Sure." Crit replied cheerfully. He wondered how he would have managed if he had been requested to take the lead.

He had thought the way a complicated one when he followed Ferris, but the way he and his guide went in and out, through tunnels, damp and sweating with ville moisture, sagging to a danger point; through one passageway which was a huge pipe, magended between two halidings, about tens see

By Rosser W. Cobbe Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

apart. They ascended and descended countless numbers of stairs; opened door after door, which although old, were lined with iron, and furnished with dead locks. At last, after an unusually long climb, "Fake" put a key in a lock, turned it, and flinging open the door, said dramatically:

"Welcome, John, to your own!" and Crit found himself standing in one of the most luxuriously furnished rooms he had ever been in. It was lighted from above by a huge skylight. If there had been any windows they were filled and covered, but there could be no fault found with either light or ventilation. The floor was covered with a priceless velvet carpet; the walls were hung with masterpieces, and the furniture was worth a fortune. Here and there gleasmed a marble estates, and coetly bits of chims, showing that someone with taste presided over these apartments, and opening from this central room, which was as large as an ordinary-sized hall, were saif-a-dozen rooms.

He had barely time to take this in, when he heard a voice he well knew say:

"Welcome, indeed!" and he saw before him the sinister, yet in a way trandsome, face of Jim Holits, who had sworn never to be taken alive.

It was the same o'd face, a little more worn; a triffe more reckless, and strangely marred by the swend which had cleft the upper lip, and yet the same criminal whom he was going to take back to just punishment, even if he lost his life in so doing. Jim Hollis held out his hand, and Crit unhesitatingly pisced his own within it. "Hang-eye" John had a peculiar grip. It had been given to Crit one time by a dying confederate of this same criminal, and he had practiced it. Possibly, he counted more on the effect of this same criminal, and he had practiced it. Possibly, he counted more on the effect of this grip than anything else. He also knew the answering grip, which those in the confidence of "Hang-eye" returned.

A great deal hung on that moment. If Jim Hollis to see these two boys, Ferris and

Crit felt that a special providence had suggested his disguise.

"My plans are without end, and I think we can retire after a time, if we can be sure that Crit Truman is out of the way."

"Then you think there may be a doubt?"

"He's come out of so many tight places in such remarkable ways, that I will not feel sure of him until I see his body. Think I will have the pit dragged for his body. Think I will have the pit dragged for his body. If we find it, all right and good, but if we don't, then I'll know that Crit has been too much for us again, that's all."

Crit could not help wishing that Jim Hollis displayed more confidence in his confederates.

However, he settled himself to listen to a long list of disbolical plans, each one of which seemed a little worse than the other, and at last he fairly gasped:

"Where did you get them?"

"In here," Jim Hollis said with a laugh, laying one long, sleader finger on his right temple, "but let's go into the Turkish bath. I've had some extensive improvements made especially in there, for it's worth money in our pockets to have a place if the this to use in straightening out a fellow."

Aiways watching, and yet never displaying any undue enthusiasm or keenness of manner Crit followed where he was led, and had to admit that the room which the oreok had prepared was perfect of its kind.

of its kind.

Laughing, the two men watched Mandeville inthe terrible heat, and engrossed as he was in the scene, Crit Truman was off his guard. His disguise was perfect in a normal atmosphere, but subjected to the heat and humidity, the pigments began to run, and just as Crit suddenly became aware of this terrible fact, "The Grafter" came in saying excitedly:

"No one went into that pit today."

"Then Crit Truman is on the loose," said Jim Hollis, turning towards the supposed "Hang-eye" John. He stood with his eyes bungling, his mouth half open. Buddenly he gave a terrible cry and sprung forward. Mandeville not fully recovered, was standing in front of the supposed "Hang-eye" John.

"Lade, this is Crit Truman!" he cried and the

forward. Mandeville not fully recovered, was standing in front of the supposed "Hang-eye" John.

"Lads, this is Crit Truman!" he cried, and the men who had adored at the shrine of their presumed criminal associate, turned menacing faces toward the disguised detective.

Too late Crit realized how foolish had been his step in entering this place full of heat and steam. He knew his frightful danger. Here he was copped up with some of the most desperate men in the country, to whom the worst of crimes were as nothing. They knew him in his true character; feared him, and had already tried to murder him. Another thing. They all prided themselves on their astuteness, and it was no little blow to their pride to realize how he had completely pulled the wool over their eyes, when he had made them believe he was "Hang-eye" John.

Still Crit never flinched, but smiled back at Jim Hollis as the latter said through clenched teeth:

"I told you I would never be taken alive, but I

teeth:

"I told you I would never be taken alive, but I think you'll be the dead 'un in this case," and he foamed at the mouth in his rage.

"I don't know, Jim. So far I have managed to do pretty well in getting ahead of you. My hand has always been a bit better than yours, although you do try to stand pat."

"You talk this way when you are breathing your very last breath?" said Jim Hollis, "The Man with Many Aliases," cried looking like a fiend as he spoke.

spoke.
"Am I?" Crit smiled, his courage not descrting

CHAPTER XII.

A SAD STORY AND A TELEGRAM.

A SAD STORY AND A TELEGRAM.

In the meanwhile Ralph, obeying the instructions of his superior, boarded a Cottage Grove Avenue car, and in due time reached the home of Mrs. Haddam, where to his satisfaction, Ralph found a very grateful, although somewhat incoherent girl.

"Then it was Mr. Truman, himself, who directed me here?" the girl asked eagerly.

"I suppose so," Ralph returned, thinking her one of the sweetest girls heever saw.

"And you are a great detective, too?"

"I am Ralph Dayton, detective, "Ralph said reddening a little, he scarcely knew why.

"Then you live in New York?" this was a question.

tion.

"Yes."

"Did you ever hear of the Lysters?"
Raiph looked up. quickly. He remembered the name very well, and knew that Mr. Lyster had applied to Crit Truman to have a search made for his missing daughter, Sylvia.

"Yes, I know Mr. Lyster," he returned, his eyes fixed upon the bright, girlish face.
"Then, I want to tell you something, Mr. Dayton, I am Sylvia Lyster."
Had a bullet struck Ralph he could not have been more stunned, for he had heard the girl's story of her rescue by Crit, although she did not tell how she came to be in a position requiring Crit's intervention.

"Miss Lyster, your father is searching for you, and is almost broken-hearted."

"I know it," the girl replied, her head drooping.
"He asked us to take the case of looking for you, but I told Mr. Truman that from the facts given me it did not seem to be worth while," Ralph continued.

chance to learn a trade and new ways of living.
Suddenly "Fake" cried:
"We've forgot the swell mug, his Nibbs that would treat the house."
"Hollis looked annoyed:
"Whore is he?" he asked savagely.
"In there," "Fake" said, pointing towards one of the more of the man he had come to the same later Percy Randeville came slouding into the presence of the man he had come to the fact present in the leader gave the command:

For a few moments the New York man was severely reprimsaded for getting on such a drunk, and then Hollis concluded with these words, which made Crit prick up his ears figuratively speaking:

"Now get to the Turkish bath and soak that drink out of you. I am going to institute a new lay, and I want you to be the lad to run it," and having concluded. Hollis turned on his heel, and "Rhowfake" took the young man off, evidently to help him get rid of his "load."

"That's one of the slickest crooks in this country, if he'd keep sober," Hollis said, addressing himself to Crit.

"Who is he?" Crit saked.

"His name is Percy Mandeville. For some time he was in a big bank, and he has helped himself to enough to beat Standard Oil. The fun is the old mug don't know how bad off they are. They tripped him in one of his deals, but his old man fixed it up for him. These conservative banks will do anything to keep their names out of scandals. They are like a lot of people. Why, not hall the stokups are reported. People would rather they are like a lot of people. Why, not hall the stokups are reported. People would rather they are like a lot of people. Why, not hall the stokups are reported. People would rather they are like a lot of people. Why, not hall the stokups are reported. People would rather the people here in Chicago who I know do not want toget into the papers, and I think they are age of for a lot of second-atory work. They will stand the loss of some hundreds of dollars rather than last is to tot of second-atory work. They will stand the loss of some hundreds of dollars rather than last is the same and dr



"LADS, THIS IS CRIT TRUMAN!" HE CRIED, AND THE MEN TURNED MENACING FACES TOWARD THE DISGUISED DETECTIVE.

the crowd, who had escorted the detective, all of whom were there.

"Aw now, 'Four-time'" several began, but he asked fiercely:
"Ain't it so? What job did any of you clear without me? Except, though, Ferris here."
"What's he done?" asked several.
"Did Crit Truman," Jim Hollis said grimly.
"Snowfiake" Mike looked a little serious.
"Did you see him drop?" he asked.
"Y-e-s," Ferris stammered.
"No lyin'. Did you see him?"
"I found his hat on the step."
"How did you leave him?"
"In the room all right. He was dead easy. I just pulled the trap, and den I went back and found dis," holding up Crit's hat.
"I think it's all right," Jim Hollis said coldly. "If Crit Truman was dropped into that hole, he's dead long before this, and the world is free from one of the hardest and most cruel men it has ever known," and Jim Hollis followed this statement by a string of horrible oaths.
Suddenly "Fake" seemed to remember something, and asked:
"Where's the girl"
Jim frowned:
"I sent her out a while ago."
"You're a fool!" "Fake" Pete said angrity.
"What"
"Yes, a fool, to send a young girl out alone in this part of the city, Ten to one she gets pinched. and

"Yes, a fool, to send a young girl out alone in this part of the city. Ten to one she gets pinched, and then she could bring in the bulls without any trouble."

Consternation was depicted on every face. "She'll come back," Jim said shortly, "How do you know it?"

"How do you know it?"

"She has nombeen she togo!" was the come! raple,

accepted him for what he pretended he was, there would come the answering grip. For the slightest part of a second, Crit could have heard his heart beat, for so much hung upon that one thing, then came the answering pressure, strong and hearty. For the time being Crit Truman had vanished, and "Hang-eye" John was in his place.

The excited men all clamored for a repetition of his wonderful story of "breaking jail" and Jim Hollis listened as delightedly as had the other crooks in the saloon.

"Glad you managed it," Jim said finally, "for there's an awful lot doin' and somehow I can't find anyone to help me. These guys are all right, but they can't work without a leader," and he gazed at the crowd, who had escorted the detective, all of whom were there.

"Aw now, "Four-time" several began, but he asked flercely:

"Ain't it so? What job did any of you clear without me? Except, though, Ferris here."

"What's he donor?" seked several.

"What's he donor?" seked several."

Comfort's League of Cousins

shirt to warm him." After prescribing some medicine and toast, and warm milk, for a diet, he left me.

I kept that little monkey for nearly two years, and many is the time I have felt like wringing his neck, for he got me into all kinds of trouble after that, but his first was the worst of all. A recruit stepped on him one day, and that was the end of Mickey and my troubles. But for all of his bother I was very sorry for the little fellow, for he had been lots of company for me when I was away out on some lonely post, for he went with me everywhere, and I always carried him inside of my shirt, and whenever he got hungry, or wanted to play, he would begin to kick, scratch and squall for all he was worth.

Now, Uncle Charlie, I hope I haven't written too long a letter, but it is like this, I am away out here on a ranch and it is very lonesome, and I have nothing to read and hardly ever see anyone to talk to except the men that work here, so it is a pleasure for me to write letters.

Some time I will tell you of a little adventure I had down in Panama, unless you do not care to hear it.

Hoping to hear from some of the cousins, I will say good night.

Some time I will tell you of a little adventure I had down in Panama, unless you do not care to hear it.

Hoping to hear from some of the cousins, I will say good night.

HARRY BENNETT.

HARRY, I certainly have enjoyed your letter; and I am very fond of soldier boys, as somebody's got to do the fighting, and I had rather you did it than me. I wish people would quit fighting anyway. The best way to fix matters is for every country to join and become one of the United States of the world with Uncle Charlies President, and a Red Cross with a

Comfort's League of Cousins

(contractor Front Fast 7)

By blancket and sensons, peaked me in the riths, smaller 1 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 1 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 1 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 1 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 1 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 1 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 1 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 1 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 1 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the smaller 2 gold | We had a new serves at the small

A chatty letter from a Montana lassie will now delight us.

eight shoe. But the saying is, if anyone has bigfeet it shows that they have a good understanding.
This is the nicest country that you ever saw.
There is real pretty scenery here.
I was born in New Hampshire in Merrimae County
in the town of Waterloo, near Maine. Isn't it a
shame that I didn't come to see you? We came
from there when I was three years old, and I have
been back twice since.
You, Toby, Maria, and the Goat had better come
and go to some of the dances that we have here. I
will hitch up the mules and take you. Did you
ever ride behind a mule, Uncle Charlie? I only
have a mule to ride. I wish someone would loan
me a horse, won't you?
I went to a dance last Thanksgiving and I had a
loyely time.

lovely time.

I would like to correspond with some of the cousins. I remain your eighteen-year-old niece,

MARION HAZEL BEAN (No. 16,225).

cousins. I remain your eighteen-year-old niece.

Marion Hazel Bean (No. 16,225).

Hazel, your letter is charming, and I am so glad that you are not sensitive about the size of your pedal extremities, and are willing to let us gaze at them in all their redundant beauty. I have a very fair pair of props myself though they they are not quite as big as yours—say about two miles shorter, and about a mile less broad across. Anyway I have to sleep with my feet out of the window, when I go to bed, and I have let out the soles of my cockroach crushers for advertising purposes, and there is no room in the house for them anyway. On the bottom of one foot I have painted. "Send seven "subs." to Comfort and get Uncle Charlie's poems." The other foot I have let out to a pill company. They wanted to pay me fifty dollars a square foot for advertising space, but I told them they could not pay me by the square foot, as I had a long foot, so they pay me ten dollars an acre instead. Everybody that passes my hencoop has to see my feet, and the advertising brings me money, as the advertisers have to foot the bill. I should think Hazel dear that your feet are quite the biggest feeture of your section. Talking of feet I was that passes my hencoop has to see my feet, and the advertising brings me money, as the advertisers have to foot the bill. I should think Hazel dear that your feet are quite the biggest feeture of your section. Talking of feet I was in a circus once, and they had a mule that would only go in harness hitched up to a wagon. He had to see and feel a pair of shafts rubbing against his hide, or he'd kick the eyebrows off the man in the moon. Scores of people tried to ride the mule, and were taken to the hospital or the mulespital—I'm not sure which, both I think. Anyway at last I got on that old mule's back, and when he felt my feet rubbing against his carcass, and sticking out in front of his nose about sixteen feet, he just chortled with delight, and we galloped around the ring to the echoing plaudits of the assembled multitudes. I got my fifty and divvied up with the mule, who had a large family of poor relations, and needed the money. The mule thought that my feet were shafts. I should like to go to a dance with you, Hazel, but I don't think our feet could both dance at once. We might get a couple of big toes on the floor at the same time, but if we did, the company would have to dance on the roof. Our best plan would be to dance out of doors, and then we'd have to be careful, or we'd be tangling our pushers in the surrounding scenery. Never mind, Hazel about those poor little toots being only number eights. You are only eighteen years young, so there's lots of time for them to grow. Don't be disheartened or admit defeet. Keep up your heart, and maybe in ten years time you will have an 88 foot instead of an eight. A foot should be in proportion to the rest of the body, and Hazel is built on superb lines, is a veritable Juno, a Goddess of the Golden West, and her tootses are just the proper understanding for such a beautiful superstructure. Half the boys in America, I bet, would give their life to have the proud privilege of buying the casings for those toots—bet your boots they would. Hazel, my life is yours, and

Our next letter will bring tears to many an

Our next letter will bring tears to many an eye.

3 Greenoak St., Astoria, L. I., City, N. Y.
Dear Uncle Charlie:

I write you now to inform you that at 6.30 P. M., Jan. 2nd, Herbert J. Hipple died. His number in the Comport League was 2,221.

I wish I could express in words, the pleasure that you and the League gave him. He so often spoke of you, and had you been his own Uncle Charlie, he could not have thought more of you.

Through the generosity of a man who signed himself Mr. Good, Herbert received a book, "Uncle Charlie's Poems," and that brought him many hours of pleasure.

Herbert was born at Whitestone, Queens Co., L. I., Aug. 3rd, 1888. When he reached the age of five years, we (his parents) noticed that he was weak in the back. We took him to a specialist, who recommended plaster of Parls jackets, which we had put on him, about every six weeks for more than five years. But it was no use, softening of the spine set in, and no relief could be obtained. He gradually got worse, and nine years ago was the last time he stood alone.

Since then he has been helpless, gradually getting weaker, but always had a very active and well-developed brain. He was taken sick a few days before Christmas, and died of pneumonia trouble.

Will you please notify members of the League of Cousins of his death, so they will not write him any more; we do not like to open his mail. If any of the League members care to write to his brother, and only companion (except his parents) we will be very well pleased. His brother's name is Walter, his League number is 10,495. Walter is in the same condition Herbert was at his age, and there being no relief for him, we wish to make things as pleasant and comfortable as we can for him, while he is with us, and I think if he heard from a League member once in a while he would be pleased.

pleased.

Please pardon me for being so lengthy in this
my first letter to you. Wishing you health and
happiness, HARRY H. HIPPLE, (Herbert's father).

happiness, Harry H. Hippie, (Herbert's father).

Poor Herbert, I knew him best of all of the shut-ins, as he lived nearer to me than any other of the army of suffering ones who belong to our League. I never read more beautiful letters than he wrote; letters brimming over with cheerfulness, resignation, and content. He did not chafe or complain of the cross of affliction that was his to bear, but just accepted it as a matter of course, and bore it bravely and cheerfully until God called him to lay it down, and enter into the Land of Eternal Sunshine, where there are no plaster jackets to be worn. and enter into the Land of Eternal Sunshine, where there are no plaster jackets to be worn, or crosses to be carried. Herbert is now playing in the streets of the Holy City, thankful at last to be free of his bed of suffering and his aches and pains, and longing for his brother and parents to join him. Poor Herbert that was, Happy Herbert that is! It was hard to let him go, but who would have the heart to wish him to return? He knows now why his lot on earth was different from that of his companions who were blessed with health, and could run around and play while he could only lie still and suffer. It is all made clear to him now, and he knows that it was all for the best, and he is happy at last. To you who wrote him and cheered him on his bed of suffering let me ask, are you not, now that he is gone, thankful above all things that you tried to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



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can disprove the the pamphlet. "The Three Reasons," which show that there is 27.94 LESS pressure on Racycle bearlings than on any ordinary Bicycle.
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

water a little while and the potatoes will not taste. I will send in a fine cake recipe which I hope you will all like. MRS. W. M. HEAL, Box 56, Fowlerton, Ind.

MRS. W. M. HEAL, Box 56, Fowlerton, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a Kentuckian. I am five feet six inches in height, one hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight, brown hair, gray eyes, and am nineteen years of age. I live on a large farm with my parents and brother. We live six miles from Crab Orchard the nearest railroad station, and twelve miles from Stanford the next nearest. I too, must say Comfort is the dearest paper I've yet seen. I have been a subscriber for two years, and will never be without it again. I'm a member of Uncle Charlie's family also, and like his witty replies.

I'll give a few suggestions which I hope will prove helpful to some of the sisters.

If you want a fine white face or hands, then take a slice of lemon and rub the face and hands every night before going to bed, and the first thing you do in the morning is to wash it off with hot water, afterward with cold water to close the pores, do this for about two weeks.

For stains of any kind on clothes, pour boiling hot water through, holding the cloth over a dish. This must be done before trying to wash out the stain

For sweet potato stains on hands, rub coal oil

hot water through, holding the cloth over a dish. This must be done before trying to wash out the stain

For sweet potato stains on hands, rub coal oil over them and they'll soon disappear.

Here is the direction for those that wish to make paper flowers. The Easter lily is composed of six petals, cut from fine grain white crepe paper, and to the back of each is glued a vein of white covered wire extending about an inch below the base of the petel. Stamens are formed of light green tissue rolled almost to a thread, and cut four and one half inches long. The pistil is made in the same manner, leaving a roll or head on the top, and should be cut five and one half inches long. Glue the edges of the petals about half way up from the base and form around the center (composed of the pistils and stamens), and close the bottom around a stem previously formed by winding satiff wire with crepe paper until the required size; then finish by winding stem neatly with green paper. Cut leaves from dark green crepe, three inches long by three fourths inches wide.

Sisters, try and make some Easter Lilies, they look just natural. I have a vase full, and my friends think they're natural, only from the first sight you know. The next time I will give some other direction, as I can make most any kind of flower. I would like to hear from some of the sisters about my own age. I wish success to Comport and all its readers, especially the shut-ins.

MISS CLARA BLISS, Ottenheim, Ky.

DEAR COMPORT READERS:

I live way out here in Nebraska six miles from

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I live way out here in Nebraska six miles from Herman, a small town of two hundred population, about three miles west of the Missouri River.

I am a farmer's wife, and enjoy reading the Comfort's Sisters' Corner very much.

How many sisters have tried putting fine loose dirt on the cabbage plants when they first begin to head, it stops the white butterfly from disposing her eggs on the plant before the head is started. I have always done this, and the worms never get my cabbages.

cabbages.

Mrs. Thomas Hogan. Did you receive the pieced quilt block pattern of the Log Cabin. I have never heard from you. Will some of the sisters please be kind enough and send me a few light pieces of calico for my postal card quilt, the pieces are the size of a postal card, and I will return the favor any way I can.

way I can.

Can any one living near Walla Walla, Washington tell me if they know my sister-in-law, Mrs. Levi Willey, her maiden name was Fanny Atherton.

MRS. CARRIE ATHERTON, BOX 21, Herman, R. F. D., 2, Neb.

Miss. Carabis Affeston, Boz 21, Herman, R. P. D., 2, Neb.

My Dears:

This month we celebrate St. Patrick's day.

The month deduction of the control of the stream of the dates is more probable), near the site of Kilpatrick, Sociand. His father was a deacon name day.

This month we celebrate St. Patrick's day.

This month we celebrate St. Patrick's day.

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This month well and the same well; letters the founded three handred and sary december of the same house.

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The month of the same medical stream of the same house.

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This is beautiful country with mountains on a search of the same house.

This is beautiful country with mountains one country in month of the same house in the same house in the sam

also a chart of all the chords which all music lovers should have, it is so useful in playing accompaniments. Also for a club of three, they give five pieces of music; the latter can not be bought for less than fifty cents, any of them, and some are worth much more.

March is a good time for the housekeepers to begin weeding out the closets and bureau drawers, sorting over the accumulation of papers, magazines, pieces for patchwork, and old, worn-out garments; so many little things can be done before the regular routine work of housecleaning begins. As soon as the warm days come we want to be outdoors, and these stormy days are just the time for looking over chests, boxes, etc., and is it not fine to work up in the attic on a mildly warm spring day when it is raining? Anyone not blest with a good old-fashioned attic, misses one of the greatest pleasures of this life in my estimation.

"Any Old Place I Can Hang My Hat Is Home, Sweet Home to Me," that is the title of the song given us by our kind Comfort people in our Janusry number; the words are both pathetic and humorous at the same time, and the music is good. Are you all appreciating our pretty title pages? I knoder how many will avail themselves of Mrs. Linden's mitten pattern? What a handsome point lace collar that is, and the "Kitty" lace! So many good things in our January number!

Miss Ida Wake. Find recipe for ribbon pudding in another column.

Mrs. Mand Couch. Are you sure your hens were not lousy? A dust bath of wood ashes in which is spriukled powdered sulphur is fine to rid them of the pests, and a thorough drenching of the roosts and houses with kerosene oil once a week, is the only thing that will keep the mites and lice down. Do you ever wash your rose bushes in the water on washday? The very dirtiest suds is what they enjoy, then rinse thoroughly, set the pots right into the tub, and give them a good bath.

Miss Cunningham. Come on and see me and I will play and sing "Navajo" while you are piecing your "Navajo" quiit; you know the "Comport" peo

rest, how thankful the dear mother must feel even though she misses the little one. She is beyond all suffering, all sorrow, and we would not call her back.

How many sermons are preached out of the pulpit? Do we not hear them every day in some way? A dear, dear, friend, one of God's noble men, came to my house recently, in his working clothes, just a plain every-day man, the conversation drifted to God and his wonderful works. This dear man said, "Some people say they have no idea what heaven is like; did you ever go out on a June morning, when the sun was shining brightly in the country, the birds singing, the roses in bloom, the green grass and flowers all about you? Well! that is a foretaste of Heaven!" That man looks on the bright side of everything, for there is a bright side though we may not always see it but it is here, and will show itself sooner or later, we must look for pleasant things and we will find them, if we look for trouble we can find it, and some people spend their entire lives looking for it, and they find an abundance. Let us all try to look on the brighter side, while going through our Gethsemane as our dear Saviour did before us; He is at the Father's right hand in heaven, after all His sufferings why should not we be? A crown of glory with many, many, bright stars is awaiting all if they only strive for it, and these sorrows, griefs, and sufferings are given us to purify us, and surely will in the end.

Mrs. Linden. Thanks very much for the music and cards, you know they were fully appreciated. Dear little Bachelor of the Queen City. Your remembrance received. April showers will be with us ere I write again. Please all of you try to do something for Christoro Brice's poor and needy, invalid mother; they live in Brutus, Michigan; clothing and bedding can be sent and gladly received by these poor worthy ones.

Any one writing for a request or favor should always enclose a stamped, directed envelope, not a stamp alone, but the envelope as well; letters written for pastime, or pleasure is

simering dear ones. I prepared and sent off one hundred packages. How I needed some of my girls to assist in the good work.

Andrew Milisagle. I sent a package off for you, but it was returned. I directed it to Borland, North Carolina. There was no such town on my atlas, but thinking it might be a new place, I sent the package. If I had not put my address on, I never would have heard from it.

Dolla. Do write me again about the bonny boy, I can scarcely credit that he is yours. The needlebook is highly prized.

Lillie. I am so pleased that you are to get the book; every little helps, and this poor boy is worthy of all you can give him.

Mrs. Hardten. My love to Will, and thanks for the gitts. The painting is valued because you did the work. It is very nicely done. Let me say to all that are sending me cards, that I fully appreciate them.

Thomas Lockhart. Yours received; you write so cheerfully. God bless you.

Mrs. Orthofer, Mrs. Bacon, Phœbe Jackson. Thanks. It is so pleasant to be remembered by those we love. I wish I could write to each one that sent me gitta, but there are so many of you would wonder how one pair of hands and eyes could attend to it, aside from numerous other important duties, God bless you, dear! Write when-

need it, for I have three little children. The oldest is nearly six, the youngest is two, and the one betwixt and between is four; so you see if you count all their years together, it makes a good round dozen. I sometimes have to stop and consider whether they are a dozen or not.

They are not so bad, only I am very irritable and nervous, but I shall have to try and get over it, don't you think so?

MRS. NELSON ASHDOWN, Freeport, L. I., New York.

York.

MRS. NELSON ASHDOWN, Freeport, L. I., New York.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I just feel as if I can't stay away any longer. I am a lounger; have been confined to my room most of the time for three years. I try to be cheerful, but I find it very hard at times, when I am suffering, as I am today.

Do you know that if you make a salve of the white of one egg, one large spoonful of lard, powdered alum size of a hickory nut, it will cure a bad burn or scald, without leaving a scar.

What would we all do without Comfort? It is indeed a comfort to me, as I enjoy every page in it. I do a great deal of fancy work, as I situp in bed. I have just completed a silk quilt, and have a lot of scraps left that I would gladly send our dear shutins, but I can't afford stamps. Oh, the pity of it. I have no little children to inherit the dread disease that is cating my life away, and I try to be careful for my dear husband's sake not to have anything about me to spread contagion. I would say to all such sufferers to use old paper or cloths to expectorate on, and then burn them.

Well, I will come again some day, perhaps, when I will feel better.

MRS. DON ALLEN, Elwood, R. F. D., 1, Mo. DEAR SISTERS:

MRS. DON ALLEN, Elwood, R. F. D., 1, Mo. DEAR SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT a long time and think it a fine paper. I am interested in the fancy-work department also think the hints on housework and recipes excellent.

I should like to hear from readers who have cameras, also those who like to make pillows.

I will answer all who care to write, for I get very lonesome and letters are very welcome at any time. I live in the country six miles from our capital, Indianapolis, on a dairy farm.

I am twenty-three years old, and have two little girls.

irls.

I hope to hear from some of the sisters soon.

Mrs. Marie Kennedy, New Augusta, Ind.

I hope to hear from some of the sisters soon.

MRS. MARIE KENNEDY, New Augusts, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have long been a silent reader of our good paper, and at last I take Time by the topknot and write a few lines. We have had our first rain of the season this week and winter is really here; but still the ladies are wearing peek-a-boo waists with elbow sleeves, so you know it is not very cold. We are farming a ranch of eight hundred acres. I have four children and do all my own work. We are poor, but all have our health, and that is everything. We are renters, but have our own stock and implements.

Do you all have some flowers? I love them, but there are so many who do not care about them. But flowers I must have, if it is only a geranium in an old tomato can; it is food for the soul. To me all flowers are beautiful. I love nature.

I wish to hear from sisters in Florida or foreign places who could send me nice seashells. I will return all favors in some way.

MRS. Wm. L. Brown, Box, 23, San Lucas, Monterey Co., Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

rey Co., Cal.

Dana Mrs. Wilkinson:

Comfort was one of my childhood companions, so seems like a comrade at all times. I live in the northern part of Polk County, and it is claimed to be the banner county of the state; it is the main strawberry and gardening spot, beside which we can raise oranges and other fruits.

which we can raise oranges and other fruits.

I have been married seven years and have three children. We find many useful hints in the pages of Comport and I come with a request.

I wish to start a Comport flower garden and would like a few flower seeds from every state in the Union. I am sure in this large family you have many who have more seeds than they can use. I will gladly return favors in any way I can, and thank you in advance.

thank you in advance.

MRS. Rosell Ranlerson, Greenpond, Fla.

DEAR EDITOR:

In butchering time I know that all the farmer sisters are anxious to know how to keep meat for next summer and save the trouble of sacking all of it. If you will follow this recipe you can let it hang in the smokehouse all summer. When you take the meat out of the barrel to smoke, wash and dry, then take powdered borax and rub all over the meat, being careful to touch all places, especially where bones are cut off, then hang up and smoke.

To Cure English Bacon

To Cure English Bacon

This process is called the "dry cure," and is considered far preferable to the New England or Yankee style of putting prepared brine or pickle over the meat. First the hog should not be too large or too fat, weighing not over two hundred pounds; then after it is dressed and cooled, cut it up into proper pieces; allow to every hundred pounds a mixture of four quarts of common salt, one quarter of a pound of saltpeter and four pounds of sugar. Rub this preparation thoroughly over and into each piece, then put them into a tight tub or suitable cask; there will be a brine form of itself, from the juices of the meat, enough at least to baste it with, which should be done two or three times a week; turning each piece every time.

In smoking this bacon, the sweetest flavor is derived from black birch chips, but if these are not to be had, the next best wood is hickory; the smoking with corncobs imparts a rank flavor to this bacon, which is very distasteful to English people visiting this country. It requires three weeks or a month to smoke this bacon properly.

Mrs. Minnie Dean, Spence, Md.

Cancer Cure

Cancer Cure

For the benefit of any readers suffering from cancer I would say that Mr. Issac Mullinox, Texico, Ill., has been cured of one on his face by this simple remedy:

Take the yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful of sait, and one tablespoonful of lye soap, mix all thoroughly together and apply to the affected part twice a day.

Mrs. Eliza Day, Akin, Ill.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Washington Loaf Cake

Washington Loaf Cake

Three cups of sugar, two scant cups of butter, one cup of sour milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, half a nutmeg grated, two cups of raisins, one cup of currants, and four good cups of flour. Mix as usual, and stir in fruit, dredged with flour, last. This cake will take longer to bake than plain. It is delicious, and while it takes a great deal of butter, sugar, etc., the amount of cake it makes, makes it not too expensive, and it is worth trying. The fruit may be omitted.

Chocolate Pie (Requested)

Chocolate Ple (Requested)

The way I make chocolate pie is as follows: I make a filing just the same as for cornstarch pudding, adding a small piece of butter, about two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, and vanilla to flavor. The whites of two eggs I reserve for frosting. I bake the lower crust first; then put in the filling; cover with the frosting (made with not too much sugar), and return to oven to brown slightly.

all that are sending me cards, that I fully appreciate them.

Thomas Lockhart. Yours received; you write so cheerfully. God bless you.

Mrs. Griffitts. Thanks for the card, also for your kind words regarding Thomas Lockhart; he certainly is an angel of patience.

Mrs. Orthofer, Mrs. Bacon, Phœbe Jackson.

Thanks. It is so pleasant to be remembered by those we love. I wish I could write to each one that it is an impossibility.

Mrs. Merritt. The card and doily received; thanks. If you could see the stacks of mail I have, you would wonder how one pair of hands and eyes could attend to it, aside from numerous other important duties. God bless you, dear! Write whenever you feel like it.

Herman Meuly. Thank you for your contribution to my shut-in fund.

Girls, I want to tell you all about some of the song books that the Comport people are giving away with the paper. For three yearly subscriptions they give us the choice of two song books; containing nearly all of the good oldtime songs;

volks of two ergs well beaten and one cup of sugar. Have deep pie plate lined and rimmed up with rather thick paste, fill and bake; when done and a little cool, spread with the following: The whites of the two eggs beaten stiff with confectioner's sugar and one tablespoonful of cornstarch, and the juice of one whole lemon; heap up high, return to cool oven for a few minutes.

Parsley and Butter Sauce (Requested) Parsley and Butter Sauce (Requested)
Take a piece of good, fresh butter the size of an
egg, let it get hot; add to this one tablespoonful of
flour, well sifted, and brown this nicely in the
butter; add a tablespoonful of chopped onions,
brown this in butter, also; now slowly put in a
pint of water, stirring all the while, till it becomes
a brown sauce; then add a teaspoonful of salt and
three tablespoonfuls of cleanly washed and
chopped parsley, a piece of butter the size of a
walnut, stirring continually, till done.

Ginger Snaps

Take one teacupful of flour and sift it well, add and mix very well three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add to this three fourths cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of butter, one half cup of molasses and one heaping teaspoonful of ground ginger, mix well, roll out very, very thin and bake but a few minutes. They will soften by being kept.

Ginger Snaps (No. 2.)

Ginger Jnaps (No. 2.)

One cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one half cup lard, one half cup butter melted together, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of cloves, and one and one half tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of soda scalded with three fourths of a cup of boiling water, add as little flour as is necessary to roll out easily, roll out very thin, bake in a quick oven.

MRS. JOSEPHINE LINDEN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ribbon Pudding

Ribbon Pudding

Cream together one and one half cups of sugar with one half cup of butter, then beat in three eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately), add one half cup of milk and two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder (or one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar). Take one third of the mixture, add one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cocoa, and a little nutmeg; add one half cup of chopped raisins. One half of the remaining mixture can be colored with strawberry coloring, or leave it as it is, white. Grease a deep pudding pan, put paper in the bottom, and put in the mixture a spoonful at a time, so that when it is cut the different colors will be seen in each slice; bake slowly. When done, turn onto a warm plate and serve hot with the following sauce or

Hard Sauce

One cup of sugar and quarter of a cup of butter beaten to a cream, flavor.

Soft Honey Cake

One cup butter, two cups honey, two eggs, one cup sour milk, two teaspoonfuls soda, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, four cups flour.

Hard Honey Cake

Hard Honey Cake

Take six pounds of flour, three pounds of honey, one and one half pounds of sugar, one and one half pounds of sugar, one and one half pounds of butter, six eggs, see half ounce saleratus, ground ginger to suit your taste. Have the flour in a pan, make cavity in center. Beat the honey and yolks of eggs together. Beat the butter and sugar to acream and put into the cavity in the flour, then add the honey and yolks of eggs. Mix well with the hand, adding a little at a time, the half ounce of saleratus dissolved in a very little boiling water, until it is all in; add the ginger, and finally the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mix to a smooth dough. Divide the dough into seven equal parts and roll out like gingerbread. Bake in ordinary square pans, mark off the top in half inch stripes. Bake in moderate oven; dissolve sugar to glaze over top of cakes. When cool put away in stone crocks, stand the cakes up so the flat sides will not touch each other. Don't use until three months old. The cakes improve with age. I have several other honey recipes. These, of course, call for strained honey. Anyone wishing recipes for honey fruit cake, nut cake, cookies, jumbles, etc., made with honey, let me know and I will supply them through these columns.

Buttermilk Biscuits

One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of sods, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one heaping tablespoonful of lard or butter. Hoe Cake

One cup corn meal, one pinch salt, turn boiling water over the salt and meal, until a thin batter has been made, have a shallow pie tin well greased and very hot, pour in the mixture, set in oven, when nearly done take out and spread butter over the top and return to oven to brown. Rolls Take the raised bread dough and roll it out about half an inch thick, spread it all over with butter, and lard mixed, then roll it up, and cut off slices an inch thick, stand them in a greased pan, when light bake in quick oven. Ground dinnamon, and sugar can be sprinkled on with the lard and butter if desired.

Tea Rolls One cup sweet milk, one compressed yeast cake (or cake of magic yeast.) two tablespoonfuls of sugar, flour to make stiff batter. Let rise over night. In the morning add two thirds of a cup of butter, and whites of two eggs beaten stiff, form into rolls let rise again and bake. If wished for tea, set them right after breakfast instead of at night.

Apple Sauce Cake Two and one half cups apple sauce, two cups sugar, one cup butter, one teaspoonful each cinna-mon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg, four teaspoon-fuls soda, four cups flour, one cup raisins.

Chocolate Filling for Cake

One square Baker's chocolate, one half cup sugar, one half cup milk, piece of butter size of a nut, cook about five minutes or until thick, spread on cake when cool, flavor with vanilla.

Anne S. Ball, Boonton, New Jersey. Lemon Crackers

Two and one half cups of sugar, one cup of melted lard, one pint of sweet milk, five cents' worth of baking ammonia, four teaspoonfuls essence of lemon. Flour to make a stiff dough.

AMELIA FOLTZ, Box 12, Pierce, R. F. D., 2, Ohio.

Yeast Cakes

Past Cakes

Put one good yeast cake to soak in lukewarm water, scald a quart of fresh buttermilk, not letting it boil, sift about one and one half quarts of corn meal, and add a teaspoonful of salt, pour the mik over the meal, and stir until cool; when just milk over the meal, and stir until cool; when just milk warm put in the dissolved yeast cake, and stir thoroughly, and set in a warm place to rise, allow the mixture to become very light, then stir it down three times, after which add more meal with sufficient flour to make the mass stick together. Form into small cakes, I dry in the shade; when wanted for use crumble up and soak in warm water until dissolved; these will keep, and are sure to produce excellent bread. excellent bread.

Bread Fruit Cake

Take two cups of light sponge from sponge just before worked into loaves. Cream two cups of brown sugar, and one cup of butter. To this add two well-beaten eggs, and cream again and then carefully mix with sponge; one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three of water, and one teasponful each of cinnamon, allspice, cloves, and nutmeg. Flour enough to make the usual cake batter. One and one half or two packages of seeded raisins floured lightly and mixed not stirred into batter. Bake in a dripping pan in moderate oven, and not toognickly browned. It will keep for weeks.

MRS. W. M. HEAL.

Pineapple Custard

Six eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, three cups of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one can of Name(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

The Kite

Fat Felix Fogg once flew a kite
And though he pulled with all his might,
It was so big and strong he rose,
Till he was standing on his toes.
Now Tommy Teaser chanced that way,
And being full of roguish play,
He grabbed poor Felix Fogg and roared,
"Let me hold, or I'll cut the cord."
"No need at all of doing harm," said Felix;
Taking Tommy's arm Taking Tommy's arm
Soon he had tied the string thereon,
Jumped backward quick and Tom was gone,
Up in the air among the stars,
To tease in Jupiter or Mars.

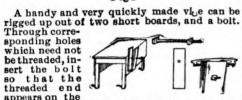
A Flyer

Cut out a piece of tin shaped like "a," and make two small holes in it at or near the center. This can be done with a steel punch or a common nail. Now, get a round stick of the same proportion but twice the size of a pencil, and drive into one end two shingle nails from which the heads have been cut. Bend the ends of the tin, and place it over the nails as shown in "b". Now, if you grasp the



in "b". Now, if you grasp the stick with both hands, and twirl it rapidly the flyer will ascend and execute pretty gyrations.

which need not be threaded, in-sert the bolt so that the



sert the bolt so that the threaded end appears on the outside. The nut is then placed on, and by tightening with a wrench, the object you wish to work on may be held very firmly. This vice is intended to meet an emergency where no other is obtainable, and it is every bit as serviceable as the more elaborate affairs which only one out of a hundred boys could make.

Number of Stars

The stars seen upon a clear night are about 2,000 in number, allowing a like number for the half of the world not seen gives us 4,000 visible stars in all. Even the one nearest to us is at a stars in all. Even the one nearest to us is at a distance too great to be conceived by the human intellect. It has been said that a cannon ball traveling at its usual rate of speed from the creation of the world in a direct line to the North star would be still millions of miles away from it. The light of the star Sirius traveling at the rate of 192,000 miles a second takes three years to reach the earth. If the sun, which is comparatively near, were to go out it would be months before we would know it.

Picture Puzzles



The five drawings herewith represent five triber or pro-cession. Study them a little while, and you can solve them. The solutions will appear in the Boys' Corner of next month's COMFORT.

Game

A lively game for boys which is probably too noisy to be played indoors is "Keep the bag

is "Keep the bag up." An inflated bladder or paper bag is tossed up in the air, and the players of which there may be any number, tap it up every time it threatens to fall. Each player must hit it in turn, and must not take more than two steps in going after it. The comical actions of those trying frantically to reach it will result in much fun and laughter, but undue roughness will spoil the whole game. If played in the house the rule should require all to stand in one position, and move only the hands in trying to reach the bag.

Work Bench

A strong work bench is needed in every boy's workshop. Use four pieces of 2 by 4 scantling 30 inches long for legs, joining them with



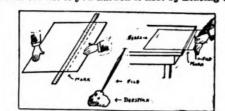
crosspieces as shown. Next put on the six-foot long side pieces letting them extend over 6 inches, and cutting off the lower corners as the drawing illustrates. For the top use heavy planks or two thicknesses of inch boards. In the latter case the first layer may be put on crosswise if short boards are more easily pro-

Telling Number by Thought

Here's a new way of doing an old trick. Ask a person to add.1 to the triple of the number thought of, and to multiply the sum by 3; then to add to this product the number thought of, and the result will be a sum which if diminished by three and divided by 10 will be the number he thought of first. Example. Think of 6, triple it which is 18, add 1, which makes it 19. Three times this is 57, and if 6 is added it becomes 63. Now take away 3, and divide by 10, and you have your answer 6. This is simpler than it seems at first reading.

Cutting Glass

Perhaps you have a few irregular-shaped pieces of glass large enough to be of some use. You can cut them any desired size with the aid of an old file if you harden it first by heating to



a bright red, and then plunging it into a chunk a bright red, and then plunging it into a chunk of beeswax several times. After making the mark with the sharp point strike the glass directly under it, and it will break evenly. If there is a large margin to be cut off you can manage it better by laying the glass flat upon the ruler, the marked part facing up, and being raised from the floor a quarter of an inch. When you have it thus arranged bear sharply down on the extreme edges. on the extreme edges.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.) her, and from the attentions which she hints at I judge that we must make up our minds to lose her. It would be a capital match, don't you think so?"

It was at this interesting point that Mehitable

It was at this interesting point that Mehitable was compelled, by the sudden discovery on the part of Jerry related in the previous chapter, to abandon her post. She would have given a good deal to hear what followed, and never quite forgave the boy for disturbing her. The indifference with which Mabel spoke, however, relieved her from any fears of rivalry in the design which she had already formed upon the lawyer's hand.

lawyer's hand.
Mr. Parkhurst, for obvious reasons, was not

lawyer's hand.

Mr. Parkhurst, for obvious reasons, was not pleased with his daughter's manner of treating the subject. It promised ill for the sacrifice that he wished to propose to her.

"Mabel," said he with some severity of manner, "I shall be obliged to you to speak with less levity. To bring Mehitable into the conversation is entirely uncalled for, and the suggestion of a matrimonial connection between Mr. Clarke and a person occupying a menial position so far beneath his station in society is in the highest degree improper, and might justly be regarded as an insult by him, did he happen to be present to hear it."

"Father," said Mabel penitently, "you must pardon me for having spoken as you would not have me. I certainly have, if I have incurred your displeasure."

"Mabel, my daughter," said the father affectionately, "you have ever been a good and dutiful daughter hitherto. I may by and by make still another demand upon your duty. But I am speaking of my visitor of yesterday. Do you remember hearing of him when we lived in the city?"

"No, sir; although his face looked slightly familier."

"No, sir; although his face looked slightly familiar."

"He had seen you, however. But that is not to the purpose at present. Can you guess what was his errand?"

was his errand?"
"No, sir. I suppose it could hardly be of a professional nature, as, since your—" Mabel hesitated to say failure, knowing her father's sensitiveness upon this point.
"Since the great misfortune, you mean, which drove me out into this wilderness to lead a miserable evistence, downward of all the

which drove me out into this wilderness to lead a miserable existence, deprived of all the sources of my former happiness."

"Do you, indeed, take it so much to heart?" said the daughter, taking her father's hand and looking in his face with sympathy. "I wish you could feel as I do. It seems to me as if I never lived till now. I delight in the wild freedom of the woods and the unshackled life which I lead here. In the city one is so hemmed in by conventionalties that it is impossible to feel yourself quite independent. Father, I could live here always without one longing for the old life that I led in the city."

"I don't pretend," said Mr. Parkhurst peevishly, "to enter into your youthful enthusiasm, and I marvel much that a daughter of mine, the descendant of a lofty family with whom nobles have not infrequently intermarried, should be willing to confess such plebelan tastes. I cannot conceive what pleasure you can find in living in a miserable hut"—Mabel was about to utter an exclamation, but prudently refrained—"a miserable but built of long in the mider."

living in a miserable hut"—Mabel was about to utter an exclamation, but prudently refrained —"a miserable hut built of logs, in the midst of a rude, uncultivated race of people who care nothing for good blood, and fancy their plebeian stock as good as ours. I say I cannot conceal my astonishment that one so carefully reared should imbibe and give expression to such tastes. For my own part it has proved to me more unendurable than I anticipated. I remember once to have read an interesting account of a shipwrecked sailor named, I think, 'Robinson Crusoe,' who was forced to live by himself on an uninhabited island. The book was written by one Defoe, and was sent to me in a package forwarded from London. I little thought when I read it that I was doomed in my own person to pass through a trial equally hard, and to bear a solitude almost as intolerable."

able."
"But, father, we have good neighbors, while Robinson Crusoe, if I remember rightly, was not so fortunate. You surely can not compare your situation with his."
"Neighbors, Mabel? And what kind of neighbors? Do you think I can be on terms of intimacy with the rude, uncultivated settlers?"
"Surely you do not regard the Davenports in that light?"
"Not they are exceptions. I admit. But it

that light?"

"No, they are exceptions, I admit. But it would take many such to supply to me the place of all that I enjoyed in the city."

Mabel felt that nothing she could say was likely to divert her father from the melancholy view that he now saw fit to express. She accordingly, after a minute's pause, endeavored to change the current of conversation by suggesting a question.

gesting a question.
"You were about to tell me on what business

"You were about to tell me on what business Mr. Clarke came, were you not, father?" "Yes, Mabel," said her father, brightening up. "What will you say when I tell you that he has come to offer us the chance of resuming our old station in society; that he has it in his power to restore us a measure of wealth equal to that which I inherited and lost?"

to that which I inherited and lost?"
"Father, you have excited my curiosity deeply. Has this indeed been as you say?"
"I do not wonder at your astonishment,
Mabel. I was myself taken by surprise. But I
can explain all in a very few words."
Mr. Parkhurst here entered into an explanation of facts already familiar to my reader, and

tion of facts already familiar to my reader, and gloomily.

ORNISH Pianos Organs

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And further, we will send you a copy of our bond of indemnity, which is an iron-clad guarantee that no responsibility whatever will attach to you in placing one of our instruments in you home for examination and free trial. We take all the risk. We put you under no obligation whatever.

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Balance on
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Cash Down.

Balance on easy installment plan.

Balance on easy installment plan.

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which, therefore, do not require to be repeated. It is hardly necessary to say that Mabel listened with eager interest. The revelation gave her pleasure, but not for herself. The discontent her father had expressed with the mode of life to which he was at present reduced led her, as a matter of course, to rejoice that means were provided for his restoration to the scenes which could alone content him. For her own part she matter of course, to rejoice that means were provided for his restoration to the scenes which could alone content him. For her own part she had no desire to go back to the city, and would have considered such a removal a great sacrifice. But her union with Henry Davenport would render this unnecessary, and although it would pain her to be entirely separated from her father, she had no doubt that an arrangement could be made by which she could pass a part of the year in the city. For the rest, her father would be contented in that sphere which he was prepared to value the more because of his temporary withdrawal from it.

It was, therefore, with a glow of pleasure that she said, "Father, I am indeed heartily glad for your sake that your losses are likely to be so amply made up to you, and I hereby acknowledge my penitence for having spoken somewhat disrespectfully of the lawyer who is the bearer of this welcome intelligence. I shall henceforth adopt the opinion that bad looks are no indication of a bad disposition. But, father, you will remember that I, too, have appetitive to communicate."

are no indication of a bad disposition. But, father, you will remember that I, too, have something to communicate."

"Yes, Mabel, I do remember that you solicited the interview. Pray speak without hesitation, and if it is any favor which is in my power to grant, count it already granted."

"It is indeed a matter that vitally concerns my happiness, father," said Mabel in a low voice.

"Is it indeed so important?" asked Mr. Park-hurst, who as yet did not suspect the nature of the request which his daughter was about to make. "Indeed, I cannot conjecture what it is. Tell me without reserve."

Mabel rose from her chair, and sank at her father's feet in a childlike attitude.

"Father," she murmured, "I am very happy. Henry Davenport has told me that he loved

Henry Davenport has told me that he loved me."
"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Parkhurst

in undisguised dismay. "Can this be true? And do you love him, Mabel?"

Startled by her father's manner, Mabel answered: "I love him as my life, father."
Rising hastily to his feet, Joseph Parkhurst paced the room with knitted brow and disordered steps. Mabel watched him with equal ordered steps. Mabel watched him with e surprise and anxiety. "Father," she at length said, timidly,

hope that you know nothing unfavorable of

"I do not," said Mr. Parkhurst gloomily, pausing in his walk, "but, Mabel, this mar-riage, though it may bring happiness to you, can bring nothing but disaster and unhappi-"But, father, it needn't separate us,"

"But, father, it beedn't separate us," said Mabel eagerly, supposing that her father's objection was founded upon this. "Henry could arrange to live in the city a part of the time." "Child, you do not understand the matter. Your marriage with this young man would keep me a lifelong prisoner in this odious wilderness."

"But why should it? Could you not support an establishment in the city, and now and then come out to visit your children. The property which you are about to recover——"
"That property I shall never recover if you marry Henry Davenport," said her father gloomily.

marry

"But what possible connection can there be between the two things?" questioned Mabel in perplexity. "Why should my marriage stand in the way of your recovering what is rightfully yours?"
"Sit down, Mabel—let us both sit—while I tell you. It is a circumstance which I regret nearly as much as you can. I have no personal objection to young Davenport. I would receive him gladly as a son-in-law, but there is one thing I have got to tell you. This lawyer demands a reward for his discovery of the letter which makes known to me the whereabouts of the treasure. That reward he has himself indicated. He has asked you as his wife."
"But what can he know of me?" asked Mabel in amazement.

"But what can he know of the asked shades in amazement.
"More than you think. You remember that he belongs to New York; that he has lived there many years."

"But I never met him, so far as I can re-

member."
"Perhaps not as an acquaintance. But the "Perhaps not as an acquaintance. But the daughter of Joseph Parkhurst occupied a position which, as a matter of course, made her known to many with whom she was personally unacquainted. As he told me, he was accustomed to see you going to and from school, and at that time he conceived an admiration for you which has suggested the observer of the

at that time he conceived an admiration for you which has suggested the character of the recompense he asks."

"But surely he cannot know enough of me to be seriously interested in me. When he learns that I love another he will dismiss this idle fancy, and offer his addresses in some other quarter where they will be more acceptable."

able."

Mr. Parkhurst shook his head.
"I am afraid, Mabel, that whatever else he is, he is an obstinate man. So far as I can judge, his mind seems to be set upon marrying you, and he will not accept anything else."

"But, father, he is probably fond of money. Offer him a large amount of money for his services whatever he asks. Give him whatever.

you might otherwise intend for me. I care not for money. To me it is of no value compared with the happiness which I shall enjoy as Henry's wife. Even if you are compelled to give him half of the whole sum, the remainder

will yet support you handsomely. Only, my father, do not ask me to surrender all the happiness of my life to this man's keeping."

Mabel spoke with earnestness, her cheeks glowing with the excitement of her feelings, and her face lifted imploringly to her father's, which gathered gloom as the proceeded.

and her face lifted imploringly to her father's, which gathered gloom as she proceeded. "I have already suggested this to the lawyer," he said, "but without effect."

"Perhaps you did not offer him enough."

"He distinctly told me that no offer, however large, would induce him to forego his self-named reward. Be assured, Mabel, that I desisted from no representations which would be likely to influence him. As he himself said, he might easily have concealed the matter from me and appropriated the whole empone from me, and appropriated the whole amount to his own purposes without fear of detection, since I should be wholly ignorant of the matter."

"And why did he not? I wish that he had."
"You seem to forget, Mabel," said her father
reproachfully, "that my happiness as well as
yours is involved in this matter."
"Forgive me than we feel."

"Forgive me then, my father; we are both unfortunate, we are both unhappy."
"But after all, Mabel, perhaps it will not be so hard on you as you imagine. He is a re-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

brighten his life, and bring some rays of sunshine into its hours of gloom and suffering.
You who wrote him one letter, do you not wish—now his frail body is laid away in the earth, that you had written him oftener than you did? You who sent him old newspapers, earth, that you had written him oftener than you did? You who sent him old newspapers, and made him pay the extra postage, would you not give all you possess to undo that thoughtless deed? It is too late now, too late, he does not need your aid now. Many would if they could, bend over his little casket, and look at the still white face, smother it with flowers, who yet in life would not send him a postage stamp—happy Herbert, you don't have to depend on the whims of a fickle world for your sunshine and cheer now. God is attending to that. Ah, cousins, won't you, as you bend o'er the silent form of this your departed cousin, doubly resolve to bend all your energies to alleviating the sufferings of those who remain? Soon many more of the great army of suffering will have passed over the silent stream. Ere they go, won't you do for them, what you might have done for Herbert Hipple? Promise me you will, and if you will, he has not died in vain. I commend Herbert's brother Walter to your care;—what you neglected to do for Herbert, do for him, and God will bless you in the doing. Anthony Good, the noble boy who is Vice President of Pa. is the Mr. Good men-Herbert, do for him, and God will bless you in the doing. Anthony Good, the noble boy who is Vice President of Pa., is the Mr. Good men-tioned in this letter. The money other boys spend in whiskey and cigarettes, Anthony de-votes to works of mercy. There are about half a dozen such noble boys in the League, half a dozen among 20,000. Think of that!

Comfort's League of Cousins

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Comfort, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comport's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of Comport's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to Comport for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the Comport to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also Comport for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

How to become a Member

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance Comport subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join Comports. The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth, Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Work of Mercy

League Sunshine and Work of Mercy for March

Here's a big shut-in list. I want you to write a letter to each one of those below, and put something in your letter besides music. Invalids can't eat talk, the most of you would like to feed them on that kind of diet, but you'll take mighty good care to fill your own stomachs with something more substantial. When invalids ask for reading, please send them story books, or books worth while. Old magazines, and old newspapers are not wanted, and will be refused. I've instructed all the shut-ins not to send stamps for packages that are held because of insufficient postage at the office where they were mailed by thoughtless Goops, who think a one-cent stamp will carry a ton of old rubbish. These packages are never worth sending for, so don't be fooled by them. Another thing, never return books sent you to read. Tom Lockhart informs me that numberless books, great heavy tomes that he couldn't to the state of the first state of the firs less books, great heavy tomes that he couldn't handle, were sent him to read, with the request that he return them when read, and pay post-age. It costs twenty-four cents to mail a three-pound book, so shut-ins stick to the books sent you, don't return them. Stick to everything that comes your way, God knows it is mighty little. Remember also that to one kind heart and one generous giver in this world, there are twenty hearts of stone, and fifty empty heads, and don't let the stony-hearted and thoughtless rob you of the little money God's good angels send you. Lawrence Bird, writing me on December 21st informs me he had received December 21st informs me he had received \$18.65. God bless those who sent it! Lawrence was very sick at the time he wrote. I'll let you know exactly what he got, as I believe it encourages you in this beautiful work of caring for God's sick and poor, to know results. Don't send money to me to forward. I have to write letters and pay postage, and I'm worked to death, and have not all the strength in the world. Now get busy. Some day, the only thing that may plead for you at the Bar of Heaven will be the fact that you once wrote a letter and sent a dime to one of our shut-ins. That one deed of love may win you paradise.

That one deed of love may win you paradise.

Miss Eva L. Stevens, Greenville, R. F. D., 1,

Ala. Paralyzed from the hips down, young girl, charming writer, without means. Miss Annie Cinnamon (14), Haddam, Kans. Paralyzed from the waist down, and has spinal curvature. Wants pieces for quilts, and good "Here is where I linger, Mr. Warfield," she curvature. Wants pieces for quilts, and good "Here is where I linger, Mr. Warfield," she under the responsive chord in her own makeup, and when he concluded she said decisively:

"Yes, Mr. Warfield, ambition does make with green blinds before which Victoria halted.

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bright reading. Old attic rubbish not wanted, and unpaid matter will be refused. Mrs. Victoria Hutchens, Rock Bridge, Ky., widow, semi-invalid, with two little boys to support. Eldest boy twelve. All need clothing and cheer. Mrs. Sarah Good (60), Brock, Neb. Paralyzed. Is allowed \$1 per week by the county for support, has nothing else, cheer her up. Willie Janet Sheppard (25), Wedowee, Ala. Poor crippled, colored girl, writes splendidly. Send 25 cents for her book, Golden Moments; it is capital. Miss Alsa Carroll (16), Anchor, Sunny Co., Va. Has water on the brain, never once raised her head from the pillow in her life. Can't read, but loves pictures and postals. Send her cheer besides. Fred Bizell (24), Newton Grove, Albany Co., N. Y. Crippled with rheumatism, helpless. Has family to support—remember him poor soul. Johnny Adkins (18), Racoon, W. Va. Invalid. Wants cheer, letters, and reading. No old papers. Miss Azubah Lee, Dunn, R. F. D., 2, N. C. Helpless, and very sick and needy. Send her cheer and sympathy. Chas. A. Eddy, Glen Falls, N. Y. Shut-in writes beautifully, refined, educated. Want cheery letters. Jenny Betz, Fannettsburg, Pa. Wants cheery letters. Miss Tumy Belle Cooper (21), Lexington, Ky. Spinal trouble, helpless for ten years. Bright, refined girl, writes finely. Send ten cents for her story book, "An Unasked Love."

Now remember, seven one-year subscriptions to Comfort will win you Uncle Charlie's Book of Poems, a fifty cent book, that costs six cents to mail, and all for collecting the triffing sum of \$1.05 by doing half an hour's pleasant work. Won't you all try and win one of those books? Try, you can do it if you will.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

they might have been, she contrived to maintain a certain standing in society. In secret she half starved herself and Victoria that a brave front might be presented to the world. As the girl grew in grace and beauty, the mother counted on her making a brilliant match, and to this end the sacrifices she made to give her the necessary accomplishments to fit her for society were no light ones.

Gene might have been saved a world of misery if his companion's thoughts could have been communicated to him telepathically, but as it was he sat there entranced by her physical loveliness and never dreamed of all the future held in store for him.

When they arrived at the residential portion of the city Victoria drew rein at the curbstone, exclaiming:

when they arrived at the residential portion of the city Victoria drew rein at the curbstone, exclaiming:

"I don't fancy running the gauntlet of staring eyes any further so I think I will walk the rest of the way!"

"If you will wait a moment," said Gene as he helped her to dismount, "I will walk the distance with you. Here, sonny," to a grinning urchin, "don't you want to ride this horse over to Watson's livery stable?"

Gene tossed him a coin, and with a whoop of delight the boy tore away down the street.

"I am afraid," "Gene said as he turned to Victoria, "the ride has tired you. It must have been difficult to ride that saddle."

Victoria broke into a ringing laugh.

"Do you know," she said, "it never occurred to either of us that the saddles might have been changed."

He joined in her merriment.

changed."
He joined in her merriment.
"Well, well, what a blockhead you must think
me! But then," he added, with an admiring
glance at her beautiful face, "you cannot really
blame me. Any man would have lost his head
—under the circumstances."
The compliment was florid but it pleased
her, and she acknowledged it by a sweet, slow,
upward glance that thrilled him through and
through. There was a subtle poison in that
glance, and for a moment it held him fascinated
while the blood mounted to his brow.
Victoria saw the flush and gloried in her

Victoria saw the flush and gloried in her power to bring it there, then the long-lashed lids drooped over her eyes, and she smiled as

been beautiful.
"Who was that?" asked Victoria, as the auto-

"Who was that?" asked Victoria, as the automobile disappeared up the driveway.

"That is Mrs. Corcoran, wife of the president of the Harvester Trust. They have only lately returned. That great house is kept shut up for a good part of the year, for the wife is a confirmed invalid. I imagine her wealth does not bring her much enjoyment, poor lady," Gene finished commiseragtinly.

"No, I should think it would not, and yet," with a longing look at the place seen dimly.

"No, I should think it would not, and yet,"
with a longing look at the place seen dimly
through the trees, "it is still something to be
mistress of such a magnificent home. I have
heard of this Michael Corcoran. He is not only

heard of this Michael Corcoran. He is not only the head of the trust, but also has great political influence, has he not?"

"Yes," said Warfield, "he is the boss!"

"I should imagine," she stole a swift glance at him, "he would be a powerful enemy."

"Yes," with conviction, "he would."

"And if his sympathies were once enlisted," with another glance at him, "an equally powerful friend."

He started, so clearly had her words chimed

He started, so clearly had her words chimed in with his own thoughts.

"Yes, he has the power to make—or ruin a

She had taken off her gauntlets and as Gene took the small palm in his grasp he thought it the prettiest hand he had ever seen, so soft and white and tapering, and he held it a trifle longer than was necessary as he smiled back at

her.
"Shall I see you at the reception tonight, Mr. Warfield?

Warfield?"
"Oh, yes." At that moment he was glad, very glad that he hadn't sent regrets.
Gene stood where she left him and he was, it must be confessed, picking a long red hair from the sleeve of his coat as he looked up and aw Judge Blodgett's merry eyes fixed upon

The judge had seen the two walking up the

The judge had seen the two walking up the street together, and he now put his own construction—(not the right one as the reader knows)—on the significance of Gene's act.

"There is something funny about red hair," he said, his laughter wrinkles strongly in evidence, "or rather the possessor of it. He or she, as the case may be, is always either loved or hated. There is no half way business about it. But say, Gene, if you're going off on any more such excursions you really ought to carry a clothes brush! Those red ones are such a dead give away, you know!"

There was that ominous tightening about the lips which betokens the fact that the masculine temper is nettled, as Gene rejoined stiffly:

"Judge, I really can't say I relish your joking on any such subject, and I wish you a good afternoon."

The judge doubled up in the effort to restrain

The judge doubled up in the effort to restrain his mirth as he looked after the retreating

Mrs. Moore.

"Whew!" he spluttered at last. "He is hard hit for a fact."

At his boarding house Warfield found awaiting him a special delivery letter, containing important information in connection with the Harvester Trust case, and this detained him so

long that he was almost the last arrival at the Huston reception.

Coming from the cool dusk of the street into the glare of lights, confused mingling of black coats, pretty frocks and white shoulders, Gene felt a bit dazed until he caught sight of Victoria standing in the receiving line with Mrs. toria standing in the receiving line with Mrs. Huston and a tall lady with a sadly lined and timeworn face, who was introduced to him as

Mrs. Moore.
Victoria smiled up at him, and presently he found himself walking beside her through the crowded rooms. In her trim-fitting riding habit of the afternoon he had considered her lovely, but now clothed in some pale green fabric thatshimmered as she walked, and foamy lace about the snowy expanse of shoulders, he thought her dazzlingly fair.
"What a companion," Gene thought, "to share a man's triumph." He did not ask himself how she would have shared his defeat.
"Do you know, Mr. Warfield," she said as she led him into the deserted east room—it was scarcely large enough to be called a conservatory—where the flowers were kept, "I was beginning to think I was not to have the pleasure of seeing you at all."
"I should have been here earlier, but I was detained by a business matter."

"I should have been here earlier, but I was detained by a business matter."
"It is always business with you lawyers," she said roguishly, "and it may be just possible I shall need your professional services in pleading my case with my uncle. He gave me that horse, and he has taken it upon himself to be very angry at me for what happened this afternoon. I wasn't to blame for the accident, was 1?"
"Certainly not."

"Certainly not."
"And for what came after?"
Of this he was not so sure, but he answered

"I think I will shoulder the responsibility for

"I think I will shoulder the responsionity for that. If you find your uncle unmanageable, send him to me."

"Maybe I will," with a sigh of mock. relief, "but then I don't know whether I shall be any better off after all. Perhaps I may only escape Scylla to be wrecked on Charybdis. You lawyers do charge such abominable fees!"

Gane smiled as he glanced down at the little

yers do charge such abominable fees!"
Gene smiled as he glanced down at the little hand resting so lightly on his arm. There is sometimes a wonderful power in suggestion.
"I promise not to charge more than you can pay," he said with his lips close to her shell-like ear, "though I am afraid the fee may be a large one."

The words were spoken jestingly, yet there was an undercurrent of real feeling in them, and as she caught their full significance, a little sensation of scorn took possession of her.

little sensation of scorn took possession of her. When a woman hunts, she likes to feel that the game is a bit wary, only then there is pleasure

game is a bit wary, only then there is pleasure in hunting.

She gave him one wickedly sweet look from under her curling lashes:

"I didn't come here to listen to pretty speeches from you, Mr. Warfield, but to show you the wonderful new orchid my uncle has been having lately. Linds, Jun's, passion for

"I didn't come here to listen to pretty speeches from you, Mr. Warfield, but to show you the wonderful new orchid my uncle has been buying lately. Uncle Jim's passion for collecting orchids is only limited by his pocketbook. Are you interested in orchids?"

"I am afraid I know very little about them," Gene confessed, then added, "that is, I only know the wildings of my New Hampshire woods."

"The wildings of your New Hampshire woods?" she echoed. "Do tell me about them, please. I have always wanted to get back to Nature and study her at first hand, but have always been too busy with society and one thing and another to gratify my desire. I can't let slip the opportunity of learning something from one who, I feel sure, has been a deep student of Nature. Please tell me about the flowers of your New Hampshire woods."

Thus adjured and flattered by her apparent interest, Warfield plunged into a long disquisition on the beauties of New England forests in general and New Hampshire woods in particular, and from this topic by almost insensible degrees he was led to speak of his boyhood home. Of his sweetheart Theta he said never a word, that was a name he could not discuss with any woman, but he told his listener about his mother, and of the goodness and almost saintliness of her life. At this Victoria grew bored and had to restrain a strong inclination to yawn behind her fan, but she kept the look of interest in her eyes and let him talk on, for being a woman she knew nothing flatters a man quite so much as being allowed to do all the talking he pleases. And Gene told her something, too, of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dreams of power and conquest. At this Victoria woke out of her abstraction, for he later dreams of power and conquest. At this Victoria woke out of her abstraction, for he had touched the responsive chord in her own makeup, and when he concluded she said de-

life worth the living, it is the one thing that has lifted man above the level of the brute. I has lifted man above the level of the brute. I adore ambitious people, the people who accomplish things. I, myself, have always been covetous of power. I want to feel that I can sit as an equal with the highest of the land, and that none can say me nay. You agree with me, Mr. Warfield, do you not? You do not think the less of me for saying this?"

Her red lips were softly parted; her eyes were brilliant as she finished the thoughts that chimed in so well with his own, and as he

chimed in so well with his own, and as he looked at her Gene caught his breath with a

little gasp.

"Like you the less," he murmured softly, "how could 1? Be merciful in your power and don't look at me like that—I am only human—as for power—you couldn't have more than you have now."

Here here meeting length rang through the

Her low mocking laugh rang through the

"You have beguiled me with your flattering speeches, Mr. Warfield. Do you hear those carriages? The people are going away. We have been talking here a long time. I fear tongues will be wagging about us tomorrow." "Let them wag," said Gene, as he bent nearer to her.

"Let them wag," said Gene, as he bent nearer to her.

She laughed again and threw back her head, and he saw the curves of a perfect chin and neck. In that moment she looked like Circe weaving her spells. Her spell was upon him, and no worshiper of the sun-goddess was ever more besotted than he as he bent over her and suddenly, before she was aware of what he intended, he caught her to him with sudden passion and pressed his lips full upon her white throat. Then he went swiftly out of the room.

Victoria looked after him with a gleam of scornful triumph in her bright eyes.

"And I have heard that man called a great lawyer," she said aloud.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Meeting with Corcoran and Warfield's Fall." Send 15 cents for a year's subscription, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

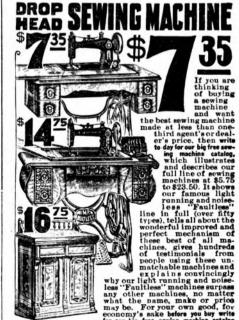




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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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THEN this reaches my readers the time for young chickens and ducks will be at hand, and as hundreds of such babics are lost through indiscreet feeding and inappropriate care, I want to get a little ahead of the season this time, so that you all will know what to do for the young arrivals. On the first few days depends the bird's future

the first few days depends the bird's future life.

A few years ago I thought, with other poultry people, that chicks must have a mash, or Johnny cake; but now I know how much better and healthier they are on dry grain; and the difference in labor is wonderful. Mashes had to be scalded and thoroughly steamed, or they were not digestible. Then they could not be fed whilst hot, nor quite cold. The time women have lost each year waiting for kettles to boil, and dough to cool! Just in the spring, too, when women need every moment for house-cleaning, and fixing up summer clothes. Then to think that all the sacrifice of time and patience was just so much waste.

Of course I still believe in two mash feeds a day, after the first week, because they allow the mixing of several wholesome things which it would be difficult to get the chicks to eat if fed them-alone; but dry grain is the thing for

fed them alone; but dry grain is the thing for the "little and often" lunches that the babies need every two hours or so.

need every two hours or so.

I have given instructions before about a brooder for incubator chicks, but will repeat a few of the main points for the benefit of the forgetful ones, or those who have incubators for the first time.

Give the incubator a good coat of whitewash inside, before using it. Cover the drum which furnishes the heat under the hover with two or three thicknesses of flannel, to make it soft and mothery for the little bodies wash inside, before using it. Cover the drum which furnishes the heat under the hover with two or three thicknesses of flannel, to make it soft and mothery for the little bodies to cuddle up against. Cover the floor of the hover compartment with a piece of old carpet or felt, and the outside compartment with sweepings from hay-mow. Have the heat running steadily at 95 degrees for several hours before the chicks are to be put into it, and keep it at that heat the first seven or eight days. Then gradually let it fall to 75 degrees. Of course, I mean the heat under the hover. The rest of the brooder will be, and should be, several degrees lower.

Keep fresh water in vessels the chicks can get only their bills into, in the outer compartment. Never neglect seeing that the babies are safely cuddled up to the heat at dusk, especially if there is frost during the week. There is always danger of an nervous little one straying into a cold corner, where it will get chilled into an attack of bowel trouble, if not killed outright.

During the bright, sunny hours in the middle of the day, don't be afraid to let the chicks have plenty of fresh air in the playroom; and at feeding-time, when they are all busy, give the hover compartment a thorough airing.

When Biddy is doing the brooding, remember she is pretty sure to need dusting with some good insect powder. The nest-box she sat in should have been cleaned, and a handful of camphor balls scattered under the hay of the nest. Moreover, all hens should be dusted before setting, twice during the 21 days, three days after the hatch is out, and each week so long as she broods the chicks. Half the ills of baby birds spring from vermin. The custom of greasing little chicks is dangerous, for it opens the pores of the skin and makes them susceptible to cold. These remarks all apply to ducks, turkeys, and game birds, as well as to chickens.

Fresh air, warmth, and good food prevent dozens of troubles almost impossible to cure, once contracted; so look to the little things well, for th

well. for they are what counts.

well, for they are what counts.

By now, everyone who reads this column ought to know that thirty hours must be allowed for the proper digestion and assimilation of the yolk, which is absorbed into the abdomen immediately before the chick breaks through the shell. Incubator chicks are best left in the machine for twelve or fifteen hours. When Biddy has done the hatching, do not move her to the brood coop for twenty-four hours, unless she is a flighty person, who keeps move her to the brood coop for twenty-four hours, unless she is a flighty person, who keeps getting off the nest, in which case it is better to keep the chicks in a covered box by the kitchen stove until some more motherly hen can be persuaded to adopt them (always try to set two or three hens at the same time). Good hens, that have not been bothered with ver-

set two of three heas at the same time). Good hens, that have not been bothered with vermin, seldom give any trouble about the last twenty-four hours, if well fed.

Now, about the all-important question of feeding: For the first two or three days get ten pounds of rape and millet seed, pinhead oatmeal and cracked corn, charcoal, and fine, sharp grit. Mix all together. If you cannot get pinhead oatmeal, buy hulled oats and break them up fine. The grain must also be cracked quite fine; in fact, it is safer to put the mixture through a sieve which will allow nothing larger than millet to go through. Then there is no danger of chicks being choked. Feed the mixture by scattering amongst the sweepings, which will encourage the babies to scratch and take plenty of exercise.

Morning and evening make a mash by chopping a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, green

Morning and evening make a mash by chopping a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, green onion tops or sprouts. Mix with stale bread crumbs, and feed on a flat pie plate or strip of wood. After the chicks are two weeks old, the cast and corn need not be quite so fine—more the size of hemp seed, which can be added to the mixture; so can cracked wheat or barley, and the mash can be made of ground corn and oats. with onions and scalded liver and oats, with onions and scalded liver, chopped, thrice a week—about a small cupful

chopped, thrice a week—about a small cupius to a quart of mash.
What I mean by scalded liver is liver dropped into a kettle of boiling water, and left to boil up once. Leave to cool in water. Then the liver will not be robbed of all the blood and contained the liver way. I think it is too strong What I mean by scalded liver is liver dropped into a kettle of boiling water, and left to boil up once. Leave to cool in water. Then the liver will not be robbed of all the blood and strength. Quite raw, I think it is too strong for little chicks. When I can't get liver, or for

a change, I mix the grain with scalding milk, two or three times a week. Never make more at a time than will be fed within the next few hours, as it is likely to sour.

Pot-cheese is a favorite dish with all poultry, and very wholesome. If there is any tendency to bowel trouble, make rice water by boiling a cup of rice in two quarts of water, for half an hour, and when cold, use in place of the drinking water.

Keep brooders and brood coops clean and dry.

Keep brooders and brood coops clean and dry. The grass round coops should be kept cut close, so that the chicks can run about easily. See that every coop is closed at night, and do not let the chicks out until the dew is off the grass in the morning. Above all, don't give hens too many chicks to brood whilst the weather is cold, for most usually some will have to be so far away from the heat of her body that they will get chilled contract howel trouble and will get chilled, contract bowel trouble, and die. Every chick a hen's wings can stretch over, is not the well-brooded chick. Cold nights, all want a place next to her breast.

Correspondence

Correspondence

A. B. H., tells of working through an outbreak of roup amongst her fowls; then asks the following questions: I have been using the permanganate of potassium in the drinking water of the flock. Will it do good as a preventive, or will it hurt the fowls? I am going to get some thoroughbred fowls and turkeys. What shall I do to prevent their catching the roup?

A.—The permanganate will not hurt the birds, but a teaspoonful of kerosene to every quart of water will be better as a preventive. You can do nothing more than disinfect the houses and yards, but it seems unfortunate that you have to risk bringing thoroughbred birds onto the premises while the mongrels are affected with such a contagious disease. Nothing is better than permanganate of potassium for swabbing out the throats of the birds which, you say, still show some trace of canker. Yes, the frost will do much to purify the yards, but it will be safer to keep the birds shut up for two or three days, scatter lime about freely, leave for twelve hours, and then plough under.

D. L. A., has sixty hens and seven roosters—Plymouth Rocks. Hens laying well through the winter.

about freely, leave for twelve hours, and then plough under.

D. L. A., has sixty hens and seven roosters—Plymouth Rocks. Hens laying well through the winter, not over fifty per cent. of the eggs hatched. On breaking a fresh egg, finds a black spot near the germ. Asks what is the cause of the spot, and if I think it is the cause of the egg's not hatching?

A.—I should imagine that you feed your hens with heavy, stimulating food, and that they are too fat, which frequently causes a small clot of blood in the egg. Another cause may be neglect to gather eggs regularly twice a day in cold weather. If you have only a few nests, one hen after another goes on to the same nest to lay, and the constant heat starts incubation. Then, when the nest is left after laying hours are over, the egg chills and causes the germ to die. Dou't use any egg-producing powders or foods. Feel the hens to see if they are fat. If so, cut down grain; feed clover mash, wheat, cut bone, hulled oats, and give them free range if possible. Gather eggs twice or three times a day, if the weather is very cold.

J. W. S.—I thank you for your letter.

J. W. S .- I thank you for your letter.

G. P. S.—What is the best month to fill the incubator for early chicks?

A.—If you have a poultry-house, and want to raise chicks to meet the early poultry market, January. But for early summer chickens, March will be quite soon enough.

But for early summer chickens, March will be quite soon enough.

J. C. —How long are hens' eggs good for hatching? (2) Is it all right to mate the father bird with his pullets? If not, why? (3) Do you think it best to have a floor in the poultry-house.

A.—I like to see eggs as fresh as possible for hatching, but they can be kept several weeks if turned every day, and kept in a steady temperature, above freezing, but not over 65 degrees. (2) If the rooster and hens were from distinctly different families, it would not hurt to mate the father to his own pullets; but in-breeding is a dangerous proposition, and should never go beyond one generation. Unless he is a specially wellmarked or shaped bird, whose good points you are specially anxious to perpetuate, it would be better to get a strange bird. (3) Unless the ground is damp, I think dirt floors are to be preferred in poultry-houses. After the house is built, fill in a foot above the level of the outside surface. A house twelve or fifteen feet wide, seven feet high in front, sloping to five feet in back, with 3 by 21-2 windows, every six foot. This house can be any length, divided inside by wire partitioning, every twelve feet. Run a platform, 21-2 feet wide, and one foot from the ground, along the back as a dropping-board, and have two parallel roosts above the board. Provide five nests for every fifteen birds. Cover the entire house, sides, front, back and roof, with goodquality roofing paper. Such a house is not at all fancy, but it is tidy looking and substantial.

Note. I have just been notified by the agents of the company who manufactured the little clover

Note. I have just been notified by the agents of the company who manufactured the little clover cutter, that the old stock is sold out, and the firm, having gone into the automobile business, will not manufacture any more. I suppose that they were really too cheap, for I have noticed that they never tried to push them as they do their other implements.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

sen's brand pineapple, I say Numsen's, it has no eyes or cores, chop fine with scissors, and stir in, bake until it just congeals. To the juice in can, put two tablespoonfuls of flour into half a cup of cream, or two tablespoonful of butter will do, and stir until it thickens to a sauce. Serve either hot or cold, a pinch of salt added.

MRS. A. PITTS. Robbin. Texas.

MRS. A. PITTS, Bobbin, Texas. Delicious Corn Che

Delicious Corn Chowder

One quart of raw sweet corn, or one can of corn, one fourth pound of fat salt pork, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of sliced raw potatoes, one large onion, one pint of tomatoes, one pint of new milk, salt and pepper. Cut corn from cobs, cover cobs with water, and boil twenty minutes. Take out cobs, peel and slice onion, fry half of it with the pork, mix pepper, flour, and salt together. Put corn, potatoes, tomatoes, and remaining onion layers, sprinkle each layer with the flour mixture, strain the fat from the onion and pork into the kettle, add cob water. Cook until vegetables are done, then add butter and milk, serve hot with crackers. If canned vegetables are used add one quart of water.

Anna L. Judkins.

Comforting Hints from the Sisters

A SURE COUGH CURE. Every night upon retiring take from three to five drops of camphor on a lump or teaspoonful of sugar, and let it melt gradually in the mouth. Georgie Parker, Acworth, Ga.

To remove grease from kitchen floors pour on cold water, and let it stand until it dries, repeat until the grease disappears. Virginia C. Kingry.

WHEN WASHING WINDOWS put a few drops of kerosene in the water, and see how much easier they will dry.

TO REMOVE WHITE SPOTS ON FURNITURE apply alcohol, it will restore the color at once.

Miss L. E. Wild, Elmwood, Wis.

warm as you can stand it, as soon as one bag gets cold take another, and so on. It is an excellent little remedy.

little remedy.

WHEN WASHING WOOLENS SOAK them in cold instead of lukewarm water, then wash and rinse in lukewarm water. Soak about two hours or more if much soiled. They will come out of the wash soft and not shrink much, provided, of course, good soap is used.

MRS. J. KURNT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A CURE FOR STAMMERING. If the sister wishing a cure for stammering will lay her right hand on her chest and press hard whenever she speaks, and talk allowly she can soon cure berself.

he can soon cure herself.
MRS. MARTHA I. SALTS, McArthur, Ohio.

Miscellaneous Requests

I would like a pretty pattern for making a point lace collar and cuffs. I will return the favor. I would also like to hear from anyone who has the old book entitled "Si Klegg, a Soldier Boy."

MRS. M. R. JOHNSTON, BOX 33, Goodwell, Okla.

Will the sisters please send me sceds, bulbs, slips or cuttings. Has anyone the flower called "Old Maids?" I am anxious to obtain some.

MISS CLARA M. HENDRICKS, Kerrville, Texas.

Will some of the sisters please send me some atterns of Hardanger suitable for a bureau scarf, would be much pleased.

Miss A. J. Larson, St. Paul, R. F. D., 1, Neb.

I wish to celebrate my Golden Wedding on Sept. 9th, and would like to receive letters from the sisters giving me hints and ideas how I can entertain and what I shall have for refreshments.

MRS. L. G. HAMILTON, BOX 702, Hastings, Minn.

Will someone send me the words and music of "Gypsy Coon," and "Girl I Left Behind Me." I will return favor in any way.
ALLIE L. NICHOLS, Hammond, R. F. D., 1, N. Y.

Can anyone tell me of a good remedy for catarrh, I suffer with it continually.

MRS. MARY MCKES, Brandywine Summit, B. F.

Sisters, if your husbands or brothers smoke will you save and send me the bands from tobacco jars and cigars. I will try to return favors.

MRS. A. F. JOHNSON, 615 Locust St., St. Louis,

Will some reader please send me a few California
Beer seeds? I will return the favor.
MR. R. L. McKinney, Pink, Ala.

Can anyone send me Comfort for March, April, and May, 1906. Martha Marcum, Elliston, Ky. Will some subscriber please send me Comport for Dec. 1905; also a few Job's Tears. I will return the postage and the favor in any way desired by sender.

LAURA SICKLES, 611 E. 4th St. Chillicothe, Ohio. Will some residents of the San Luis Valley pleases write me, giving price of land and other particulars.

MRS. M. F. Bonsher, Jefferson, Col.

How can I get rid of red ants. Somebody please write me.

MRS. Емма L. Parish, 2122 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Will some of the sisters please send me cross-stitch designs. Mrs. W. Williamson, 6045 Ada St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Addie L. Stevens, Forest, Idaho. Pieces of ribbon one yard long with sender's name worked

Bernice Hubbard, Box 61, Doering, Wis. Silk pieces with name and address of the sender.

Mrs. J. E. Muldoon, 2208 Austin St., Waco, Texas. Silk and ribbon scraps for patchwork. Favors re-

Mrs. E. M. Wadesworth, Saltsburg, R. F. D., 4, Pa. Silk, satin, or velvet pieces, four by six inches. Favors returned.

Mrs. Myra A. Bruce, Box A., So. Newport, Vt. Quilt blocks six inches square. Favors returned. Mrs. Maria Ross, Waverly, R. F. D., 3, Ohio, a sister of eighty-one years, requests silk, wool or calico pieces for quilt making.
Mrs. Darkes Bailey, Round Knob, Ill. Silk pieces and letters welcomed. Favors returned.

Mrs. Trenton Beard, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Pieces of any kind, flower or vegetable seeds, and reading matter.

May Rhoades, Milton, R. F. D., 98, Ulster Co., N. Y., requests pieces of outing flannel and letters.

Mrs. Willie Copenhaven, Box 45, Clarence, R. F. D., 4, Mo. Silk pieces of any kind. I will return

Miss Ida Stark, Box 56, Freeland, R. F. D., 6, Mich. Cotton blocks, two by two inches, with name and address of sender. Favors returned.

Mrs. S. M. Alexander, Larned, Kans. Good reading matter and anything for small children, letters written to all inclosing stamps.

Myrtle Simmons, Salisbury, Mo. Reading matter and pieces of silk, satin, velvet, or calico.

Ray Walker, Millbrook, N. Y. Unbleached muslin squares, ten by ten inches, with name and address of sender worked in red.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been suffering so much more the past four months, at times it seems almost impossible to bear it, but I know the dear Father is still with

Comport sisters have given me much to be thankful for. I cannot always answer your dear letters, but what a bright ray of sunshine they bring to me. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



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ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Anron Hunt, Edna's grandfather, Edna goes to her grandfather, and the grandfather, Edna goes to her grandfather. Anron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory, and boards the train at Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of the factory and boards the train at Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of the factory and dail of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, exacting certain things. St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval, and in his voice, recognises the man who cursed her grandfather. She falls salesp in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dieg near her grandfather. She falls salesp in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dieg near her grandfather. She falls salesp in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dieg near her grandfather in actick. She pleads for the dog and snatching the stick from his hand refuses to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. He walks up and down his elegant rooms. On a slab is a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. How the state of the s

in the Park. She is the entry of every woman. A letter from Mrs. Murray amonomes the marriage of configuration of the wain face are worther and the from Mrs. Murray amonomes the marriage of configuration of the configur unflaggingly to accomplish this darling nope of her heart, to embody successfully this ambitious dream, and at last the book was finished.

The manuscript was a mental tapestry, into which she had woven exquisite shades of thought, and curious and quaint devices and rich, glowing imagery that flecked the groundwork with purple and amber and gold. But would the design be duly understood and appreciated by the great, busy, bustling world, for whose amusement and improvement she had labored so assiduously at the spinning-wheels of fancy—the loom of thought? Would her fellow-creatures accept it in the earnest, loving spirit in which it had been manufactured? Would they hang this Gobelin of her brain along the walls of memory, and turn to it tenderly, reading reverently its ciphers and its illuminations; or would it be rent and ridiculed, and trampled under foot? This book was a shrine to which her purest thoughts, her holiest aspirations traveled like pilgrims, offering the best of which her nature was capable. Would those for whom she had patiently chiselled and built it guard and prize and keep it; or smite and overturn and defile it? Looking down at the mass of MS. now ready for the printer, a sad, tender, yearning expression filled the author's eyes; and her little white hands passed caressingly over its closely-written pages, as a mother's soft fingers might lovingly stroke the face of a child about to be thrust out into a hurrying crowd of cold, indifferent strangers, who perhaps would rudely jeer at and browbeat her darling.

Roy excepted days, past. Sim, how we the state to compare the books and we have to be a second to true hands, and we had been the compared to the compared to

west, waving fields of corn stretched northward, and the slight knoll on which the building stood sloped smoothly down to the ever-moaning, foam-fretted bosom of the blue Atlantic.

To the governess and her pupils the

blue Atlantic.

To the governess and her pupils the change from New York neat and buile to stange from New York neat and buile to stange from New York neat and buile to get and during the long of the published of the publishers printed most flattering circulars, which the publishers printed most flattering circulars, which for its favorable reception. Save the first chapter, rejected by Mr. Manning long before, no one had seen the MS. bond: editors control the current of the publishers printed most flattering circulars, which for its favorable reception. Save the first chapter, rejected by Mr. Manning long before, no one had seen the MS. bond: editors control the current of the publishers printed most flattering to the publishers of the publisher

came boldly to the rescue, and ably championed it.
During these days of trial, Edna could not avoid observing one humiliating fact, that saddened without embittering her nature. She found that instead of sympathizing with her, she received no mercy from authors, who, as a class, out-Heroded Herod in their denunciations, and left her little room to

denunciations, doubt that—
doubt that—
"Envy's a sharper spur than pay,
And unprovoked 'twill court the fray;
No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another."

CHAPTER XXX.

COMMITTED THEM TO HIM WHO CALMED THE GALILEAN GALE.

It was one of those rare and royal afternoons late in August, when summer, conscious that her reign is well-nigh ended, gathers all her gorgeous drapery, and proudly robes the world in regal pomp and short-lived splendor. Pearly cloud islets, with silver strands, clustered in the calm blue of the upper air. Restless gulls flashed their spotless wings, as they circled and dipped in the shining waves. A strong, steady, southern breeze curled and crested the beautiful, bounding billows, over which a fishing-smack danced like a gilded bubble; and as the aged willows bowed their heads, it whispered messages from citron, palm, and orange graves, gleaming far, far away under the white fire of the Southern Crown.

Strange tidings these "winged winds" waft over sea and land; and today, listening to low tones that traveled to her from Le Bocage, Edna looked out over the everchanging, wrinkled face of the ocean, and fell into a reverie.

Silence reigned in the sitting-room; Hattle fitted a new tarlatan dress on her doll, and Felix was dreaming of Prestompans. It was one of those rare and royal after-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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Hats, and How to Make Them

By Comfort's Home Milliner

EDITOR'S NOTE:-This is the fifth article on Hat Making. We invite you to read the first and other install-ments commencing in COMFORT'S November number. Any questions you desire answered relating to this department should be addressed to Comfort's Home Milliner, Augusta, Maine.



EDITOR'S NOTE-This is the fifth writch on that Making. We have have an adverse the Combert Home Sillings, Agents, Mains, and the commendage in Compron 19 Newshard and the Compron 19 Newshard and the



have a pair of wire cutters to use for cuttring and so save the fingers.

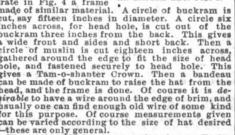
To make this Toque frame, first measure the wire which runs from center of back to center of front; this is nine inches; the other two front pieces are the same length. Out these three wires, then, each nine inches long. Three inches from one end of the center wire fasten the other two, so that one end of each wire will be three inches long (the same as the center wire), and the other end six inches long. The side wires are all in one piece, which is twelve inches long. Twist the middle of this wire around the other three at center, letting the ends go out on either side. Four inches from center bend the front (and next two wires) deeply; four and a half inches from center bend the two side wires in same manner. Now make a circle of wire seventeen inches in circumference; cut it nineteen inches long and lap it two inches, winding closely with the wire. This circle is the wire that fits the head. Lay this circle into the bends you have made in your long wires, and fasten securely with the wire, so that the long wires are fastened to the head circle at regular intervals. Of course the short ends of the three front wires just meet the head circle, and bend around it. (This is the back of Toque.) Now you should have something that looks like illustration Fig. 3.

Now take a piece of wire eight inches long; fasten ends together and lay this circle on top of crown, two inches be lo w where all the wires were first fastened, at center of crown. Fasten this oircle to each rib BACK of Toque. Fig. 3.



be low where all the wires were first fastened, at center of crown. Fasten this oircle to each rib beack; fasten de circle one inch at right of center of back; fasten the other end one inch at left of center of back; fasten the other end one inch at left of center of back; let it lay around the crown about two inches below the circle already fastened on. Fasten to each rib with the wire. This completes the crown. Cut a piece of wire about seventeen inches long and fasten one end to head wire about two and one half inches at right of center of back; fasten the other end two and one half inches at left of center of back. Fasten this circle with tie wire to each rib of brim, midway between head wire and ends of brim wire. Out a piece of wire about twenty-four inches long; fasten one end to head wire two and one half inches at right of center of back (at same place where last circle was fastened), and the other end at same distance to the left of center of back, and let this circle run out to the end of each of the ribs. Fasten securely by bending end of rib wires over circular wire and fasten with tie wire and a short plume. This is a good shape for women of any age from fitteen to seventy, as the trimming may be varied infinitely. It may be covered with any material, light or heavy, delicate or dark; with straw and trimmed with plumes; with foliage and flowers for a flower hat. The shape may be varied in numberless ways, by the position and angle of the bandeau. It may rest flat on the head; it may be raised high in front; it may be raised at one side, in fact anything can be done with this shape except to raise it at the back, which of course is out of the question,





spectable man, and being in love with you, would no doubt treat you with great kindness and affection. We could all live together in New York, and—"
"Father!" remonstrated Mabel, in pained surprise, "surely you would not recommend me to marry this man."
"I have seen more of the world than you have, Mabel," said her father, half conscious and half ashamed of the selfish motives which prompted him to speak thus. "I have seen more of life, and more of the world than you have, and I know that such marriages as this are often productive of happiness. Would it not be better to become the wife of a successful city lawyer than to spend all your life in the wilderness?"

"Father," said Mabel slowly, "you forget that I love Henry Davenport, and as for this man I not only do not love him, but Heaven help me! I am beginning already to hate him!"

"These first loves are deceptive," said Mr. Parkhurst, still acting the part of an unworthy advocate of his own interests. "They are often mere fancies which die out with time. Take time to consider."

"Father," said Mabel, "in mercy cease. I feel

"Father," said Mabel, "in mercy cease. I feel that we do not understand each other. If I am to unlearn the sweet trust and confidence which I have hitherto cherished, I do not wish to live. You have asked of me too great a sacrifice, one that I cannot grant without dosacrifice, one that I cannot give what! shall I go to the altar with one, when my heart is wholly given to another? You would not have go to the altar with on wholly given to another? me so recreant to myself and to God?

"I see it is of no use to ask sympathy even from my child," said Mr. Parkhurst peevishly. "Father, you have my full and entire sympathy.

patny."
"That sympathy is of little worth which confines itself to words," said the parent coldly.
"But it shall not. I will see this man myself. I will kneel to him, if necessary, and beseeth him to take from me'the hard choice of sacrificing myself, or bringing my father unhappi-

"It would be of no use," said Joseph Park hurst gloomily. "Yet go, if you choose. I will not attempt to control your movements."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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Los Angeles, Cal:

Comfort's Current Review of Events

Showing What Odd Things Some Women Are Doing in the North, South, East and West

mail.

Mrs. Jane Hinks of Shenandoah, Pa., swallowed a pin and is in serious peril.

Two women were caught operating a 60-gallon still in Sevier County, Tenn.

With a scream and her fists Mrs. Dougherty of Cincinnati routed three armed burglars. Running from a policeman, Edna Small of Sa-vannah, Ga., slipped and broke her neck.

His fifth wife, secured by an "ad," has left Joseph Whyers of Edwardsville, Mo. She says he slighted

Becoming insane at a revival, Mrs. John Zedtz of Alliance, O., jumped on a stove and was fatally burned.

Thrown from her carriage, Mrs. A. C. Bauer of Cincinnati broke her arm, but held her baby up

Blanche Peters, seventeen, pronounced cured, resists efforts to expel her from St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit.

His wife's sister followed J. Christenson of Clackomas, Oregon, to a saloon and horsewhipped

him severely. "He has no vices; but our tastes are different," says the wife of Mark P. Squire of Cleveland. She asks divorce.

Mrs. Belle Ott of Cripple Creek ignored a court order to stay home and attend to her domestic duties, so goes to jail.

Having nursed Elmer Nicely back to health in a Pittsburg hospital. Miss Mary Johnson has agreed to become Mrs Nicely. Finding her husband uncongenial, Mrs. Alberta Robinson asked the Des Moines police for an escort to her former Texas home.

Snubbed by her classmates, Catheryn Mayr of Chicago, ran away from home and returned after a week, in a pitiable plight.

When she saw a mad dog loose among the cattle, Mrs. H. G. Felton of Mason, Mich., chased it into the wellhouse, where it was shot.

Mrs. George Elkins of Petersburg, Ind., seeks divorce: also \$10,000 damages from the man her husband bought whiskey from.

Because her husband said the steak was rare, Mrs. Barbara Elliott, aged nineteen, of Cleveland, O., drank carbolic acid and whiskey.

Mrs. Caroline Albrecht of Wausau, Wis,, fled through the deep snow with her teu children. She had illusions someone would steal them.

Miss Emma Lynch bought the Hotel Gotfried of Sandusky, O., for cash, and immediately turned out every patron, clerk, porter and waiter.

Having conceived a violent hatred for her seventeen-year-old son, Maggie Thompson of Columbus, Ohio, slept out on the ground near her home.

Because her mother would not let her go to Florida with her mistress, seventeen-year-old Marie Tinay of Philadelphia committed suicide.

Mrs. Vancy Hub Endsley, who is dead at eighty at Marion, Ind., could tell the date of birth, marriage or death of any of her acquaintances in sixty years.

After eighty-years-old Mrs. John Copley of Minneapolis had dreamed of robbers, masked men did break in, bind and gag her, and robbed her of

Mrs. Mercedes Donovan was killed on the street in Memphis, Tenn., by a footpad who knocked her down to rob her. The blow broke the woman's neck.

Mrs. John Fury of Butler, Pa., raided a poker game where her husband was playing and secured evidence which resulted in the arrest of the pro-

When Miss Helen Anger of New York found the family plate piled up in the hall and two gentlemanly men moving it, she tackled both. They left hurriedly.

While Judge McCabe was marrying Nina Brown and Walter Jones, at Topeka, the bride burst out laughing. The judge left the room until gravity

laughing. The was restored. A man in Binghamton, N. Y., died the other day as the result of an accidental scratch from a hat pin in a girl's hat next to him in a street car. Blood poisoning developed.

poisoning developed.

"Slot machines going all the time, send me to hospital," said Mrs. Mary Apple, appearing in her nightgown at a St. Louis police station, clutching her three-months-old baby.

When he got her suitor, Peter Holowozo, arrested for assault, Mrs. James Recko denounced her brother, Stephen Kanfal, of Chicago, as the man whose blow made her a widow.

Mrs. Claudia van Pelt of Pittsburg, Pa., is suing her husband for divorce. She procured the evidence by using a telescope, and detecting him a long way off in bathing with another woman.

Miss E. L. Todd of New York has invented an air ship which has greatly interested Mr. Andrew Carnegie. It has so far only flown away with a small portion of Mr. Carnegie's money.

When Dog Catcher Jentry of Denver, seized her pet and threatened to shoot her pugnacious husband, Mrs. Mary Burns thrust a gun under his nose. Truce was arranged by Burns paying the license.

When eighty-three-years-old M. F. Adams of Traverse City, Mich., upset a lamp, his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Brower, dragged him from the burning room with his clothes affame. He will probably die.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Morton of New York poisoned themselves in their room at the Tampa Bay hotel and died together. They were in financial difficul-ties although they had both inherited fortunes which they spent.

Giving a false name, a Minnesota soph co-ed stepped up to sign the jealously-guarded freshmen's constitution. She tossed the sacred document to a confederate, who passed it to a third, and the theft was complete.

Capt. Charles Oldrieve, walked all the way by water from Cincinnati to New Orleans, 1,600 miles on wooden shoes. His wife in a rowboat accompanied him. They were forty days in making the trip, and the Captain won a bet of \$5,000.

After the courts decided that the million she claimed had been legally transferred to his partners by her dead father, Miss Ida Brokaw Jutte of Pittsburg became the dowerless bride of Frank Otto Walther. "I've enough for two," he says.

When the present Mrs. Fairbanks married her husband, Vice-President Fairbanks, he was a reporter in Cleveland at \$20 a week. She did her own housework and cooking for the first ten years of their married life. She believes in poor people getting married.

Miss A. E. Snyder, twenty-three years old, of Miss A. E. Snyder, twenty-three years old, or Williamsport, Pa., misunderstood a telephone message, and shot herself when she was asked to see the parties in a divorce suit, in which her name had been wrongfully used. The conference would have established her innocence.

John A. Ford, a theater manager, was saved from ten days in Moyamensing jail for intoxication, by the chorus girls of a company coming to his rescue and offering to pay his fine. The judge was so im-pressed by the sacrificing spirit of the young women, all pretty and young, that he let the pris-

Charles Seymour, married and a janitor in Hart-Charles Seymour, married and a janitor in marr-ford, Conn., was fined \$20 for hugging a number of girls, and \$70 for kissing one in particular, Miss Cambridge who had been calling on his wife in the evening, and he had taken her home. These are the legal penalties in Hartford for hugging and kissing any lady who objects to such saluting.

Harriet Johnson of Philadelphia dropped dead while waltzing.

Chorus girls in tights invaded a Des Moines rink and were invited to leave.

Miss Emma Barnes of Lansford, Pa., gave a "hugger" a terrible beating.

Mrs. M. F. Jackson of Berkeley, Cal., left \$1,200 worth of jewels on a street car.

Miss Mayme Toddish of Menominee, Mich., is suing the Rev. Donald McDonald for libel.

The Women's Independent Voters' Association of Detroit is conducting an active campaign.

Mrs. S. K. Todd of Bloomington, Ill., stuck a hot curling iron into her eye, and loses the sight of the

Fear of going insane, like her grandfather and brother, drove Mrs. Carrie Lee Dunbar of Marion, O., mad.

Forbidden to go on the stage, Jennie Prayen of Denver "went" for her mother. The police separated them

A baby with six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot has been born to Mrs. Ben Hill of Dalton, Ga.

During an organ recital in Pittsburg a mouse appeared in the aisle. The audience of fashionable women fled.

Mrs. Annie Shively, an ordained minister of Ohio, performed the ceremony at the wedding of her

Miss Marguerite R. Frink has been named instructor in mathematics at the Colorado Agricultural College.

When her baby fell into a thirty-foot well, Mrs. D. T. Cross of Port Angeles, Wash., slid down the pump pipe after it.

Two "wives" claim the body of Elijah Leblanc of New Albany, Ind., killed on the track. One sues the railroad for \$10,000.

On the appointment of a monitor who had worked with the rival company, fourteen Atlanta, Ga. telephone girls struck.

Miss Sadie Mills has canceled her concert engagements to prosecute a Salt Lake City man for the ring she pledged to him. "I knew James Strauss was already married; but I married him to take care of him," Miss Millie Eisleben told the Detroit police.

Miss Margaret Bentley of Wessington Springs, S. D., battled bravely with a blizzard, gained a deserted shanty, broke in and was safe.

Two women caught at a piece of lace at a grab sale in Hutchinson, Kans., and it got around the throat of a girl who was nearly strangled.

Mrs. Mary Doppe of Hoboken, N. J., rather than face divorce proceedings brought against her by her husband, drank carbolic acid and died.

himself the wrath of every women's society in town by his bill to modify the blind tiger law. Senator Beardsley of Elkhart, Ind., has drawn

The widow of Henry C. Dodge has offered a \$32,000 property for \$8,000 to build a Court House at Elkhart, Ind., a pet project of her dead husband.

One of New York's richest women has teacups and saucers which cost \$1,300 a dozen. She "washes the dishes" herself when they have been used at a "There's a man in my room," shrieked an Okla-

homa young woman on her honeymoon, rushing through the hotel corridor. The man was her husband.

Robbed of her auto, Mrs. Jesse Hopkins of Chicago hired a runabout and captured the thief. She shot her husband lately and was acquitted for self-defence. The fifteen-year-old wife of Roy Gaddis of Kansas City packed up her clothes and left him. She said he made her travel in a box car from Leavenworth.

Mrs. Joseph Bartogle, aged seventy-five years, of Chicago, fought her way into the burning house and ripped \$5,000 out of the bedtick. She was

badly scorched. "Give me a little time," said Mrs. Watrino, when Vincenzo Dileo of Pittsburg, Pa., threatened to shoot her if she would not elope. She had Vincenzo arrested.

The women of Monrovia, Ind., feeling the need of a meeting place, have organized and are working to raise money to build a Town Hall. Monrovia has a population of about 500.

Mrs. Jessie Beavers, a negro woman of Atlanta laughed every time her husband slapped her, so he testified. He said he had to beat her to prevent her from dying of melancholia.

"That dog has bitten my arm half off," said Mrs. Jane Hagler, rushing into the Des Moines health office. She turned up her sleeve, but no wound was there. She wants the dog shot.

As a phase of the trouble which is rending society, Mrs. Dashiel Stevenson, organizer of Aston Madeira Lodge, U. D. C., Covington Ky., wants the name changed. It was her brother's.

Mrs. Schlatter, wife of the so-called "Healer" Schlatter, says that she knows of a man who was dead in Terre Haute, Ind., who was brought to life by her husband, and two days later was at work as

In a recent railroad accident on the New York Central railroad, out of nineteen people killed, fifteeen were women. The accident happened on Saturday evening and they were returning from matinees in the city.

Three arrests having failed Mrs. Alpert of Denver "corrected" her husband with a scantling as he left the saloon. He had her summoned, but was unable to appear against her, owing to her tying

unable to appear against ner, owing to ner tying him securely to the bedpost.

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. Catherine Wagemann of Columbus, Ohio., starting from sleep.

"Your money," said the burglar. She calmly told him to take what he could find. He left empty handed. She had \$7 safe under her pillow. Mrs. Ray Runkles of Morral, O., says she was forced by relatives to lay an assault charge against her husband, who was shot trying to break jail. She will sue the village for damages for making him ride to Columbus with a bullet in his shoulder.

The mother of the Queen of Spain, who is a Protestant Englishwoman, is to have a chapel at Madrid for her especial benefit. The courtiers who objected were curtly told by King Alfonso that if they didn't like his mother-in-law's church they needn't go to it.

Mrs. Burt Seely of West Haven, Mich., killed herself because a man had slandered her. Her hus-band who was suspected of killing her slanderer, suicided at the same time. Mrs. Melvin Haughton, whose mind was unsettled by the slanderer's murder, drank acid and died shortly after the others.

Mrs. Lena Smith of Philadelphia, aged sixty-nine punished a bull dog which turned on her and literally chewed her to pieces. One arm had been almost bitten off when her husband came and drove he dog away. She died twelve hours later, and the log was killed, although the husband objected as the dog was his pet.

Miss Alice A. Holmes, the blind Poetess of Jersey City, N. J., celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday with a party of friends. She has been blind for eighty years, and has written four books of poems. She has not written of late. Miss Holmes was for seven years in the same institution for the blind with Miss Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn writer, and they are close friends.

An Iowa girl has got a divorce with the aid of her mother-in-law.

Five women neighbors fought in St. Louis because one tried to nail up a gate.

The fourth pair of twins has been born to Mrs. Henry Tucker of Midway, Ky.

Ethel Pond of Jonesville, Wis., swallowed her class pin while playing basket ball.

Miss Clara Harper has begun her second suit to recover the land Newcastle, Ind., is built on.

Jaoch Jarbens, Butte, Neb., asked a warrant or witchcraft against beautiful Miss Lundias. Mrs. John Montague of Clinton, Ia., has had her husband and the city attorney arrested for black-

Orpha Estel Bateman, eight years old, of Fayette, nd., is the youngest telephone operator in the world.

"I'm too pretty to be married," observed Mrs. Jennie Porter of St. Louis, freed from her third husband.

Miss Elizabeth Maugherman of Toledo, Ohio, is ill for the first time in her life of one hundred and one vears.

Mattie Starr of Des Moines smoked so many ciga-rettes that it was judged well to send her to an inebriate asylum.

Because her maiden name was Holman, Mrs. Alexander Babcock of Kalamazoo has called her baby Evelyn Nesbit. Pittsburg boasts of many women chemists, doctors, biologists, metallurgists, electrical engineers, artists and lawyers.

"I'll try my own case," said Mrs. Summers of Pittsburg, dismissing her attorney in open court. When she lost, she wept. After her drunken husband beat her, Mrs. Charles Gentholtz, of Warren, O., denounced him and three others as thieves.

When Mrs. Ida Green of St. Louis was told it was not usual for the mayor to find funds for wives seeking divorce, she fainted.

Persecuted by anonymous letters, Mrs. Payler of Canton, Ohio, hit the detective with a coal shovel when he tried to make love to her.

Bessie Trembly, sixteen, of Cleveland, hid under her father's bed and rifled his pockets. She was arrested in the theater, gayly clad. An eight-year-old girl at Grand Rapids threw a pail of water on her young brother when his clothing caught fire and saved his life.

Mrs. Mollie Sanders, a bride of eleven days, brought a suit for divorce against her husband. She alleges desertion and wants alimouy.

While Mrs. Peter Lunde was giving her baby a bath the house caught fire. She quietly bundled the little fellow up and took him safely out.

When she asked money for face powder, Bertha McDoughal of Minneapolis, says her husband tossed a beer check with a laugh of contempt.

While the apartment house was ablaze, Mrs. E. L. Hopson of Baltimore sat calmly with her dog on a third-story window ledge till a ladder was run up.

When Charles Ratken, James Isakin and John Sholda started "rough house" in a Chicago hotel, the chambermaid, Annie Fay, threw them down-"Come along," said the mother of George Mc-Lean of Evanston, Ill. The lad just made a face. She was about to spank him, when her real son appeared.

Annie Tiemann of Cincinnati, O., put a pair of scissors under her pillow to banish nightmare. Her husband demurred and the resulting fight led

to her arrest. Misses Marie Myers, Flora Bender and Nellie Ryan of Los Angeles jumped on a burglar they found in their room and beat him so badly he was

glad to escape.

After being married forty-eight hours, the eighteen-year-old bride of Walter Scott of Plainwell, Mich., says he is mentally incompetent, and asks annulment.

A creaking noise heard at the jail by the daughters of Under-Sheriff Davidson and Sheriff Davidson of Port Huron, Mich., foiled a dash for freedom by three bad men.

Miss Flora Steipel, cashier for a big store in Philadelphia, has been arrested for embezzling \$25,000. She got the whole amount in ten months by falsifying the books.

A St. Louis woman gave the Methodist Board of Missions ten thousand dimes which she had saved up during the past twelve years. They go to main-tain a woman missionary in China. Co-eds of Hulings Hall, Allegheny, Pa., College, have been campused. While the seniors were having a banquet the freshmen took all the beds into the gymnasium, and there was a riot.

Her three years' constant and loving care of her young baby brother won for Rose de Vries of Chicago the love and admiration of John E. Russell, who in turn won her for his bride.

Mrs. Joseph Lunkenheimer, wife of a wealthy Cincinnati man, has fled with her six-year-old son. She was divorced in November and was to see the child on alternate Sundays, which was not often enough.

A tattooed lady in a New York museum so appealed to the emotional nature of an elevator boy in that city, that he stole several hundred dollars worth of jewelry from the hotel guests in order to give her handsome presents.

Miss Florence Watson of Trenton, N. J., has gone to the Philippines to marry Lieut. Butler, U. S. A. They have not seen each other for eight years, and have done all their courting by mail. They were at one time students in the same school.

When she heard footsteps in the hall, Miss Grace Lasser of New York left her boarders at the table and stepped out. The boarders heard things moving. When they reached the scene, Miss Lasser had her man, an old convict, fairly downed.

had her man, an old convict, fairly downed.

Mrs. William Abel of New York captured three
burglars in the basement of an apartment house
robbing trunks stored there. She caught one, over
six feet tall as he was trying to escape, and then
shut the door of the room, and screamed for help. When Mrs. Roosevelt first met Theodore Roosevelt, now President of the United States, she had prepared herself to be a governess and was going to England to take a position. They fell in love with each other and Mrs. Roosevelt remained in this country to become First Lady.

Miss Mary Marcoe, of a distinguished Virginia family, died recently in Washington after forty-eight years of service in the office of Secretary of State. She was one of the few women who were ever allowed to prepare documents of State. She was at her desk up to within a week of her death.

Three-hundred-pound Mrs. Harriet Torongo of Trenton, Mich., the only "man" in the world who can "lick John L. Sullivan," entered the home of the village marshal and seized the watch of her former boarder, Andrew Connor, found dead in a shack. The marshal ignores her invitation to take it from her if he dares.

R. F. Ayres, author and magazine writer, has obtained a divorce from his wife, Elizabeth, in the South Dakota courts, because she ate so much ice cream that she gained forty pounds in eight months after their marriage. She also threatened him with a breadknife, pulled handfuls of his hair out, and made him sit up all night to amuse her, as she had slept during the day while he was at his work. He lost his job by reason of this.

Three women are in the race for city treasurer of Kansas City, Kans.

Mrs. Evarts of Menominie, Wis., was frozen to death in her farmhouse.

Her baby born in jail has won freedom for Mrs. Mary Thurman of Graniteville, Mo.

At the cry of "fire," thirty-five Chicago girls fied from a gymnasium in their gym suits.

Miss Jennie Aughman of Uniontown, Pa., has extracted 89 teeth from her pupils in a year.

After sixty years in the cloister, Sister Mary Martha of Dubuque has made her first trip by rail. When Clara Boos of Milwaukee learned her brother was convicted of burglary, she dropped dead.

"Just to see how it tasted," Mrs. Mamie Hannon of St. Louis drank carbolic acid, and is in a serious

Miss Celeste Lane of Anderson, Ind., has or-ganized a girls' club without a name and without officers.

Mrs. Frank Ringwood of St. Louis burned a wad of paper her baby played with. It amounted to \$230 in bills. Mrs. Kate Ashard and Mrs. Margaret Spath, sisters, were fined \$5 each for parading St. Louis in men's clothes.

Losing her way, Miss Lizzie Walls of Wilmington, Del., walked into Chester creek. Two young men rescued her.

"He's worthless, but I love him," sobbed Mrs. Louisa Richards, as she lashed her drunken husband without mercy.

Mrs. Margaret Farley of New York, accidentally fell on a potato knife, and cut herself so badly that she died two days later.

Hearing her former landlady accused her of stealing rings. Mrs. Freda Blake of Indianapolis promptly gave herself up.

mrs. Robert W. Topel of Massillon, Ohio, bride of two months, gave her husband more morphine than prescribed, and he is dead.

Mrs. Emma B. Butler of Denver, whose husband killed himself when she refused to live with him, now refuses to take any of the estate.

Twice divorced, Mrs. Dilts Wandel Snyder Smith of Columbus, Ohio, stipulated with No. 3 that he should have no claim on her property. "Love is worth more than money," says Miss Fay Stanley of Denver, withdrawing her suit against John K. Turner for \$3,000 cash advanced.

Told she would die soon, Mrs. Lyde K. Taylor of New York decided to see the world. She has just returned after five years of globe trotting.

Dorothy Rockwell, a thirteen-year-old girl, is afflicted with purpura hemorrhagica at Springfield, O. Her arms and body have turned purple.

Her refusal to give away the children of her first marriage caused a coldness, Mrs. Nidor of Atlanta says, of which her divorce suit is an outcome. Seven women in a Chicago jail tore up bad clothing, and bound, gagged and beat the marron. The latter broke loose and had their escape prevented.

It is reported that when the sister of Charles M. Schwab marries Mr. Barry of Johnstown, Pa., her millionaire brother will make her a wedding gift of

Because Miss Susie Barhart, sixteen, of State Line, Md., "went back on" Joseph Statler, twenty-one, he insisted on returning the marriage license to the clerk.

The hand of Miss Grace Psulson of Cheyenne, Wyo, was the prize for which James Barnaby and John Martinsly fought a furious fist fight Martinsly won.

Martinsly won.

Mrs. William Buck of Lima, O., testifying in her husband's alienation suit, says William West offered her a dollar a minute for thirty minutes' worship at her shrine.

Miss Viola Helms of St. Louis, who jumped from a third-story hospital window while delirious, tried to poison herself several times, and once before jumped from a window.

Mrs. Lottie Wallau of New York has been arrested for putting poison in oranges for Mrs. Ida Binge, her mother. The physician in attendance said Mrs. Binge died of cancer.

When Miss D'Oran's swaving hat plumes once

When Miss D'Orsay's swaying hat plumes once more brushed his face in a New York subway car, the student bit a mouthful of them. The girl boxed his ears and there was a scene.

A St. Louis girl was arrested at a dance, charged with the larceny of a necklace worth \$150. She had borrowed it, she said, from the woman for whom she worked in order to "look nice."

Mrs. Anna Eld of Union Hill, N. J., was arrested on a charge of refusing to support her husband. He is a cripple, and they do not live together. She was released on a promise to look after his wants.

was receased on a promise to look after his wants. When ten-year-old James Touhy of Chicago was haled to court, his mother appeared as counsel. She undertook to flog him to keep him from jail, and used a policeman's belt in a room adjoining the court.

Miss Helen Dixon, a stenographer of Bloomington, Ill., was arrested and jailed for taking \$1,300 from the funds of the Gleaner Society. She claimed to have sent the money to her brother, but could not give his address. Two Chicago girls drew a crowd when they ap-

peared with faces half covered with court plaster and carrying scent in a watering pot. When a policeman accosted them he was mobbed. The girls had joined the Sigma Tau Society. Mrs. Clarence Mackay of Roslyn, Long Island, who had given \$65,000 to build a church has had a row with the rector and he has resigned. He objected because the plans had been made by the late Stanford White who was killed by Harry Thaw.

The wife of the new Shah of Persia has the unique position, in that country, of being the only one he has. There are usually anywhere from a dozen to fifty. She has a Parisian dressmaker, and dressea gowns of the latest fashion. Persia is progress-

After long continued efforts the women of Paris may become cab drivers if they pass the requisite examination. The chief objection has been that no woman had been found who could back a horse on a straight line. Two have recently qualified and are now driving cabs like men.

Misses Gertrude MacDowell and Jane Condit are two young women of the Methodist Church, Verona, N. J., who have a kindergarten where mothers may leave their children while they listen to the ser-mon. The mothers express themselves as greatly pleased with the arrangement, as does the pastor.

Miss Helen Cannon, daughter of the Speaker—
"Uncle Joe"—is a handsome woman who dresses in
excellent taste and is a shining light in Washington society, but "she can cook as good a neal of
victuals" as her father says any woman ought to
cook, and he boldly says that he pities the woman
who doesn't know how to cook.

who doesn't know how to cook.

Alice Courtwright, aged twenty-two, daughter of a clergyman, and the thirteenth of seventeen children, has been sentenced to two months in the Chicago Home for Girls to break her from excessive talking. Her brothers and sisters had her shut up as they charge that she is ruining their social position by her everlasting talking. She claims that she is being persecuted and will employ a lawyer in her defense. She has a wonderful command of language and simply pours it out in a flood, often quite regardless of truth. She paralyzed court and stenographers on trial and was a strong witness against herself.

If I Were Only You.



The publishers of the above music are Messrs. Whitney, Warner Co., Detroit, Mich. They have just issued a fine 50-page music catalogue containing extracts. same as we print here above, of some of the most popular late Marches, Waltzes, Songs, and Dances; they will send this catalogue free to all who mention COMFORT and write them at once for it. You can get an idea of all of the most popular music by running over the chorus to songs and snatches of other tunes you will find printed therein. Write them today and please say you saw this announcement in COMFORT.

sitting-room.
Glancing over the directions the governess saw that all the letters were from strangers, except one from Mrs. Murray, which she agerly opened. The contents were melancholy and unexpected. Mr. Hammond had been very ill for weeks, was not now in immediate danger, but was confined to his room; and the physicians thought that he

The breeze swept over the cluster of Tuscan jasmine and the tall, snowy phlox nodding in the green vase on the table. After a while Felix took his chin from the window-sill, and his eyes from the sparkling, tossing water, and his gaze sought the beloved countenance of his governess.

Her dress was of white mull, with lace gathered around the neck and wristbands; a delicate fringy fern leaf was caught by the cameo that pinned the lace collar, and around the heavy coil of hair at the back of her head, Hattle had twined a spray of scarlet tecoma.

Save the faint red on her thin, flexible lips, her face was as stainless as that of the Hebrew Mary, in a carved ivory "Descent from the Cross," which hung over the mantelpiece.

As the boy watched her he thought the beautiful eyes were larger and deeper, and burned more brilliantly than ever before; and the violet shadows beneath them seemed to widen day by day, telling of hard study and continued vigils.

"Oh! yonder comes mamma and—Uncle Grey! No; that is not my Uncle Grey. Who can it be? It is—Sir Roger!"
Hattie ran out to meet her mother, who had been to New York; and Felix frowned, took up his crutches, and put on his hat.
Edna turned and went to her own room, and in a few moments Hattie brought her a package of letters, and a message from Mrs. Andrews, desiring her to come back to the sitting-room.

Glancing over the directions the governess saw that all the letters were from strangers, except one from Mrs. Murray, which she uttered again and again to him rat the head Mrs. Murray is fixed mrs hurray to write, and Brws. Murray to write, and Brws. Murray, to def Mrs. Murray to write, and Brws. Murray to write, and Brws. Murray to write, and bers and Edna trea hat the back of her hespatkling. Gordon, and the old man was alone in his ome, Mrs. Murray to write, and Brws. Murray to write, and Brws. Murray to would mersal in his hole, and mersa in Europe with Gordon, and the search led mrs. Murray would come to him, and prevent was in Europe with Gordon, and the space wi

him.

Now, when she had only to say, "Come!" and he would be with her, she sternly denied her starving heart, and instead of bread gave it stones and serpents.

She took her pen to answer the letter, but a pang which she had learned to understand told her that she was not now strong enough; and, swallowing some medicine which Dr. Howell had prescribed, she snatched up a crimson scarf and went down to the beach.

The serenity of her countenance had broken up in a fearful tempest, and her face writhed as she hurried along to overtake Felix. Just now she dreaded to be alone, and yet the only companionship she could endure was that of the feeble cripple, whom she had learned to love, as woman can love only when all her early idols are in the dust. "Wait for me, Felix."

The boy stopped, turned, and limped back to meet her, for there was a strange, pleading intonation in her mournfully sweet voice. "What is the matter, Miss Earl? You look troubled."

"I only want to walk with you, for I feel

"I only want to walk with you, for I feel lonely this evening."
"Miss Earl, have you seen Sir Roger Perci-

val?"
"No, val?"
"No, no; why should I see him? Felix, my darling, my little brother! do not call me Miss Earl any longer. Call me Edna. Ah, child! I am utterly alone; I must have somewody to love me. My heart turns to

someoody to love me. My heart turns to you."

She passed her arm around the boy's shoulders and leaned against him, while he rested on his crutches and looked up at her with fond pride.

"Edna! I have wanted to call you so since the day I first saw you. You know very well that I love you better than everything else in the world. If there is any good in me, I shall have to thank you for it; if ever I am useful, it will be your work. I am wicked still; but I never look at you without trying to be a better boy. You do not need me—you who are so great and gifted; whose writings everybody reads and admires; whose name is already famous. Oh! you

cannot need any one, and, least of all, a poor little helpless cripple! who can only worship you, and love the sound of your voice better than all the music that ever was played! If I thought that you, Miss Earl—whose book all the world is talking about—if I thought you really cared for me—Oh, Edna! Edna! I believe my heart would be too big for my poor little body!"

"Felix, we need each other. Do you suppose I would have followed you out here, if I did not prefer your society to that of others?"

"Something has happened since you sat looking out of the window an hour ago. Your face has changed. What is it, Edna? Can't you trust me?"

"Yes. I received a letter which troubles me. It announces the feeble health of a dear and noble friend, who writes begging me to come to him, and nurse and remain with him as long as he lives. You need not start and shiver so—I am not going. I shall not leave you; but it distresses me to know that he has asked an impossible thing. Now you can understand why I did not wish to be alone."

that he has asked an impossion through you can understand why I did not wish to be alone."

She leaned her cheek down on the boy's head, and both stood silent, looking over the wide heaving waste of waters.

A glowing orange sky overarched an orange ocean. As the rising waves broke along the beach, the stiffening breeze bent the spray till it streamed like silvery plumes; and the low musical murmur swelled to a monotonous moan, that seemed to come over the darkening waters like wails of the lost from some far, far "isles of the sea."

Awed by the mysterious solemnity which ever broods over the ocean, Felix slowly repeated that dirge of Tennyson's, "Break, break, break!" and when he commenced the last verse, Edna's voice, low and quivering, joined his.

The wind rose and fluttered Edna's scarlet scarf like a pirate's pennon, and the low moan became a deep, sullen, ominous mutter.

"There will be a gale before daylight; it is brewing down yonder at the southwest.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

Comfort Recitation Club

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the ninth article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appearing in January issue where first article appeared.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

(An incident of the flood in Massachusetts, May 16, 1874.)

(An incident of the nood in Massachusetts, Ma. No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight at Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's three at a nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man, free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked—free from strife
And its promise of glorious pay—his life.

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the earlier toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it that passed like an ominous breath?
Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afre on the top of the hill;
It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense—
But a pain, like a pang in the short suspense
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of eternity.

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love;
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.

Why start the listeners? Why does the course Of the millstream widen? Is it a horse—"Hark to the sound of his hoofs!" they say, "That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way!"

God! what was that, like a human shriek, From the winding valley? Will nobody speak; Will nobody answer those women who cry As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near; They watch the trend of the vale, and see The rider, who thunders so menacingly, With waving arms and warning scream To the home-filled banks of the valley stream. He draws no rein, but he shakes the street With a shout and the ring of galloping feet, and this the cry that he flings to the wind: "To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind?"

He cries and is gone; but they know the worst—
The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst!
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon—It comes! It comes!
A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
of shattered dwellings to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter—white-maned and hoarse,
The mercliess terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed. But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.

Thank God, that the brave man's life is spared! Thank God, that the brave man's life is spared! From Williamsburg town he nobly dared To race with the flood and to take the road In front of the terrible swath it mowed. For miles it thundered and crashed behind, But he looked shead with a steadfast mind; "They must be varned!" was all he said, As away on his terrible ride he sped. When heroes are called for, bring the crown To this Yankee rider; send him down On the stream of time with the Curtius old; His deed, as the Roman's, was brave and bold. And the tale can as noble a thrill awake, For he offered his life for the people's sake.

Lesson Talk

OTH of the selections given this month are spirited and require a rather dramatic delivery. There are few audiences which will not appreciate them. I have had several pieces sent in with a request to publish them with a lesson talk. Some of these selections are longer than we have room to print, you can easily tell by those printed how long a selection we can use. As soon as I can find space for them I will print some of the shorter ones. Always inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope when you wish a personal reply. Cousin Hal.

The Ride of Collins Graves

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Voice should be clear and resonant with feeling.

Fig. 44 shows a good pose for the beginning of the seventh stanza. Use indicating gestures in this and do not imitate the "waving arms" decribed not imitate the "waving arms" de feribed not imitate the "waving arms"

A Scene of Horror.

The young man who sat in the window of the eighteenth story of the Colossus building balanced himself neatly on the window ledge and surveyed the eddying noonday throng beneath him. There was an air of elegance and self poise about him that bespoke a man of leisure and refinement.

refinement.
Suddenly he heard the mad clang of a bell down the street, and with a quick motion turned to see a fire engine rushing up the crowded thoroughfare. A second later a cry of borror arose. In his eagerness the young man had lost his balance and was falling with lightning speed to the street below.

The faces of the thousands who saw the frightful leap were pale with terror as the young man's body, striking a projecting sign in his flight, bounded far out into the street. Women wept, and strong men turned their blanched faces aside. With a horrible thud the falling figure reached the granite pavement midway of the street.

III. But the thousands who rushed forward to see if a spark But the thousands who rushed forward to see if a spark of life remained in the prostrate figure, were suddenly held back. The fire engine, with maddened steeds and heavy, rumbling wheels, was close at hand. In vain the frightened driver tried to check the precipitous speed of his horses. As well might he stop the ball at the cannon's mouth. Almost before the crowd could know what had occurred the flying engine had reached the prostrate form and passed directly over it. IV.

IV.

Save for the low sobs of some anguished woman and the muffled exclamations of horror from the men, the crowd was completely hushed. Two of the bravest men in the awed assemblage sprang forward, together with a stout policeman, and stood above the form of the young man. The policeman turned away with a sad face and started for the patrol box.

But ere he had taken two steps the figure on the pavement straightened out, the young man arose, dusted his clothes off lightly with his handkerchief and started to walk away.

clothes off lightly with his handkerchief and started to walk away.

"Hold on," said the officer. "You're injured."

"I guess not," replied the young man, as he airily lighted a cigarette. "I am a college football player."—

Chicago Record.

Lesson Talk



Lesson Talk

Here is something a little different from anything you have had. It frequently happens that the best humorous selections are in prose, and, as some of you have expressed a preference for that style, I will try to print one now and then. The above selection is especially good for an encore. Commence in an easy conversational tone. With the words, "Suddenly he heard the mad clang of a bell," start and throw your head up as though listening. From this until the final denouement let your delivery be as dramatic as possible without overdoing, and thus giving yourself away. The audience must be kept in ignorance of the final form the secone in III vividly. Let the eye follow the young man in his downward descent. The women probably wring their hands, and the men may have covered their eyes as they turned away. Bring the word "thud" out quickly, letting the hand go down with a jerk, then come up slightly, to indicate the way in which the body struck and then rebounded. A new horror is added to the scene in III. In the worst scenes look as though you were fairly sick with horror. The expression around the mouth is quite as important as the eyes. You must work yourself and your audience up to the highest tension before the final "plunge" into the ridiculous. Fig. 45 gives gesture for the last line in III. In the worst scenes look as though you were fairly sick with horror. The expression around the mouth is quite as important as the eyes. You must work yourself and your audience up to the highest tension before the final "plunge" into the ridiculous. Fig. 45 gives gesture for the last line in III. In the worst scenes look as though you were fairly sick with horror. The expression around the mouth is quite as important as the eyes. You must work yourself and your audience up to the highest tension before the final "plunge" into the ridiculous. Fig. 45 gives gesture for wird hands clenched tightly together over the chest, not clasped, but as if they had been wringing them. When describing the mount of the pro

And the sale can as noble a brill awake.
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

Lesson Talk

The above selection is very timely, coming at just this awar of control of the sake of the sake

you all many rich blessings is the prayer of your Comfort sister,
MRS. LIZZIE BILLINGSLEA, Mannington, R. F. D.,
23, W. Va.

Miss Ida Knox, Blairs Mills, Huntington Co., Pa., returns thanks to all who have so kindly remembered her, and hopes to be remembered in the future with bright, cheery letters.

future with bright, cheery letters.

Dear Comport Sistres:

Since my letter in Comport last September, I've received one hundred and fifty letters. How kind the sisters of our band are! And all sent me a piece for my qualt, some sending five or six. I tried at first to answer all, but, dear! my hand clove to the pencil. I would have to borrow a type-writer and write day and night, so I beg Comport to help me out. I had only a floursack of Zinnia seeds and it will take a ton to go around, but don't fear, I will get around in time; and so many have asked me about Texas, I stopped my work and wrote as they wanted to move here. Now thanking you all again,

MRS. A. PITTS, Bobbin, Tex.

you all again, Mrs. A. Pitts, Bobbin. Tex.

Dear Sisters:

Will you let another sister and shut-in chat with
you for a few minutes? I am five feet tall, I have
blue eyes and dark hair. I am a shut-in. I have
not been out of my chair for six long, weary years,
except when someone helps me.

I like to read Comfort very much. I read all the
sisters' letters. I can sympathize with the dear
shut-ins for I am one myself. I would enjoy any
kind of pieced or patched work, twelve by twelve
inches. I will return the favor in any way possible.
I can neither knit nor sew. I have a few nice quilt
patterns that I will send to any who will send a
self-addressed, stamped envelope. I would enjoy
any the sisters would like to send.

Mrs. D. C. Byers, Zionville, R. F. D., 1, N. C.

Dear Readers and Mothers:

MRS. D. C. BYERS, Zionville, R. F. D., 1, N. C. DEAR READERS AND MOTHERS:
A good remedy for teething babies is a string of beads made of elder roots and tied around baby's neck. Now I expect you will say there is no good in that, but I have tried it myself, and have utmost confidence in it.

Now I hope that some of you kind sisters will see fit to write me a long, cheerful letter, and if my strength and means will permit I will answer each one. Your shut-in-sister,

MRS. A. T. CABLE, ESSEX, Ark.

each one. Your shut-in-sister,
MRS. A. T. CABLE, ESSEX, Ark.

SISTERS OF COMFORT:
Nearly three years ago the writer asked for something to read, a few loving letters to cheer and comfort her after losing her dear old home by fire. I received three hundred and fifty replies. Today another belated COMFORT messenger reached me, asking, as hundreds had previously done, "Tell me about yourself; are you still a shut-in-rather a shut-out from home? Are you in need of the necessities of life?" I have laid awake at night, longing to express my loving appreciation and heartfelt thanks to one and all who have cheered and comforted me. Alas! I am still an invalid. I have no earthly hope of being anything else; but thanks to the kindest, best of neighbors, we are again self-supporting, with our new store and two-room house now all free of debt. It will surprise some of COMFORT'S friends to learn how far-reaching is the power for good exerted by this priceless magazine. Not only did I receive papers, books and pieces of silk, but so many helpful things so badly needed, so gratefully received. Although comfortable, I am not yet able to buy all the reading I need. I wish those who can would still keep me in remembrance.

In return for all your goodness to me, I will try to say or do something to bless and cheer the lives of others, as I have been encouraged and helped to help myself. God bless one and alt!

EMM B. HOLCOME, Pecas City, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I want to thank you each and all for so kindly

EMMA B. HOLCOMB, Pecas City, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I want to thank you each and all for so kindly responding to my request for reading matter; it came from many of the states. God bless you, one and all; and especially Mrs. Businger and Miss Belle Reynolds, and may God's blessings return tenfold. Mrs. Mollie Roth, Burkett Miss.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Since my letter was published I have received many helpful letters. I thank all who were kind, enough to write, send books, scraps and souvenir postal cards; some sent no address, not even name, so I could not answer, but I thank you all. I surely appreciate every little token of remembrance. You who have never had my experience cannot imagine what a pleasure it is to get so many nice things. I thank all and our dear editor for every kindness to me. May God bless and care for all!

Mrs. C. F. Trevilion, 333 McRavin Ave., Vicksburg, Miss.

DEAR SISTERS:

DEAR SISTERS:

I wish to thank you all for your kind letters and good reading. You little know how much pleasure they gave me. Please remember me from time to time, and pray for me, as I am a great sufferer.

MRS. P. M. McREYNOLDS, Lewisburg, Ky.

MRS. P. M. MCKEYNOLDS, LeWISDUTS, Ry.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I have been so sick I have not been able to answer the many who wrote me. I certainly did appreciate all the letters, and send heartfelt thanks for every kindness. I would like more pieces and any kind of material for fancy work, for the days are so long. May God bless all for their kindness and sympathy, is the wish of your shut-in friend,
ANNA TEAGUE, Crofton, Ky.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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I will send by express to any sufferer a bottle of LANE'S ASTHMA CURE. If it cures send me \$1; if it does not, don't. Give express office.

D. J. LANE, Dept. C., St. Marys, Kas.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

DEAR COMPORT READERS:

I want to thank you each and all for so kindly remembering me with souvenir postals which I requested. I received over two hundred postals and several kind letters. I was so pleased. May the Lord bless all the COMFORT readers: With love and best wishes. DEAR COMFORT READERS:

MISS RADIE A. RINEHART, Whitehouse Sta., R. F.

D., I. N. J.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMPORT SISTERS:
Please allow me a few moments space in the
Sisters' Corner to thank all who so kindly sent me
sunshine in the form of letters, souvenir postals,
books, etc. I cannot find words adequate to express my appreciation of these precious mementos,
the sight of them will ever be associated with
sweetest thoughts of far-away friends. I would
love to write a few words separately, at least to
those who have rendered me their sympathy, and
sought to comfort and cheer me—however, I trust
that all who do not receive a personal reply will
consider my weakness and kindly excuse your shutin sister,
MRS. SINAI M. SMITH, Slicker, Tyler Co., W. Va.

Requests from Shut-ins

DEAR SISTERS:
I am a shut-in as I had my foot broken last spring, and am walking on crutches. I will be glad to hear from all of the sisters, and will try and answer all

MRS. C. A. ROSEBROOK, 1007 Fredric Ave., Spokane,

I have been an invalid for three years, I would like pieces of silk or velvet, for quilts; also pieces of ribbon any bright color.

MRS. S. H. DOWLING, Jacksonville, Me.

Will all who can please remember Mrs. Ollie McCarter, Severville, R. F. D., 16, Tenn., with books, quitt squares, six by six inches, or any little token of remembrance will be highly appreciated. She is almost helpless from rheumatism of ten years standing

We also ask you to remember the following patient sufferers, although space compels us to condense their letters; each deserve sympathy, cheerful letters, and as much help as you can give:

Mrs. Lena Olive, Holly Springs, R. F. D., 1, N. C., has been shut-in for two years; letters gladly received.

Miss Daisy E. Kingry, Box 46, Rocky Mount, R. F. D., 4, Va., a deaf and dumb girl, would appreciate silk pieces for patchwork.

Mrs. C. B. Spears, Hammondsport, R. F. D., 2, N. Y., who has met with a serious accident to one of her feet, which will prevent her from walking for a year or so, requests any kind of pieces for patch-

Emile Roberts, Brigham, Utah, a little invalid boy, would be pleased with story books, cards, or calico pieces.

Ben C. Knight, Enfield, N. C., is a poor deformed cripple who would appreciate letters, reading matter, or anything which would help brighten his lonely days.

Mrs. Esther A. Austin, Box 72, Colton, R. F. D., 1, N. Y., an elderly cripple, would appreciate letters, and little tokens of friendship.

Miss Jessie R. Catlin, Box F, Palmer, Mass., a great sufferer from Epileptic fits, request cheery letters, and little tokens of remembrance.

Miss Edelia Clowes, Thief River Falls, Minn., is a sixteen-year-old cripple from rheumatism, please remember with letters, reading matter, etc.

Edith M. Dart, Oakdale, R. F. D., 1, Conn., a shut-in of many years, needs cheer, letters, pictures, or reading requested.

Mrs. Martha Young, Box 10, Mount Airy, R. F. D., 1, Ga., an invalid, who has not been out of her room for sixteen years, wishes to be remembered with letters, and books.

Mrs. Leroy E. Cole, Box 200, Newport, Vt., a cripple who has not walked for twenty-four years, begs to be admitted to this corner, and would appreciate reading matter, bits of yarn pieces, etc.

Mrs. Callie Jett, Murrayville, R. F. D., 2, Ga., an invalid, requests a letter party, April 4, 1907.

Margaret L. Hammond, 40 College St., Hillsdale, Mich., a woman of seventy years who has been confined to wheel chair for thirty-two years, requests letters, and reading matter.

Will the sisters please give my invalid husband a letter party, April 15, 1907. Address J. F. Harper, Brush Creek, R. F. D., 1, Tenn.
Mrs. Susie McCarver, Beaver City, Neb., a sufferer with salt rheum in her hands, would like to be re-

membered in any way.

Miss Ellie Rowen, Swanton, R. F. D., 2, Ohio, who has been blind for twenty years, asks to be remembered with little gifts.

Mrs. W. G. Moffett, Box 32, Leesburg, R. F. D., 1, Va., requests pretty pictures, or stereoscopic views, papers, or anything to help pass the lonely hours.

Correspondents Wanted

Correspondents Wanted

Gertrude Casserly, Canton, W. Va. Miss Margaret Preece, 2850 Guadalupe St., Austin, Texas, especially from residents of New York, California, and Florida. Mrs. Lena Jacobs, Box 132, Olive Hill, Ky. Miss Ida Stark, Box 56, Freeland, R. F. D., 6, Mich., young people. Miss Hazel McCutcheon, St. Ignace, Mich. Mrs. J. C. Davidson, Evons, Ky., especially those by the name of King. John Kneisler, Ouray, Col., young people. John P. Gasson, Versailles, R. F. D., 3, Ohio. Mr. Orley M. Richardson, Rugby, R. F. D., 7, Grayson Co., Va. Mrs. Ralph G. Fenner, Herkimer, R. F. D., 1, N. Y., young married people. William Davis, Deep River, Wash. Mrs. Ina B. Hill, Carsonville, R. F. D., 1, Mich., letter party on May 12th, 1907. Mrs. Felix Parsons, Johns, Ala. Edward Wallace, Stanberry, Mo., young people. Mrs. Lillie Hendricks, Cle Elum, R. F. D., 1, Wash Mrs. Rosa Garrison, Antigo, R. F. D., 5, Wis, especially those bearing the name of Ward or Willis. Pedro F. Salazar, Chamita, New Mexico. Mrs. Ella Suavely, Pennington Gap, Va. Mrs. Emily Upton, Box 16, Elmo, R. F. D., 3, Texas, photographs requested. Fred Sprague, 172 West 98 St., New York City. Miss Mary R. Parsons, Worton, R. F. D., 3, Kent Co., Md., young people. Mrs. Margaret Parrent, Fairfield, R. F. D., 2, Va. Roy M. Cordell, Steele, Mo., young people. Georgia Parker, Acworth, Cobb Co., Ga. Lavancha Hubble, Melbern, Ohio. Mary E. Hathaway. Carmichaels, Pa. Miss Flossie Williams and Miss Mattie Geery, Victor, Mont. Mrs. Kate L. Carty, Medford, N. J. Miss Mary A. Snyder, Blairs Mills, Pa., young people. Aunie G. Box 37, Torpedo, R. F. D., 1, Pa. Henry Larson, Box 52, Whitehall, Mich., young people. Aunie G. Box 37, Torpedo, R. F. D., 1, Pa. Henry Larson, Box 52, Whitehall, Mich., young people. Aunie G. Box 31, Torpedo, R. F. D., 1, Pa. Henry Larson, Box 52, Whitehall, Mich., young people. Aunie G. Box 31, German St., Evansville, Ind., girls of twelve and fourteen years. J. H. Sechrist, Box 61, Glenrock, Pa. Miss Dora Goldsberry, Marion, Ohio, photograp

Comfort Postal Request

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changes in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. Some parties have received hundreds and hundreds of cards from just having their name inserted here. The Publishers simply sak the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We know any one can get a few more subscribers now we are giving such a good big paper for 15 cents a year, and we have a very large assortment of elegant Souvenir Post Cards. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. As we have thousands of cards, we are ready to help you get a large collection without any outlay on your part whatever. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

HEREAFIER, we cannot insert requests for cards in this column unless you take advantage of this offer. Send us a club of twenty-five subscribers and we will send you our Banner assortment of one hundred American. Foreign and Comic Postals. Below we give a list of some of our regular cards: New York City Views including Flatiron Building, Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklway, New York Harbor, Post Office, Statue of Liberty, and hundreds of others comprising Consy Island Views, etc., making a great assortment of svery kind of scenes in and around this gift at the control of scenes in and around this gift at the control of the wear of the control of

Miss Blanche Nake, 1726 Federal St., Baltimore, Maryland. Fred Lohman, 608 Cedar St., Owosso, Mich. Nellie Riopille, Box 336, Swanton, Vt. Miss Isabelle Somers, 70 North Pine St., Newark, Ohio. Frank Anderson, 954 Elm St., Beloit, Wis. Alice T. Kelsey, 523 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. Miss Maggie Bookwalter, Box 143, Lowellville, Ohio. G. L. McCarter, Middleton, Tenn. Miss Minnie L. Spencer, Box 91, Guilford, Conn. M.J. Sherlock, 3435 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal. Lewis A. Spencer, Box 91, Guilford, Conn. Mrs. E. B. Johnston, Box 8, Ravanna, Kans. Miss Kate Cordon, Roseburg, Oregon.

Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite, our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

The Grave of Napoleon

On a lone barren Isle, where the wild roaring billow Assails the stern rock, and the loud tempests

rave.
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willow,
Like fond weeping mourners, lean over the grave.
The lightning may flash, and the loud thunders

rattle; He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain, He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle!

No sound can awake him to glory again! No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh! shade of the mighty, where now are the legions
That rushed but to conquer, when thou led'st
them on?
Alas! they have perished in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone!
The trumpet may drown the loud cannon's rattle!
They heed not, they hear not they're free from
all pain!
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their

They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle!

No sound can awake them to glory again! No sound can awake them to glory again!

Yet spirit immortal, the tomb cannot blind thee, For, like thine own eagle that soared to the sun, Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind

thee A name before thee, no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat, and war's thunder No more on the steed, wilt thou sweep o'er the

plain, Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle!

No sound can awake thee to glory again! No sound can awake thee to glory again!

My Mother Was a Lady

Two drummers sat at dinner
In a grand hotel one day,
While dining they were chatting
In a jolly sort of way,
But when a pretty waitress
Brought them a tray of food,
They spoke to her familiarly
In manner rather rude.
At first she did not notice them,
Or make the least reply,
But one remark was passed
That brought the teardrops to her eyes
And facing her tormentors
With cheeks now burning red,
She looked a perfect picture
As appealingly she said:

CHORUS.

"My mother was a lady
Like yours you will allow,
And you may have a sister,
Who needs protection now.
I've come to this great city
To find a brother dear,
And you wouldn't dare insult me, sir,
If Jack were only here."

It's true one touch of nature
Makes the whole world akin;
And every word she uttered
Seemed to touch their hearts within.
They sat there stunned and silent
Until one cried in shame:
"Forgive me, Miss, I meant no harm;
Pray, tell me, what's your name?"
She told him and he cried again:
"I know your brother, too;
We've been friends for many years,
And he often speaks of you.
He'll be so glad to see you,
And if you'll only wed,
I'll take you to him as my wife,
For I love you since you said:"

Old Dog Tray

The morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last;
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen,
Upon a village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful, Grief cannot drive him away, He's gentle, he is kind; I'll never, never find A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own, Have vanished one by one,
The loved ones, the dear ones have all passed away,
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

When thoughts recall the past, His eyes are on me cast, I know that he feels what my breaking heart would

say,
Although he cannot speak,
I'd vainly, vainly seek,
A better friend than old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

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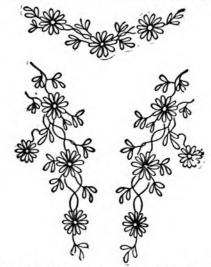




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A Living Memento

By Constance Beatrice Willard

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CHAPTER I.

YOU HAVE A MISSION IN LIFE.

WANT you to see everything, all the crude impossibilities, and the still cruder possibilities of my future."

A man's voice spoke these words with a certain diffident tremble in it, which would have told his story to anyone, how his very life seemed to hang upon the verdict of the charming ruddy-haired girl by his side.

Her fair face flamed, but she managed to re-

ply steadily:
"It is very interesting."
Nervously he shifted the reins, as he said passionately:

"Please think it is something more than in-

messionately:

"Please think it is something more than interesting, Violet."

The girl hesitated, then asked softly:

"Will you explain again, so I can understand perfectly?"

"Certainly, it is not such a great story, but it is all I have. All about here is land I own. Before the war it belonged to my grandfather, Archibald Griffith. He had been educated at Harvard, and unlike the rest of the family, he developed remarkable commercial instincts, and also saw very clearly the coming of the war. Quietly, he disposed of as many of his slaves as possible, invested largely in Northern securities, and during the war which devastaed the land of his birth, he coined money, until his name was a powerful one on Wall street.

"My father was a dreamer, somewhat of an invalid, who on a visit here, married a lovely daughter of one of the families ruined by the

daughter of one of the families ruined by the war, and not long after my birth, he died.

"Almost the first thing I can remember is my mother's voice, saying:
"Son you have a mission in life."

The horses took their own time along the

road, filled with ruts, seeming to comprehend that the couple gave them but little attention. "Mother taught me year by year what she considered my duty towards the descendants of those who had helped grandfather make his first fortune, and I hoped to bring her with me here but father needed her most, PITIFUL REMINDERS OF THE



I suppose, so ACCURSED PAST. she was taken away," and the young man paused, his voice a little broken.

The girl studied the young man, with his handsome face broad browed and stern jawed. It was the face of a man who had the brain to conceive and the resolution to carry out great

plans.
Suddenly he pointed with his whip towards a group of three children, all of whom were gazing curiously at the two.
"Those three come of as many families, and

are descended on both sides from slaves owned by grandfather. The flesh and blood that be-gat them earned my grandfather the money which enabled him to save our family from utter desolation, and to leave me millions, which I do not want."

I do not want."

"But they are black," Violet Nestleton said softly. Until she had met this young man of Northern breeding with Southern blood in his veins, she had given but little thought to the darker race, but, filled wth her love for him, looking through his eyes at these three, she realized the pitiful side of the race question, and began to honor her lover for his high resolutions. lutions.

"It is a grand conception, but can you carry it out?" she whispered.

The man's face flushed, his eyes brightened,

and he turned toward her eagerly:
"You can see it?" he asked.
"Only dimly, tell me some more," was her

"Only dimly, tell me some meet, gentle reply.

They were passing along an almost deserted street, a negro cabin here and there. Shift-lessness and utter neglect showed everywhere. In the middle of the unpaved street, guiltless of any pavement, stood an ox, hitched to the primitive two-wheeled cart. As his eyes rested

his eyes rested upon it, the young man con-

"In these days of inventions, that cart is the automobile of these unfortu-Because nates. my skin is white, and I was born of the owner in-

THE AUTOMOBILE OF THE stead of the slave, I have all

tender consideration can give me. They are shiftless, but would I be any better if I had sprung of despised stock?" "But, my friend, you cannot change their color," Violet ventured.
"I do not seek to do that, or to encourage

social equality between the two races, but I do want to give them a chance to make their own

want to give them a chance to make their own status, something to be desired, and to give them a living chance."

Violet smiled her appreciation, and the young man encouraged, laid one hand over her little, white one, saying in a very low tone:

"Violet, my father was very much imbued with this idea, and it was my mother's life, so when I was born they gave me my singular name, "Memento.' I have always been called Toto by my friends and relatives, but I am proud of the old name they gave me."

"It is something of which to be proud," whispered the girl.

"No one ever calls me it. now. I am Toto to

you call me my own name, and wear it for

your own?"
She had known it was coming, but when he

She had known it was coming, but when he asked her the great question so simply, it took her by surprise, and she hesitated.

"I know I am asking a great deal," he continued a little sadly, "but, dear, my work has become a part of my life. It is so sacred, that not even for you can I give it up. I love you, and I want you for my wife more than I ever believed it possible for a man to, but even as I tell you of this love, I have to say that I can not come to you unfettered."

Her face was very much flushed. She loved him with all her heart, but no girl, however devoted she may be, cares to share the man of her choice, even if be a feeling of duty.

"This old, old town has fallen into decay. It bears the name of my family, Griffithville.

bears the name of my family, Griffithville. Over yonder you can see Griffith Point. Out there is Griffith Lake, and there is Lover's Lane in which all the men of our family have plighted troth with the women of their love." "Are there any white people here?" Violet

asked wonderingly.

"There will be when I get fairly commenced. First I am going to tear down the shanties these long-suffering people occupy, and replace them with nice, neat cottages, which they can buy from me at rental rates, for I do not intend to represe so your Then I am going to debuy from me at rental rates, for I do not intend to pauperize anyone. Then I am going to develop the natural resources of these wonderful pine woods. The gray moss which makes the woods here so beautiful, will make fine mattresses; there are enough varieties of wood in that timber there to keep half-a-dozen mills busy. Some of this land is still virgin soil, and it is to be turned into farms, which can be bought upon easy terms. Right here where a Revolutionary grandfather of mine was killed defending American liberties, I am going to erect a monument in the form of a public library. Over there will be the post-office building; around the corner the city hall and theater. Right down here in the midst of utter ruin, I am going to build a new Griffithville, ruin, I am going to build a new Griffithville, that will reflect credit on our old family, and make happy those who have helped us gain our money

our money."

Still Violet was silent. It was beautiful, but this man was talented, capable of shining in political and social life, and to bury himself in this long dead place, and her with him, it was too great a sacrifice.

too great a sacrifice.

"I am going to rebuild the magnificent old Griffith mansion, according to plans which have been preserved, and we will be surrounded with plenty and happiness, I hope."

"But what will you do for society?" Violet asked timidly, wishing that she could rise to his heights.

his heights.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



An ingenious inventor has patented a folding ped that can be carried on a motor car.

One of the recent inventions in the carpenters' kit is a square which may be quickly taken apart for packing.

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Experiments indicate that wireless telegraphy can be carried on through the air if deep shafts or wells are sunk for the sending and receiving ap-

The discovery of a parasite that will destroy the red scale that has been such a pest in the citrus orchards of California is of inestimable value to horticulture.

A discovery is said to have been made, by which the color may be taken out of silk, and it may be recolored any desired tint, without in any way injuring its texture.

A system of electric lighting for railroad cars has been tested in England, which works auto-matically, without care or fresh supplies of any kind, for months at a stretch.

kind, for months at a stretch.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered a this column, no cousin must ask more than hree questions in one Month,

ERE we are in the first month of spring, cousins all, but I am sure most of us, this side of Florida and other summer latitudes, haven't put on our thin dresses yet. Still, March is a spring month and we must say good by to winter. And with the spring comes the glad times again, when all the world begins to bud and blossom, and the birds to sing, and we must take on the fresh, new life ourselves, and lift up our spirits from the frost. Spring is a good time, even as early as March, and I am sure we are all glad to welcome the etherial goddess. At the same time we mustn't forget that work is with us all the time, and we must do what is set before us. do what is set before us.

The first letter I open is from Cousin Dorisa of The first letter I open is from Cousin Dorisa of Alton, Pa., who is a poor girl working for her living, and with health that cannot stand the burdens of labor. She is only nineteen, and a rich man loves her and is waiting for her answer. She does not know whether to marry him or not, as she does not love him, though she does not love any other. What do the cousins say? My advice to her is to marry him. She says he is a good man and loves her very much. I think she is running small risk of being unhappy, and she most assuredly will improve her material condition very much. As a rule I do not believe in one marrying when in doubt, but this is an exception.

but this is an exception.

M. L. C., Charlestown, W. Va.—Your doubt under the circumstances is natural enough, and you will be wise to wait and see if he really means what he says. I can hardly imagine he is trying to deceive you, for his letter reads sincere, and he must think a great deal of you, or he would not ask you to marry him, knowing that you are afflicted as you are. Let him come to see you and get to know him as well as you can.

as well as you can.

M. E., Steeds, N. C.—If he wants the other girl instead of you, you cannot make him want you. You will have to give him up. Love is not to be gained when it is lost to another. I am sorry, but the law cannot be changed.

White Lily, Salem, III.—Be pleasant to him whenever you meet him and try, without letting him notice, to draw him your way. If he loves you at all, he will respond, and if he does not love you, you must lose him. (2) Yes. (3) Usually a girl who is very popular with men is not popular with other girls. One reason is she does not care whether they like her or not, and the other is they are jealous of her popularity with men.

Ruth, Payne, S. C.—If you love him and he loves

Ruth, Payne, S. C.—If you love him and he loves you, just wait and see your dreams come true. He hasn't any motive in remaining silent. He isn't old enough to have a motive. He is a silly boy yet, and when he is old enough to vote he will be different. Don't you worry.

Sunflower, Onawa, Ia.—Unless you are engaged to the man, don't you think you are making rather a public exhibition of yourself to go to the depot to see him where he is employed on the road? Even engaged girls do not go that far, unless there are good reasons for it.

Gray Eyes, Jackson, Miss.—Don't have anything o do with him. Don't wave at trainmen when hey wave at you, or any other time. Don't whistle

Puzzled Girl, Oakland, Cal.—You have plenty of time to wait a year or two for him. By that time you will know your own heart better. The fact that he is of Spanish extraction should be no objection, if he is an American citizen, and all right in other vectors.

respects.

Hopes and Wishes, Linton, Ind.—If her mother is satisfied with that sort of conduct in her daughter, the rest of us have no right to offer other rules. A fourteen-year-old girl should be in school, not in love. He does not seem to be much in love with her, and I am rather glad he isn't. He could so easily find a nicer sweetheart.

Blue Bell, Clarence, Mo.—If you write to him to come back to you, it will frighten him so he never will come. Try it and see. Maybe I am mistaken. Yusuf, Palace, Ind.—Those are the usual signs of love, and I believe you are in love with him. The heart does not thrill and the cheeks do not redden when you meet other men, and only for this one. So, my dear, you must be in love.

Blue-eyed Elaine, Lebanon Junction, Ky.—You

Blue-eyed Elaine, Lebanon Junction, Ky.—You are in too great a hurry and are too afraid of becoming an old maid. He does not come to see you because you live too far out of the way, and he doesn't love you that much, yet. Maybe he will after awhile, but he will not if you get too anxious and try to force him to declare himself. You are just now at the silly age—not quite a girl and not quite a woman.

quite a woman.

M. S. B. C., Parkersburg, W. Va.—Unless engaged to a man you should not accept presents of jewelry from him, whether you are fifteen or fifty. As you are fifteen, and he may be fifty and the friend of your parents, and wants to give you jewelry on their account, you may accept. (2) One sweetheart is all a girl can have. Any others are not genuine, and she is false herself.

and she is false herself.

Brown-eyed Dolly, Warsaw, N. Y.—Tobacco chewing is not a very pleasant habit, but if the young man is perfect outside of that, I think you might let him have one weakness. It will be a vent and thus check some other worse one. You mustn't look for absolute perfection. You can break him of chewing by declining to kiss him as long as he chews. Or you might try a chew yourself and let him see how nasty the habit is. (2) I think you have done wisely to tell him you will marry him in four years. (3) Engagement rings are usual to engaged couples, but I think I would not ask one, if I were you, till six months before you are to marry. You might wear one out in four years.

years.

Brown Eyes, Chicago, Ill.—Don't throw him over in pique that way, because he may be a little cool in his ardor. You be that much nicer to him, only don't let him know that you are doing it for his sake only. Make him understand that that is your natural way. A man isn't going to lose a pleasant-mannered, good-natured woman, if he can help it. They are too scarce. Let on as if you didn't notice he was cool, and he will get over his chill. If he does not after a fair trial, then freeze him and find another.

Skiden Ford City Pa —Why write to him if he

Skidoo, Ford City, Pa.—Why write to him if he will not answer your letters? Stop writing. (2) Don't be flirting with the office boy! You can't be very ambitious. And he younger than you, too. I'm ashamed of you, cousin. (3) Ask your mother, or your employer. He can answer probably better or your employer. He

E. B., Lang, Assinaboine.—Between two stools one E. B., Lang, Assinaboine.—Between two stools one falls to the ground, and you will be dropping if you are not careful. The better plan for you, as you don't know which of the two to choose, is to choose neither, and wait until you know what you want. (2) You should not accept a watch and chain from a man to whom you are not engaged.

HARR SEAR

worthy young man that your parents do not want you to marry until you are older, he will not object to waiting. Seventeen is at least four years too young to marry, but you might compromise on two. In any event do not marry before you are twenty-one without your parents' consent.

Troubled Clara, Pt. Marion, Pa.—If the young man is objected to by your parents because he ought to be, then you should obey them and not see him, even though you are of age. If he is worthy and can support you, and will make the right kind of a husband, and you love each other truly, then you may risk the displeasure of your parents. But take no chances, simply because you have a notion that he is the one, and they don't know anything.

There, my dears, all your questions have the answers given to them, and I don't think I have scolded even a little bit, have I? Anyway, if I have, I wasn't very cross, and I didn't mean any harm. On the contrary, all I think of is your good. Now, by, by, until we meet again.

Cousin Marion.

The Great Chicago Mystery or, The Man with Many Aliases

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"For what purpose?" Ralph asked.

"To join my father."

"Did you meet him?"

"Yes," the sweet face was turned aside in shame,

"Miss Lyster—" Ralph began, when the girl in
terrupted him:

"You are very kind, Mr. Dayton, but I am not
Sylvia Lyster in fact, but Helen Hollis."

"What?" Ralph cried.

"Yes, I am the daughter of James Hollis, and it

was he who drove me out into that wretched passageway, with his blow upon my face, from which
your superior officer delivered me," and now tears
streamed down the lovely face.

"Miss Lyster, I will call you that, I think there
has been some dreadful mistake," Ralph said gravely. "Mr. Lyster was so much concerned. If you
had been his own flesh and blood, he could not
have grieved more. If you are what has been represented, it has made no difference to him, but
somehow I do not believe in the thing. Tell me,
did you ever see the man before who claims to be
your father?"

The girl shook her head.

your father?"
The girl shook her head.
"Or a man by the name of Percy Mandeville?"
A dull red flamed the girl's face, up into her hair
and down into her neck, as she replied, clenching

her fists:
"Yes I know him, and I hate him!"

her fists:

"Yes I know him, and I hate him!"

"Report has it, excuse me, but I must tell you, report has it that you eloped with him."

"With him? Why, Mr. Dayton, he is a thief, a man who ought to serve the remainder of his life at Sing Sing for all his evil deeds. I have been a very wicked woman, for I kept silent when I ought to have spoken."

"What is it you know?" Ralph asked gently, his sympathy given to this girl so far away from those who loved her.

"I know that he used to steal jewels and money from the people he met in society, but I spared him on account of his wife."

"His wife? Is he married?"

"Yes to a lovely girl, whom he has not acknowledged socially, however."

"Did you let him know you had discovered him?"

"Yes, when he had taken a necklace of pearls belonging to me. I promised to hold my tongue, if he would mend his ways, and I hoped that he would, but I fear not."

Ralph shook his head, then he said slowly:

"I want to know why Jim Hollis had you come out here."

"Must I tell that, too?"

"I want to know why Jim Hollis had you come out here."

"Must I tell that, too?"

"My dear Miss Lyster, I do not believe that you are Jim's daughter. He is a desperate criminal, who will have to pay for his many crimes with his life, and I do not believe that he is your father. I am going to telegraph to Mr. Lyster, simply to ask for particulars of your adoption. After I get a reply, I can know how to act."

"Thank you very much," the girl said simply, then continued:

"Under such circumstances, or even under any, I suppose I must tell. Mr. Dayton, that man had me brought here so I could be trained to become a criminal. He thought I would lend myself to such a scheme."

"Is that why he struck you?" Ralph asked, glancing at her swollen face.

"Yes."

The young man's fists clenched, and he muttered

ing at her swollen face.

"Yes."

The young man's fists clenched, and he muttered something under his breath. The young face looked so pitiful, all swollen as it was because of the brutality of a human fiend.

Ralph asked the girl a few more questions, and then left her, telling her that he would let her hear from him as soon as he gained anything definite.

A few minutes more were consumed in thanking Mrs. Haddam for her kindness, and assuring her of Crit's appreciation of her promptness to respond to his call, and then Chick hurried to the nearest local telegraph station, from which he sent the following wire, addressed to Mr. Frederick Lyster of New York City.

"Wire full particulars adoution of missing girl.

"Wire full particulars adoption of missing girl. "Wire full particulars adoption of missing gen-was she the daughter of a criminal woman who died in workhouse, Blackwell Island? Did she come from orphan asylum? Have definite clue, but need particulars. Come on if possible."

When this message, signed "Truman" was received, it stirred to the depths, not only Mr. Lyster, but the haggard-appearing Custer Quex, and the two men, without waiting for any preparations, took the next train to Chicago, where they hoped to answer all questions in the telegram, in person, and to discover what was meant by the "definite clue."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "A Bold Abduction," when Sylvia Lyster is spirited away, and carried by force into a hall reeking with unsavory odors. Watch the coils as they slowly tighten around the guilty, bringing them to speedy and just punishment. If not a subscriber send 15 cents and read this story to the end.

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Readers Who Have Never Used It.

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Just promise not to give the bottle away or dispose of it in any way except for your own use, and say you haven't used it before. Be sure to write your name and address carefully and enclose a sample of the color of your hair before it started to lose its natural color, or say just what color it was. Then you will be sent the \$1 bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer Free so you can try it and see how much pleased you will be with the results of using it as directed.







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and boy's shoes at 95c to 85.00 a pair. Write to-day.

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Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. I. L. F., Jones Station, Pa.—The Scientific American, New York City, The Inventive Age, Washington, D. C. The Inventive Age is probably what you want.

Martin Mangerud, Fergus Falls, Minn., would like to hear from Comfort readers where he could get two books, "Dhoula Bel," by P. B. Randolph, and "Oahspe," author unknown. If Mr. Mangerud will write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, he will probably find them.

L. W. M., Des Moines, Ia.—There are no statistics on the subject that we know of. Write to Sup't Census, Washington, D. C., and you may find out there, though we have our doubts.

there, though we have our doubts.

J. A. I., Lovington, Kans.—E. Pluribus Unum, motto of the U. S. means literally, From Many, One. It is so apparent that a deeper symbolic meaning is not called for. If there be any it is merely the creation of minds given to symbolism. Go ahead and work out of it anything you please. You have as much right to do so as anyone, and your result will be as valuable as that of any other. Better employ your surplus energy on something else, however.

else, however.

B. McC., Broken Bow, Neb.—Write to some of the dry goods people in Omaha about sofa cushions. We have no detailed information on the subject. Same about silk quilts. You can get information of that sort only from the people who are in the business of buying and selling such articles.

Edward Socie, Box 129, Archbold, Ohio, wants to know the real name and address of the man known as "Montana Joe." We do not know him. Possibly if the gentleman sees this notice or hears of it, he will drop a line to his inquiring friend.

M. M. V., Naples, Ill.—Legal holidays in Illinois are New Year's, Lincoln's birthday (Feb. 22); Washington's birthday (Feb. 22); Washington's birthday (Feb. 22); Caroration Day (May 30); July 4th; Thanksgiving; Christmas. In addition in Illinois in every city of 200,000 or more, Saturday after 12 (noon) is a legal holiday.

Mrs. E. S., Savanna, Ill.—In order to save you the

Saturday after 12 (noon) is a legal holiday.

Mrs. E. S., Savanna, Ill.—In order to save you the trouble of writing and loss of postage etc., we will not give you the address. It is absolutely useless to write to such persons, unless you are personally acquainted, or your communication is of such nature that it cannot be ignored.

B. L. E., Oneonta, N. Y.—Art Interchange, Art Student, Magazine of Art, New York City. (2) Drawings should be eighteen inches by thirty, though they may be six inches smaller. (3) There is a fixative to prevent pencil drawings from being rubbed. You can get it at art stores. (4) Good pictures will find a ready market, either for illustrations or framing. You will have to make your own market. Go to New York City for two or three days and look around.

S. M. H., Markesan, Wis.—President's Cabinet,

or three days and look around.

S. M. H., Markesan, Wis.-President's Cabinet, Elihu Root, State; G. B. Cortelyou, Treasury; W. H. Taft, War; C. J. Bonaparte, Att'y General; G. von L. Meyer, Postmaster-General; V. H. Metcalf, Navy; J. R. Garfield, Interior; James Wilson, Agriculture; Oscar S. Strauss, Commerce and Labor. (2) Basis of representation in Congress 225,000. (3) We believe the salary is \$5,000 of Sergeant at Arms.

C. D. H., Big Piney, Wyo.—Write to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., and you will receive full information how to proceed to secure a patent.

patent.

J. L., Sourlake, Texas.—You will have to find a market for cut flowers in your own state. The nearest city to you should be the place. Write to McKesson & Robbins, New York City, about the castor beans. Some poems are not in great demand for cash. Better not try.

H. U., Newark, N. J.—We do not recognize the lines. Submit them to your neighbor, the Editor of Saturday Times Review, New York City. He ought to know.

to know.

R. M., Thebes, Ill.—You can go ahead with your manufacture and sale of cleaning powder without interference, unless there may be local town ordinances for agents seiling from house to house. Advertise your powder in your county papers and advertise it big. Then go after your local trade. When you have filled that field will be time enough to go into general advertising.

Mrs. W. C., Clarence, Mo.—Write to F. Foy, Box 32, Des Moines, Ia., telling him what you want. You get a dozen, but what the price will be we cannot say. Find out, though, before you order, for they may be expensive.

Mrs. P. T. B., Mink, Idaho.—Those firms may be

for they may be expensive.

Mrs. P. T. B., Mink, Idaho.—Those firms may be all right, but it is always a safe rule to know what you are going to get before you pay out any money, unless it is some small amount you are willing to pay for learning. (2) Unless your daughter has a very strong inclination to become a physician, she had better not undertake it. She will have to attend a medical college as any other student would, and the course would require four years, at a cost of at least \$500 a year, probably considerably more. Have a talk with some physician of your acquaintance on the subject. He will tell you all about it.

J. N. R., Welston, Okla.—We are not in the busi-

J. N. R., Welston, Okla.—We are not in the business and are not experts, on the side. Your best ness and are not experts, on the side. Your best plan will be to write to the Kansas City Star, where you saw the article, and ask for particulars. If the editor knows who is offering a thousand dolars for a continental bill he will tell you where to find him. Inclose postage for reply. We think you will hardly get that much for it. Let us know what luck you have.

Mrs. J. G. Miraneroelle.

Mrs. J. G., Minneapolis, Minn.—The lines are from Anna Letitia Barbauld's poem, "Life," and the whole stanza reads:

the whole stanza reads:

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;

"Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning;
Choose thine own time,
Say not 'Good might,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good morning.'"

We feel sure that in these good lines you will find some consolation and be the better resigned that your boy went away on the long journey without saying good night to his mother. M. E., Albany, Ind.—Write to F. Bredt & Co., 194 Fulton Street, New York City. This firm claims to make only the genuine article.

J. K. W., Allegheny, Pa.—It is not in our list. Ask the newsdealers and magazine handlers in

your city. N. T., Toliver, N. C.-Write to Eugene Munsell & Co., 218 Water Street; Harry Randall, 239 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. A. S., Mt. Carmel, Ill.—Chicago should be the place for you to find what you want, but if you cannot, then try Charles Broadway Rouss Com-pany, New York City. It would pay you to make a trip to Chicago and look around for yourself.

Cancer Is Curable

A Quarter of a Century's Marvelous Success



M. YANT, Crete, Neb.

Miraculous Cures in My Case Ever Heard Of."

Over a quarter of a century Dr. Bye has demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt that Cancer and Tumor are curable diseases with soothing, balmy, aromatic oils.

January 8, 1906. To All Whom It May Concern:

To all Whom It May Concern:
I am glad to say that Dr. Bye, of Kansas City,
Mo., has been the instrument in the hands of
the good Lord in curing me of a malignant
sore on my face, which I believe to have been
epithelioma cancer. He is welcome to my
photograph and this testimonial, and also to all
the service which I can render him in his great the service which I can render him in his great and humane work in rescuing from the grave those who are afflicted with the awful disease of cancer. May God bless him in all his labors ANTHA DRAKE, R. F. D. No. 3, Gallatin, Mo.

E. B., Ashland, Ore.—Sample copy has been sent to you, and we think you will find the address there.

J. B. S., Rapid City, Mich.—We have no lists of Michigan business firms. Any hardware firm in Detroit could give you the information. Get an address from some of your own merchants.

L. A. B., W. Pt. Pleasant, N. J.—"Quits" was written by J. M. Tautphoeus, and you can get it from any bookseller who carries many books. If you have none in your town write to Brentano, New York. You should be able to get it in a very cheap edition—twenty-five cents, possibly.

Happy Bald-Headed Man.

H. Dayton, a chemist, living at 3004 S. Magnolia Ave.,
St. Louis. Mo., accidentally discovered a mixture that
made his hair grow. He tried it on his bald-headed
friends with the same result. He is so proud of it that
he has had the recipe printed by the thousand and
is sending it to all who write and enclose stamp.



in every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show-cards on trees, fences and along roads; also distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary \$83 per month and expenses \$4 per day. Steady employment; no experience necessary. Write for particulars. Address Wm. R. Warner Medicine Co., London, Canada.



WANTED: Lady to advertise our goods locally. Several weeks saunders Co., Dept. C, 46 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.



BRADY MITCHELL, Number One, Tenn.

Say of Our Mild Method of Curing Cancer: "You Have Performed One of the Most

No need of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's cheek or nose in a vain attempt to cure cancer. No use of applying burning plasters to the flesh and torturing those already weak from suffering. Soothing, balmy, aromatic oils give safe, speedy and certain cure. The most horrible forms of cancer of the face, breast, mouth and stomach; large tumors, ugly ulcers, fistula, catarrh; terrible skin diseases, etc., are all successfully treated by the application of various forms of soothing oils. Send for books mailed free, giving particulars and prices of oils. Address

DR. BYE, Bye Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

CAN BE CURED, My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCH-ING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY.

DR. J. CANNADAY, Sedalia, Mo.



Our Newest Hand Bag



If you would have one of the neatest and most satisfy-ing Hand Bags made we recommend that you send for Old Differ. For a club of only eight yearly sub-gribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these Hand Bags, Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





For An Embroidered Table Cover.

A new design in a new shape and style for a new purpose. Hand-embroidered articles have a worth and a richness not found in any article that is ready-made or ready to use. A large Embroidered Table Cloth, 36 x 36 (one yard square), of suitable size for all centertables, or for a centerpiece on the diningtable, is fresh from our designers. This is a convenient size and shape; the conventional design is clearly shown in our large illustration and needs no further comment. Surely, you will provide yourself with one if you have none. The demand for such new pieces of fancy work is so great there are few ladies who are not busy with several pieces.

Club Offer. Send us of only 3 yearly 15-cent sub-scriptions to this paper for one Stamped Linen Table Cloth, which will be sent postpaid, as a free premium. premium.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catairh, Oroup and Colds. The world never saw its equal

Mrs. Cora B. Miller Makes a Fortune

Started a Few Years Ago with No Capital, and Now Employs Nearly One Hundred Clerks and Stenographers.

Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brown-stone She now resides in her own palatial residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.



Mrs. Miller's New Residence Earned in Less Than One Year.

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and piles. She was besieged by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars' capital, and the remedy, possessing true and won-derful merit, producing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business

Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell any sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine \$10,000.00 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 4609, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous medicine; also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember, this offer will not last long, for thougards and thousages of the content of the property of the corrections of the content of the corrections of the correc

woman should have.

Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are alling, do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the \$10,000.00 worth is all gone.









"Virtue itself offends when couple with forbid-d ding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

Lonesome Girl, Jamestown, N. D.—If the "valuable present" is from one who is not privileged to give such to a lady, you should return it at once, with a pleasant note of explanation why you cannot accept it. (2) The plain gold ring is the wedding ring. An engagement ring is usually a diamond.

diamond.

Tootsie, Euka, Mo.—It is quite proper to receive letters from a gentleman friend, if no one, who has a right, offers any objection. Still, girls of sixteen should not be writing to men, or receiving letters from them. Better be in school learning how to write and spell and speak correctly, as so many girls of sixteen do not. (2) No kissing until after the engagement. (3) Boys and girls usually call each other by their first names. It is quite correct, though, if you want to add the Mr. to his name.

J. C., Buxton, Ia.—It is very simple to travel in

the engagement. (3) Boys and girls usually call each other by their first names. It is quite correct, though, if you want to add the Mr. to his name.

J. C., Buxton, Ia.—It is very simple to travel in a sleeping car and you can be just as much at home in one as by your own fireside, only you won't find it so convenient going to bed and getting up, especially if you have an upper berth. Get a lower if you possibly can for so long a trip. Ladies are always given the preference. Wear anything dark and comfortable. Traveling is not a dress affair. Take a suit case and a little hand bag with your toilet articles, though you may put them in your suit case if you wish. It is not quite so handy. The porter will show you your section—get your sleeper ticket several days in advance, so you can have choice—and there you sit down and take it easy, going to your meals when called—two a day are better than three—and to bed at night when your berth is made down. This will be rather a serious undertaking at first, but get in behind the curtains and get out of your clothes the best way you can. Some timid women sleep in most of their clothes, except the outside garments and their shoes. The porter will tell you where the wash room, or lavatory, is, and be sure to make your toilet as quickly as you can so the other women may have a chance. The porter will tell you anything else you want to know. Give him a quarter at the journey's end. Be careful about the acquaintances you make, having them among the women largely. Watch what other people, who have traveled, do, and you will not make any mistakes that count for much. Let the conductor take your conductors are usually very polite and considerate.

Topsy Tury, Georgetown, Ky.—You may ask anyone to exchange post cards with you. (2) There is no harm in writing friendly letters to a young man. But don't write love letters to him, unless you mean what you say. Even then, it is better said than written. (3) The brother may ask another girl. Young men are nearly always glad to help-eac

F. G. G., Bishop, Tenn.—It is quite proper for you to accept a cloak as a present from your cousin.

you to accept a cloak as a present from your cousin.

K. M. S., Columbus, S. C.—You can get a pair of rubber gloves from any good drug store in your town, or can find out where. They cost from half a dollar up, and are not worth the money, as a rule.

(2) The dark circles under your eyes, as they have been there since childhood, are due to natural causes, and they cannot well be removed. You might improve the condition by a gentle massage. Rub with the finger outward and downward for a few minutes, two or three times a day. It will require some time to show results. Do not rub hard enough to redden the skin.

Maxine, Jackson, Mich.—The table at a fashionable hotel is not greatly different from the table anywhere else where propriety prevails. Yes, the lady orders from the bill of fare only what she wants. Why should she order anything else? At a table d' hote she would have to take what was brought to her, but tables d' hote do not prevail at fashionable hotels.

Anxious Boy, Purves, Texas.—She may like you,

fashionable hotels.

Anxious Boy, Purves, Texas.—She may like you, but she doesn't love you. Girls in love don't act that way. She is not of the serious kind, and if you won her you would soon tire of her. If you really want to know what she thinks of you, tell her you love her and want her to be your wife. Then you'll find out, good and hard—but some folks won't learn any other way. (2) As to the one you have hardened your heart against, you should now harden your head against, and show your sense by letting bygones be bygones. Real gentlemen don't ever try to "get even" with a woman. They brace up and take their medicine. You ought to know that in Texas.

Anxious, Brass City, Conn.—It is not necessary

ought to know that in Texas.

Anxious, Brass City, Conn.—It is not necessary to "serve refreshments" when friends call in the evening, but it adds very materially to the pleasure of the occasion to have a small bite to eat, and a drop to drink. Even fruit is better than nothing, if you don't believe in beer and pretzels. (2) The lady may use her pleasure in shaking hands upon introduction. Some do and some do not. The formal kind do not. Others do not when the intromal kind do not. Others do not when the several duction is merely in passing, or there are several introductions around.

Oliver, Carmi, Ill .- If he has to leave the church during the service he should wait outside, or in the rear of the church, and not return to the pew.

the rear of the church, and not return to the pew.

B. R., Herrick, Va.—Nobody can tell you whether you can get along with the children or not. If you and their father love each other very devotedly and he helps you all he can, you may find them fairly easy to handle, especially if they have dispositions such as you say their father has. The stepmother's lot is not an easy one, and you may find it too hard. Again, you may find it as easy as it ever is. Try and see. If the children like you now, you can keep them liking you, if you will.

Rosa. Chester, Miss.—You may ask your sweet—

Rosa, Chester, Miss.—You may ask your sweet-heart-to-take you somewhere, but it is safer to wait for him to ask you, especially if it is to a pay place. You can easily hint to him when you want to go, and if he takes the hint, all right. But don't force him.

force him.

C. R., Pittston, Pa.—We do not guarantee to make the eyelashes grow, but the following is recommended as a good tonic: Sulphate of quinine, five grains; sweet almond oil, one ounce. Apply with a fine sable pencil, or very small brush, twice a day.

a day.

Violet, Latour, Mo.—The young man, who will get drunk while acting as escort to ladies, is unfit to associate with respectable people. (2) We believe it is allowed for a man, married or not, to put his arm around a girl cousin, but a little of it should go a long way. Better not get the habit. (3) Ask the man's wife what she thinks about the ring.

Blue Eyes, Carrolton, Mo.—Unless the couple be engaged there should be no kissing. Men will

always insist that it is perfectly proper, but the well-bred girl knows it is not and she will not permit it. The fact that so many unengaged persons kiss each other is no indication that it is correct. A great many, people get drunk, but that doesn't make it right.

Black Eyes, Lost River, Ind.—Obey your parents. Martha Sweetheart, Winamoc, Ind.—The man certainly could not be very much in love with you if he went away to the far West without so much as coming to say good by, when he could easily have done so. Our advice to you is to let him stay out West and forget him. He doesn't deserve the remembrance of a girl who has a heart.

Fairy, Forest, O.—Congratulate the graduating Medicos just as you would any other students, of course. Why not? Don't you think they should be congratulated? They won't kill as many as they cure. An invitation to attend the Commencement does not call for a present. Do as you please about that, and please don't do it, except in some special case.

special case.

to "Blue Eyes."

Sweetest, Ripley, Oklahoma.—Don't ask him to take you to a party, but ask him to call. Tell him you heard he was a coward. He will vow he is not. Then tell him you heard he was afraid to ask a girl to marry him, and any man is a coward who is like that. He will ask who the girl is, and then you let him guess. Be careful and don't give yourself away. Sunshine, Paris, Texas.—Blue eyes and black hair can wear any colors, if they are not too pronounced. (2) We have no idea why he wanted you to write in his notebook. Ask him. He knows.

Navajo, Tina City, Mo.—You have probably spoiled the silk by trying to remove the stains. Better send it to a professional cleaner. You'll only make it worse by working with it now. (2) June 13, 1888, Tuesday; June 28, 1886, Sunday.

Cure for Liquor and Tobacco.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add. with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Soc'y, 78 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

A specialist in nervous diseases says that women should sleep nine hours at night and one hour in the day time.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leuc rnurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leuc rrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can month. be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

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ABSOLUTELY FREE to introduce our goods. Justsend name and address and we will send it to you at once. Address T. B. ALDEN MFG. CO... PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Black Eyes, Lost River, Ind.-Obey your parents.

Subscriber, Humboldt, Tenn.—It is quite proper for you to take your escort's arm, even if he neglects to ask you to. Still, unless you are pretty good friends you would hardly take it in walking from the front door to the gate unless the distance were half a mile or so. (2) The lady leads the way into and in her own house.

Anxious, Whitewright, Texas.—See answer above to "Blue Eyes."

Oklahoma Girl, Douglass, Okla.—You are all right, little girl, only you should take your parents into your confidence. Your mother, better than we, can answer all the simple questions you ask us. Don't be afraid to tell your mother. When your soldier lover comes back from the wars everything will be bright and gay, and you will hear the wedding bells.

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NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE

Just send your name and address, and we will mail six jars of "Mother's Ealve" with large premium list and full instructions. If you cannot sell them, you may re-turn—no harm done. Compare our premiums with others. Batisfaction guaranteed.

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some and stylish Chiffonier, ent
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roden bighly polished 55 for

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A Liberal Offer of Beautiful Roses, including the most beautiful hardy climbing rose in existence, the "Crimson Rambler." All fine, handsome, well-rooted plants. Last year's offer was accepted by thousands and all were delighted. Your homes and flower beds made more beautiful at trifling expense. A very small sum secures a wealth of Beauty and Fragrance which will last for months. The Rose is the most popular flower and every family should grow them in profusion. This is the finest collection of Choice Ever-Blooming Roses ever offered as a dremium at a popular price.

In order to more thoroughly introduce The Housewife we will send it all the rest of this year, including Six Splendid Roses as described below for only Thirty-Five Cents.

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Hundreds of New Ideas, Useful Hints and Helps in every number and Beautifully Illustrated. The Housewife aims constantly to be Timely and Practical. The Roses given are as follows: New Climbing Rose, Crimson Rambler.—One of the striking characteristics of this Rose is its remarkable color which is of the brightest crimson, which remains undimmed to the end. It is exceedingly hardy. The Coppery-Yellow Rose, Franciska Kruger.—In its shading of deep coppery-yellow it stands unique and distinct from all others. The Charming Rose, The Bride.—This is undoubtedly the finest white Rose ever offered to the public. The Framous Rose, Helen Gould.—The strongest growing freest blooming and hardiest Hybrid Tea Rose now known. It is one of the largest and fullest of red Roses; long, plump buds, forming flowers of grand size and great beauty. The Prolific Rose, Star of Lyon.—This magnificent Tea Rose is a rich golden-yellow; a strong, healthy and vigorous grower; immense bloomer, bearing flowers and buds early and late. The Beautiful and Hardy Rose, Bridesmaid.—Popular pink Rose. It is a delightful shade of bright pink, very fine flowering and easily grown. These six varieties make a splendid and satisfactory collection. The Roses are carefully packed and sent by mail from which we may where. Full directions for care and culture sent with every collection. The Roses are carefully packed and sent by mail for money refunded. This is a splendid offer by a reliable concern, therefore you can safely order.

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ST. ELMO "As yet, sir, it is not assured. My next book will determine my status in literature; and I nave too much to accomplish—I have achieved too little, to pause and look back. I am not so indifferent as you seem to imagine. Praise gratifies, and censure pains me; but I value both as mere gauges of my work, indexing the amount of good I may or may not hope to effect. I wish to be popular—that is natural, and, surely, pardonable; but I desire it not as an end, but as a means to an end—usefulness to my fellow-creatures; 'And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall. It matters not, so as God's work is done.' I love my race, I honor my race; I believe that human nature, sublimated by Christianity, is capable of attaining nobler heights than pagan philosophers and infidel seers ever dreamed of. And because my heart yearns toward my fellow-creatures, I want to clasp one hand in the warm throbbing palm of sinful humanity, and with the other hold up the lamp that God gave me to carry through this world, and so struggle onward, heavenward, with this generation of men and women. She seemed talking rather to herself, or to the surging sea where her eyes rested, than to Sir Roger; and as he noticed the passionless pallor of her face, he sighed, and put his hands on hers. "Come, walk with me on the beach, and let me tell you why I came back to New York, instead of sailing from Canada, as I once intended." A half hour elapsed, and Mrs. Andrews, who was sitting alone on the piazza, saw the

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

The wind has veered since we came out. There! did you notice what a savage snort there was in that last gust?"

Felix pointed to the distant water line, where now and then a bluish flash of lightning showed the teeth of the storm raging

ning showed the teeth of the storm raging far away.

"Yes, you must go in, Felix. I ought not to have kept you out so long."
Reluctantly she turned from the beach, and they had proceeded but a few yards in the direction of the house when they met Mrs. Andrews and her guest.

"Felix, my son! Too late, too late for you! Come in with me. Miss Earl, as you are so fond of the beach, I hope you will show Sir Roger all its beauties. I commit him to your care."

She went toward the house with her boy, and as Sir Roger took Edna's hand and bent forward, looking eagerly into her face, she saw a pained and startled expression cross

"Miss Earl, did you receive a letter from me written immediately after the perusal of

me written immediately after the perusal of your book.

"Yes, SIr Roger, and your cordial congratulations and flattering opinion were, I assure you, exceedingly gratifying, esepcially as you were among the first who found anything in it to praise."

"You have no idea with what intense interest I have watched its reception at the hands of the press, and I think the shallow, flippant criticisms were almost as nauseous to me as they must have been to you. Your book has had a fierce struggle with these self-consecrated, red-handed, high-priests of the literary Yama; but its success is now established, and I bring you news of its advent in England, where it has been republished.

She had crossed her arms on the low stone success is now and hending

me tell you why I came back to New York, instead of sailing from Canada, as I once intended."

A half hour elapsed, and Mrs. Andrews, who was sitting alone on the piazza, saw the governess coming slowly up the walk. As she ascended the steps, the lady of the house exclaimed:

"Where is Sir Roger?"

"He has gone."

"Well, my dear! Pardon me for anticipating you, but as I happen to know all about the affair, accept my congratulations. You are the luckiest woman in America."

Mrs. Andrews put her arm around Edna's waist, but something in the countenance astonished and disappointed her.

"Mrs. Andrews, Sir Rogers sails tomorrow for England. He desired me to beg that you would excuse him for not coming in to bid you good by.

"Sails tomorrow! When does he return to America?"

"Probably never."

"Edna Earl, you are an idiot! You may have any amount of genius, but certainly not one grain of common sense! I have no patience with you! I had set my heart on seeing you his wife."

"But, unfortunately for me, I could not set my heart on him. I am very sorry. I wish we had never met, for indeed I like Sir Roger. But it is useless to discuss what is past and irremediable. Where are the children?"

"Asleep, I suppose. After all, show me 'a gifted woman, a genius,' and I will show you a fool."

Mrs. Andrews bit her lip, and walked off; and Edna went upstairs to Felix's room. lished.

She had crossed her arms on the low stone wall that enclosed the lawn, and bending forward, the moon shone full on her face, and her eyes and her thoughts went out to sea. Her companion stood watching her countenance, and some strange expression there recalled to his mind that vivid description:

"And then she raised her head, and upward

"And then she raised her head, and upward cast
Wild looks from homeless eyes, whose liquid light
Gleamed out between deep folds of blueblack hair,
As gleam twin lakes between the purple peaks
Of deep Parnassus, at the mournful moon."

After a short silence. Sir Roger said:

After a short silence, Sir Roger said:
"Miss Earl, I can find no triumph written
on your features, and I doubt whether you
realize how very proud your friends are of
your success."

OF INFORMATION

In India cakes of tea pass as money There are 35,685 doctors of medicine in Japan.

A fly buzzes its wings at the rate of 352 times a second.

The Chinese are just beginning to use wall paper in their houses.

Before the days of coin, the Greeks used copper nails as money.

Julius Cæsar was the first man to engrave his own picture on a coin. The Manila street cars carried 20,000 children free, on the Fourth of July.

It is estimated that Iowa will produce 400 million bushels of corn this year.

The Ozar of Russia is quite an athlete, a great walker, and rides the bicycle.

The Lake Superior district turns out about 250,-000,000 pounds of fine copper annually. Italian emigrants in the United States send back home eight million dollars a year.

The Transvaal (Africa), gold regions turned out two million dollars a week during August.

Corn, beans, codfish and tobacco were legal tender n our old Colonial days.

More than 600,000 children were enrolled in the public schools of New York City in September.

In 1905, 10,265 vessels with a total tonnage of 14,343,362 tons sailed to and from Shanghai, China. Of the 189 ocean steamers arriving at Hong Kong, China, in June '06 the past year, only seven were

Pike's Peak is 14,147 feet high, and the cog railway to the top cost a million dollars for nine miles of road.

A thousand inhabitants of Manila are having telephones put into their houses. Filipino maidens are the hello girls. Almost every civilized nation in the world has associations for teaching Esperanto, the language

An Ohio man has discovered that to let a dog sleep on the part of the human body affected by rheumatism will cure it.

In 1905 the potato crop in Maine averaged 175 bushels to the acre, as against an average all over the country of 87 bushels.

There are 391 concerns in the United States manufacturing yearly \$12,693,225 worth of trunks for the baggage smashers to destroy.

George Washington had 10,000 acres of land under cultivation at Mt. Vernon. He employed 250 hands and had 24 plows going all the year.

The first Pullman sleeper was called the Pioneer and cost \$18,000. This was in 1863. The ordinary sleeping car of that time cost about \$4,000.

At a recent test in Austria three trees were cut down, made into pulp, then into paper, and were part of a newspaper issue within 145 minutes. The average acre value of the United States corn crop for the past twenty-five years has been only \$9.22. It is not the land's fault, but the farmer's.

One Japan firm recently bought twelve million dollars' worth of copper in the United States. It will be sold to China to be used in her new coinage.

In July, 1905, we exported automobiles to the value of \$225.532; in July, 1906, exports had increased to \$485,672. The average value of a car was \$1,082.

The first royalty to visit the United States was William IV., son of George III., who came here in 1782 as a midshipman in a British line of battle-ship.

Six thousand boiler explosions within the past twenty-five years have killed 7,500 persons, injured 9,000, and destroyed a hundred million dollars worth of property.

It is said that if the state of Missouri were walled off from the world she has within her bounds all the necessities of life, and many of its luxuries for all her inhabitants.

For the past three years we have bought from Cuba \$181,131,900 worth of sugar, about three fourths of our total imports. During the same period our imports of Cuba tobacco were \$34,128,000 out of a total import of \$57,434,900.

Hugh Holmes, the oldest resident of Belleville N. J., celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday by shingling his house, unassisted. Charles Taylor, of Middlebury, Vt. aged one hundred, drove his pacing horse an exhibition half mile at the county fair CONTEST EDITOR, SELGI

MOTHER DIES

IN CHILD'S ARMS!

Mrs. Herbert Stanley and her nine-year-old daughter Ethel started to drive to town last Thursday morning from their home in Exeter. Mrs. Stanley had hurried to get started and seemed in her usual good health, but when less than a mile from home she suddenly cried. 'Oh, Ethel, I m so sick!' pressed both hands to her breast and sunk over against her child. The brave little girl supporting her as best she could drove to a nearby house and a physician was quickly called, but he was not needed, for he said that she was struck dead with Heart Disease even as she spoke her last with Heart Disease even as she spoke her last

words!

A particularly sad case. All the more so because it could have been prevented, for she was warned in time. For months it had made her breath short to hurry. She had pains around the heart and several spells of palpitation. Her husband had urged her to do something for it, but she kept saying, "Oh, it's nothing the matter with my heart. I guess it's my stomach. It will get well itself, anyway!"

Six people in every ten have Heart Disease.

Six people in every ten have Heart Disease. Many don't know it; they think it's something else and doctor the stomach, kidneys, female Six people in every ten have Heart Disease. Many don't know it; they think it's something else and doctor the stomach, kidneys, female organs, etc., and get no better; and many who do know think it can't be cured. Now Heart Disease is just as curable as any other disease: we have proved this fully by curing thousands of cases. Many of these were the most chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which all other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone, but our treatment cured them quickly and to stay cured! In very many cases the Nerves and Stomach are affected also, and in such it is useless to treat the heart alone, and one reason why our treatment cures is because it sets the stomach right, removes constipation, steadies and revitalizes the nerves and builds up the whole system, besides strengthening, controlling and curing the heart. We can cure YOUI no matter how bad off, and to prove it we will send you by mail, postpaid, without any conditions, without any restrictions, and without any cost, a regular full-size treatment of Dr. Fuller's Heart and Nerve Cure, and his illustrated book with which you will know your own case as well as any doctor. Both are free. Understand this is not a "sample" or "trial" but a regular full size treatment. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind; nothing but a fair, square chance for you to fully test this grand treatment for yourself, in your own home, without cost. If you have one of the symptoms, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching or Nightmare, Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the heart, Side or Shoulder-blade, your heart and nerves are surely wrong! Don't wait, but send now for the full free treatment and get well. Address The Heart Cure Co., 78 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

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Mrs. Andrews bit her lip, and walked off;
Mrs. Andrews bit her lip, and walked off;
and Edna went upstairs to Felix's room.
The boy was sitting by the open window,
watching gray clouds trailing across the
(continued on page 25.)

\$100.00 IN CASH PRIZES.

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OUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to He on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One cut of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

WONDER JEWELRY BARGAINS



ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

moon, checkering the face of the mighty deep, now with shadow, now with sheen. So absorbed was he in his communing with the mysterious spirit of the sea, that he did not notice the entrance of the governess until he felt her hand on his shoulder.

"Ah! have you come at last? Edna. I was wishing for you a little while ago, for as I sat looking over ae waves, a pretty thought came into my mind, and I want to tell you about it. Last week, if you remember, we were reading about Antony and Cleopatra; and just now, while I was watching a large star yonder making a shining track across the sea, a ragged, hungry-looking cloud crept up, and nibbled at the edge of the star, and swallowed it! And I called the cloud Cleopatra swalowing her pearl!"

Edna looked wonderingly into the boy's bright eyes, and drew his head to her shoulder.

"My dear Felix, are you sure you never heard that same thought read or quoted? It is beautiful, but this is not the first time I have heard it. Think, my dear little boy; try to remember where you saw it written."

"Indeed, Edna, I never saw it anywhere. I am sure I never heard it either; for it seemed quite new when it bounced into my mind just now. Who else ever thought of it?"

"Mr. Stanyan Bigg, an English poet, whose writings are comparatively unknown in this country. His works I have never seen, but I read a review of them in an English book, which contained many extracts; and that pretty metaphor which you used just now, was among them."

"Is that review in our library?"

"No, I am sure it is not; but you may have seen the lines quoted somewhere else."

"Bdna, I am very certain I never heard it before. Do you recollect how it is written in the Englishman's poem? If you can repeat it, I shall know instantly, because my memory is very good."

"The clouds, like grim black faces, come and go; One tall tree stretches up against the sky;

The clouds, like grim black faces, come and

One tall tree stretches up against the sky;
It lets the rain through, like a trembling hand
Pressing thin fingers on a watery eye.
The moon came, but shrank back, like a
young gir!
Who has burst in upon funereal sadness;
One star came—Cleopatra-like, the Night
Swallowed this one pearl in a fit of mad-

"Well, Felix, you are a truthful boy, and I can trust you!"
"I never heard the poetry before, and I tell you, Edna, the idea is just as much mine as it is Mr. Bigg's!"

"Edna. I look at my twisted feet some

"Edna, I look at my twisted feet sometimes, and I feel thankful that it is my body, not my mind, that is deformed. If I am ever able to tell the world anything, it will be how much I owe you; for I trace all holy thoughts and pretty ideas to you and your music and your writings."

They sat there awhile in silence, watching heavy masses of cloud darken sea and sky; and then Felix lifted his face from Edna's shoulder, and asked timidly:

"Did you send Sir Roger away?"

"He goes to Europe, tomorrow, I believe."

"Poor Sir Roger! I am sorry for him. I told mamma you never thought of him; that you loved nothing but books and flowers and music."

told mamma you never thought of him; that you loved nothing but books and flowers and music."

"How do you know that?"

"I have watched you, and when he was with you I never saw that great shining light in your eyes, or that strange moving of your lower lip, that always shows me when you are really glad; as you were that Sunday when the music was so grand; or that rainy morning when we saw the pictures of the "Two Marys at the Sepulchre.' I almost hated poor Sir Roger, because I was afraid he might take you to England, and then, what would have become of me? Oh! the world seems so different, so beautiful, so peaceful, as long as I have you with me. Everybody praises you, and is proud of you, but nobody loves you, as I do."

He took her hand, passed it over his cheek and forehead, and kissed it tenderly. "Felix, do you feel at all sleepy?"

"Not at all. Tell me something more about the animalcula that cause that phosphorescence yonder—making the top of each wave look like a fringe of fire."

"I do not feel well enough tonight to talk about animalcula. I am afraid I shall have one of those terrible attacks I had last winter. Felix, please don't go to bed for a while at least; and if you hear me call, come to me quickly. I must write a letter before I sleep. Sit here, will you, till I come back?"

For the first time in her life she shrank from the thought of suffering alone, and felt the need of a human presence.

"Edna, let me call mamma. I saw this afternoon that you were not well."

"No, it may pass off; and I want nobody about me but you."

Only a narrow passage divided her room from his; and leaving the door open, she sat down before her desk to answer Mr. Hammond's appeal.

Felix waited patiently for the voice of his governess. But no sound came from the opposite room; and at last, alarmed by the

mond's appeal.

Felix waited patiently for the voice of his governess. But no sound came from the opposite room; and at last, alarmed by the ominous silence, he took up his crutches and crossed the passage.

The muslin curtains, blown from their ribbon fastenings, streamed like signals of distress on the breath of the tempest, and the lamplight flickered and leaped to the top of its glass chimney.

On the desk lay two letters addressed respectively to Mr. Hammond and Mrs. Murray, and beside them were scattered half a dozen notes from unknown correspondents, asking for the autograph and photograph of the young author.

Edna knelt on the floor, hiding her face in the arms which were crossed on the lid of the desk.

The cripple came close to her and hesitated a moment, then touched her lightly:

"Edna, are you ill, or are you only praying?"

She lifted her head instantly, and the

"Edna, are you ill, or are you only praying?"
She lifted her head instantly, and the blanched, weary face reminded the boy of a picture of Gethsemane, which, having once seen, he could never recall without a shudder. "Forgive me, Felix! I forgot that you were waiting—forgot that I asked you to sit un."

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO PRONOUNCE HIM UNWORTHY OF TRUST?

Profoundly impressed by the conviction that she held her talent in trust, Edna worked steadily, looking neither to the right nor left, but keeping her eyes fixed upon that day when she should be called to render an account to Him who would demand his own with interest. Instead of becoming flushed with success, she grew daily more cautious, more timid, lest inadvertence or haste should betray her into errors. Consequently as the months rolled away, each magazine article seemed an improvement on the last, and lifted her higher in public favor. The blacksmith's grandchild had become a power in society.

seemed an improvement on the last, and lifted her higher in public favor. The blacksmith's grandchild had become a power in society.

Feeling that a recluse life would give her only partial glimpses of that humanity which she wished to study, she moved in the circle of cultivated friends who now eagerly stretched out their arms to receive her; and "keeping herself unspotted from the world," she earnestly scrutinized social leprosy, and calmly watched the tendency of American thought and feeling.

A casual glance at the surface of society seemed to justify Burke's conclusion, that "this earth is the bedlam of our system," but Edna looked deeper, and found much that encouraged her, much that warmed and bound her sympathies to her fellow-creatures. Instead of following the beaten track she struck out a new path, and tried the plan of denouncing the offence, not the offender; of attacking the sin while she pitted the sinner. Ruthlessly she assaulted the darling follies, the pet, yelvet-masked vices that society had adopted, and called the reading world to a Triendly parley; demanding that men and women should pause and reflect in their mad career. Because she was earnest and not bitter, because the white banner of Christian charity floated over the conference ground, because she showed so clearly that she loved the race whose recklessness grieved her, because her rebukes were free from scorn, and written rather in tears than gall, people turned their heads and stopped to listen.

Each day brought her noble fruitage, as letters came from all regions of the country, asking for advice and assistance in little trials of which the world knew nothing. Over the young of her own sex she held a singular sway; and orphan girls of all ranks and ages wrote of their respective sorrows and difficulties, and requested her kind counsel. To these her womanly heart turned yearningly; and she accepted their affectionate confidence as an indication of her proper circle of useful labor.

Believing that the intelligent, refined, modest

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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To introduce these Sachet Doilles we will present you with an assorted set of 6 for a club of two yearly subscribers to this magazine at 16 cents a year.

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WINIFRED'S SACRIFICE



Probably there is no living author whose stories are more sought after than Georgie Sheldon. Her books are read in all parts of the land, and the Publishers pay her the highest price for her books. There is no woman commands a greater following. The Story "Winifred's Sacrifice" is one of unusual strength; it is a large, paper bound book with bright cover, and we offer it for a clab of only two yearly subscribers to Comfort at only 16 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine,

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

were the real custodians of national purity, and the sole agents who could successfully arres. the tide of demoralization breaking over the land, she addressed herself to the wives, mothers, and daughters of America; calling upon them to smite their false gods, and purify the shrines at which they worshipped. Jealously she contended for every woman's right which God and nature had decreed the sex.

Edna was conscious of the influence she exerted, and ceaselessly she prayed that she might wield it aright.

She felt that she was a target at which observers aimed random shafts; and while devoting herself to study, she endeavored to give due attention to the rules of etiquette, and the harmonious laws of the toilette.

The friendship between Mr. Manning and herself strengthened, as each learned more fully the character of the other; and an affectionate, confiding frankness marked their intercourse. As her popularity increased she turned to him more frequently for advice, for success only rendered her cautious; and day by day she weighed more carefully all that fell from her pen, dreading lest some error should creep into her writings and lead others astray.

In her publisher—an honorable, kind-hearted, and generous gentleman—she found a valued friend; and as her book sold extensively, the hope of a competency was realized, and she was soon relieved from the necessity of teaching. She was a pet with the reading public; it became fashionable to lionize her; her pictures and autographs were eagerly sought after; and the little, barefooted Tennessee child had grown up to celebrity.

Sometimes, when a basket of flowers, or a handsome book; or a letter of thanks and cordial praise was received from an unknown reaser, the young author was so overwhelmed with grateful appreciation of these little tokens of kindness and affection, that she wept over them, or prayed tremulously that she might make herself more worthy of the good opinion entertained of her by strangers.

Mr. Manning, whose cold, searching eyews as ever upon h

strangers.

Mr. Manning, whose cold, searching eye was ever upon her, could detect no exultation in her manner. She was earnestly grateful for every kind word uttered by her friends and admirers, for every favorable sentence God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her

aims that would fructify abundantly when she was silent in the grave.

Mrs. Andrews often told her that she was the only person who had ever controlled or influenced the boy—that she could make him just what she pleased; and she devoted herself to him, resolved to spare no toil in her efforts to correct the evil tendencies of his strong, obstinate, stormy nature.

People wondered how the lovely woman, whom society flattered and feted, could voluntarily shut herself up in a schoolroom, and few understood the sympathy which bound her so firmly to the broad-browed, sallow little cripple.

One December day, several months after their return from the seaside, Edna and Felix sat in the library. The boy had just completed Prescott's "Philip II.," and the governess had promised to read to him Schiller's "Don Carlos" and Goethe's "Egmont," in order to impress upon his memory the great actors of the Netherland revolution. She took up the copy of "Don Carlos," and crossing his arms on the top of his crutches, as was his habit, the pupil fixed his eyes on her face.

The reading had continued probably a halthour, when Felix heard a whisper at the door, and, looking over his shoulder, saw a stranger standing on the threshold. He rose, the movement attracted the attention of the governess, and, as she looked up, a cry of joy rang through the room. She dropped the book and sprang forward with open arms.

"Oh, Mrs. Murray! dear friend!"

For some moments they stood locked in a warm embrace, and as Felix limped out of the room he heard his governess sobbing.

Mrs. Murray held the girl at arm's length, and as she looked at the wan, thin face, she exclaimed:

"My poor Edna! my dear little girl! why did not you tell me you were ill? You are a mere ghost of your former self. My child, why did you not come home long ago? I should have been here a month earlier, but was detained by Estelle's marriage."

Edna looked vacantly at her benefactress, and her lips whitened as she asked:

"Did you say Estelle—was married?"

(To BE CONTINUED.)

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penned about her writings; but she seemed only gravely glad, and was as little changed by praise as she had been by severe animadversion. The sweet, patient expression still rested on her face, and her beautiful eyes beamed with the steady light of resignation rather than the starry sparkle of extravagant joy.

heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the April number of COMFORT. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscriber, or your renewal to. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. The price will soon be advanced.

Back numbers of COMFORT cannot be furnished. Read our offer below. rather than the starry sparkle of extravagant joy.

Sometimes when the editor missed her at the literary reunions, where her presence always contributed largely to the enjoyment of the evening, and sought her in the school-room, he was often surprised to find her seated beside Felix, reading to him or listening to his conversation with a degree of interest which she did not always offer to the celebrities who visited her.

Her power over the cripple was boundless. His character was as clay in her hands, and she was faithfully striving to model a noble, hallowed life; for she believed that he was destined to achieve distinction, and fondly hands to stamp upon his mind principles and

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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they will though their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor Comfort, Augusta Maine.

J. R. B., Pleasant Shade, Tenn.—The trouble is not at all uncommon, and is due to nervousness, or a kind of self-consciousness. Indeed, it is rather a better sign than not, and as there is no particular necessity for your taking it into public places, you need not worry about it, and you may rest assured that it will not result fatally. It is not physical, and means nothing serious. If you have no disease worse than that you will live till you dry up and blow away.

Mrs. R. M., Goliad, Texas.—The blotches, way be

and blow away.

Mrs. R. M., Goliad, Texas.—The blotches may be from liver trouble, but, as you say, your general health is good, you might try a lotion made as follows: Corrosive sublimate, ten grains; distilled witch-hazel, two ounces; rose water, two ounces. Use twice a day by mopping the spots. A teaspoonful of phosphate of soda taken every morning, or every other morning, may be of some assistance.

P. M. S., Farmersville, Ala.—With such a com-plication of diseases as you have, there is no possi-ble way of benefiting you except by putting your-self in the hands of a physician and following his instructions. Treatment by newspaper is abso-lutely impossible and of no avail.

M. S., Osseo, Wis.—The prescription you mention will remove the hair. It is one of many depilatories, and is not more injurious than any other. Any druggist will put it up for you. Yes, superfluous means excess. This is too much.

fluous means excess. This is too much.

M. E. H., Mt. Orab, O.—Indigestion is probably the trouble. Diet him on simple food, and don't let him overeat, as most youngsters are likely to do. You will never cure him if you let him eat as he pleases. Better starve him for awhile than to permit him to destroy his digestive organs.

C. O., Lindsborg, Kans.—The physician knows more about it than you do, and he is right in what he tells you, and to get your mind on other things than yourself. There is nothing the matter with you, and you will be all right unless you think yourself into an unhealthy condition.

If Brown Eyes, Rockwood, Tenn., will send her

If Brown Eyes, Rockwood, Tenn., will send her address to the Family Doctor, a letter will be forwarded to her on the subject of which she recently inquired.

inquired.

Subscriber, Waubay, S. D.—Specks in the eye, or in the sight, are due to two causes, biliousness, or defective vision. You will have to have a physician determine what causes yours before any treatment may be offered. As treatment for biliousness is easy, you might try a dose of calomel and a careful dieting for several weeks to get your stomach and bowels and liver in proper condition. Then if the specks still continue, consult an oculist.

A. M. B., Louisa, Ky.—The radium cure for cancer turned out after trial to be about like the other so-called "cancer cures." It did some good in some instances where there was only slight development, but failed in the time of real need. If you think you have cancer, you should at once submit to examination by a physician who knows what cancer is, and is willing to tell you the truth.

Mrs. G. H., Shoals, Ind.—Malaria is largely due to

is, and is willing to tell you the truth.

Mrs. G. H., Shoals, Ind.—Malaria is largely due to climatic conditions, or conditions of the country in which one lives. If you have had it for so many years and medicine does not seem to benefit you, you will probably get relief by moving into a locality which is high and dry. A year or more may be required for it to work out of your system, but the right kind of climate will cure you, unless you have had it so long as to have undermined your constitution.

Cowboy. Marquette. Wyo.—What you think is

Constitution.

Cowboy, Marquette, Wyo.—What you think is toothache is not that at all, but neuralgia. Good firm teeth, as you say yours are, do not ache. It is the little nerves that lie all about the face and gums which are doing the hurting. Neuralgia is due in many instances to exposure to cold and rain, and as long as you are careless about getting wet, and about exposure to cold weather, you may expect to have your "toothache." You will have it just the same if you have every tooth taken out. A good neuralgia liniment is made of ether and chloroform, but you must be careful in applying it, for it will blister very quickly. Any kind of hot applications will relieve it.

H. G., Cedarville, Ga.-Consumption carries off H. G., Cedarville, Ga.—Consumption carries off more victims than any other disease in this country. Pneumonia and typhoid fever come next. Pneumonia and typhoid are liable to occur in one locality as in another, but there are sections of this country where consumption is almost unknown, except among persons who are there for relief or cure. These sections are in the dry and hot, or dry, and cold regions, East or West—dryness of the air being the great consideration, and a patient living constantly in the open air will in most instances overcome the disease.

Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

herein will ve prepared as our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COM-FORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (18) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORTS HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

K. S.—We are of the opinion that, except where deeds to property in Indian Territory have issued to Creek and Seminole allottees and in the country of the affiliated tribes and the cities and towns where the lots have been appraised, the title in realty is yet in the tribe. Allotments have been made under agreements with the tribes. With consent of the Interior Department a portion of the allotment of a Creek patentee can be sold.

Mrs. W. H. B.—We are of the opinion that, at the bottom of the will and immediately following the testator's signature, which should be under seal, should be annexed the attestation clause in the following form: "Signed sealed, published and declared this — day of — by the above named testator, as and for his last will and testament, whereupon, we at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto affixed our names as subscribing witnesses." Two witnesses are necessary, they must also write their addresses after their signature. In case there is any property in another state it would be better to have three witnesses as some states require three.

J. S. L.—We do not think marriage licenses are re-

Witnesses as some states require three.

J. S. L.—We do not think marriage licenses are required under the laws of Alaska, New Jersey (if residents, otherwise required), New Mexico, New York and South Carolina. (2) We think that marriage between whites and persons of negro descent are prohibited in Alabama, Arkanas, Arkanasa, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia and West Virginia.

R. A. MacD.—If the man you mention is a resident of the State you mention at the time of his death, and if he leaves no will, and if his estate consists of all real estate, we are of the opinion, that his brothers or sisters of the whole blood will inherit his estate to the exclusion of those of the half blood. The brothers and sisters of the half blood would only inherit in case he left no children, brothers or sisters of the whole blood or father or mother. In case he leaves children, his brothers and sisters of the whole blood would also be excluded.

Miss E. S.—We are of the opinion, that any local government has the legal right to pass an ordinance compelling a child to be vaccinated before it will be received into the schools. We do not think that many, if any, of the States have such a statutory requirement, but that they confer the necessary power upon the various local governments to enable them to pass and enforce an ordinance making such a requirement.

nance making such a requirement.

Mrs. B. W. or A. M. W.—The bankruptcy act is a Federal law and a proceeding for voluntary bankruptcy, such as yours would be, should be brought in the District Court of the United States for the district in which you reside. The act and the amendments thereto are very long and made to cover all contingencies; we in our limited space can only give you a few of the more important details most likely to apply in your case. The proceeding is commenced by the filing of a petition in triplicate and the payment to the sierk of a filing fee of thirty (\$30) dollars; it is then sent to a referee in bankruptcy who sends notices to all creditors and calls a creditors' meeting. He collects from the bankrupt an indemnity fee, which varies in amount, depending upon the number of creditors, etc.; and in case of any assets, he also appoints a trustee to receive the property or pass on the exemptions. If there are no objections filed by any of the creditors, the bankrupt files a petition for final discharge and the matter goes on the notice calendar in the United States District Court; if no specifications or objections are then filed the bankrupt receives his final discharge. The act provides that one year after the final discharge can be accorded by the file of the provides that one year after the final discharge in the file of the provides that one year after the final discharge is the bankrupt may apply in any State Court in which as the responsibility for her support, or any other steps taken by him with that view in end might lead the court to allow her support from him. You are out provides the support from him. You are out provides the support such that five ones, the term of the view in the alimony in case it that if you are alimony in case it that if you are divorced from you alimony; and in case it that if you are divorced from you alimony; and in case it that is pay you alimony; and in case it that if you are alimony in alimony in a manner divorced from you are anot divorced from you

judgment against him has been entered, or docketed, to have the judgment cancelled off record. A good enough reason for the delay of one year for taking this action is that the law requires it, and no State Court has power to take such action until that time has expired. For us to state why Congress passed the law in that form would only be conjecture. The drawing of the petition is very technical and should be drawn by a lawyer well up on the bankruptcy law, as oftentimes creditors' claims are not barred by the discharge owing to some defect in the drawing of the petition. The form and contents of each schedule of the petition are set forth in the Act at length, and the blank form can be purchased at a stationer's carrying a full line of law blanks. The Act provides, that in case the bankrupt is unable to pay the fees, he can go through the proceeding without doing so, but this method is rarely resorted to.

L. A. S.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the

L. A. S.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that C. has no personal claim against B., unless B. in some way was a party to the contract. We think that if C.'s claim is a good one, he could collect from A.'s estate if he left anything.

if he left anything.

Mrs. A. F. G.—If the woman you mention was to act as the selling agent for the people from whom she got the goods, and the goods were to remain their property until she sold them, upon her selling the goods and conversion; and in case they pressed the case, she could be imprisoned for her act. But if she purchased the goods from them herself and now refuses to pay for them, she could only be sued civilly for the purchase price; and upon their obtaining judgment they could issue execution and levy upon her property. Many people pursue her sactics, thinking the amount of their purchases too small for a merchant living at a distance to bother to enforce the collection of their claims, and this is too often the case; but invariably, sooner or later, they come to grief as a result of their dishonest practices.

to grief as a result of their dishonest practices.

Mrs. M. C. S.—You have only inclosed the last page of your inquiry to us so we do not know what you wish to know. We will, however, say to you in a general way, that if you are divorced from your husband you are not entitled to support from him. You are only entitled to alimony in case the decree of divorce, or some modification of it, orders him to pay you alimony; and in case it does, it must also provide for the amount and the times of payment. If you are not divorced from him or legally separated by some decree of a court of competent jurisdiction, he is bound to support you in a manner suitable to his means; and this you can compel him to do unless you have abandoned him or refuse to live in the home he provides for you.

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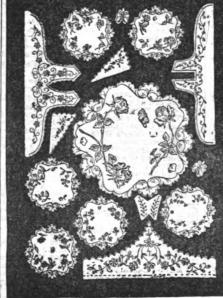
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 380 Her Double Life.
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 321 Neva's Three Lovers.
 450 Rosamond's Love.
 381 The Sunshine of Love.
 9 The Two Husbands.
 456 A Vixen's Treachery.

TABLE NAPKINS.



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean, fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing clse will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than the wife's effort to have his meals tempting. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich its the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

Club Offer. We will send you postpaid a set of 12 napkins for a club of 8 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address.

FREE SILVER SPOONS



for one year at 10 commerts to the addresses and to you Spoons. For a club of 5



ear a long time.
CHILD'S GOLD-LINED
LVER MUG. Quadruple

FOUNTAIN PEN. Until re-

A PAIR OF SHEARS. Made of steel, eight inches in

YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS

The above few articles are selected as representing our most popular premiums, also a club of five is a very popular quantity. Many send five subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only 5 yearly 15-cent subscribers to this monthly, we will send your choice of any one of these nine articles. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

AiR RIFLE. Pneumatic se-tion. A New King all Steel Combination Rifle for Birds or Game using shot that can be ob-tained

be a btained
anywhere at a trifling expense,
also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or parlor amusement. There is no smoke, odor or dust
from this gun, it is endorsed by
army officers as the best mechanical rifle ever produced
and the possession of one of our
accurate shooting air rifles
makes a boy manly and affords
him an excellent means of successfully competing with his
chums for marksman's honors
as well as teaching him the use
of a rifle.



THIRTY MINUTES is a short

THIRTY MINUTES is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the earned to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time simply because they cannot. This watch does not keep perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near porfect time as watches usually watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make.

with any watch no matter what make.

SIX TOWELS. Few words are necessary to acquaint our readers with the value and use of a supply of nice towels. They are an indispense of the necessary are not necessary and the necessary are necessary to acquain the necessary and the necessary to acquain the necessary to acquain to acquain the necessary and the necessary to acquain the n

You may have your choice of any one of the above excellent premium articles for a club of only ten yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each. Address COMFORTy Augusta, Maine.



Bells of Every Color. Bells in Profusion.

The nobbiest and daintiest decoration is the new Paperet Bell, made of yards and yards of pretty and soft paper folded ingeniously into a pretty paper Bell, and we have them in plain Red, Red, White and Blue, and Violet. The Red Bell is good at all times, the Red, White and Blue for Patriotic Holidays, and the Violet for Easter is especially attractive. We have but suggested the above, although one will think out and make use of these Bells in hundreds of pretty ways. For decorations there is nothing superior, as they are very graceful and extremely pretty suspended about a schoolroom, a church parlor, or vestry, in the home and especially pretty during the summer for outdoor trimming. It is a clever idea to have an assorted dozen in the house, then at any time you have something attractive with which to decorate a room, or rooms, upon short notice. Children derive much pleasure from these Bells and should have them for their amusement.

By importing these Bells in quantities direct we, of course, obtain them at very advantageous prices and are thus enabled to offer larger and better Bells than others who must rely on the home market, which is always sold out and no desirable goods on hand for immediate delivery. I o not make any mistake about the real beauty and decorative value of these Bells; they are extremely attractive, give every one splendid satisfaction, and are always admired wherever seen. Each Bell is eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, as shown in our illustrations, and being nearly sun-proof, may be kept hanging for months.

Our magazines are now widely read, but we wish to secure more new subscribers in your vicinity, and are making our agents the most gratifying club offer just at this season. Read about our plan to distribute these Bells free and let us have your first order at once, we know you will require more just as soon as you see the first lot we send you.

Subscribtion Offer.

Subscription Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we will send you four Bells as a premium, and you may have your choice of Red, Violet or Red, White and Blue.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



THE regular Teddy Bear is an expensive luxury to be had by favored children of wealthy parents only, not to be bought in every store, and very high priced. This toy bear we offer is an improvement and very acceptable substitute, just as durable and just as pleasing to the little ones. Our illustration shows JUST HOW LIVELY the little JUMPING BEAR is, suspended on an elastic cord, with Jingling Bells, and he is so very good-natured tame that he can be played with in all sorts of different ways, that will be discovered by any youthful owner. GENUINE

TEDDY BEARS are now so conspiciously famous that during the last Christmas season it was impossible to meet the demand for them even at such prices as \$3.00 and \$5.00 each for mand for them even at such prices as \$3.00 and \$5.00 each for the larger ones. We know you will appreciate fully this unequaled opportunity, to procure one or more of a smaller size, free. This Bear is eight inches high, has Jointed Arms. Legs and Head, connected with Strong Wire and Nickled Rivet Heads, embroidered Claws, Mouth and Nose, a very shapely body and two Coal Black Eyes with a clean Polar White Body stuffed into proper shape and to give the greatest amount of wear for the longest time, so he is practically indestructible. There is no toy or other device so popular or pleasing, grown persons enjoy them equally as much as a juvenile, and the popular fad is widespread; they are being sold ahead for Christmas, 1907, for fear of another scarcity at that time. The funny ups and downs of this Little Bear are very amusing at any time of day, or any day in the week, month or year. We urgently recommend an early order so as to secure one or more before the market is again sold out. When the child gets tired of using "Teddy" as a jumping bear, it can be set up, or played with as a doll, or any ordinary toy. Children delight in taking these Bears to bed with them and use them in many happy ways.

Club Offer. For a club of only 8 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c each we will send you a Dancing Polar Bear free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Getting COMFORT Subscriptions

March the Month for Club Working

AGENTS REAP THEIR GREATEST RESULTS THIS MONTH

March, with its winds and fury, create business and activity all about, and our best agents always report the largest business of the year at this period. COMFORT'S Club Premium Offers this month are brightened up and polished off with many new plans and presents of new selection, making the work more attractive than ever.

COMFORT retains its place as the pre-eminent popular-priced periodical, and hundreds of new agents have this season been enrolled as active workers. Many new subscribers have come into the fold, but it is in your vicinity and to you that we now address ourselves, and urgently plead that you make the small effort required to secure but one small club of yearly subscribers at the 15-cent rate, while the opportunity is

yours, and the season and the club premiums offered are all so propitious.

It is a proven fact, that a person will readily subscribe to COMFORT in preference to hundreds of other similar periodicals, which are no more like COMFORT within their covers than black is like white. COM-FORT is larger and has more and better contents than its followers, the reading matter is interesting and entertaining, and there is so much of it that one has but to examine a copy to appreciate its value, and then the subscription price of FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR is what clinches the bargain.

Twelve regular issues of this big and bright magazine sent to any address for but 15 cents, and to repay you for whatever time or interest you will give to showing it up, we reward you liberally.

There are many people who have already been subscribers to COMFORT for the past year, but they

forgot, however, to sit down and write us a letter and inclose the money to renew their subscription for an other year, and while they really want the paper they do not have the opportunity to re-subscribe direct. This is where your opportunity comes in. They will all thank you to act as their agent, as well as ours, and send in their subscription along with others. You will get well paid for your trouble in the premium you earn, and they won't have any more trouble in the matter at all and will also bless you for helping them out in having COMFORT for another year at the low price of 15 cents.

In this issue of COMFORT we have taken space to print a few new and some old reliable Club Offers These articles we illustrate and describe, so that you may get a better idea of the goods and a description of their quality or attractiveness.

Each and every premium article we advertise is of extra good quality, and to every agent who works for COMFORT we promise a "SQUARE DEAL."

Although we now have a large subscription list we want you to derive some return for your sp.

ments now wasted. Instead of whiling away many precious moments, devote them to a little subscription work right around your own home and among those you are acquainted with. Results will surprise you, and the many pretty attractive and useful articles so easily procured for the new subscribers you can secure, will be a source of gratification to you, and in order that you may know of the complete variety of premium articles we give away, we ask the privilege of mailing to you a free copy of our catalogue, a copy of which will be sent upon receipt of a postal request.

Do not take our word for the whole matter, try the work just once, for a few moments each day for a week and learn for yourself the pleasure of self help and personal endeavor, which we will crown with the present you select, and you will not fail to find in our catalogue more than one article that you have often wanted, and never possessed.

Let nothing prevent you from giving this a trial. If you secure but three or even five snbscribers we have a present for you just the same, and the effort will be appreciated by us just as much as if you sent a club of one or two hundred. "It's the few that make the many." Give us a lift, and we will give you a

boost in return. Below we print a convenient subscription blank coupon, for those who desire to now subscribe, and particularly those who last month did not have time to send us their renewal order with 15 cents.

Should you use this coupon for a renewal kindly indicate it by writing Ren. on the same. It will

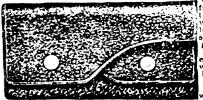
You may copy this if you prefer not to cut the paper.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT for one full year. Name County State Mar. '07.

THE HANDY POCKE

WE offer our lady readers a pocketbook of the approved style and pattern, made of his seal, in a pattern that is novel because it has fear partments, one of who be always closed for it carrying of paper my valuables, while the section may be opened stelly and handlify for the carrying of paper my valuables, while the section may be opened at the carrying of paper my bung. As shown





about, the lining is soft and silky sateen witeffect and is generally accepted as the proper lipockethook. In offering this handy pockethook think the selection which we made will have proval and the Pockethook give you most comisfaction and service. Having every up-to-dut it is sure to please you from the standpoint of SCLUB OFFER. For a club of only 7 yearly stand you one free.

send you one free.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

MON-



THE MAGIG FORTUNE
TELLER, is a
Marvelous invention. Its
answers to
your questions



A GREAT BIG BOX FULL of in a Great Many Sizes and Shapes. In this assortment you will find sufficient quantity of like beads to make several useful and stylish arti-

ment you filks beads to make several useful and stylish arti-cles for personal use. Many persons have well and stylish arti-cles for persons have with beads that they can the several peed such skill and tast with beads that they can the several stylish and tast with beads that they can the several sev





INDESTRUCTIBLE







make them very attractive for young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the mose can't be broken off nor ean baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and merhanics have been at work for year trying to perfect low-price, jointed. Indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, hend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed of underssed. The cut, just perfect of long weary trials. They are besutfully fine.

Please read carefully our descriptive matter above, also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, COMFORT, at 15 cents each, for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will be forwarded same day at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

339 Milbank.

وريسينان



FOR A CLUB OF SEVEN. RINGS. GOLD FINGER



The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold Rings you may be proud of and they will wear forever and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing \$25.00 or more. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and are sent in A Bronze Ring Box, plush lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

room and keeps the ring of the ring to give not in use.

These Rings are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.

The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring Free for a company of the ring of the ring

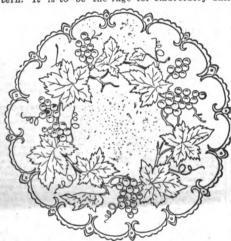


24-INCH CENTERPIECES.

Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work find our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand our simple needlework instructions furnished free. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semilinen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidery shirt pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern.



Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection.

Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and per
detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done



waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design.
We recommend this one to your consideration.

This design will make one of the swellest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wheat Pattern.

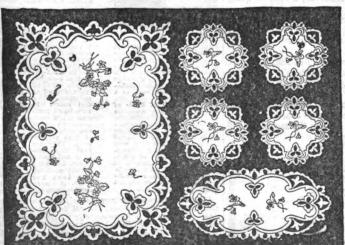


mits one to display their judgment in copying pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. from nature. This pattern has a very deep border. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

CLUB OFFER. For only 2 yearly subscriptions to this paper, at 15 cents each, we yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each, we will send either one of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For 3 yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each, we will send any 3 of above Centerpieces FREE, and the set of 4 for only 5 yearly subscribers.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

DINING ROOM TABLE

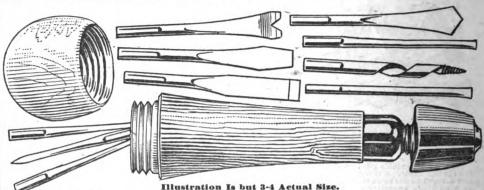


This set, consisting of Table Cloth, one Oval Doily and four Round Doilies, is the most practical outfit we have gotten out. The six designs are stamped on one large piece, containing 900 square inches of American Linen, of extra heavy grade, full of wear and durability. The oblong tray cloth is 17½ inches by 25 inches, the oval traycloth is 8½ inches by 17 inches, and the doilies are each 8 x 8 inches. Good, generous sizes, each stamped with a violet design and fancy border for needlework. This set of six pieces properly finished will be a pride and pleasure to any woman, they are so useful and stylish.

Club Offer. We will send you one of these complete stamped linen sets as a free premium for a club of only 3 yearly 15-cent subscribers to this paper.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Our Boys "Square Deal" Jack Knife HOUSEHOLD HANDY TOOL OUTFIT.



This handy Tool Set consists of ten useful handy tools for a hundred and one purposes. As illustrated the outfit consists of a Chisel, Screw Driver, Tack Puller, Reamer, Punch, Gimlet, Awls in several sizes, making a complete outfit for the Carpenter, Housewife, or the Office and Shop where smaller tools are frequently required for odd Jobs. This is a most substantial article, the Maple handle is strong, fully finished and polished, with hollow center for the various hand-made steel tools, has a solid steel screw clamp with two steel jaws working on threads cut deep and strong. With this tool any sort of repair work can be done with best results as the tools are strong and serviceable, furnishing you with just the proper article to do each sort of work and do it neatly and with dispatch. Just examine our flustration carefully and note how well made is the whole outfit, the wide variety of the assortment, and this illustration is but & actual size of the Set.

Club Offer. Complete Set to you, postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handsome Cloth Bound Books

THELMA

CORELLI

Cervantes Don Quixote

Barrie Little Minister

Lorrie

Wood

Warren

Haggard

Garvice

Meredith

Henry W. Longfellow Courtship of Miles Stadish

Edna Lyall

Eliot

Cooper

Donovan Won by Waiting Roche
Children of the Abbey
Dumas
Count of Monte Cristo

Daniel Deronda

New Premium Series.

From the Season's best sellers, the list of books below has been selected, and we have been very careful to choose only those which are everywhere popular and by their popularity have become so well or favorably known, everyone is now reading this list of titles with an interestedness that comes from a desire to possess, and we have conveniently placed these various books in your way so that every one may order one or more at once from the following list:

Charlotte M. Braeme Between Two Loves
Broken Wedding Ring
Duke's Secret
Her Mother's Sin
Hilda, or the False Vow
Mad Love, A
Struggle for a Ring, A
Wedded and Parted Hall Caine

Deemster Son of Hagar J. K. Jerome Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow Three Men in a Boat Halvey Abbe Constantin

> Lucretia Verne Lubbock Pleasures of Life Sienkiewicz Quo Vadis Doyle Sign of the Four Wetherell Queechy

Mary J. Holmes
Darkness and Daylight
Dora Deane
English Orphans
Edith Lyle's Secret
Ethelyn's Mistake Marie Corelli e of Two World Carroll Alice in Wonderland

Anna Sewell Black Beauty Carey Fothergiil First Violin Hope Frivolous Cupid Swift Gulliver's Travels

Lucile

A HANDSOME TABLECLOTH

A Twenty-inch Round Centerpiece, Tinted in Proper Colorings on Handsome and Durable Art Cloth.



13 Skeins Silk. 35-Page Book Embroidery Flowers and Book of Fancy Stitch Lessons Free.

This large and very beautiful Centerpiece Tablecloth is a conventional design stamped on extra heavy mode shade Art Cloth with fast-color ink, in proper shades and tints, the outline and small dots and circles to be embroidered with the several skeins of pure Art Silk sent with each outfit, which also consists of a Book of Illustrated Lessons in Embroidery Stitches, as well as a 35-page Blue Book on Embroidering Flowers, which is invaluable. To complete this useful Centerpiece, it requires but very little time to embroider the patterns and finish ready to use. One will be delighted with the result, and there can be nothing more attractive than such a Centerpiece Tablecloth as this for any room in the house, and as this Art cloth does not soil as readily as white it will be found more durable and wearable than something more elaborate. Also this cloth may be washed with perfect results, so that the life of the Cover can not be estimated, as it can be used and used for a great time.

CLUB OFFER For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send this consisting of the 20-inch Stamped and Tinted Tablecloth, Thirteen Skeins of Silk Floss with Two Instruction Books, all complete ready to work, and prepay the postage.

OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT.

Make Money Printing Cards.



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Gutflit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickeled pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and keptin perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give awaya great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLUB OFFER, For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

Address COMFORT, Augusta**, Maine**.

BEST **BOOKS Cloth Bound** HROWN BRAEME CHARLOTTE

G. A. Henty.

Among Malay Pirates.

34. Among Malay Pirates.
5. Bonnie Prince Charlie.
96. By Pike and Dyke.
37. By Right of Conquest.
38. By Sheer Pluck.
39. Dragon and the Raven.
40. For Marma and Pame.
41. For the Temple.
43. In Times of Peril.
44. Jack Archer.
45. Orange and Green.
46. Sturdy and Strong.
47. True to the Old Flag.
49. With Clive in India.
50. With Lee in Virginia.
51. With Wolfe in Canada.
52. The Young Bugless.
53. The Young Budshare.

Robert Louis Stevenson

54. Treasure Island.

uthor of favorite juvenile

Family Pride,
Romestead on the Hillside
The Leighton Homestead.
Lena Rivers.
Meadow Brook.
Maggie Miller.
Marian Grey.
Mildred; or the Child of
Adontio

Mildred; or the Child of Adoption. Millbank; or Roger Irving's Ward.

Miss McDonald.
The Rector of St. Mark's.
Rosamond.
Rose Mather.

Charles M. Sheldon.

Ralph Conn or T. S. Arthur.

32. Ten Nights in a Bar Room,

Elizabeth Wetherell.

30. In His Steps.

Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. South-worth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7½ inches long, 5 wide and vary in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, as shown in the illustration, and the titles are all done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book at once attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

USE NUMBERS NOT NAMES. When ordering kindly use numbers to aid in promptly handling orders at this end. The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a

ing kindly use num orders at this end.

Marie Corelli.

ce of Two World's.

Augusta J. Evans. 6. Beulah 7. Inez.

Daniel Defoe. 55. Robinson Crusoe Harriet Beecher Stowe 56. Uncle Tom's Cabin

Charles Garvice. 57. Elaine
58. Farmer Holt's Daughter.
59. Her Heart's Desire.
60. A Wilful Maid.
61. Woven on Fate's Loom.

Emma D. E. N. South-worth.

62. Wife's Victory.
63. Hidden Hand, Part I.
64. Capitola, Part 2 of No. 63.
65. Allworth Abbey.
66. Phantom Wedding.
67. Cruel as the Grave,
68. Tried for Her Life.
8equel to No. 67.

69. Ishmael. 70. Self Raised, Sequel to No. 69. 71. Changed Brides.

Aikenside.
Bad Hugh.
Cousin Mande.
Darkness and Daylight.
Dora Deane.
Enghlish Orphans.
Edith Lyle's Secret.
Ethelyn's Mistake. Ethelyn's Mistake.

72. Bride's Fate, Sequel to No. 71.

73. Deserted Wife. Mrs. May Agnes Fleming. Magdalen's Vow.
The Queen of the Isle.
The Midnight Queen.
The Dark Secret.
Gypsy Queen's Vow.
The Heiress Castle Cliff.
The Rival Brothers.

Mary J. Holmes.

Charlotte M. Braeme Charlotte M. Brae

81. Dora Thorne.

82. Thrown on the World.

83. Repen'ed at Leisure.

84. Her Only Sin.

85. Golden Heart.

86. Her Martyrdom.

87. For Another's Sin,

88. Weaker Than a Womas

89. Wife in Name Only.

90. Woman's Temptation.

91. Belle of Lynn.

Charlos Woorne

Charles Wagner. 92. Simple Life

Subscription Offer. For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c, each, we send you any book of 8 at 15c, each, we send any four books you may select. REMEMBER. We send our magazine to the subscribers you get, and to you we send the books you may select, by mail or express at our expense, and fully guarantee them to be in every respectas represented. Just think what an opportunity for Book Clubs.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

German Silver Knife.

For Ladies' Workbasket or Gentlemen's Vest Pocket.

The illustration is exact size of knife which is perfectly plain, polished SCHMMA SILVER, without rivets or bolsters in sight. Has two go o desized blades for genand neat to carry in the pocket, but for gen-eral use, and is more especi-ally is this knife suited for a Ladies' Workbasthin Ladies' Workbasket, as a ripping blade is always useful in dressmaking, in fact a good knife is useful a good many times about the house. As a desk knife or paper cutter these blades, with a keen edge are just the thing. Children enjoy a knife and and have many uses for them in their school work and play, and as these are good substantial knives, free of actual cost, they are not extravagant for them

we have a great quantity secured at a tremendous advantage, the benefit of which we give our customers. You won't find another opportunity to secure such an attractive, all metal knife with polished plain silver handle, two good quality steel blades for a small club.

Club Offer. Send us only two yearly subscribers to knife:

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Designs on Linen



This outilt consists of 324 square inches of embroidery designs. A set of two collars, one Centerpiece, one Bookmark, one Pen-wiper, one Match-safe, one Doiley, two dress ornaments, plainly stamped ready to embroider. An outfit of smaller designs, this suggests itself for those who are learning or do not have much time for fancy work.

Special Offer. As a special inducement we will give you one of these Outfits if you will send but one yearly subscriber at 15c. with 5c. additional, in all 20c. We send postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

IMPORTANT!

The few items here offered as free premiums are but random selections from our big catalogue of gifts. As you are interested in first-class premium articles, we invite you to send post card request for copy of our catalogue, which will be mailed you free of cost. In it you will find many attractive offers, and we feel sure you will send several good clubs to COM-FORT during the winter.

Address your request for catalogue to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a COM-PLETE HOLY BIBLE. in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm; a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over S50 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, thall padded, round corners, shished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, there and a half inches long there are an a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough lible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient pew Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. Bypco-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail; and what will please you most in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded covers are the same as in FULL MOROCOO BIBLES costing \$10.00 each.

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OUR OFFER: We will send you one of these Holy Bibles as a free premium gift for only 5 when the proposition below.

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A White Bedspread For a Club



Will grace and adorn your bedroom and put on an air of refinement that will reflect credibly on your taste and capabilities as a good housekeeper.

We have tried to convey to your eye through the illustration, the appearance of the spread or counterpane when carefully arranged on the bed. We well know our lady readers are familiar with such an article and will be quick to appreciate it; it finishes the appearance of the bed and dresses up the whole room.

The pattern we have selected is one that cannot fail to please, as it is very neat and pleasing. The material is fine quality and workmanship the best. A half dozen nice spreads are none too many and

A half dozen nice spreads are none too many and you should add one more now to the number you already have on hand. For a slight effort in our behalf we will give you one large spread suitable for a full size, full width and full length bed. The handsome figured design with deep bordered edge makes an effect pleasing and delightful.

Club Offer. We will send you by mail or these large spreads as a reward for a club of only 14 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, or 8 two-year 25-cent subscriptions. Address

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Sideboard and Bureau Scarf



Also two nine-inch doilies to match. This scarf design is stamped on fine quality material, 60 inches in length, 18 inches wide, over ONE THOUSAND SQUARE INCHES; the largest pattern outfit we ever offered. In addition are two large doily designs making a complete bureau or sideboard set that will please our lady readers. The edge of the scraf is to be worked in buttonhole stitch, the design in the center to be embroidered in long and short outline, stitch or solid. The two doilies may be worked the same; this makes a complete set that will be very useful and gain the envy and admiration of your friends. We send a circular describing many other patterns; all are free to you.

Special Offer: For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we send this stamped pattern free.

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A Genuine Revelation of the Animal Kingdom. A Complete Encyclopædia of Zoology. Thrilling Adventures. A Panorama of Pictures. A Monster Menagerie. Great Renewal and Premium Club Offer.

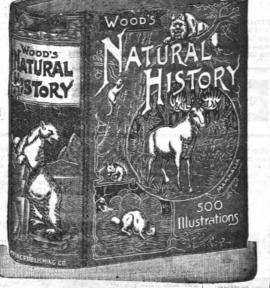
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And Wonderful Work, WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY—the Standard Work for All Homes.

It is impossible to give in this announcement more than a slight idea of the magnitude of this great History, with its myriad pictures and accurate descriptions. It virtually goes into the haunts of all animals and shows them as they live.

Wood's Natural History is the recognized authority all over the world for accurate information regarding the habits, haunts, peculiarities and diseases of the Animal Kingdom. The work is a veritable treasure-house of valuable information, interestingly told, and replete with hundreds of accurate and artistic illustrations. This mammoth Cyclopædia of the Animal World consists of over eight hundred pages and is substantially bound in stiff paper covers. Size of open book, 8x11 inches, and nearly 2 inches thick. It is in clear print on good paper, with five hundred illustrations by special artists. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the hundreds of pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people, who traverse mountain and morass, lungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom undergo, will furnish true, heartfelt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old. As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, also, with treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the gnat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the cuscus, no boy, no-hunter, no student—in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of all offers. So thrilling and exciting are many of these adventures as to equal the wildest tales of the tropics, or the most blood-curding ghost story; and yet they are all true, being the transcripts of personal experiences of noted travelers. Not only are they of sufficient importance to amuse and instruct the young, but they will absorb the attention and pass away many a dull hour for the old and world



You Don't Pay A Cent

Until you know, until you see, until you feel, until you are sure. We cannot get a penny from you until you know that we have done the work, until you are willing to send it to us, until we have earned it of you as pay for what Vitæ-Ore has done for you. We take all the risk-we stand to lose all. You take no risk-you cannot lose anything. We match our remedy against your allment. You must experience actual, positive, visible good before you pay for it. You must know it has helped you; you must feel better, stronger, healthler, from using it.

You Are To Be the Judge

You don't pay for promises, you pay for only what has been done. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it—No, not a penny! You are to be the judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your *komach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning to your body.

If You Cannot See It

If you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—that ends the matter and you pay nothing. How can we humbug you when you alone have the entire "say so"? How can you hesitate to accept our offer immediately if you are alling and need help? What excuse have you? Read the offer and do not delay another day before writing for a package on trial. Start your cure immediately.

Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the aext 30 days to try it? Can you not spare 100 minutes during the aext 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

WHAT VITAE-ORE

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnestum, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

In all parts of the United

States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vitae-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions.

MOTHER FATHER, AND SON

All Permanently Cured of Serious Ailments

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Vitæ-Ore has done so much for myself and family.

My husband has been afflicted with Catarrh for years and in 1900 it settled in his Stomach and nothing would help him. His Stomach would hardly stand anything, it caused coughing spells, at which and his death was expected at almost any hour. It was then my sister visited me. She had used V.-O, with good results and had some with her, which she gave him to try. My husband got better almost from the first dose, and was ont of danger in a short time. We sent for more Vitæ-Ore and he kept on taking it until he got completely well, and he has remained so ever since, although now sixty-seven years of age.

About that time my son took very sick and the doctors pronounced it Quick Consumption and said he could not get well. We gave him Vitæ-Ore and he grew well and hearty. He was then twenty-six years of age and is now past thirty-two, is married and has two beautiful and healthy children.

I, personally, suffered for many years with Pemale Trouble until doctors told me that I had to have an operation as the only thing that could give me relief, and I consented.

This was over ten years ago and it left me very weak and but very little benefited. It was the Vitæ-Ore which has given me strength and new blood so that I have since been able to attend to my housework. I will be sixty-six years old in May, but don't feel that old; I go about my work and duties now much better than I did twenty years ago. All of this we ove to Vitæ-Ore.

Mrs. Emma Sachs, 922 So. Illinois St.

Comfort Readers!

Get out your pen and ink and write us:

"I am sick. I need Vitæ-Ore or something that will cure me. I have seen your trial offer. Send me a dollar package. I will use it and pay the dollar if I find it has helped me. I will not pay one penny if it does not help

That is all it takes. Just a letter asking for it. We and Vitæ-Ore do the rest. Don't delay! Do it now!

Help Nature with the Right Remedy

An aid to nature (and at all times, so matter what means are used, we are only assisting nature), Vitæ-Ore is indeed an ideal creation. It contains elements which, when the body is in ill health, are needed by nature for her work of recuperation, and in supplying such materials, it supplies health to the body, health in blood, brain and nerve tissue; health in those organs upon which health in the entire body is dependent. When there is an abnormal symptom, no matter in whatforgan, Vitæ-Ore assists nature to remove the abnormality and thus establish! the cure. It is not a cure-all, though its efficacy covers a wide range of silments and disorders, but is a vitalizing, tonic, healing, corrective and strengthening force that arouses nature to correct action in vital functions. It cures many disorders and has the same beneficial action in diseases which seem diametrically opposite, all in the same natural way, all by assisting nature to properly perform the functions which always are properly performed in good health, and thus establishes good health. None deny that many ills and diseases, classified by physicians under various names, may be traced to one disturbing influence, one underlying lesion, and it is by the removal of these controlling causes that Vitæ-Ore cures so many seemingly diversified conditions. It cures the cause more than the disease, the origin more than the symptom, a manner of cure that needs no comment. It assists in re-establishing order, the lack of which is responsible for ill-health in any portion of the body, and when this is encompassed, disease vanishes. It is a rational method, the getting down to the very root of the troubles, which should and does appeal to all rational people.

If You Don't Feel Right

A MEXICAN WAR HERO TESTIFIES TO ITS POWERS

Read this Affidavit from One of the Few Survivors of this Conflict. Vitæ-Ore Prolonged His Life.

I, W. F. Clendening, of the County of Sumner, and State of Tennessee, do hereby testify under oath that I have been suffering from Kidney Trouble for more than three years. I had to get up eight and nine times night to urinate. I also had a ringing in my ears had a ringing in my ears and that has left me. I could not sleep and now I sleep like a babe. I am 81 years old and the Vitæ-Ore has done me more good than any other medicine and I owe all my present health to it. I went through the Mexican war in 1847 and 1848. I think Vitæ-Ore will prolong any man's life.

W & Clendenny

STATE OF TENNESSEE | SS.

I, John M. Guthrie, acting Justice of the Peace for Sumner County, State of Tennessee, do hereby certify that W. F. Clendening appeared before me in person and made oath as to the truth and correctness of the above statement and signed and sealed same in my presence. Given under my hand and seal this 6th day of November, 1906.

Feels Like a New Being

Rev. J. H. Maice, the Blind Evangelist, Tells of His Complete Cure from Compil-cation of Troubles.

Rev. J. H. Maice, Author and Preacher, familiarly known all over central Pennsylvania as "The Blind Evangelist," a term by which he is held in sweet reverence by the thousands who have come under the magic of his eloquent voice and the charm of his gentle personality, knows the powers of Vitæ-Ore, having been restored by it to health and a life of usefulness and activity.

On the lath of July, America's natal day, in the year 1893, he saw his wife and children, the fields and the sky, for the last time in the clear shapes in which God had made them, and gradually the light was blotted out until a total darkness hung over his life. That was not all, as a Rheumatic sickness came to add to his trial, and for many days he suffered all the tortures which the human frame is capable of enduring. At last Vitæ-Ore came to his aid, and drove out the humors which had so long distressed him. Read what he says:

CARLISLE, PENN.—For many long years I had been suffering from Sciatica and Muscular Rheumatism; at times I thought that it must kill me. No one can imagine what I endured from this dread disease. I had spent a great deal of money for doctors and all sorts of remedles, but found nothing to cure me. I was also troubled with Piles, a palpitating and weak Heart, my Kidneys were disordered, my Liver in bad shape, and altogether I had a goodly share of the trials which fall to the lot of man.

On the 24th day of November, 1903, I began to use Vitæ-Ore. The results were astonishing. I had not finished the third package before my Piles had entirely disappeared and my Rheumatism, which had so long remained unvanquished, was much improved. I continued using it until I had taken in all eight package. I can safely say that I am entirely cured of all my discases, aches and pains, and feel like a new being.

I also know many others who have been cured of many different diseases through the use of Vitæ-Ore. A prominent minister at this place was suffering from Vertigo and Stomach Trouble and began using it upon my recommendation.

All Pronounced Her Incurable.

THOMPSONVILLE, MICH.—I have spent hundreds of dollars, employing the best physicians in the State and some from Chicago. I have been examined with the X-Ray and all pronounced my case incurable. Few seemed to know what my trouble was. Three packages of Vitee-Ore have made a wonderful change in my condition. I can work all day and am free from pain, something I have not been free from for ten years.

MAY CONKEY.

Salt Rheum and Piles Cured.

DUNDEE, ILL.—For nearly nine years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum on both of my limbs. I used nearly all the patent medicines and salves that were advertised to cure this trouble and spent several ten-dollar bills but to no avail. I was also afflicted with the Piles. After using four packages of Vitæ-Ore I can cheerfully say that I am cured and have not felt better for the last seven years. I am over sixty years old and can work like a man twenty years my junior.

Chas. Doss.

A TRIAL OF VITÆ-ORE Will tell you its own plain story, a story that has meant comfort, peace, and happiness to thousands of men and women.

AS A BEACON LIGHT Vitæ-Ore points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a Haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease, towards the rocks and shoals of Chronic Invalidism, Port your helm before it is too late; take heed to the message of Hope and Safety it flashes to you, stop drifting about in a helpless, under the goal you are seeking by the route so many have traveled with success. Every person who has let it guide them home to health is willing to act as a pilot for you: each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice and follow the light. Thousands have followed it to guide them in the past, thousands are depending upon it

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DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

April 1907

No & 6



Published at Augusta, Maine

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Devoted to

Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Apology is egotism wrong-side out. Loss of sincerity is loss of vital power. Society is no comfort to one not sociable. Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy. The path of sorrow, and that path alone, Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.

Some men are born to feast and not to fight. The measure of life is not length, but honesty. Men prize the thing ungained more than it

Wise men argue causes, and fools decide them.

nem.
I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere.
—Cornwall.

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.

We only faintly relish the felicity that costs us nothing.

always get angry.

do not disturb us.

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.

as to anticipate misfortune.

son, if he were not a coward.

Silently, like thoughts that come and go, the snowflakes fall, each one agem.

preacher as pious as his sermons. A miser grows rich by seeming poor; spendthrift grows poor by seeming rich.

Temporal things are sweet in the expectation; things eternal are sweeter in the realization.

A Few Words by the Editor

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

—Lucy Larcom

MINISTER in Pittsburg being dis-satisfied with the methods employed

satisfied with the methods employed by his congregation to obtain money for his salary, decided to go into the mills and work as a laborer. It appears that the members of his congregation had been trying to raise funds for his salary by getting up suppers, and other similar schemes. We think the minister took a manly and sensible course in this matter. It is a protest against a form of raising money for church purposes which we hardly think commendable. When a minister of God has to be supported by ice-cream scrambles, pink-tea socials, and strawberry festivals, his self-respect must suffer, and his holy office and ministry lose caste with the world at large. Sincere Christians should have too much respect for their religion and church to let their pastor's salary go unpaid, have too much respect for their religion and church to let their pastor's salary go unpaid, as is often the case. People who will squander two dollars on a theater ticket will break their hearts if they have to drop a dime when the plate is passed on Sunday. People should set aside a certain sum for the support of their church just as they set aside a certain sum for the rent of their house, but unfortunately money for church support is thought of last of all, and as a result there is no money left for this the most vitally necessary of all things. Hence all sorts of schemes have to be put into execution to raise funds for the minister's execution to raise funds for the minister's

Usually lack of church funds is caused by Usually lack of church funds is caused by thoughtiessness, and by neglect on the part of church congregations to realize their duty to their minister and their Creator, in the matter of providing means for churchwork and support. Remember the root of the whole trouble lies in this: The men do not go to church as they should, and church support is left almost entirely to women and women in the majority of cases have to depend on their husbands for of cases have to depend on their husbands for their funds, and after house expenses have been provided for and the children clothed, there is little money left for churchwork, and women are forced, if they are to have any church or minister at all, to resort to all sorts of schemes minister at all, to resort to all sorts of schemes and methods to get money from the public. No church can do good work, unless it is on a sound financial basis, and no minister can put his heart into his work when his salary is behind, and he is unable to meet his bills. We advise all of our readers who are church members to take this little talk to heart, and do their part for the honor and glory of God, and his church on earth.

A movement has at last been started by the

A movement has at last been started by the Society of Social Service to stop the terrible waste of life, which daily takes place in every field of industrial work in this country. There has been an exposition held recently in New York, at which all manner of devices for safeguarding human life, and protecting the toiler at his work were on exhibition. In Europe the governments took up this matter, and every possible precaution is taken, and every known device is used to protect human life in mine, factory and workshop. Human life here, unfortunately is held cheap. It has become a byword in this country that it is cheaper to kill men than to protect them, and so the fearful slaughter goes on unchecked.

Dr. Josiah Strong, who has ever been a power in all movements for public betterment makes this terrifying statement: "On the basis of the annual mortality rate reported by the government in 1900, there will be 575,000 killed every ten years, besides some 5,000,000 injured. This is like massacring every inhabitant in three cities of the size of Indianapolis, Kansas City, and Denver every ten years, or mangling and maining every man, woman and child in the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Nebraska, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, and Oklahoma, and doing it every ten years. There are 575,000 people in the United States (you and I may be among them), under sentence of death, 100 to be executed at an unknown moment during the next ten years, 100 next week, and 1,100 more the week following, until the ghastly work is completed. An intelligent and earnest effort would secure the reprieve of a multitude of these innocent victims, it is dollars or woes," thus says Dr. Josiah Strong, we quote him word for word and augusty when be put the heart ten years and and hear heart the word for word and augusty when he mutt the Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the joing.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the owest.

We only faintly relish the felicity that costs is nothing.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he ilways get angry.

The one thing in the world, of value, is the ictive soul.

The afflictions to which we are accustomed do not disturb us.

O sorrow, with thou rule my blood?

Be sometimes lovely like a bride

And put thy harsher moods aside.

If thou wilt have me wise and good.

—Tennyson.

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.

There is nothing so foolish and discouraging as to anticipate misfortune.

Who stabs your name would stab your person, if he were not a coward.

Silently, like thoughts that come and go, the snowflakes fall, each one a gem.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; a spendthrift grows poor by seeming rich.

Temporal things are sweet in the expectation; things atternal are sweeter in the realization.

the products of those farmers within the alliance. The American Society of Equity has nearly 300,000 members, and is growing fast. This organization is strongest in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Indiana, Kentucky, and is spreading in Michigan, Oklahoma and Kansas. In Texas and the Southwest, the farmers are strongly organized the Lone Star State. sas. In Texas and the Southwest, the farmers are strongly organized, the Lone Star State having 160,000 organized farmers, who have their own warehouses, where they store their products, until they can get profitable prices for them. Labor Unions and farmers in Texas, work harmoniously together, and maintain a joint lobby during the session of the legislature at Austin. Their interests appear to be ideutical and they are able to enforce legislation mutually advantageous. The Society of identical and they are able to enforce legislation mutually advantageous. The Society of Equity and the farmers of the Southwest are discussing plans for amalgamation. If this amalgamation takes place, an effort will be made to abolish the commission merchant and Board of Trade speculator, and sell farm products direct to the consuming public. We have only to look at the price of fruit and farm products in cities to see how vastly the farmer would gain could he dispense with the middleman. Farmers are the chief consumers of the products of Union Labor, and there should be a strong fraternal bond between them. The American Federation of Labor has also gone into politics, and the Organized Farmers may also join them in the political field. There are eight million farmers in this country, and about three millions of organized workers, while the total vote in the United States is under fifteen millions. We may thus see that the farmers and the wage earners between them would control the political situation in this country. Most farmers are conservative in the farmers and the wage earners between them would control the political situation in this country. Most farmers are conservative in their views, most laborers radical and progressive. Will it be possible for the farmer and the wage earner to pool their interests, and evolve a political platform that will satisfy the views of both? If this is possible, a great change is liable to take place in American political life. The future alone can tell what will happen. Anything that can add to the mate-

litical life. The future alone can tell what will happen. Anything that can add to the material welfare of the workers and the farmers, will be a matter of deep interest to COMFORT. We want all the readers of COMFORT to have comfort, and comfort cannot be obtained, unless the interests of our readers and their welfares are safeguarded, and advanced in every possible way. This can only be done by organization and the dissemination of progressive ideas. We heartly wish success to any movement that will benefit the farmers and wage earners of this country. They are the backbone of this nation, as they are of every other. All society is based on these two elements. The nation can prosper only as they prosper, just as a plant can be only healthy as prosper, just as a plant can be only healthy as long as its roots are in good condition. God speed their efforts for betterment.

Your friend, Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Senator John C. Spooner of Wisconsin has resigned his scat—the resignation to take effect May 1st.

The official announcement of the resignation of Governor Swettenham of Jamaica was made in the House of Commons March 4th.

A parasite that will speedily destroy the red scale that has been such a pest to the citrus groves of California has been brought from China.

The wife of Wu-Ting-Fang, former Minister from China to the United States, has just paid the cost of building a large and fine hospital in Hong Kong.

William J. Bryan donated to the Indiana University the prize which was won by a Filipino student in an oration opposing the Government ownership of railroads.

The Japanese cruisers Chitose and Taukuba, left Yokohama February 28th for Hampton Roads, Virginia, in order to take part in the naval review at the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, April 26th.

Hundred and Tenth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York, now promises to be com-pleted in 1950, when it will surpass in cost and beauty any church building in this country, and will rank with the historical ones in Europe.

Miss Katherine E. Conway, editor of the Boston "Pilot" has been awarded the Laetare medal given once a year by Notre Dame University to the man or woman selected for notable work along the lines of art, science, philosophy, public works and religion. Miss Conway is the fourth woman in the United

Temporal things are sweet in the expectation; things eternal are sweeter in the realization. This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?

This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?

The the felt presence of the Deity,

Few are the faults we flatter when alone;

By night an atheist half believes a God.

—Young's Night Thoughts.

Think when you are enraged at anyone what would be your feelings if you should die during the dispute.

There are no greater wretches in the world than many of those whom people in general take to be happy.

We never know a greater character than our own, until something congenial to it has grown up within ourselves.

He is incapable of a truly good action who knows not the pleasure in contemplating the coarse of farm products, by holding back the scharms we find in their conversation than from those they find in ours.

**As COMFORT is probably read more by the agriculturist than by any other element in this country, any matter that is liable to interest on the farmer and advance his welfare, is worthy of discussing in our editorial columns. This is an era of organization, nothing apperently can be done without it. One can do little, but one that the American Federation of Labor and the American Federation of Labor represents the organized farmers, who are seeking the products, by holding back the supply. The farmers will use only the products of or granized labor, the articles bearing the work along twenty to the man or worsts to the man or worsts to the farmer and advance his welfare, is worthy of discussing in our editorial columns. This is an era of organization. This is an era of organization, nothing appearently can be done without it. One can do little, but one that a million of his fellows that the American Federation of Labor and the farmer and advance his welfare, is worthy of the farmer and advance his welfare, is worthy of usersity to the man or werstity to the man



Havana Cigars

"Everybody in this country who smokes, and most everybody does," said the tobacco drummer from Louisville, "would like to smoke Havana cigars, and there are a great many cigars sold here for Havanas, which are something else. I know this, because there were only 79,483,125 Havana cigars shipped to this country last year, while our total consumption of all kinds is about eight billions annually. Estimating that there are thirty million of smokers here, we get only enough Havanas to give less than three a year to each smoker. There are some who think most of the Cuban cigars smokers here, we get only enough havanas to give less than three a year to each smoker. There are some who think most of the Cuban cigars come to the United States, but the figures show we get only about thirty per cent., the total shipments being 256,738,029 cigars. England buys a third more than we do, and Germany about one third as many, while France gets only about 12,000,000. Seventy-five different countries clean around the globe get part of the Havana supply. One reason we use less than England is that we ship the tobacco leaf here and make it into cigars, our shipments being 25,000,000 pounds to England's 25,000. We take about eleven twelfths of all Cuban leaf shipped. Havana cigars are supposed to be the best, and they are to those who like them, but be sure you are getting what you ask for when the man hands you out Havanas, for your share can only be three a year."

High-priced Singers

"When a man working day and night, regardless of the eight-hour law, or any other restraint of labor," said the drummer for a Chicago firm, "gets \$2,500 a year for his services, with something on the side for expenses, he thinks he is doing pretty well, and he talks on for year after year at the same rate. But think of those people who use their voices for singing purposes and what they get. There is that Caruso, tenor, who has been getting \$1,600 a time for every time he sang, striking for \$3,000 a time, and making a contract finally at \$2,300 a sing, for a whole season. And there was Jean de Reszke getting \$2,500 each for thirty concerts; Tamagno pulling \$1,600 a song, and Campanini making \$8,000 a month. Patti used to get \$5,000 a night, while Sembrich, a little bit of a woman, earns \$1,750 a night, and got \$125,000 on her voice when she paid her first visit to this country twenty-five years ago. Figures like those make me feel like singing some other song than shoes, but I suppose if I tried it, I wouldn't get anything but a bad egg from the audience."

The Telephone Growth

The Telephone Growth

"Most of us past thirty years of age, which is considered rather young," said a man who was probably a year or so older, "can remember when there wasn't such a thing known in the world as a telephone. Now the person who hasn't talked over the 'phone is a rarity and would like as not blow out the gas before he went to bed. They are everywhere almost, and many sections which do not yet know the railroad and the telegraph have their telephone service. In numbers there were in the United States last year over five billion talks over the 'phone and about 134 million long distance talks. There are overseven million instruments in use, a million and a half miles of toll wire, 2,385,000 miles of underground wire, 11,373 miles of submarine wire, in all about six million miles of telephone wire for all uses. There are 2,715,367 stations, 8,407,900 circuits and 90,000 persons employed. All this growth within the memory of our young people. Which reminds me that I knew a man to whom Alexander Bell, inventor of the Bell telephone, now worth hundreds of millions, offered a half interest in the whole business for \$1,800, and the man refused it because he didn't see anything in the telephone." see anything in the telephone."

The Republican Party

The Japanese cruisers Chitose and Taukuba, left Yokohama February 28th for Hampton Roads, Virginia, in order to take part in the naval review at the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, April 26th.

President Roosevelt is having made a full length portrait of himself, which is to be put in the Peace Palace at the Hague. The gift will be from a group of friends in Europe, who are pledged to the peace movement.

The one hundredth anniversary of the poet Longfellow was recently celebrated in Cambridge, Mass. Among the interesting exhibits was the manuscript of "Excelsior," which was written on an invitation, the poet evidently having used the first piece of paper at hand.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York, now promises to be completed in 1950, when it will surpass in cost and beauty any church building in this country. two terms, however."

Girls' Trade School

"The Manhattan Trade School for Girls, has just moved into its new \$200,000 building in New York," remarked the hardware drummer, "and it is doing a good work. It has a capacity for about 450 girls, and instead of being like the usual training school, which teaches theory and science and fits for high positions, it simply teaches the girls how to do plain work. But only in four trades, as the only ones the school authorities think justify the teaching. They are hand-sewing, millinery, pasting, or novelty work, and electric machine operating. The girls are taught for a year or more and when they go out to work at wages, they soon get the highest, making as much as \$15 to \$13 a week on piecework. The hours of the school are the same as in shops. The education of the girls is also looked after in other branches, but they are secondary. Employers are always they are secondary. Employers are always anxious to get the girls from the school and they never have to look long for positions. This was the first school of its kind in this country, but there are now others in one or two cities, Boston being one."

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet;
d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble
crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet;
r. st; roll stitch l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot;
sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches;
blk. block; sps. spaces; *stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as
indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. *indicates a repetition.

Girls' Marguerite Collar

O make the large Marguerites which edge the collar, begin by making 8 ch., join, and fill ring with 24 d. c., which we will call the 1st row.

2nd row.—12 ch., tr. in 4 st. from hook, 4 ch., tr. in next 4th st., 4 ch., 2s. c. on next 2 s. c. of center ring. Repeat seven times making eight points on ring.

3rd row.—9 d. c. on ch., 3 ch., 1 s. c. in last double to form picot, 3 d. c., 3 ch., repeat five times bringing last picot at end of point. Continue down opposite side of point in the same way. 2 d. c. on next, 2 d. c. on center ring. Repeat seven times. This completes one rosette or Marguerite of which twenty-one are required.

or Marguerite of which twenty-one are required.

The second row of flowers are made in the same way, leaving off three points. After the fifth point sl. st. to center of ring make 24 ch., turn. 10 d. c. on ch. 10, make two points as in first Marguerites and continue with d. c. to end of ch., sl. st. along ring to base of first point and fasten off thread. Make 9 of these.

The small figures are composed of center ring and five points and are five in number.

The little rolls or knots in the center of the flowers are made by threading a needle with the working thread, and taking a stitch in the center ring, bring the needle half way through again, take up the thread where it comes through the ring and wind it thirty times around needle. Hold between thumb and finger and draw thread through coils, put needle back through saine place, and fasten on wrong side. These are same as French knots.

Foundation for Neck

Foundation for Neck

Make chain twelve inches in length, turn, one double in each chain.

When figures are all made lay a collar pattern nine inches deep and with a width of forty-two inches around edge, on a piece of dark cambric and mark around plainly. Do not cut away cambric. Baste the twenty-one Marguerites around outer edge of pattern. Baste carefully and arrange so that the points lie directly each way. Baste the nine half flowers just above at equal distances, turning stems all one way, or to suit fancy. Arrange upper row of small flowers, one in center and two at equal distances on either side. Baste neck foundation to place and all is ready for joining.

Begin at one end of neck foundation, ch. 7, d. c. in 4th d. c. on neck, ch. 3, d. c. in same d. c. to form picot and repeat around neck, turn, 7 ch., d. c. on last 7 ch., picot, and repeat row upon row until the first row of flowers is reached, then continue working with same stitch back and forth between the figures until all the spaces are filled.

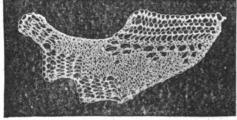
The small round rings between the large Marguerites are made same as all the centers and are attached with the joining stitches.

Marguerites are made same as all the centers and are attached with the joining stitches. Crochet cotton No. 50 is used.

MRS. MATTIE CARTER.

Ruffled Lace

Cast on thirty stitches and knit across plain.
1st row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 2,
thread o., k. 2 tog., k. 13, thread o., p. 2. tog. 4



RUFFLED LACE.

2nd row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog. 4 times, k. 15, p. 1, k. 3, thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times.
3rd row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 19, thread o., p. 2 tog. 4 times.
4th row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog. 4 times, k. 19, thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times.
5th row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 2, thread o., k. 2 tog. 2 times, k. 13, thread o., p. 2 tog. 4 times.

thread o., k. 2 tog. 2 times, k. 13, thread o., p. 2 tog. 4 times.
6th row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog., k. 15, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 2, thread o., k. 2 tog. 3 times.
7th row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 22, thread o., p. 2 tog. 4 times, st. 22, thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 22, thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times.
9th row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 2, thread o., k. 2. tog. 3 times, k. 14, thread o., p. 2 tog. 4 times.

2 tog. 4 times. 10th row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog. 4 times, k. 16, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times.

11th row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times, k. 25,

11th row.—Thread o., p. 2 tog. 4 times.
12th row.—Bind off 7, thread o., p. 2 tog. 4 times, k. 18, thread o., p. 2 tog. 3 times.

MRS. J. J. SCOTT.

Medallion Collar

Cut medallions from lace, overcast to prevent fraying, then overcast onto net cut in desired shape for collar.

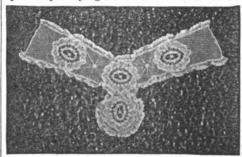
The centers of medallions were three heavy

bars. These I cut in the middle, turned each half back and tacked down. The centers and spiders on each side are made as follows:

Start at medallion with needle, carry through

to center where a pin has been firmly placed in upright position, pass thread around pin and then to desired position of spider leg, then return to pin, repeat until required number of legs are made. Hasten threads in center with buttonhole-stitch and remove pin. Pass needle over and under alternate legs of spider until center is of desired size, push needle through exact center and back, and carry thread to starting.

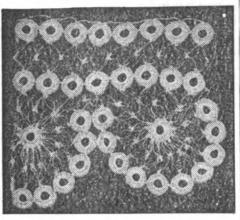
starting.
The tab is fastened to collar with buttonholestitch as follows: Put needle in at lower edge of medallion and bring thread down to tab, take buttonhole-stitch and buttonhole the thread back to where you started. Put in small spiders by carrying thread from sides to form a



MEDALLION COLLAR

common center. Take buttonhole-stitch to fasten and pass needle over and under alter-nate legs and fasten as in larger ones, but bring last stitch of needle to position by itself, as the larger spiders have double legs and the small ones single.

6 times around a lead pencil, slip off, work 9 trs. in ring, 1 single in 8th st. of ch., work 9 more trs. in ring, making the ring half done, make 1 k. st. and 1 s. c. in ch., 1 k. st., and another wheel as before, 1 k. st., 1 s. c. in end of ch.,



WHEEL LACE.

2nd row.—Three k. sts., and join to wheel, finish with 18 trs. in each wheel and 2 k. sts. between.

between.

3rd row.—Repeat 3 times, the 3rd time making 3 wheels in place of 2, this starts a scallop.

4th row.—Make 2 wheels as in 1, and 2 rows in the 3rd wheel, work 2 k. sts., sl. 2 sts., 1 s. c. in next st. of wheel, repeat all the way round the wheel making 10 k. sts. in all, turn.

5th row.—Work 1 k. st. in each k. st. of previous row, finish 2 wheels, turn.

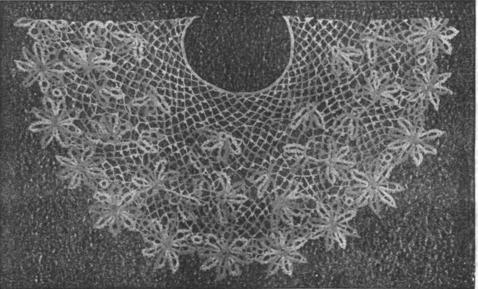
6th row.—2 wheels, 2 k. sts., 10 wheels in 10 k. sts., turn.

Sciden Land

Spider Lace

Begin with a chain of fourteen stitches. 1st row.—Sl. 5 sts., 2 tr. c. in next 2 sts., ch. 2, sl. 2, 1 dtr. c., ch. 2., sl. 2 sts., 2 tr. c. in last 2

sts., ch. 5, turn.
2nd row.—2 tr. c. in 2 tr. c., ch. 2, sl. 2 sts., 5
tr. c. in next st., ch. 2, sl. 2 sts., 2 tr. c. in 2 tr.



GIRLS' MARGUERITE COLLAR.

Lace edge is sewed on with over and over itch.

3rd row.—2 tr. c. in next st., ch. 3, turn. 3rd row.—2 tr. c. in 2 tr. c., ch. 2, sl. 2 st., 5 d. C. in next 5 sts., ch. 2, sl. 2 sts., 2 tr. c. in 2 tr. c., in ch. of 5, 1 s. c. in first st. of ch., ch. 1 If collar is lined with light blue or any deli-cate shade of silk it will be more effective. Medallions inserted in net in this way would make a very desirable lace waist.

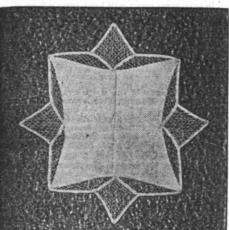
EDNA HOOVER.

A Machine-made Doily

A Machine-made Doily

Take a piece of linen, eleven by eleven inches, fold lengthwise and crosswise, then from the center of each side, measure in one inch and cut out in a curve to each corner. Now take a large piece of paper, lay the cloth and mark all around it, remove the cloth, baste Battenberg braid evenly on the paper inside of the marks. Then commence at the corner and baste the braid in a half circle to the center of the first row of braid, then from the center in another half circle to the next corner.

Treat each side the same, then commence at center of one of the half circles and baste the braid about three inches out to a point then back to the center of the other half circle, now take a ruler, mark in straight lines as close as you desire, both ways between the braid. Stitch along both edges of the braid, then sew along the ruled lines one way and then the other. There is not any need of breaking the thread at the end of each line. When the machine work is done, baste the linen on the paper where the first row of braid is basted on the outline of the linen and stitch all around on the extreme edge. Then tear away the paper and stitch the braid down on the other edge. Then tear away the paper and stitch the braid down on the other edge.

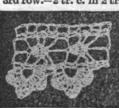


A MACHINE-MADE DOILY.

These make desirable doilies for anyone who has not the time to make such things by hand.

Wheel Lace

1st row .- Ch.30, for the wheels, wind the thread



first st. of ch., ch. 1

first st. of ch., ch. 1
st., turn.
4th row.—Sl. 1 st.,
5 tr. c., sl. 1 st., 1 s.
c., sl. 1 st., 5 tr. c.,
sl. 1 st., 5 tr. c., sl. 1
st., 5 tr. c., sl. 1 st., 5 tr. c.,
sl. 1 st., 5 tr. c., sl. 1
st., 5 tr. c., sl. 1 st.,
1 s. c., ch. 2, 2 tr. c,
in 2 tr. c., ch. 3, sl.
3 sts., 3 d. c. in next 3 d. c., ch. 3, sl. 3 sts., 2 tr.
c. in 2 tr. c., sl. 1, ch. 1, 1 tr. c. in next st., ch.
3, turn. Repeat from the first row to length
required.

NENETTA SUTTON.

Bird-in-Swing Tidy, or Sofa Pillow.

Gee opposite page for illustration.

(See opposite page for illustration.)

Count the spaces across the bottom and allow three stitches to each and five for turning; if the first is to be a block, allow three stitches for first treble. A space is formed by two trebles separated by two chain, to form a block; the two intervening chain stitches are filled by trebles. This pattern has eighty-one spaces, requiring a chain of two hundred and forty-eight stitches for block crocheting, proceed as follows:

Ist row.—81 spaces, turn.

1st row.—81 spaces, turn.
2nd row.—1 spaces, 7 blocks, 2 spaces, 6 blocks,
3 spaces, 1 block, 16 spaces, 10 blocks, 16 spaces,
1 block, 3 spaces, 6 blocks, 2 spaces, 7 blocks, 1 space, turn.

space, turn.

3rd row.—1 space, 7 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks,
2 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 2 spaces, 10 spaces, 7
blocks, 10 spaces, 7 blocks, 10 spaces, 2 blocks,
1 space, 6 blocks, 2 spaces, 7 blocks, 1 space, turn.
4th row.—1 space, 2 blocks, 3 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 6 spaces, 5 blocks, 24 spaces, 4 blocks, 6 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 sp

blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 3 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, turn.

5th row.—2 blocks, 3 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 3 blocks, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 5 spaces, 3 blocks, 2 spaces, 3 blocks, 2 spaces, 3 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, turn.

6th row.—1 space, 2 blocks, 3 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 3 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, turn.

2 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 3 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, turn.
7th row.—1 space, 11 blocks, 6 spaces, 2 blocks, 42 spaces, 2 blocks, 6 spaces, 11 blocks, 1 space, 8th row.—1 space, 11 blocks, 5 spaces, 1 block, 46 spaces, 1 block, 5 spaces, 11 blocks, 1 space,

blocks, 6 spaces, 2 blocks, 24 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 23 spaces, 2 blocks, 6 spaces, 2 blocks, 6 spaces, 2 blocks, 6 spaces, 2 blocks, 6 spaces, 1 block, 7 spaces, 1 block, 7 spaces, 1 block, 7 spaces, 1 block, 5 spaces, 1 block, 5 spaces, 7 blocks, 1 space, turn. 12th row.—1 space, 7 blocks, 4 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 3 spaces, 1 block, 3 spaces, 1 block, 3 spaces, 1 block, 4 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, 4 spaces, 8 blocks, 1 space, turn. 13th row.—1 space, 3 blocks, 8 spaces, 1 block, 11 spaces, 2 blocks, 3 spaces, 5 blocks, 5 spaces, 3 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 3 blocks, 5 spaces, 3 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 1 spaces, 2 blocks, 16 spaces, 1 block, 8 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 7 spaces, 1 block, 1 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 1 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 1 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 2 spaces, 1 block, 7 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, 1 spaces, 1 block, 1 spaces, 1 block, 1 spaces, 1 block, 1 spaces, 1 block, 2 spaces, 3 blocks, 2 spaces, 3 blocks, 2 spaces, 3 blocks, 3 spaces, 1 block, 1 spaces, 4 blocks, 3 spaces, 1 block, 1 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 5 blocks, 3 spaces, 5 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 2 blocks, 1 spaces, 5 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 1 spaces, 5 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 1 spaces, 5 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 1 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 4 spa



CHESTNUT BURR QUILT DESIGN.

White background, red burr and green leaves. Line and bind with red, then quilt off into diamonds, or more elaborate pattern.

blocks, 13 spaces, 1 block, 3 spaces, 5 blocks, 1

blocks, 13 spaces, 1 block, 3 spaces, 5 blocks, 1 space, turn.

17th row.—4 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 13 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, 3 spaces, 3 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, 5 spaces, 3 blocks, 4 spaces, 5 blocks, 5 spaces, 1 block, 16 spaces, 1 block, 2 spaces, 2 blocks, 4 spaces, turn.

18th row.—2 spaces, 2 blocks, 4 spaces, 1 block, 15 spaces, 2 blocks, 6 spaces, 4 blocks, 3 spaces, 2 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, 7 spaces, 4 blocks, 19 spaces, 1 block, 4 spaces, 2 blocks, 3 spaces, 1 block, 10 spaces, 2 blocks, 7 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 10 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 10 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 10 spaces, 2 blocks, 2 spaces, 1 block, 3 spaces, 2 blocks, 21 space, 1 block, 4 spaces, 1 block, 4 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 2 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 1 space, 2 blocks, 1 space, 2 blocks, 1 space, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 5 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 2 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 1 space, 1 block, 2 spaces, 1 block, 1 space, 1 b

One has only to remember that the spaces for the background of the design are formed by two trebles separated by two chain stitches, and to make a "block" the two intervening chain stitches are filled by trebles, one to each stitch.

M. L. P.



40 spaces, 1 block, 5 spaces, 12 blocks, 5 spaces, 1 block, 9th row.—6 spaces, 2 blocks, 8 spaces, 1 block, 8 spaces, 2 blocks, 6 spaces, turn.

10th row.—2 spaces 1 block, 3 spaces, 6 to hang by.

SLIPPER WATCH POCKET.

Cut a pattern of suitable size. Cover both sides neatly, and overcast together, finish with cord. Add ribbon bows and loop at the top to hang by.

MRS. E. J. BRITTON.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in-stead of including them in the letters

stead of including them in the letters

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been ask-

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Angusta, Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

In renewing my subscription to Comfort, having taken it for one year, I will try and add a few helps. If those living in old houses will try pasting the margin cut from newspapers over cracks at side, top and bottom of windows, it will keep their plants from freezing. I lived for fifteen years in a very old house, it was the coldest house I ever saw, yet I could leave my plants on windows by doing this, and slipping papers between the plants and glass. Now I have a warmer home, and just go out and put a paper next the glass, shut the blinds, and you will find even if the window was coated with frost, after closing the blind it will melt off.

My hands chap and crack badly in the winter. I have just found that collodion applied to cracks will take out the soreness and heat them in a very few hours. It is not expensive, ten cents for a small bottle, and it lasts for a long time. It does smart badly when first applied, but that is the least of the hurt. It is excellent for all cuts, scratches, burns, etc.

of the hurt. It is excellent for all cuts, scratches, burns, etc.

If you will put your white clothes to soak in cold water for one half hour, and then wring out very dry, and put into a boiler of water in which soap is dissolved, and boil for twenty or thirty minutes, suds and then rinse in bluing water, you will find them very white and clean with no rubbing. Of course men's dirty work clothes or children's that were creeping would need some rubbing, but as I have only boys that are in offices, and no farm work, find it a great help from rubbing as I used to.

work, find it a great help from rubbing as I used to.

I wish all of those I have sent postal cards would return favor as they agreed to. Many are due me. I suppose you have all been busy with Christmas and one thing and another, and have forgotten postal cards and me. I would be pleased to have them now.

I was calling a short time ago where the lady had been away from home all day, and as she went to light her sitting-room lamp, found she must wash it; she did, and brought it back all dripping, lit the lamp, gave the chimney a shake and put it on, and it did not crack either. This is the way she did. Wash it in warm (not hot) suds, then rinse in cool (not cold) water, and she said they never would crack if you would gradually turn up the light. I have tried it, and never have broken one yet.

Night. I have tried it, and never have broken one yet.

If there are any thinking of raising canaries this spring and would care to know how I raised them successfully for seven years, will write my experience to Comfort. I very seldom lost one, and one year raised over one hundred.

I agree with Lillian Rutledge about paying postage both ways. I don't think it fair to ask favors and then ask them to pay postage beside. I, for one, never send to those. One very often has things that they have no use for, and are glad to get out of the way. I know I do, but when it comes to paying postage on dry goods, or even to get a return letter from a stranger, it is too much. Of course I except shut-ins and invalids. I always inclose postage in writing to a person for information, then I am most always sure of an answer. I will send some recipes sometime, which I think are excellent.

Mrs. Ella N. Rockwell, Box 43, East Windsor Hill, Conn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: If you sisters from the North could be with me today (Jan. 14th), I could show you my garden carpeted with plants of phlox, China pinks, and holly-hocks, and other bloomers. In the yard I found a baby snowdrop just peeping out of the covering I had placed over it, thinking it would sleep for another mouth at least. My roses are beginning to leaf, and I am really afraid that when it turns cold, which it is likely to do any day, they will all get killed. However, I shall wrap them up well when it does turn cold, and when any of the sisters visit me next summer, I hope to be able to give them a nice bouquet. I have sixteen different colors of roses most of them are small. I bought them last year.

roses' most of them are small. I bought them last year.

Have any of you ever tried planting castor beans to rid your place of moles? The moles were very bad in our garden, and we were told that the castor beans would ruin them. We did not believe they would, but planted a few, and there have never been any moles here since. The beans still come up voluntarily, and we always leave a few standing.

To the girl who says she is not in a hurry to marry, I would say: Keep to that resolution, and when you do marry you will be all the happier for it. If your marriage is a happy one you will know that you did not need to be in a hurry, and if a failure you need never reproach yourself with having rushed to your doom. If girls would be a little slower in trying to marry, there would not be so many failures. My husband and I were talking one day of the foolishness of some girls in rushing around trying to find a husband, and, just for fun I told him the men were as bad. He said they were not, and we argued half an hour, each one citing instances to prove ourselves right. At last I told him I could prove beyond a doubt, that the men were as crayy to marry as the girls. "Well," said he, "prove it." "Every time a girl marries so does a maray said I. But really, girls. I am afraid our sex rould prove beyond a doubt, that the men were as crazy to marry as the girls. "Well," said he, "prove it." "Every time a girl marries so does a man," said I. But really, girls, I am afraid our sex are siller than the men on the marriage question.

Mrs. Sallie West, Natural Bridge, Alabama.

In reply to Mrs. Maud Couch, McRae, White Co., Ark., of the Comfort Sisters' Corner:

When chickens, or other birds without any apparent illness, at once sicken and die, look for "green" bones or dead or decaying animals, lying around in fence corners among meeds or grass.

The eating of maggots is the anknown cause of thousands of dollars of loss to poultry raisers, especially to farmers' wives.

Indictions are—collapse—eyes close, feathers get loose, fall out at a touch, combs turn dark red.

REMEDY. Turpentine given immediately, fifteen drops in as much melted lard. In extreme cases one teaspoonful may be given of raw turpentine.

drops in as much melted lard. In extreme cases one teaspoonful may be given of raw turpentine. Keep sick fowls secluded until well, force them, if necessary, to eat bread soaked in sweet milk. To PREVENT. Use unremitting care, that nothing attractive to the "blue bottle" is left lying around from his first appearance in the spring until freezing weather; August, September and October are the months in which the greatest care is necessary. A dead hog left in a field, unburied, may cause the loss of a flock of turkeys, as has been my experience. In poultry raising, as in all industries, there is profit and loss. To succeed, requires energy, perseverance, patience and knowledge, an iota of which I have endeavored to impart for the good of all.

for the good of all. Mrs. Florence E. Fall, Dora, Wabash Co., Ind.

After "St. Elmo," we shall publish and other serial story by the same author, Mrs. Evans, entitled, "The Speckled Bird," and we want you to read it. A full announcement will be made next month.

ment will be made next month.

Dear Sisters:

In helping others you help yourself the most sometimes. Do you ever think of that? I subscribed for Comfort just to help a little girl, and now I have paid three years in advance because I like it so well.

I am interested in the fancy work and think that Comfort is very helpful.

Whenever I receive bundles from the store, I always fold the paper into a small package and wind the string tightly around and tie it and put it into a box that I keep on purpose. Paper bags I serve the same way, then I do not stop to hunt for a paper and twine when I need them.

I think that it is a good rule to write to one or more of the shut-ins every month and send them something if possible. I have never been very thoughtful before, but if you could see my January number you would find a number of crosses in the Comfort Sisters' Corner that I have written to or am going to write to. This is one of my new leaves that I have turned for 1907, "Helping Others" is written at the top.

Missouri river. We are very proud of our improvements here—especially our parks and boule-vard system, which encircles thecity, Swope Park being, I believe, the third largest in the world. We have many large buildings, among them being Convention Hall, which is noted for its seating capacity and its excellent accoustic properties. I wish some of the sisters would come and see me. I would try hard to have them enjoy the vist. Why husband and I have our own home, and are very proud of our rank as a manufacturing and railroad center.

We have many large buildings, among them being Convention Hall, which is noted for its seating a law to a capacity and its excellent accoustic properties. I wish some of the sisters would come and see me. I would try hard to have them enjoy the vist. Why husband and I have our own home, and are reliable to a capacity and its excellent accoustic properties.

I wish some of the sisters would come and see me. I would try hard to have our own home, and are reliable to a capacity and i

of gravel. Land sells high.

Mrs. Emma Roberts. I agree with you about Illinois being a fine place to reside. Have you ever visited Champagne and Urbana often called the Twin Cities? I was born about ten miles east of St. Joseph, and have spent many delightful times in the Twin Cities. The University of Illinois is located there. I was a co-ed at that institution for a short time before coming here.

Mrs. E. A. Burris. We had special occasion to take notice of some of the big red apples from your grand old state at the St. Louis Exposition, and they most certainly were "beauties." By the way, two colts belonging to my father captured two prizes, one a first, the other a second at that Exposition.

two prizes, one a first, the other a second at that Exposition.

Now comes the pen picture. I am five feet six inches in height, weigh one hundred and forty-two pounds, am light, clear complexion with brown hair and gray-blue eyes (wear glasses) and am eligible for the bachelor girls' list.

Will some of the readers living where the climate is free from catarrhal and throat affection please write me? Best wishes to "Comfort's" staff and all the readers.

write me? Best wishes to "Comfort's" staff and all the readers. Miss Cora Nichols, Crawfordsville, B. F. D., 8,

Dear Comfort Sisters:

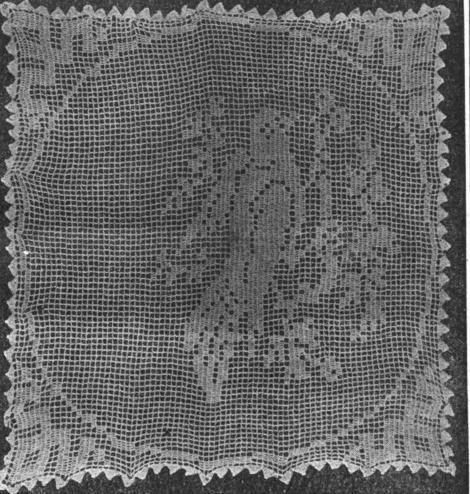
I have never seen a letter from this place. My home is in Kansas City, Missouri, which as you may know, is one of the growing cities along the Missouri river. We are very proud of our improvements here—especially our parks and boulevard system, which encircles the city, Swope Park being, I believe, the third largest in the world. We are also proud of our rank as a manufacturing and railroad center.

We have many large buildings, among them being Convention Hall, which is noted for its seating capacity and its excellent accoustic properties.

I wish some of the sisters would come and see me. I would try hard to have them enjoy the visit. My husband and I have our own home, and are very happy. We have been married five years, and have a dear little boy of two.

How glad I am that we are given the opportunity, as we are, of helping the dear shut-ins, and that they can appeal to our little corner, knowing it is not in vain. I am going to try this year and see how many I can help each month—if only in a small way.

Now, sisters dear, don't you think it would be



BIRD-IN-SWING TIDY, OR SOFA PILLOW.

I am twenty-eight years old, five feet three inches tall, and weigh one hundred and ten pounds, thick light brown hair, and what color shall I call my eyes? Well they are a dark green, that is the real color of them, but sometimes they look blue and sometimes gray. Will someone tell me what color they would be called?

I am a lover of nature; am fond of music, flowers, and fancy work.

I have three little girls: Marion, aged eight; Mildred, five and one half; and Velma two and one half. I haven't any boys and that is one of my crosses.

crosses.

I should like to hear from any of the sisters if any care to write and would answer if possible. I will close by sending remedy which may help

Liniment for Rheumatism

Drop the whole yolk of an egg into a cup of vine-gar (common size cup), and let it set all night. In the morning stir and add a tablespoonful of turpentine. Shake it well. It will keep quite a while in a cool place.

MRS. D. M. RYDER, Oldtown, Maine.

MRS. D. M. RYDER, Oldtown, Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
I notice very many of the readers confess that your "Corner" is so interesting that they are very anxious to be numbered among your guests and like the "Schoolmaster's Guests" in Carlton's Farm Legends,—"Them ere is my sentiments, tew."
I always feel like I had gotten hold of an old friend that I am real glad to see whenever "Comfort" comes, and I always "devour" the cozy corner first of all. I have lived in Indiana for the past few years, but am not a native "Hoosier," as I was born in Illinois. My parents have a pleasant country home of one hundred and sixty acres located about one third mile west of the city limits of Crawfordsville, a place of 12,000 population; it is a nice cleanly kept place and is noted for its many shade trees. There are three railroads and one intersuburban ine passing through and another intersuburban is rapidly nearing completion.

There are several good schools, and Wabash College is located here. We live near enough to the college grounds, that we can hear the cheering and noise whenever a game of ball is being played. Crawfordsville was the home of the late Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of the famous books.

The country is somewhat rolling with pretty

books.

The country is somewhat rolling with pretty scenery in places, numerous resorts where people camp, picnic, and fish, and there are many everflowing springs. The roads are usually fine, being

son do so; if all approve I would choose the verse: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." or these words: "Comfort ye my people," would be appropriate, I think. Don't you think we might adopt something like that, if our dear editor were willing?

adopt something like that, if our dear editor were willing?

I am going to send in one or two recipes this time. I hope all will try them.

How many of you are familiar with the common burdock, which grows as a weed? Do you know if the stems are bruised, and laid in water to cover them, it is good for many things? It makes a fine spring medicine; a few swallows after meals. Used as a poultice it is good for sores, bruises and skin diseases of many kinds, as well as fever. My mother has used this in our family for many years. Do you know that a tablespoonful of flour sifted in corn meal mush will help keep it from sticking?

That if a mould is brushed inside with the white of an egg, the jelly will turn out nicely?

That many people like baked potatoes better if boiled a few moments before putting in the oven?

That biscuit dough is good rolled in a sheet with sliced apples covered over the top, and sprinkled with sugar, cinnamon and small bits of butter?

Try this, also the dough made into oblong rolls, sprinkle with sugar for a change. Pile them crisscoss fashion on a dainty plate and they are tempting. Will some of you write to me?

PRUDENCE MORAST, 3119 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.

Are you reading the serial, "The Shadow of a Cross?" It is a strong story and will appear serially in COMFORT for some months. Only 15 cents for a full year's subscription, if sent at once.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I wrote a letter some time ago inquiring for a remedy for birds' sore feet. The letter appeared in the December number of COMFORT, and since then I have received many letters from COMFORT readers giving remedies. I hope that all who have written me will find this letter in which I thank them all for their great kindness in sending their remedies. I was glad that so many were interested in birds. Our bird is well now and this is what cured him:

My mother rubbed his perches with carbolic salve and bought some Bird Manna for him, and now he seems to be well, is lively, and sings nearly all the time.

time.

I am a shut-in and have rheumatism or some joint disease; all my joints have grown crooked. I am confined to a wheel chair and have been for six years. I am with my parents, and have a dear,

patient mother who waits on me, for which I am very thankful. We both are very much interested in Comfort and wish it a very prosperous year-Many thanks to all the readers who have written me. I would be glad to do them some favor in return, if it were possible.

ELLEN BENSON, 5205 First Ave., Woodlawn, Ala.

ELLEN BENSON, 5205 First Ave., Woodlawn, Ala.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I live in the state of Montana; it is a cold country. We have about nine months of cold weather with plenty of wind and snow, and three months of real delightful weather, but we can see the snow on the mountain tops all the time, excepting may be during July. In the summer the valleys are strewn with beautiful wild flowers and tall blue grass. The principal crops are wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes.
I was born and reared in old sunny Tennessee, and married there, then came West for our health. My husband is herding, he has 1,800 lambs to care for at present.

or at present. My relatives are all in Tennessee, and how I long

My relatives are all in Tennessee, and how I long to see them, my poor father is a shut-in, so you know I can sympathize with all the dear shut-ins of Comport's family, but we hope we are going back to our native land some day.

The climate has benefited us greatly, we are now fat and robust. I am five feet five inches tall, and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds. We have been married three years, and have two of the dearest children, both boys, one two years and a baby three months, they are sweet and pretty; we are very proud of them.

MRS. RILLA VICKERS, Utica, Mont.

are very proud of them.

MRS. RILLA VICKERS, Utica, Mont.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a reader of your helpful letters and get much benefit from them.

I have been married six years. I have brown hair, blue eyes, and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. My home is in the eastern part of Texas; our nearest railroad is twenty miles away, still we are not heathens as some people might think.

There is a fine lot of pine timber in this country, but it is being worked up fast now. Some of the timber is floated down the Sabine river to Orange. We raise corn and cotton here principally, but the Mexican boll weevil has ruined the cotton crop here the last two years.

How many of the sisters love flowers? I imagine all of you do, for I can't see how anyone could help loving them, they are so sweet. I am a real flower lover. I have several kinds of geraniums, three kinds of begonias besides many flowers such as roses and some hardy flowers; if any of the sisters not too far away have any geranium cuttings to spare, I would like to exchange some with them.

I love fancy work also, have done some the past year. I have considerable nice tissue paper. I would be glad if any of the sisters could tell me some nice way of using it, making paper flowers or anything ornamental.

Can anyone tell me where I can get caraway seeds for flavoring cookies, I've never seen any, but would like to get some.

I want to send a tested recipe for angel cake.

I would like for some of the sisters to write to me as we could exchange ideas on fancy work and flowers. I would especially like a correspondent from Florida and California.

MRS. MARY Low, Sabinetown, Texas.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 223 or less, it means that your subscript.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 223 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "St. Elmo," which will be continued for some months during 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy reading your letters very much, and wish they came every week. We have taken up a homestead here in the foothills, and I often get lonely. This was once mining land. There are several little mines around now, but they don't amount to much. It is very pretty in the hills, especially after a while when they are covered with wild flowers.

after a while when they are covered with wild flowers.

How my heart aches for all the poor shut-ins, and how powerless I feel to help them. But I pray for them every day—I believe.

Now, sisters, don't ask me for silk pieces, for they don't grow on these hills, and I wouldn't write about coming to California, unless you have a very good reason for coming. You had better stay where you are than waste money coming out here. I mean poor people, of course. You can't live on climate, and most everything else you will find dearer, I believe. I would like letters from lonely ones, friendless or discouraged ones, or good letters from anyone. If I haven't answered anyone's letter it was because they asked questions or for things I did not have time to discuss. I have one son fifteen, and two little girls I have taken, twelve and four years old. I adopted the one four years old since I lost my own darling. She is a great comfort to me.

Anna Likes. I know how you miss your mother. I lost mine eight years ago this winter, and it leaves a void that nothing can fill. I hope your boy will return to you all safe and sound. If you can, write to me. I have so little time and postage to spare I can't write many letters, but I would like to comfort or help someone more lonely than myself.

"What will it matter by and by?

myself.

"What will it matter by and by?
Whether our path below was bright,
Whether it shown through dark or light,
Under a gray or a golden sky,
What will it matter by and by?"
Mrs. Lottie Briggs, Madera, Cal.

DEAR SISTERS:

We are just nicely settled on a North Dakota homestead, with no near neighbors but a few bachelors holding down their claims, and twenty-five miles from the nearest town. To us who have lived all our lives within half a mile of town, if not right in town, this is an immense change. In the East I used to read magazine articles on the homesteaders and their sod shanties, but I never expected to see, much less to live in one.

One of the first things I did upon arriving here was to order Comport sent to me, and I intend to take solid comfort in its Sisters' Corner and its fancy work pages, for I enjoy both of them greatly. I hardly expect to see a woman's face this winter. Fortunately, we have a post-office within two miles of us or we would be almost entirely isolated.

On the expiration of our fourteen months' stay I will write and tell the sisters our experiences if I think them worth recording. DEAR SISTERS: We are just

I will write and tell the sisters our experiences if I think them worth recording.

If any of the sisters who have reading matter to spare, will send me some, also those having scraps, odds and ends of everything that can be put into any kind of piece or fancy work, and not having any use for it themselves, will forward some to me it will be greatly appreciated, as it will keep me busy, and help to keep off the blues.

MRS. F. W. MANSFIELD, Bonetraill, N. Dak.

MRS. F. W. MANSFIELD, Bonetraill, N. Dak.

MRS. F. W. MANSFIELD, Bonetraill, N. Dak.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

I wonder if all the sisters I sent samples of shadow embroidery to are busy at that work. I have a few suggestions to make. I want to tell you that sofa pillows made in the shadow embroidery and worked in colors are perfect dreams. If a wild rose pillow, work the roses with pink silk, and the leaves green, they are very dainty. I worked one in butterflies all different sizes and colors, and it was beautiful.

If the sisters will take the baby pillows I have sent them, and lay them on Persian lawn and trace them off, and work the roses pink, and the leaves green, the scroll a delicate blue, and the word baby either blue or pink, you will have the most beautiful baby pillow you ever saw.

Wishing Comport and all the sisters a prosperous year,

year, Mrs. Lydia L. Eckle, 1801 P St., Lincoln, Neb.

MRS. LYDIA L. ECKLE, 1801 P St., Lincoln, Neb.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I want to ask all of the sisters and friends and
Comport readers to wait a few days, and I will answer all of the Beer seed letters. I am doing my
best as fast as I can, and don't get discouraged if I
don't send your seed at once. I will answer all
containing stamped self-addressed envelope. I do
try to answer those who send no envelope.
I did not know Comport spread all over the earth.
I think I have received letters from nearly everyone of the States.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The tall athletic figure of a young man is seen leaning against the trunk of a tree. Half aloud he soliloquizes, and wonders what is keeping them. He asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of many voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. The service ends, and Theta Rosslyn meets her lover, Gene Warfield. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to the breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us." Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting for him; she sees the stricken look, that goes to her heart, and she tries to comfort him. He will carry the scar to the grave. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. Could she have her way she would have him a simple farmer, marry and settle down for a long and happy life. His uncle John is a good manager, but has spoiled him for the happy contented life. If she were sure the forces of his nature were always to be arrayed on the side of right, she would not mind. She is assured he will never yield to the power of gold, but she knows his weakness—the insatiable appetite for power, and this fear comes, because he has broken with all religious traditions. The mother's heart is breaking because she knows that the width

width of poles lies between them. The parting comes; the mother cries, "I didn't know it would be so hard!" Theta Rosslyn hears the cry, and laying her hands on the mother's shoulders softly says, "God will take care of him."

Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The boyish look is gone forever and the lines of power deepen. He finishes the last page of a paper and with the exclamation, "I am glad it is finished!" the door opens and Judge Blodgett enters. Gene tells him he has arrived in the nick of time. The Judge remarks he is at it as usual. "Writing out the speeches and learning them that I may, like Webster, deliver impromptu the next day," Gene replies, smiling. The legal battle seems like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully; he's never had a son and Gene has come to be almost like one to him. It isn't the Trusts, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He orders his horse and rides out of town and across the open prairie. Leaving his horse to graze, he stands on a rising swell of ground. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a misstep and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal put out of his misery; he objects. If he is afraid to do it, she will shoot him herself. Gene takes the deadly top pistol out of her hand and commands her to stand with her back to him. There is a blinding flash and the poor brute is dead. In the absence of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced, and she presents he can't shall be a serviced in plantage of the head of the Trust, but has

CHAPTER V.

MEETING WITH CORCORAN AND WARFIELD'S FALL.

N the morning following the encounter with Victoria, Warfield sat alone in his office with a mass of papers spread out on the desk, busily engaged in incorporating into his speech some new evidence in connection with the Harvester Trust case which had arrived the night before

night before.
At last the task was finished and laying aside his work, he fell into a fit of musing, his straight brows drawing together in a frown and his strong hands clinching and unclinching themselves nervously. Then he started suddenly to his feet, as the sound of heavy footfalls broke upon his ear.

"It sounds like the tread of doom!" he exclaimed aloud.

Then creakily, noisily the hinges moved and a veritable Son of Anak, six feet three inches tall, and broad as the door itself, although without an ounce of superfluous flesh on the

huge frame, entered. Gene, a tall man as men go, was dwarfed into insignificance beside him. Their faces, strangely enough, were alike, yet unlike. The younger man's might have stood as a model for Cæsar at a like age, while the face of the other might have represented the same Cæsar at the time he wrote home that laconic despatch, "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

As the two men faced each other, there was

challenge in the eyes of each.
"Mr. Corcoran, I believe?" said Gene, motioning the other to a chair and again seating him-

self at his desk.

"The same," replied Corcoran as he sat down in the biggest chair the office contained. Without further formalities he began: "Mr. Warfield, there is a certain matter I have come today to speak about, and not to take up any today to speak about, and not to take up any more of your valuable time than is necessary," with a glance at the scattered manuscript on the desk, "I will state at once my mission." That opening sentence, so direct to the point, was characteristic of Corcoran.

Born in New York, of Irish parentage, he had been first a bootblack, then a newsboy, then a pressman. The family moved West and

Written in Collaboration

By Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

Michael being by that time a young man and having saved a little of his earnings took up a claim and became a landowner on a small scale. Wearying of this he sold out and went into the saloon business, which really gave but which had under all its softness the iron scale. Wearying of this he sold out and went into the saloon business, which really gave him his start in life. Once started, however, a fit of restlessness took possession of him. Exploiting a few poor workingmen and their families seemed altogether too slow a way of getting rich and he cast about for some quicker method by which to attain the desired object. His short experience as an agriculturist taught him that no prey is so easy as the farming class. Thus in his fertile brain was hatched the germ of what ultimately grew to be the Harvester Trust. Bit by bit this gigantic monopoly was built up until, in the course of time, the quondam bootblack found himself the possessor of millions. His brain, as previously stated, was fertile, and by his association with people of wealth and culture he action with people of wealth and culture he acquired an ease and charm of manner which secured for him a cordial welcome in the

highest circles.

He married into one of New York's most exclusive families, but despite this fact, he made no attempt to disguise his humble origin. His

he so well knew how to assume on occasion, but which had under all its softness the iron ring of determination.

"Warfield, I have placed before you the case as it stands. As you are well aware it is no idle boast on my part to say in this region I am ruler. I can create and I can destroy; I can imprison and I can set free; I can degrade and I can elevate; I can impoverish and enrich, and I can commercially, socially and politically make or break in the city of Excelsior and its environs. If you defy me I will crush you. If you will become my friend, my ally, you shall grow great by my power."

As Corcoran's vain-glorious utterance came to an end, Gene, who had listened with ill-concealed impatience, arose to his feet and burst out impetuously:

"Do you take me for a dastard that you dare to come here with such a damnable proposition? What do I care for your power! Drive me out of this town—hound me to the last ditch and I will fight you there! I won't soil my hands with your dirty business! Do your

House Victoria glanced up and caught Gene's look of admiration and smiled.

The power—the terrible power—that lies in a woman's smile! A woman's smile—a thing as evanescent as the sparkle on a glass of champagne—yet it is for this empires have crumbled. For Cleopatra's smile Mark Antony flung away a world. How we love them—the lips that smile at us!

Gene gazed until he could see her no longer then turned back as the suave voice of Corcoran again fell upon his ear.

"Warfield, I give you your choice."

On one hand were all the years of unstained manhood, on the other the picture Corcoran had drawn of himself seated among that exalted three hundred and sixty in the House of Representatives. In that hour he forgot his mother's parting words. His mother's face, too, was dimmed by the years and a younger and fairer face had come between. As on the night before, he heard beautiful scornful red lips saying: "I adore ambitious people, the people who accomplish things."

"Yes sir, I am choosing." Gene's face at that instant wore the look which in Milton's beautiful allegory that of Lucifer, Star of the Morning may have worn when he led the first hosts out of Heaven.

Corcoran smiled as he grasped Warfield's outstretched hand.

"Warfield, you have made a wise choice and one you are not likely to regret. As concerns

walked out.



VICTORIA CAME CLOSE, LOOKING AT HIM THE WHILE WITH A COMPELLING LIGHT IN HER MAGNETIC EYES.

aged father and mother he esteemed most highly, and maintained them in the greatest luxury, and to be a seventh cousin of Corcoran was worth at least five thousand a year to the lucky relative.

He gave lavishly to every call for help that came to him, responding not because of the morality of the people, but because of their physical need.

Once he visited the early home of his perents.

worst! I defy you!" As he hurled the last words at his opponent Gene struck the desk a resounding blow with his fist and then walked over to a window.

There was a smile on Corcoran's lips as he expecting some such explosion, so he waited a little and then resumed:

"Warfield, I add mire your grit. It isn't every many who would defy Corcoran to his teeth."

Once he visited the early home of his parents in Ireland, and his princely generosity while there is still spoken of with much kindness by the inhabitants.

the inhabitants.

Early in his career he had adopted Napoleon's motto: "Every man has his price," and he had added to this with his accustomed cynicism: "Every woman has hers also."

With some it was love, with others it was diamonds and with still others it was power, but, whatever it was, once Corcoran set his heart moon winning a woman he seldom failed to grate. upon winning a woman he seldom failed to grat-ify his desire. His wife, poor thing, made the mistake of loving him and was slowly dying of a broken heart because of his many infidelities.

Having built up this huge monopoly, he gave up its active management to brains having the commercial instinct more strongly developed, and for a few years devoted himself to a life of

But his millions, his private car, his stud of race horses, his yacht and his numerous estates palled upon him. He realized that millionaires are as common as mushrooms and not nearly so well prized, and so having van-quished the realm of finance, sighing, like Alexander, for new worlds to conquer, he turned his attention to politics, finding on the political battlefield the excitement which his restless mind constantly crayed, and made him-

"Warfield, I admire your grit. It isn't every man who would defy Corcoran to his teeth. At the same time you are making a serious mistake. You will remember the maxim they mistake. You will remember the maxim they used to write in our copy books when we went to school: 'Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.' It is knocking at your door today. Years ago it knocked at mine and I opened to it. I began by having some such opened to it. I began by having some cherishing, and I have lived to learn their fallacy. You have lived the life of an ascetic, you might have been a monk for all the enjoyment you have gotten out of life. I, on the contrary, have lived my life to the full. I have not spared myself the cuddling of a single sense delight and yet today there is not a man in all this broad land who holds himself too great to doff his hat to Corcoran. After all, Warner of the contract of the con field, a man can but live his life. We have no knowledge of any previous existence—we do not know whether there is to be any future existence—the only life we know anything about is the one we are living now. Your destiny lies in your own hands. You can drive opporlies in your own hands. You can drive opportunity away and go back to the hoe and the plow," he paused long enough to note the effect of his words—for Gene had turned around Alexander, for new worlds to conquer, he turned his attention to political, finding on the political battlefield the excitement which his restless mind constantly craved, and made himself absolute master over the minds of the men he swayed.

Such was a career which may be likened to see the dark flush which arose to his brow and noted that his shot had gone home. The thought of returning with defeat upon him was bitter to Warfield at that moment—"or you can arise gloriously to meet it. Listen!

Today there are eighty millions of people in the United States. Representing these eighty millions there are three hundred and sixty odd members of Congress. I have power eighty millions there are three hundred and sixty odd members of Congress. I have power to take you from your lonesome place among these eighty millions and seat you in the envied circle of these potent three hundred and sixty. I give you your choice. Defy me and I will crush you; become my friend and I will place you among the highest of the land." Although he was scarcely conscious of the fact Gene was anxious as he listened to the words of Corcoran. He suddenly turned back to the open window, then something in the street caught his attention.

In an open carriage sat a beautiful woman. She was robed in palest azure, on her head a striking hat, and above her fair brow a sunburst of auburn hair.

A sigh of admiration broke from Gene and hearing this the other looked out to ascertain the cause and himself stood at gaze, his heart stirring at the sight of the woman's beauty. "How lovely she is!" thought Corcoran. "I wonder who she can be—I must find out and seek an introduction. If I am not mistaken that is the Huston's coachman on the box. I think I will have to call."

As the landau drew opposite the Court House Victoria glanced up and caught Gene's

As the landau drew opposite the Court House Victoria glanced up and caught Gene's look of admiration and smiled.

outstretched hand.

"Warfield, you have made a wise choice and one you are not likely to regret. As concerns the Harvester Trust case I look to you to do all I suggested would be required of you on my first introduction. As to your nomination to Congress the preliminaries shall receive my carliest extention. congress the preliminaries shall receive my earliest attention. I recognize your ability and feel that in you I have gained a powerful ally. Rest assured all power shall be exerted in your behalf. I have now," consulting his watch, "a most pressing engagement and cannot remain longer. I will bid you good morning." He cordially shook Gene's hand and walked out.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TREMBLE OF HIDDEN CHORDS.

"Now, father, I can't allow you to go into court looking like that. Your tie is crooked, and you have dropped cigar ashes on your vest, and I declare if you haven't got on a pair of frayed cuffs. You wait until I run upstairs and get another pair!"

"Pshaw, mother," in private life the judge and his wife still called each other father and mother, although their children had been dead for years, "you can't make a dude out of me at

mother, although their children had been dead for years, "you can't make a dude out of me at my time of life, and say, you can trim off the edges of these if you want to, but I haven't time to wait for another pair. The Harvester Trust case is to be tried today, and I don't want to miss any of it." said the judge as he submitted to being brushed and tidied generally.

"I understood," said Mrs. Blodgett with a twinkle in her eye, "that when you gave up the active practice of law you intended to have nothing further to do with it."

"Well, mother, I can't help taking an interest in it because of Gene. I went to hear him in his final summing up today. That speech of his is a rattling good one although I didn't tell him so. Modesty is rare among the young men of the present generation, and when I find it I take care not to rub off any of its pristine freshness. Of course, I expect him to be defeated. It couldn't be otherwise with judge, jury, every mother's son of them with a fat fee from Corcoran safely tucked away in his inside mother's son of them with a fat fee from Corcoran safely tucked away in his inside pocket. All the same I want to be in at the death for I know Gene will make a glorious end. And don't pretend you don't want me to

go for I know better, for you are half in love with Gene yourself."

Mrs. Blodgett smiled.
"He is a real lovable young man. I think it is because he cares so much for his mother, and always speaks so tenderly of her. If I had ever had always the bould have would him to be like that a son I should have wanted him to be like that. And, father, I don't half like his sudden feeling for that Miss Moore. Mrs. Huston tells me he is very attentive; every afternoon he sends up a box of flowers and follows it in the evening. I don't like Victoria Moore. She doesn't ap-

I don't like Victoria Moore. She doesn't appeal to me as being the sort of woman to make any man happy, and surely not Gene."
"Fie, mother," returned the judge, laughing, "you are all alike—you women. Let a pretty girl come among you and the red rag is out at once—you're all jealous of a lovely face. If Miss Moore is only half as good as she is beautiful she will do very well for Warfield. I can't say I admire the full-blown style of beauty. In fact, I much prefer elderly ladies, especially one, with a handsome face and wavy white hair. I never cared for the Titian shade some people raye over."

With an affectionate pat Mrs. Blodgett fin-ished the toilet, and hurried the judge off to the . .

Citizens of Excelsior were proud of their (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in scarch of a lost ow he finds hoof prints. He hears an old sound, and "Stop, Nero: Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse burst into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saying the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, so the stop of the port of the

CHAPTER XII.

AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

ICHARD CLARKE was seated in his room at the inn. The apartment was perhaps the best that rude tavern afforded, though it could hardly be considered luxurious in its appointments. In one corner stood a cot bedstead. There was a chair at each window, and a small table, perhaps two feet square, between, over which hung a looking-glass of scanty dimensions, which suffered under the further disadvantage of having been fractured by some careless occupant of the room in times past. There was no washstand, guests being expected to perform their ablutions below. At the lawyer's special request, a tin washbowl had been furnished, which stood on the table before mentioned, while a large tin dipper supplied the place of the ICHARD CLARKE was seated in

The lawyer was seated on one chair while his extended limbs found a resting-place on another. A mug of cider on the table near by indicated that he was disposed to be convivial. A complacent smile which played over his features evinced that he was in a contented frame of mind.

"I've got him under my thumb," he solilo-quized. "Thanks to my knowledge of human nature I read him at once, and made up my nature I read him at once, and made up my mind how to deal with him. I can see plainly enough that he doesn't particularly relish having me for a son-in-law. The old fellow's pride sticks to him yet. That's unfortunate for him, for it must be humbled. I have a shrewd suspicion, too, that the young lady won't be altogether willing to accept Dick Clarke as a substitute for that young spark of a Davenport. He seems to be quite a trim young gallant, and is handsomer than I ever was. I am very glad to say that I have a proper appreciation of my own want of beauty. I remember my father used to say, 'Dick's a rough-looking fellow but bell mediants. I remember my father used to say, 'Dick's a rough-looking fellow, but he'll make his way in the world.' I mean to verify the old gentleman's prediction, if I live long enough. Let me take another look at the precious document which is go to speak the corrections. ment which is, so to speak, the corner-stone of my prosperity."

Dick Clarke carefully drew from an inner

pocket a letter somewhat rumpled. It was directed on the outside to Joseph Parkhurst.

"The old gentleman would give something to get hold of this," said the lawyer complacently. "With it he might snap his fingers at me, and leave me to crawl back to my dusty office at my leisure."

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

He opened the document and read it, for the hundredth time, it may be. As, however, it will be new to the reader, it may be well to transcribe its contents and set them before him.

"MY DEAR SON JOSEPH:

"My DEAR SON JOSEPH:

"Although it may prove to be unnecessary, yet in order to avoid all risk, in the event of any unforeseen contingency, such as my sudden death, I have thought proper to set down succinctly a step which I have felt it a matter of prudence to take, together with the reasons which have impelled me to take it.

"I need hardly say that, through inheritance and otherwise, I am the possessor of what is reckoned in these colonies a considerable fortune, amounting to not very far from twenty thousand pounds, and perhaps more. This will, in the natural course of events, descend to you, my only son. But in the present troubled state of the country the letter bore date December, 1779] while a struggle is pending between the mother country and these colonies, the issue of which is doubtful, the security of possession is, as a matter of course, greatly endangered. It is for this reason that I have endeavored to preserve an outside neutrality. Yet as suspicions may arise, and as so often happens in such a struggle, I may on some pretext be deprived of my property, I have thought it my duty to adopt some means of preserving at least a part of it to you independent of contingency."

"What a prosy and long-winded old fellow," myttered Dick. "He might as well have come

"What a prosy and long-winded old fellow,"
muttered Dick. "He might as well have come
to the point in half a dozen lines. But the
best part of it is to come."
He resumed the reading of the letter, and we
will follow his example.

He resumed the reading of the letter, and we will follow his example.

"I have, therefore, with as much secrecy as possible realized the money value of one half of my property, and at various times, as frequently as I dared, contrived to convert it into gold pieces. These I carefully laid away in a stout box, which now lies concealed. The chief object of this communication is to reveal to you the place of concealment, that if I should be taken away during your absence, the secret may not die with me.

"You will remember that small tract of land, embracing perhaps a couple of acres, at the upper part of the island, on which stands the cottage occupied by Black Phœbe, your old nurse. Being so much out of the way, I decided that this would be the best place of concealment which I could select. After some reflection I decided not to let her into the secret, and accordingly contrived a pretext for her temporary absence, during which the box was conveyed by night to the spot, and buried at the foot of a tree. There will be no difficulty in finding the place, since, as you will perhaps remember, there is but this one tree on the place. It is an old apple tree now past bearing, and stands just in the rear of the house. A hole was dug, four feet in depth, at the northeast corner, and the box, being deposited therein, was carefully covered over, the superfluous dirt being removed, so that there might be no trace left of the place having been disturbed.

"In this box will be found ten thousand pounds in gold—a sum that will enable you to live comfortably and as befits your station, even if you should be deprived of your remaining possessions. I trust, however, that this may not be the case, and that my precaution may prove to have been unnecessary. But however this may be, I shall feel that I have done my duty in adopting this prudent measure in your behalf.

"I am sensibly affected, my dear son, when I reflect that if you are ever to read this paper it will probably be when I am laid in the grave. Let me then speak as be

"In conclusion, my son, I will subscribe myself, "Your affectionate father, John Parkhurst."

"The old gentleman little dreamed for whose eye he was writing," thought the lawyer. "If he had, he wouldn't have been quite so affectionate in his address—though it may turn out that I shall become, if not his son, the next thing to it—his grandson."

Dick Clarke slowly folded up this letter and replaced it in his pocket.

"I remember the old gentleman," he said musingly. "He was the very essence of respectability with his powdered hair, kneebreeches, and all that—I little suspected at the time that I should ever stand in any near relation to him, and I fancy that it was quite as far from his thoughts. Let them talk as they may of Dame Fortune, she can do a fellow a good turn now and then, and she has chosen to be kind to me. This beautiful wild flower has been growing up in the woods for me, and faith, I'll wear it."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the en-trance of the landlord, who thrust his head in

at the door, saying:

"There's a lady downstairs would like to see you, Mr. Clarke. Will you go down and see

you, Mr. Clarke. Will you go down and see her?"

"A lady!" exclaimed the lawyer, starting from his chair in surprise. "Who is it?"

"Squire Parkhurst's daughter."

"Mabel!" returned Clarke, in surprise. "I will be down directly."

CHAPTER XIII.

JERRY SPEAKS HIS MIND.

It must be admitted that Jerry felt rich. Not only had he the piece given by Mr. Maxwell, but he had also the half-dollar given him by Henry Davenport.
"If I keep on I'll be a millionaire," said he to

"If keep on I'll be a millionaire," said he to himself, while at work in the garden patch. "I'm having a regular flood of good fortune." It was such a fine day that the boy could not resist the temptation, some time later, to slip down to the pond for a swim. He had a

down to the point for a swim. He had a favorite swimming hole, and here he splashed around for a good quarter of an hour. He wished he had a companion, but boys were scarce in that vicinity, so he had to take his enjoyment slone. He was just dressed and was starting back to

the field, when he saw Mabel coming along the road that led to Hill's Tavern. The girl showed that she was much agitated, and Jerry

stepped behind a tree to watch her.
"Perhaps she's going to call on that strange man," he mused.

As Mabel came up to the tree she paused, and As Madel came up to the tree she paused, and Jerry was amazed to see her wipe two big tears from her cheeks. She gave a sob and leaned against the tree trunk for support.

"Oh, Miss Mabel, what's the matter?" cried the boy, his heart melting at the sight. "Can lead to the sight of the sight of the sight of the sight.

l help you?

"Jerry!" she ejaculated in amazement, and tried to hide her tears. "I did not know anybody was around."
"But what is the matter? What are you crying shout?" ing about?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter, Jerry! Never mind!"
"Yes, it does. I don't want to see you cry,"
he answered bluntly. "Have you had some
trouble with Mr. Davenport?"
"No, Jerry."
"Then maybe the squire's been scolding

you."

"No. It—it's something else."
"Can't I help you?"
At this query Mabel smiled faintly. She loved Jerry, and his open-heartedness always

appealed to her.
"I don't see how you can help me," she said.
"Perhaps I can, Miss Mabel. Anyway, I'm
willing to try real hard."

"Jerry, you are very, very good."
"But what is it all about? Won't you tell me?

me?"
Mabel paused. More than once in the past she had trusted Jerry with her secrets, and he had never betrayed her confidence. She trusted him far more than she did Mehitable. "Jerry, did you meet that man who came to see my father?" she questioned.
"Yes, of course I did."
"I mean, did you get the chance to talk to him?"

"Yes, I met him in the woods and showed him the way to the house."
"What did you think of him?"
"I didn't like him much," was the prompt

answer.
"Why not? Don't be afraid to tell me.

"Why not? Don't be arraid to ten me.
"I thought he looked and acted like a sharper."
Mabel Parkhurst clutched the boy's arm and

Mater Parkhurst clutched the boy's arm and her face paied a little.

"Did you really think that?"

"Yes, I did. He didn't have the kind of eyes that I like. And his nose.—"

"Never mind his nose, Jerry."

"Is he the man that has made trouble for you?"

"I am afraid that he is trying to make trouble both for father and myself. But you must not speak of this to anybody else, Jerry."
"I won't—if you want it that way, Miss Mabel. You know I can keep mum when I want to."

"Yes, I know that."
"Wes, I know that."
"What kind of trouble is he trying to make?" "It's a long story, Jerry. It seems that years ago my grandfather hid away a lot of gold in a

"Has that man got it?"
"He says he knows where the gold is."
"And won't he give it up? If he won't, I'd have him arrested," cried the boy excitedly.
"Hush, not so loud, Jerry, or somebody may hear you."

hear you. "Ain't anybody around here. around for Mr. Davenport when I saw you coming, but there wasn't nobody," and Jerry

grinned. Mabel's face flushed. "So you thought I was coming out to see him?" she observed.

"Oh, it's all right, Miss Mabel. Mr. Daven-port is a nice gentleman."
"Yes, I agree with you."
"You couldn't marry a better," went on Jerry

boldly. "Thank you, Jerry. But we have lost track

"Inank yot, Jerry. But we have lost track of our subject."
"That's so. What about this gold in a box? What is that man going to do with it?"
"He says he will turn it over to my father on one condition."
"And what is that?"
"You won't mention it, Jerry?"
"Not upless you won't me to."

"You won't mention it, Jerry?"
"Not unless you want me to."
"He won't give up the gold unless I promise
to marry him," and Mabel turned her face
away to hide her burning cheeks.
"What, marry that fellow!" ejaculated the
boy in open disgust. "Marry that old pugnose! Don't you do it, Miss Mabel! Why, he
ain't worth your little finger!"
"I do not wish to marry him."
"And you say he'll keep the gold if you
won't."
"That is what he told my father. I have not

"And you say he'll keep the gold if you won't."

"That is what he told my father. I have not spoken to him."

"But why does he want to marry you if he doesn't know you?"

"Father says he is anxious to elevate himself socially. Mr. Clarke—that's his name—says he used to see me in New York when I went to school there, and admired me in secret."

"Well, I can't blame him for that, Miss Mabel—you're so beautiful. But he's ugly—I wouldn't have him for a gift."

"I do not want him. But I do not wish to see my father suffer, Jerry. He has been used to a fine social position in New York, and life out here in the wilderness is very irksome to him. If he had the gold that his father hid away in that box, he could go back to the city and assume his old place among his friends."

"Well, I wouldn't mind going to the city myself. But I don't hanker to be so awful rich."

"I would be content to stay here." answered

"I would be content to stay here," answered

the girl.
"There ought to be some way by which yo could make this Mr. Clarke give up that gold,

went on Jerry, after a thoughtful pause. "If I was your father I'd make him do it."
"It is not so easy to do things out here as it would be in the city, Jerry. Officers of the law are scarce, and nearly every man is a law unto himself, as the saying is."
"Yes, I know that. Why, they even let that fellow go who stole Hill's brown mare. In some places that rascal would have been hung."
"Begidge that my father is not as young as

"Besides that, my father is not as young as he used to be, and even if we had this Mr. Clarke arrested, it would be difficult to prove anything against him. Of course he would deny everything."

"Then he didn't tell you where the gold was?"

"Oh no."

"Oh, no."
"Perhaps it's a falsehood—there may not be any gold No. I think he speaks the truth."

"No, I think he speaks the truth."
"Is he still staying at Hill's Tavern?"
"Yes. I am on my way there now."
"What are you going to do?"
"I am going to try to reason with him and see if we cannot get the fortune from him with-

out my marrying him.

"He doesn't look like a chap that would reason with anybody, Miss Mabel. He's got a regular bullet head."
"I shall do my best with him."
"But if he refuses you, what then?"
At this question the girl shook her head

sorrowfully. "I am sure I don't know what will happen after that, Jerry."

"Well, don't you marry him, no matter what you do. Why, if you did that, you'd break Mr. Davenport's heart, Miss Mabel."

At these words the girl's tears flowed afresh. "Do you really think that, Jerry?"

"Yes, I do. He's head over heels in love with you, and if you are going to marry anybody you ought to marry him," answered the boy, and after a few words more the talk came to an end, and the pair separated; Jerry to continue his labor, and Mabel to resume her journey to Hill's Tavern.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRYING TO MAKE TERMS.

The lawyer, in spite of his frank confession of want of beauty, did not fail to pay some attention to his external appearance before going down to meet Mabel. He retied his cravat, which was awry, and with the aid of a comb and brush brought into somewhat better order the shock of hair that usually received little attention.

On many accounts the interview was one Mabel dreaded. She had come to plead with a man whom she did not know to resign his claims to her hand. She could not think of him without repugnance. Perhaps, indeed, she might be charged with indelicacy in coming slove to see him but she was so straightforalone to see him, but she was so straightforward, and impatient of delay, that she could not endure suspense and wished to bring

not endure suspense and wished to bring matters to a point.

The lawyer came in with a smile that was meant to be encouraging, and bowing low, remarked, "Miss Mabel Parkhurst, I believe."

Mabel inclined her head gravely, while she answered: "You are right, sir. You are, I believe, Mr. Richard Clarke of New York."

"I am, and I may add that it affords me pleasure to make the personal acquaintance of one whose face has been familiar for years."

Mabel could not assure him of her own pleasure, and therefore remained silent.

"This is a charming country of yours," said the lawyer complaisantly. "These green woods and beautiful meadows make me think of fairyland. I had no expectation of finding the

and beautiful meadows make me think of fairy-land. I had no expectation of finding the wilderness so attractive."

"Yes, it is pleasant," said Mabel absently. She was thinking how she might introduce the subject of her errand.

"But your father appears to be better pleased with city life," remarked Clarke, glancing shrewdly at his visitor.

"You have called on my father?" said Mabel abruptly.

abruptly.
"I had that pleasure. What a charming

ituation you have."
Impatient of this irrelevant speech, and de-Impatient of this irrelevant speech, and desirous of shortening the interview as far as possible, Mabel took no notice of this complimentary observation, but proceeded: "He has informed me of the business that induced your coming."

"I beg you to believe that it is with the greatest gratification that I unexpectedly find it in my power to restore your father and yourself to the position for which nature designed you."

you."
This Richard Clarke said with the air of one who was conferring a favor from the most disinterested of motives.

Mabel looked at him in surprise. "Perhaps my father has misunderstood you—I hope he did—but he mentioned something about a condition."
She reused in some emberrassment

She paused in some embarrassment.

"I did name a condition, Miss Parkhurst—a condition I earnestly hope you will regard with

favor."

"This condition," said Mabel, determined to get through the interview as soon as possible, "this condition related to myself. You must pardon my directness, but I do not like circumlocution and wish to come to an understanding at once."

"You are quite right," said the lawyer, "and little work of the same to the lawyer, and little work of the lawyer, and little work of the lawyer."

I thank you for coming to the point, and since the opportunity is afforded me, allow me to say that, though it is the first occasion of my speak-ing with you, I have long known and admired you."

'You have the advantage of me, sir," said

Mabel with reserve.
"Yet let me hope that this will not prejudice "Yet let me hope that this will not prejudice you against me. In proposing for your hand as I did to your father, I acted from no hasty impulse, but from a well-considered determination. Think that in acceding to my request, you not only bestow happiness upon your unworthy admirer, but also secure the restoration of your father and yourself to that sphere which is most congenial to you."
"As for myself," said Mabel, "I have no desire to leave the country home that I have found so attractive. I was never so happy in the city as I have been here."
Mabel did not analyze the sources of her hap-

Mabel did not analyze the sources of her happiness. Perhaps no one ever does so. But it is questionable whether Henry Davenport's presnot have ma

ence would not have made the city more attractive than the country.

"Perhaps I was wrong with regard to yourself," said Clarke, bowing gallantly. "The country does indeed seem to be the fit abiding-place of the flowers—more especially of the rose, the queen of flowers."

Mabel listened coldly and deigned no acknowledgment of the compliment. After pausing long enough for an answer to be made if one was intended, the speaker went on: "But your father—he at least would much prefer the city?"

He would. He has never enjoyed himself "He would. He has never enjoyed nimsen much in the country, and his happiness would doubtless be much promoted by a return to the scenes and acquaintances with which he was once familiar."

"It is fortunate, then, that this return is now open to him," said the lawyer, looking stealthily at his fair companion.

his fair companion.
"And how is it open to him?" asked Mabel,

"And how is it open to him?" asked Madel, fixing her eyes steadily upon the lawyer.
"By his acceptance of my offer," said Clarke, not without betraying a little confusion.
"Mr. Clarke, I have come here with the intention of being entirely frank with you. The condition you have proposed is one that it is quite impossible for my father to comply with."
"Impossible!"

"Yes, for two reasons. The first is that my father, whatever other claims he may have up-on me, has no authority over my hand and its disposal. I am convinced that he does not desire to have."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



LEAGUE RULES: COMFORT for one year and a To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

to the League of Gousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

PRIL Fool! That's what Toby and Billy the Goat said to me last year and for good reasons. A man told me he'd give me ten dollars for a dozen post holes. Another person drove up to our chicken coop, and begged me to go and buy him three quarts of pigeons' milk, as his wife was dying, and the doctor said she must have it quick. I'm a good-natured old slob, ready to do anybody a turn, and there was I rushing all over New England for post holes, and pigeons' milk. I wouldn't have cared, if I could have got them, but nobody seemed to have any for sale and in several stores that I entered, they called me an April Fool, and seemed to have any for sale and in several stores that I entered, they called me an April Fool, and threw things at me. I've asked lots of people why it was that everyone acted so crazy, and why it is no one keeps these indispensable articles of commerce for sale, but I can't get any sane or sensible replies from anyone;—they just pucker up their faces, and laugh all over me, and tell me that people were only stringing me and handing me a lemon. But I didn't have any string on my person, and as for lemons. I and handing me a lemon. But I didn't have any string on my person, and as for lemons, I never saw one. I've no doubt that poor woman died uttering imprecations on my head, and wondering why I didn't bring the pigeons' milk, that would have saved her life. When I first went on the stage, I had to play an old man's part, and they sent me out to buy a tencent box of wrinkles. I searched the town, and couldn't get 'em. In the meat store, the man said his grandfather had a choice collection of couldn't get 'em. In the meat store, the man said his grandfather had a choice collection of them he would sell cheap, but after I had found the old man, I discovered they were all on his face, and they were the wrinkles that wouldn't come off. But I had to have 'em, and I was tearing the old man's hide off his face, when the police arrested me. Well, I got out of that scrape, and rushed back to the Opera House, and say they were having fits!!! Then they chased me out to get the key of the curtain, from the manager of the Opera House. This guy was a crusty low forehead; and when I said key of the curtain, and must have it at once, or else they couldn't get the curtain raised, and start the performance, well, he just yelled murder. He sent me to the meat market, velled murder. He sent me to the meat market.

once, or esse they couldn't get the curtain raised, and start the performance, well, he just yelled murder. He sent me to the meat market, and they sent me to the undertakers and the overture was playing when I rushed into the Opera House, and fell exhausted on two bloodhounds (we were playing Uncle Tom's Cabin), and the dogs didn't do a thing to me. Later on they told me I must go to the drug store, and get ten cents' worth of drum salve for the drum, as it was dead sore from being beaten so much, and the drummer was afraid to pound it for fear it would die. I hated to think of the poor drum suffering for want of a little salve, and so I went to the drug store, and the pill man called me a fresh guy and drew a gun on me. I didn't get the salv., and the drum was awful sore about it. Ah, me I've had a sad life. Please bear in mind, that I want you all to hustle round among your friends, and get seven fifteen-cent-"subs" for COMFORT, and get one of Uncle Charlie's books of poems. This is the first favor I have ever asked of my nephews and nieces, and it is a very, very small one indeed, as the effort is trifling, and the reward is altogether out of proportion to the task. In a nutsnell the proposition is this: Send one dollar and five cents to COMFORT and they will send the best magazine in the world for one year to seven of your friends and a superbly gotten up book full of rib-tickling, mirthprovoking, laughter-raising pieces, that will keep you in good humor for the rest of your rise. The book contains my autograph, and is sold in Western stores for one dollar. You can readily sell it after you have read it, and be a half a dollar ahead. Now get busy please and let's get some results.

If the young lady who wrote from the convent

half a dollar ahead. Now get busy please and let's get some results.

If the young lady who wrote from the convent, Auburndale, Mass., will write me again during her vacation, I shall be most happy to give her the advice she desires. Her letter was reatly appreciated, and she may consider note Charlie is her true friend and relative for

No names are put on the correspondence list, unless they are written on a separate slip of paper, with the writer's age and address. If you are too lazy to do this, don't ask me to tell the cousins to write to you, for I won't do it. A part of my mission in life is to teach helpless, thoughtless people to be helpful and thoughtful. It is a hard and thankless task, but I am going to persist in it.

Piles of letters containing five cents for League membership still pour in. You can't crawl under the canvas for five cents. Every member of this League must be a subscriber. No names are put on the correspondence list

selves seated in the large dining-room of the Union Station with the good things of the table rapidly disappearing before us. As our train did not leave until 9.30 we still had plenty of time to go down to the Water Front and visit the Ainsworth Dock owned by the O. R. and N. Co.

Breakfast being over, we started out through the terminal yards, and after crossing a number of tracks we soon came to the water front where the Stevedores were loading the beautiful steamship Columbia with precious freight bound for the earthquake city of San Francisco.

Eight-thirty found us leaving the Ainsworth Dock to find our train, the Chicago Portland Special being made up there for its far Eastern journey. Hastily glancing over our train we find she is as beautiful as any of the great trans-continental trains entering the city of Portland. As she stands on the sidetrack before the watting-rooms of the Union Depot, we glance at the locomotive a thing of life and beauty, spinning over the rails with the grace of a serpent, her great electric searchlight will pierce the inky darkness of night for thirty telegraph poles shead. As the depot master calls out the hour of departure, we swing ourselves up into one of the day coaches for our journey up the Columbia. With a clang of the bell on the giant locomotive we find ourselves gliding from the Union Station onto the steel bridge. Here we catch a glimpse of all the crafts for miles up and down the mighty Willamette.

Glancing from our car window we watch the everchanging panaroms of rivers, valleys, mountains and trees gradually fade away in the distance. Scarce thirty minutes have passed till we rush over the Sandy River and glant mountains loom up around us. Scarce three minutes have passed since leaving the Sandy till we thunder into the great Columbia Gorge.

The gray monolith known as Rooster Rock, seems to stand like a sentinel guarding the entrance to the great Gorge of the Columbia. The Redmen regarded the great gray monolith as a god, and prayed to the mighty Manitou to st

canal for the handling of traffic by water which would probably run opposition to the railways on either side of the river and bring reduced rates to the farmers of the Great Inland Empire who find a good market for all of their produce in the city of Portland. The O. R. and N. Co's. main line follows the Columbia for a distance of 200 miles, giving the tourist and settler the chance of seeing some of the finest scenery in the world. At Biggs Junction I leave the train while my chun, goes farther on to the East, taking the train on the Columbia Southern which runs through the Southern part of the Great Inland Empire known the world over as being the greatest, cereal-raising country in the United States.

Your nephew,

L. M. Nelson.

L. M. Nelson.

Lawrence, your trip up the Columbia River is admirably described, though I am somewhat inclined to believe you've been biting several chunks out of the identical guide book that I drew on when I made the same trip some fifteen years ago in company with Mr. Lewis, and Mrs. Clarke. We were sent by President Madison, who built the Madison Square Theater, to assist in discovering the Pacific Coast, and the home of the waters of the canned salmon. Incidentally we discovered Mount Hood, named for Mr. Hood, the Sarsaparilla man, and Mr. Hood presented us with a bottle of his liquid for that tired feeling which I contracted several years before I was born, and which I have been most violently afflicted with ever since. All the people who climb Mount Hood have that tired feeling before they reach the top, so it is a good thing they can take something for it. I have been taking something for my tired feeling for several hundred years, but I don't seem to effect a cure. Harking back to your letter, Lawrence, you say that as you started, the clock struck out the hour of seven. That means that you have only 23 hours per day in Portland. "23." that is the skiddon started, the clock struck out the hour of seven. That means that you have only 23 hours per day in Portland, "23," that is the skiddoo number. A clock that strikes out the hours as recklessly as this ought to be arrested, and made to do time, instead of trying to keep time. A nice thing, indeed to have an hour a day struck out of your life, just when you probably need it most. Time is a precious commodity, and it is an outrage that you should let your clock destroy the precious hours thus. You'll get an eight-hour day in Portland, without any legislation from Congress, if that old clock keeps up its monkey shines.

out any legislation from Congress, if that old clock keeps up its monkey shines.

You also say that when you got into the dining-room at the depot, you "witnessed the good things of the table disappearing before us." If a restaurant is intended for anything it is to provide food for hungry people, and yet you no sooner enter than they grab up the doughnuts, coffee, sinkers, and tableware, and run for their lives. It is very suspicious when food disappears before you—looks as though you hadn't the price to pay for it. Food, should disappear into you, and down you, but never before you. Your description implies that some other Gink chewed up all the grub, before you got your looks, and beat it to the basement with the grub ornaments until you had transferred your features to another climate. You say the electric searchlight will pierce the inky darkness for thirty telegraph poles ahead. When I was out there the headlight on the engine would pierce the darkness for nothing at gine would pierce the darkness for nothing at

THE BREATHLESS OCCUPANT OF THE BLANKET IS THROWN HIGH IN THE AIR.

In the containing and remarked and the correspondence list, unless they are written on a separate slip of paper, with the writer's age and address. If you are too lazy to do this, don't ask me to tell the cousins to write to you, for I won't do it. A part of my mission in life is to leach help-base, bitted in the cousins to write to you, for I won't do it. A part of my mission in life is to leach help-base, bitted in the cousins to write to you, for I won't do it. A part of my mission in life is to leach help-base, bitted in the cousins to write to you, for I won't do it. A part of my mission in life is to leach help-base, bitted in the cousins to write to you, for I won't do it. A part of my mission in life is to leach help-base, bitted in the cousins to get the cousing the

had a good time. Uncle, you ought to see our little town, it is a busy little place. I took the girls out for a sleigh ride last night; we didn't get in till morning. We have fine skating on the big creek now. The boys and girls go skating every night on the ice. I have a fine home. I will answer all letters and cards, even if I have to pile them on a hay wagon to haul them to the post-office.

ADAM SHRIVER (No. 14.568).

a hay wagon to haul them to the post-cifice.

Adam, your letter has greatly distressed me. I have shed many buckets of bitter tears over it. I started this League to enable young folks to get together for mutual improvement, and by the exchange of interesting and helpful letters, learn more about each other and the grand country in which we live. My intentions were of the best, my idea solely to do good, and I have endeavored by every means in my power to keep this League above reproach, and permit no questionable character to get into it. That's what I've tried to do, and I find my aims and endeavors have come to naught, and the whole League disgraced by the action of one of its members, and if you'll read Adam's letter, you'll know who that member is. I hear you say. 'Uncle Charlie, what have I done to incur your wrath and displeasure?'' Adam, don't ask me, don't ask me, but look at your letter, and read there the confession you have made publicly to six millions of people—of an act of infamy that I cannot permit to go unchallenged, an act that will certainly bring you into the clutches of the law, if you don't immediately reform and lead a law-abiding, reputable life, as all young men should. You come before this majestic tribunal, this superb utable life, as all young men should. You come before this majestic tribunal, this superb multitude of America's best people, without a blush on your voice, or a tremor on your cheek, and inform us in the coolest and most matter-of-fact way that you have been "Firing on the railroad!" Apparently you have been engaged of-fact way that you have been "Firing on the railroad!" Apparently you have been engaged in this sanguinary work for one year, and no one will ever know what ruin and destruction has been the result of your actions. Firing on the railroad! Can't you hear the bullets crashing through the Pullman car windows, and perforating the passengers as they lie asleep in their berths, or sit at the dinnertables pushing pie into their faces. Ah, it's terrible to think of the ruin and destruction that ensues, when a young man quits the paths of rectitude, and gun in hand goes out to fire on the railroad. Oh, Adam, do promise you will discard your gun forever, and quit this terrible work of making widows and orphans. Cousins, let us all beg Adam to be a good boy and behave. Some of us may be traveling on the very road that he is firing on, and then maybe we'll come home with umpty steen the very road that he is firing on, and then maybe we'll come home with umpty steen bullets in our refrigerators. The thing is too terrible to contemplate, and it's going to stop, or Adam can't stay in the League. Toby says Adam only fires on the engine. Well, that's just as bad, the engineer's life is just as precious to him as anyone elses. If Adam fired on the engine and hit the engineer, then we'd have a wreck sure. Adam writes me that he'd like to meet an Eve, if there are any Eves in the League. The only eve I know is Christmas Eve, and until Adam quits firing on the railroad, we won't introduce him to a single Eve, no sir, not even Christmas Eve. We must get Even somehow.

An unusually interesting letter from a Wis-consin cousin will now entrance us.

An unusually interesting letter from a Wisconsin cousin will now entrance us.

Box 117, Sheboygan, R. F. D., 5, Wis.

My Dear Uncle Charlie:

I'll write you a letter, and hope to find you in good spirits. I used to be a watchman in the furniture warehouse of McAush, Dwyer Co., of Chicago, which was located here. Shortly after March 7th last, it was destroyed by fire, and my job "went up in smoke." Since then, I have had quite an uphill struggle again, to make "both ends meet," and they're still quite a distance apart yet. I have had an awful time with my stomach for the past seven years, or nearly that, and in consequence, cannot do any hard or heavy work, as I used to, and can only eat a small amount of certain kinds of food. I have been doing some house-painting the past summer, and found it agreed with me pretty well, as I was out in the fresh air all of the time, which is what I like and need. I could not work in one of these "State's Prisons" of factories here, if I were to be paid five dollars a day. I would not last a month. I would not be able to eat anything. Still, no matter how bad off we may be, we can always find someone in a worse condition. Six years ago I was in a hospital for a time, and I thought I was pretty bad, but I could get outside and walk around a little, but I tell you, Uncle Charlie, I looked like some of the boys of the Civil War, who were in Andersonville Prison. Still, I thought I was fine, compared to some poor souls who were lying in bed there for months, unable to hardly move, and had to be cared for like infants by the good, kind, noble "Sisters," who were continually on the go, attending to some poor patient.

I sincerely sympathize with our poor shut-ins, and endeavor to send a little cheer to some of them when I can.

My father was a soldier during the Civil War, for a time at least; enlisted in the Third Wisconsin Infantry, June, 1861, and was wounded at Winchester, Va., May 25th, 1862, and sustained a fracture of the skull, a bullet having struck him about two inches from

of Winchester. One of them ran into a dwelling and begged a woman to "save that poor, wounded as oldier for God's sake." She asked if he had a family, and upon being told he had a wife and four small children in Wisconsin, went out where the bullets were flying, and as my father was paralyzed and unable to move, caught him by the shoulders, and dragged him through the gate in the high board fence which enclosed her lot, while six or seven bullets pierced the gate before she had accomplished the act, and closed the gate. I wish I could meet that brave woman, or her daughter, who also helped to carry my father into the house, and wash the blood from his face and head. I she told him though, "If he had been from Massachusetts, she would not have saved him, and if he were General Banks, she would have knocked the rest of his brains out."

My father died from effects of the wound and other diseases contracted in the army, in Jan. 1900. We miss our dear ones when they're gone, and you may be sure I miss my father. I have a good many articles of his, which no money could buy. I have a pipehead one of the "boys" made from, I think, a laurel root, at Winchester Va., and a knife he brought from there—a pocket knife—has one large blade, which fastens open with a spring back, a top which he used when a boy. I have a gold dollar set in a ring, which dollar he received from "Uncle Sam" when he was discharged, in 1862.

My mother is living with me. She is seventy-five years of age, and is "keeping house" for me. I have two sisters in the city of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and one in Vermont. Your nephew,

JOHN F. CANNON (9,763).

Bravo, John! you've written an exceedingly interesting letter, and that incident of the war.

Bravo, John! you've written an exceedingly interesting letter, and that incident of the war, where that brave woman saved your father, is one of the most dramatic, and sublimely heroic things I've ever heard of. It is a great pity (CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS, OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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Edua Barl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt. Edua's grandfather. Edua goes to her grandfather's blacksmith shop, where he is shoeing a victous horse. The owner, impatient at the delay, curses her grandfather. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edua retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory, and boards the train at Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edua, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, exacting certain things. St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, comes home. Edua overhears his words of disapproval, and in his voice, recognizes the man who cursed her grandfather. She falls asleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He seizes the dog and commands the girl to bring him a stick. She pleads for the dog and snatching the sidek from his hand refuses to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. He walks up and down his elegant rooms. On a slab is a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond as Edna's instructor and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. St. Elmo starts on a long journey. He intrusts the key to Edna's keeping on two conditions; first not to mention it to anyone, and that she will not open the tomb, unless he falls to return at the end of four years and she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trust. Gorden Leigh, a young man of wealth, studies with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Edna's keeping on two conditions; first not to mention it to anyone, and that she will not open the tomb, unless he falls to return at the end of four years and she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trust. Gorden Leigh, a y

ing there the outlines of another and far dearer fave, and finding a resemblance between mother and son which she had never noticed before. Then she closed her eyes again, and a haif smile curved her trembling mouth, for the voice and the touch of the hand seemed indeed Mr. Murray's.

"Edna, I shall never forgive you for not writing to me, telling me frankly of your failing health."

"Oh! scold me as much as you please. It is a luxury to hear your voice even in reproof."

"I knew mischief would come of this separation from me. You belong to me, and I mean to have my own, and take proper care of you in future. The idea of your working yourself to a skeleton for the amusement of those who care nothing about you is simply preposterous, and I intend to put an end to such nonsense."

"Mrs. Murray, why have you not mentioned Mr. Hammond? I almost dread to ask about him."

"Because you do not deserve to hear from

"Mrs. Murray, why have you not mentioned Mr. Hammond? I almost dread to ask about him."

"Because you do not deserve to hear from him. A grateful and affectionate pupil you have proved, to be sure. Oh, Edna! what has come over you, child? Are you so intoxicated with your triumphs that you utterly forget your old friends, who loved you when you were unknown to the world? At first I thought so. I believed that you were heartless, like all of your class, and completely wrapped up in ambitious schemes. But, my darling, I see I wronged you. Your poor white face reproaches me for my injustice, and I feel that success has not spoiled you; that you are still my little Edna—my sweet child—my daughter. Be quiet now, and listen to me, and try to keep that flutter out of your lips. Mr. Hammond is no worse than he has been for many months, but he is very feeble, and cannot live much longer. You know very well that he loves you tenderly, and he says he cannot dle in peace without seeing you once more. Every day, when I go over to the parsonage, his first question is, 'Ellen, is she coming'—have you heard from her?' I wish you could have seen him when St. Elmo was reading your book to him. It was the copy you sent; and when we read aloud the joint dedication to him and to myself, the old man wept, and asked for his glasses, and tried to read it, but could not. He—"

bedieve had dead with it and to spant. Adala whe page had been the service to be recovered to be a force. It wish you could have seen that the service to recover the service to be recovered to be recovered

girl into my house, how little I dreamed that I was sheltering unawares the angel who was to bring back happiness to my son's heart, and peace to my own!"

She lifted the burning face, and kissed the quivering lips repeatedly. "Edna, my brave darling! how could you resist St. Elmo's pleading? How could you tear yourself away from him? Was it because you feared that I would not willingly receive you as a daughter? Ioo not shiver so—answer me."

"Oh! do not ask me! Mrs. Murray spare me! This is a subject which I cannot discuss with you."

This is a subject which I cannot discuss with you."

"Why not, my child? Can you not trust the mother of the man you love?"

Edna unwound the arms that clasped her, and rising, walked away to the mantelplece. Leaning heavily against it, she stood for some time with her face averted, and beneath the veil of long, floating hair Mrs. Murray saw the slight figure sway to and fro, like a reed shaken by the breeze.

"Edna, I must talk to you about a matter which alone brought me to New York. My son's happiness is dearer to me than my life, and I have come to plead with you, for his sake, if not for your own, at least to—"

"It is useless! Do not mention his name again! Oh, Mrs. Murray! I am feeble today; spare me! Have mercy on my weakness!"

She put out her hand appealingly, but in your.

"One thing you must tell me. Why did you

spare me! Have mercy on my weakness!"

She put out her hand appealingly, but in vain.

"One thing you must tell me. Why did you reject him?"

"Recause I could not respect his character. Oh! forgive me! You force me to say it—because I knew that he was unworthy of any woman's confidence and affection."

The mother's face flushed angrily, and she rose and threw her head back with the haughty defiance peculiar to her family.

"Edna Earl, how dare you speak to me in such terms of my own son? There is not a woman on the face of the broad earth who ought not to feel honored by his preference—who might not be proud of his hand. What right have you to pronounce him unworthy of trust? Answer me!"

"The right to judge him from his own account of his past life. The history which he gave me condemns him. His crimes make me shrink from him."

"Crimes? take care, Edna. You must be beside yourself! My son is no criminal. He was unfortunate and rash, but his impetuosity was certainly pardonable under the circumstances."

"All things are susceptible of palliation in a mother's partial eyes," answered the governess. "St. Elmo fought a duel, and afterward carried on several filtrations with women who were weak enough to allow themselves to be trified with: moreover, I shall not deny that at one period of his life he was lamentably dissipated; but all that happened long ago, before you knew him. How many young gentlemen indulge in the same things, and are never even reprimanded by society, much less denounced as criminals? The world sanctions duelling and firting, and you have no right to set your extremely rigid notions of propriety above the verdict of modern society. Custom justifies many things which you seem to hold in utter abhorrence. Take care that you do not find yourself playing the Pharisee on the street corners."

Mrs. Murray walked up and down the room twice, then came to the hearth.

abhorrence. Take care that you do not find yourself playing the Pharisee on the street corners."

Mirs. Murray walked up and down the room twice, then came to the hearth.

"Well, Edna, I am waiting to hear you."

"There is nothing that I can say which would not wound or displease you; therefore, dear Mrs. Murray, I must be silent."

"Retract the hasty words you uttered just now; they express more than you intended."

"I cannot! I meant all I said. Offences against God's law, which you consider pardonable—and which the world winks at and permits, and even defends—I regard as grievous sins. I believe that every man who kills another in a duel deserves the curse of Cain, and should be shunned as a murderer. My conscience assures me that a man who can deliberately seek to gain a woman's heart merely to gratify his vanity, or to wreak his hate by holding her up to scorn, or trifling with the love which he has won, is unprincipled, and should be ostracized by every true woman. Were you the mother of Murray and Annie Hammond, do you think you could so easily forgive their murderer?"

"Their father forgives and trusts my son, and you have no right to sit in 'judgment upon him. Do you suppose that you are holier than that white-haired saint whose crown of glory is waiting for him in heaven? Are you so much purer than Allan Hammond that you fear contamination from one to whom he cilings?"

"No—no—no! You wrong me. If you could know how humble is my estimate of myself, you would not taunt me so cruelly; you would

contamination from one to whom he clings?"

"No—no—no! You wrong me. If you could know how humble is my estimate of myself, you would not taunt me so cruelly; you would only—pity me!"

The despairing agony in the orphan's voice touched Mrs. Murray's proud heart, and tears softened the indignant expression of her eyes, as she looked at the feeble form before her.

"Edna, my poor child, you must trust me. One thing I must know—I have a right to ask—do you not love my son? You need not blush to acknowledge it to me."

She waited awhile, but there was no reply, and softly her arm stole around the girl's waist.

"My daughter, you need not be ashamed of

waist.
"My daughter, you need not be ashamed of your affection for St. Elmo."

Edna lifted her face from the mantel, and clasping her hands across her head, exclaimed:
"Do I love him? Oh! none but God can ever know how entirely my heart is his! I have struggled against his fascination—oh! indeed

clasping her hands across her head, exclaimed:

"Do I love him? Oh! none but God can ever know how entirely my heart is his! I have struggled against his fascination—oh! indeed I have wrestled and prayed against it! But today—I do not deceive myself—I feel that I love him as I can never love any other human being. You are his mother, and you will pity me when I tell you that I fall asleep praying for him—that in my dreams I am with him once more—that the first thought on waking is still of him. What do you suppose it cost me to give him up? Oh! is it hard, think you, to live in the same world and yet never look on his face, never hear his voice? God only knows how hard! If he were dead, I could bear it better. But, ah! to live with this great sea of silence between us—a dreary, cold, mocking sea, crossed by no word, no whisper, filled only with slowly, sadly-sailing ghosts of precious memories! Yes, yes! despite all his unworthiness—despite the verdict of my judgment, and the upbraiding of my conscience—I love him! I love him! You can sympathize with me. Do not reproach me; pity me, oh! pity me in my feebleness!"

She put out her arms like a weary child and

me in my feebleness!"

See first page illustration.

She put out her arms like a weary child and dropped her face on Mrs. Murray's shoulder.

"My child, if you had seen him the night before I left home, you could not have resisted any longer the promptings of your own heart. He told me all that had ever passed between you; how he had watched and tempted you; how devotedly he loved you; how he reverenced your purity of character; how your influence, your example, had first called him back to his

early faith; and then he covered his face and said, 'Mother! mother! if God would only gigher to me, I could, I would be a bettar man!' Edna, I feel as if my son's 501 l'ested in your hands! If you throw nim off utterly, he may grow despoirate, and go back to his old habits of reckless dissipation and blasphemy; and if he should! oh! if he is lost at last, I will hold you accountable, and charge you before God with his destruction! Edna, beware! You have a strange power over him; you can make hear me! Hear a mother pleading for her son's eternal safety!"

The haughty woman fell on her knees before the orphan and wept, and Edna instantly knelt beside her and clung to her.

"I pray for him continually. My latest breath shall be a prayer for his salvation. His eternal welfare is almost as precious to me as my own; for if I get to heaven at last, do you suppose I could be happy even there without him? But, Mrs. Murray, I cannot be his wife. If he is indeed conscientiously striving to atone for his past life, he will be saved without my influence; and if his remoseful convictions of awould not accomplish it. Oh! of all mourrful lots in life, I think mine is the saddest! To find it impossible to tear my heart from a man whom I distrust, whom I cannot honor, whose fascination I dread. I know my duty in this matter—my conscience leaves me no room to doubt—and from the resolution which I made in sight of Annie's grave, I must not swerve. I have confessed to you how completely my love belongs to him, how fruitless are my efforts to forget him. I have told you what bitter suffering our separation costs me, that you may know how useless it is for you to urge me. Ah, if I can withstand the walling of my own lonely, aching heart, there is nothing else that can draw me from the past of day, you, no, no mother than the produced here in the bear my loneliness. He only can comfort and sustain me; and in lis own good time He will save Mr. Murray, and send preace into his trobled soul. Until then, let us pray patiently."

"I would

CHAPTER XXXII.

"HELP ME O MY GOD! IN THIS THE LAST HOUR OF MY TRIAL."

"HELP ME O MY GOD! IN THIS THE LAST HOUR OF MY TRIAL."

The mocking-bird sang as of old in the myrtle-boughs that shaded the study-window, and within the parsonage reigned the peaceful repose which seemed ever to rest like a benediction upon it. A ray of sunshine stealing through the myrtle leaves made golden ripples on the wall; a bright wood-fire blazed in the wide, deep, old-fashioned chimney; the white cat slept on the rug, with her pink paws turned toward the crackling flames; and blue and white hyacinths hung their fragrant bells over the gilded edge of the vases on the mantelpiece. Huldah sat on one side of the hearth peeling a red apple; and, snugly wrapped in his palm-leaf cashmere dressing-gown, Mr. Hammond rested in his cushioned easy-chair, with his head thrown far back, and his fingers clasping a large bunch of his favorite violets. His snowy hair drifted away from a face thin and pale, but serene and happy, and in his bright blue eyes there was a humorous twinkle, and on his lips a half-smothered smile, as he listened to the witticisms of his Scotch countrymen in "Noctes Ambrosiane."

Close to his chair sat Euna, reading aloud from the quaint and inimitable book he loved so well.

cisms of his Scotch countrymen in "Noctas Ambrosians."

Close to his chair sat Euna, reading aloud from the quaint and inimitable book he loved so well, and pausing now and then to explain some word which Huldah did not understand, or to watch for symptoms of weariness in the countenance of the invalid.

The three faces contrasted vividly in the ruddy glow of the fire. That of the little girl, round, rosy, red-lipped, dimpled, merry-eyed; the aged pastor's wrinkled cheeks and furrowed brow and streaming silver beard; and the carved-ivory features of the governess, borrowing no color from the soft folds of her rich crimson merino dress. As daylight ebbed, the ripple danced up to the ceiling and vanished, like the pricked bubble of a human hope; the mocking-bird hushed his vesper hymn; and Edna closed the book and replaced it on the shelf.

Huldah tied on her scarlet-lined hood, kissed her friends good by, and went back to Le Bocage: and the old man and the orphan sat looking ab (CONTINUED ON PACE IL.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

your father did not get that heroic soul's name, and you ought to have married the daughter, and have rounded out the story. I am sorry you are having such a time with your stomach. I have a great deal of trouble with mine. I have a dreadful time to get anything to put in it, and three or four hours after I have filled it up, the durned thing gets empty again. Seems to me there must be some fellow inside me who wines everything I dream into it. Meanth there have the stomach the story of swipes everything I drop into it. Maybe there is a hole in it. If there is, I wish I could plug it up, as that hole is a dreadful nuisance to me. it up, as that hole is a dreadful nulsance to me. I'm glad you've been a watchman, John, because I was a watchman myself once. I was engaged in a factory where they made opera glasses and spectacles for the blind. I slept all night, and in the morning when the folks came to work, I went all over the factory and collected four hundred watches. I addressed each of the employees thus: "You'll kindly hand me over your watch?" Then they looked at me suspiciously (most people do), and said. at me suspiciously (most people do), and said, "Give you my watch, what for?" Then I replied, "Because I am the watchman, and I've piled, "Because I am the watchman, and I've been appointed to keep watch, so give me your watch so I can keep it. That's the orders of the firm." That day I went home with four hundred watches, and then a piatoon of police fell through the door of my room, and grabbed me. "What are you doing with these watches?" said the Chief. "I'm the watchman, Chief," was my reply, "and my mother told me I was to keep good time, and I am trying to do what my mother told me, and I hope, Chief, you will always do as your mother told you." Then they took the watches away, and told me to watch out or I'd get into trouble. You speak, John, about not being able to make both ends meet. When you can't make both ends meat, make one meat, and the other vegetables, and meet. When you can't make both ends meat, make one meat, and the other vegetables, and you'll do very nicely. John Cannon! I've got a friend named John Gunn, and his son is a son of a Gunn. Now, John, I will tell you how to cure that stomach trouble of yours. Quit eating all solid food for a month, and live on milk Drink from two to three quests of milk milk. Drink from two to three quarts of milk a day, sip the milk slowly. This will give your stomach a chance to rest up, and get in good shape. Masticate your food thoroughly, and give it a rest, and you will have no stomach trouble.

Here we have a splendidly written letter, and a superb picture of army life from a military Missouri Cousin.

TAPT, Mo., Feb. 1, 1907. DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I was at Monterey, California at the time of the 'Frisco earthquake being a member of troop H, 14th U.S Cavalry.

'Frisco earthquake being a member of troop H, 14th U. S Cavalry.

The shock was felt very distinctly at that place, which is one hundred and twenty-five miles south of San Francisco. The earthquake occurred at 5.15 Wednesday morning, and the second squadron of the 14th Cavalry and eight companies of the 20th Infantry, received orders to proceed at once to San Francisco to preserve order, and aid in relieving the suffering, etc. We remained in San Francisco about two months after the calamity.

To those who have not had experience and are interested in Uncle Sam's "boys in blue," I will give a brief sketch of the life (or existence) of the Cavalry soldier, other branches of the service differing more or less.

Beginning at the recruiting office, the prospective applicant for enlistment feasts his eyes on the pictures of soldiers in gorgeous array, representing the different branches of the service, and whatever scruples he has entertained relative to enlisting.

scruples he has entertained relative to enlisting, here fade into oblivion, and as the old soldiers say, "he holds up his hand."
He then probably stays at a hotel a few days until a few more have followed his example, then he is sent with the others to a troop that is in need of

a few more have followed his example, then he is sent with the others to a troop that is in need of men.

Here histroubles begin. No matter how intelligent he was in civil life, here he will hardly have enough sense to come in when it rains, and will almost invariably believe anything and everything that is told him by soldiers of longer service. I knew one man who was under the impression for some time that he must pay his board from his monthly salary, an amount which would not be sufficient to pay his board in hardly any boarding-house.

I think the initiation is conceded to be the most trying ordeal through which the recruit passes. This usually comes in the form of a blanket courtmartial administered by his comrades, just to show him their hearts are in the right place.

The recruit is brought up for trial before a selected jury, noted for their impartiality (?). Charges are preferred against him, of which he is found guilty. He is then sentenced to perform some task for the amusement of all present. Then comes the army blanket, around which several of the boys have gathered holding it from the ground. The recruit is unceremoniously tossed into the center. Then by all pulling and lifting at the same time, the well-frightened and breathless occupant of the blanket is thrown high in the air. He hardly ever alights on the blanket in the same position twice If he comes down head first, so much the worse for his head, but he don't stay there long enough to grieve about his error in landing. He is at liberty to change his position on the way up next time. You should hear him gasping for breath as he goes up and down, grasping alternately at the atmosphere and blanket.

Uncle Charlie, do you remember the gasping noise your girl made the first time you put your arm around her? Well, that's the way a recruit breathes when being thrown up in a blanket. I speak from experience. Now, don't understand me to say, I have bad my arm around your girl, for I have not. But I have been the center attraction in a blanket court

car, trying to ascend to a horse's back by climbing his leg, or any other way his fancy dictates, is worth missing a train to see. Buthe soon learns to mount, not only at a "halt," but at a gallop as well. I think I have seen as good horseback riders in the U.S. Cavalry, as I have ever seen in circuses, but this is only accomplished by long and faithful practice.

Practice.

By dist of perseverance I learned in three years

ceedingly partial to you boys in blue, for I think you do the State a service, the value of which is not properly appreciated, and I think your pay is much less than it ought to be. I would like to see an Army and Navy Union, and all of you go on a strike for more money. No money, no fight. It is an exceedingly foolish idea to think that soldiers are nothing but drunken wastrels. Once upon a time this may have been true, but it is true no longer. An exceedingly good class of men are now joining both Army and Navy, and the old hard drinkers are getting to be the exception. A lot of idiots who knew no more of Army life than a hog knows of astronomy, induced the government to abandon the Army canteen. This on the face of it looked like a good thing for the soldiers, but as a matter of fact it was the worse thing that could have happened to them. The thing that could have happened to them. The soldier wants his beer, and he is going to have it. The canteen was his club, and there he could sit and drink his beer, and smoke his pipe, and play games, read, and amuse himself as he saw fit, just as a rich man can do at his club. No hear awar awar to the soldier in the club. No harm ever came to the soldier in the



NELLIE LEE (18), Winslow, Ark., President, Arkansas.

canteen. He was right under the eye of the authorities, and a certain check can be kept on a man under such conditions. Besides, what he drank in the canteen was of good quality as such stuff goes. Once the canteen was closed the soldier was driven outside the barracks, right into the low-down poison shops, that couldn't have existed if the canteens had not been closed. Here the soldier is forced to go if he wants society, here the vilest poison is given him to drink, and here are the harpies and vampires that take his last dollar, and fill him with disease. What the idiots should have done was to do what has been done in England. Improve the canteens, put an air of refinement into them, discourage drinking of liquor in every way, by giving the soldier drinks that will not harm him. The trouble is, you can never get a bigot or a crank to look rationally at anything. The idiots who shut up the canteen thought that would keep the soldiers from drinking, but instead it drove them right out of barracks into the vilest of dens where the view of these poople stead it drove them right out of barracks into the vilest of dens where they are robbed and poisoned, so you see the aim of these people was not to encourage temperance, or improve the soldier's lot, but simply to say he shouldn't have his beer on government property, but he could go to the devil and swim in it, and poison himself outside if he wanted to. The very men who voted to close up the soldiers' club, have their own club where liquor flows in rivers, and where they can get bolled and stewed in alcohol to their hearts' content. What is sauce for the rich man's goose, you see, is not sauce for the fifteen-dollar-a-month soldier. The first principle dear to every American heart, a principle for which every man should be ready to shed his last drop of blood, is "Equal rights principle for which every man should be ready to shed his last drop of blood, is "Equal rights for all, special privileges for none?" If you shut up the soldiers' club or canteen, be consistent, and shut up the rich man's club, and shut up every saloon in the city as well, but force him from the canteen where he was reasonably safe, into the arms of harpies, thieves, vampires and professional polson sellers. The soldier is a man and a citizen. This letter shows the sort of men we have in the army—men who are a credit to any community. Summer before last a COMFORT cousin, who belonged to the U. S. Artillery was moved from his post in New Orleans to New York. A friend gave him my address, and regarding me as a real relative he looked me up, and dined with us, and frequently after came to see me. He did not drink, he had \$600 in the bank, and was the equal socially and intellectually of any was the equal socially and intellectually of any canteen question, because it forced his comrades to seek recreation and society in saloons where they were forced to drink more than was good for them, instead of encouraging them to stay in their own barracks. There, I have tried to do our brave boys in blue justice, and few want to do them that, though they are ready to die for us, whenever that call comes, and all for \$15 a month. \$15 a month.

Clarence, you are wrong about my girl gasping when I put my arm around her. She didn't have the gasps, no siree, she had the gaps. Clarence is from Missouri, so some of you must show him a bad case of gaps.

Here is a letter that should touch every heart. 159 4th St., WYANDOTTE, MICH., Nov. 2, 1906.

By dint of perseverance I learned in three years' service to lead my horse to water unassisted. Which does well for anyone claiming Missouri as their home.

While the life of the regular soldier is not as strenuous at present as during the Civil War, they are by no means carried through on flowery beds of ease, and if they are loyal enough to leave friends and home and endure the dangers and hardships of the army for the meager compensation allowed them, I think there should be more respect for them, and less censure.

Having done nothing in or out of the army worthy of relating, I will suspend operations for the present.

Wishing you all great lumps of pleasure every day of the new year. I am your slightly demented but ever loving cousin.

Clarence, we are all deeply indebted to you, for your exceedingly interesting, and well-written letter. I would advise you to write more about army life, as you have an nice literary style that is quite pleasing. I am existing and well-written letter. I would advise you to write literary style that is quite pleasing. I am existing and well-written letter that should tourn every near. In the work that the strent and should, have been the chapter. I am an invalid, have been the two long years, and in bed all the time. I have been two long years, and in bed all the time. I have been two long years, and in bed all the time. I have been two long years, and in bed all the time. I have been two long years, and in bed all the time. I have been two long years, and in bed all the time. I have been two long years, and in bed all the time. I have been day under the letter. I am suffering all trouble, and cannot walk. I am suffering all trouble, and cannot walk. I am suffering the time, how and will sent that should tourn every near. This is myther letter. I am suffering all the time, how and grade only the time, I have an hot stream that the time in the time. I have an inclusion to the present and there is a settle tunts should that them. I have dead the time. I have dead the time. I ha

thing. It has been hard work for me to write this letter with a pen, my hand shakes so badly, but I hope I've not written in vain. May God reward you dear Uncle and Cousins for the help you are giving to helpless ones. Ever your loving niece.

EDITH FISHLEIGH, (No. 15,578.)

EDITH FISHLEIGH, (No. 15,576.)

I hope you will try and give this poor girl a wheel chair. She needs it badly. Wheel chairs are costly things, and it takes a good many dimes to buy one. Little Nellie Nichols our President of Wisconsin, who I am thankful to say has been healed of her troubles, and is now able to walk, has by her own unaided efforts raised sufficient money to buy five wheel chairs, and this while she was lying helpless. I don't think the whole League combined has done as well as this.

Edith Fishleigh has no one but her mother to care for her. She has creeping paralysis, and is a great sufferer. There is absolutely no help on a great sufferer. There is absolutely no help on earth for this poor girl. All I ask you to do is to send a flood of love, sympathy, sunshine, and cheer into her suffering life, and make her forget her misery for a while. Six millions of people can scatter a lot of sunshine if they get together and do it. Here is your chance, and I hope you will do her a lot of good, and may God bless you in the doing.

Comfort's League of Cousins

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Comfort, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comfort's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of Comfort's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to Comfort for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscribing, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the Comfort for one year, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also Comfort for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a full-fledged League manhar.

How to become a Member

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance Compont subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join Compont's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth, Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklya, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some triffing remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for April

Jim Wall, Oxford, N. C. Jim's birthday falls on May 5th—give him a hearty greeting on that day. Jim is 35, paralyzed—a nice boy. Mrs. Le Roy E. Cole, Box 200, Newport, Vt. Has been a shut-in for twenty-four years, her mother an invalid for thirty-eight years—both want cheery letters and reading. Wm. Sleighter, Alcove, Albany Co., N. Y. Got \$5 towards his invalid chair, as a result of my first appeal for him. These chairs cost \$25, and he needs one desperately bad. Elmer Boyer (19), Cottageville, W. Va. Shut-in for three years. Needs reading, letters and cheer. J. M. Allion, Fayette, Ohio. Invalid. Undergone several operations. Cheer him up. Miss Georgia Roden, Martling, Ala. Invalid twelve years, and would appreciate cheery letters, or remembrances of any kind. Miss Ella C. Platt, 407 Central Park, West N. Y. City, wants us to help her to get a poor old man of seventy—a gentleman by birth—into a home. The old man is ill, and lying in a Bowery Lodging House. Miss Platt is the New York head of the Shut-in Society. \$100 has been raised, \$100 more in needed, and a home for life will be given the old man, in a comfortable home for the aged. Write to Miss Platt, if you want to help. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel Prov., Quebec, Canada. This poor boy only got five letters. He's helpless, mother dead. won't you want to help. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel Prov., Quebec, Canada. This poor boy only got five letters. He's helpless, mother dead, won't you take compassion on him? C. F. Thombs, East Baldwin, Maine. Partial shut-in. Needs reading matter only. Esther Rosner, Rock Bridge, Ky. Shut-in wants reading and letters only. Mrs. Annie Weaver, Shreve, Ohio. Bedridden from rheumatism, wants letters and reading only. Mrs. Harriet Williams, Box 533, Fort Edward, N. Y. Is in an institution, utterly friendless. Wants letters, and any tokens of cheer you want to send. Nelson R. Burnett, and father, both shut-ins, in the Almshouse, Tipton, Iowa. Nelson's mother is just dead, their only friend on earth gone. They would Tipton, Iowa. Nelson's mother is just dead, their only friend on earth gone. They would like to get a tiny home of their own if possible. There's your work for April, The work that lays up for you treasure in Heaven, where no thieving bank officials can get at them. Don't forget that seven "subs" will get you Uncle Charlie's book of poems. Pitch in and work for it.

Lovingly yours,



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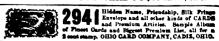


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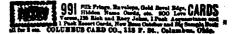
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Try This Trick



Stoop down and grasp the tops of your shoes, one with each hand, and while in that position try to jump forward. You may be able to clear a few inches, but it has been said that no one can jump the length of their own foot unless they leave go their hold on the shoes. Another peculiar thing is that if you hold your fingers only a hair's breadth away from the shoetops you can easily do it.

Experiment

Place a few shots or grains of lead on a common playing card, and then
BOYS, TRY THIS! hold it over a lighted
lamp. To your surprise
the lead will melt, but the card will not burn.

the lead will melt, but the card will not burn. It may be slightly charred at the edges, but under the lead it will be protected from the heat, because the lead is a good heat conductor, and will absorb it as fast as it is furnished by the lamp. Place a red-hot coal upon a piece of metal, which has been placed quite flat upon a stove lid or other flat metallic substance. The cloth will not burn, but if you take it up and place it on a piece of wood it will immediately take fire.

Meat Barrel

A good way to sweeten a barrel which has een used to hold meat or brine is to half fill it been used to hold meat or brine is to hair hil it with hay and then pour over same a gallon or so of boiling water. Allow it to remain until cool and by that time the hay will have absorbed all impurities and odor. After this wash thoroughly with water to which has been added a few drops of ammonia and your barrel will be as fresh as a brand-new one.

Collapsible House

It is very essential that the sleeping-house of chickens be sunned and aired. The house pictured here readily admits of that as may be easily seen. Briefly stated, the plan is as



stated, the plan is as follows:

The s i des are hinged at the bottom, and may be laid flat on the ground; the roof is detachable, and may be taken off at will; it is cleated on the inside, and covered on top with tar paper, or tin. If fitted properly, it serves to keep the sides tight and snug, however, the sides must stand upright before the roof goes on, and to keep them in that position hooks and staples are provided at the upper righthand corners. Lack of space forbids further details, but we will gladly answer all questions. A house of this pattern will be absolutely free from disease and vermin.

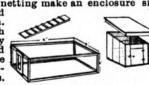
Percentage

Every boy wants to know how to figure the percentage of a ball team. The fractional method is the easiest and may be computed as follows: Form a fraction, using the number of games played for the denominator, and the number won for the numerator, then multiply by one thousand. For instance if a team played 18 games and won 6 your fraction would be 6-18 and this multiplied by 1000 gives us 333 which is the percentage of the team. You can verify this method by looking up the league standing in your newspaper.

Rabbit Coop

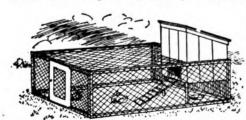
Out of two-inch by two-inch strips and one-inch mesh wire netting make an enclosure six

feet square and two feet high. Important both for the economy of lumber and neatness is the manner of join-ing at corners. The illustration makes it clearer



IN PROCESS OF MAKING.

makes it clearer than words could. Before tacking the wire on the outside we make the sleeping shed. This is built without framework; the side boards, presumably of four different widths, are nailed to the front and back. The roof is made in one piece, that is, cleated together so it can be lifted off like a lid. The floor is nailed onto the bottom from the outside by simply turning the shed upside down. Put a door on the front or high side and one on the back or low side also. makes it clearer high side and one on the back or low side also. When completed the shed is nailed into the corner of the cage and a runway is erected



RABBIT COOP COMPLETED.

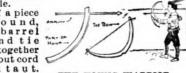
leading to the front door. Study the cuts and you will be able to make this coop without you will trouble.

A Nine Trick

More tricks can be done with the figure 9 than with any other digit. Suppose you wish to multiply 67583 by 9. Add a cipher to the large number and place the one to be divided under it and subtract it from the same. The result will be the product of 67583 multiplied by 9 thus 67583 subtracted from 675830 equals 608247. This method can be used with any number.

Small boys who like to imitate the Indian warrior of history, now have a chance to do so. Of course a bow and arrow is indispensable, but that is easily procurable.

Cut off a piece of a sound, springy barrel hoop, and tie the ends together with a stout cord



stretched taut.
Whittle a groove THE YOUNG WARRIOR.
in the center of the bow for the arrow to rest in, so you can take aim, using for the arrow a straight-grained piece of hickory, with a pointed end. Now decorate your cap with feathers, place a target on a tree, and you are ready for action.

Solutions to March Puzzle

The Animals and one Fowl represented in last month's puzzle, were Elephant, Porcupine, Rabbit, Reindeer and Turkey.

The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)
Court House, which was an unusually fine build-Court House, which was an unusually fine building of red sandstone, and they were especially proud of their courtroom, a large oblong room decorated with mural paintings, the only paintings of their kind on the walls of any building in that section of the country.

This work had been executed by Thomas Warren, a young American, who had studied art abroad, but finally drifted back to his native land.

While abroad Warren acquired the drink

land.

While abroad Warren acquired the drink habit. As long as work occupied his attention, he remained sober, but having finished and received the price of his labor, went on a long debauch, which finally ended in a fit of delirium tremens, from which he died. Thus shamefully ended the life of one who, had the demon drink not fastened upon him, might have risen to a place among the world's greatest artists. The mural paintings represented Grecian deities in groups of three, such as the Three Graces—beautiful women who stood as emblems of all the brightness, color and perfume of summer; the Three Fates—stern sisters upon whose spindle was spun the thread of every human life; the Three Hesperides in whose western garden golden apples grew; Three Harpies—mischievous meddlers; the Three Gorgon sisters with their terrible faces wreathed in snakes; and the Three Furies, whose mission it was to pursue criminals.

Above the judge's stand, and in strange contrast with all these heathen deities was a figure of the Christ on the cross, and beneath this in gilt letters those last sweet words of compassion:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

what they do."

This was the last picture Warren had painted.

The courtroom was packed with a curious crowd of spectators, for the young prosecuting attorney was known as an able and forceful

speaker.

It was known that the Trust had forced a re-bate in freight rates, and it was known also that it had used that rebate as an instrument to

that it had used that rebate as an instrument to kill competition, still no one expected Warfield would actually be able to prove this, at least not to a judge and jury already suborned.

First, there were a number of minor cases to be disposed of including a lot of "drunks," and as these sodden wretches lined up one by one each might have stood as a living tombstone bearing his separate inscription of:

"Here died Principle." "Here died Friendship." "Here died Family Ties." "Here died Love." "Here died Self-respect." "Here died Hope." "Here died Ambition." Each representing a grave dug by that old gravedigger—

enting a grave dug by that old gravedigger-

Hope," "Here died Ambition." Each representing a grave dug by that old gravedigger—Drink.

With the precision of clockwork the judge called out: "ten," "twenty," "thirty," "sixty," "ninety days" in the workhouse.

After these came a list of petty cases which were disposed of in short order. Then the Harvester Trust case was called and a buzz of excited interest swept through the room, but dwindled into a dull calm as it slowly dragged its way through the long day.

Judge Blodgett sat in his place among the spectators, and as the case proceeded his face gradually assumed a look of perplexity. That look was still there when he went home to dinner, as he asked himself the question: "Can it be because of anything I said to him the other day, or was it in his mind before, I wonder? I am an old man, alas! too old to be my brother's keeper, and I wish I had not spoken as I did."

some of its ruddy color.

Warfield was haggard, worn, as though he had not slept the previous night, and although he spoke with his usual forceful vigor there was a note missing—a note which the judge listened

in vain to catch. Where now was that mountain of fact, that Ossa upon Pelion of evidence which Gene had

piled up? Every bit of evidence which would tend to injure the Trust had been left out of his speech, and the result was only the dregs of oratorical

The judge was filled with sorrow.

"My God!" he groaned inwardly. "It's worse, a hundred times worse than being crushed. He has been bought!"

When the summing up closed the jury filed out, remaining out a short time; they rendered a verdict of not guilty.

Gene was leaving the room when he found himself confronted by a short, pudgy figure, surmounted by a round head in which shone the stern eyes as of an accusing angel.

"I congratulate you on your tremendous effort," said the judge. "That speech was a corker." The tone was ironic, and the judge kept both hands tucked clean down to the

throat. Then, he tried to brazen it out by re-

throat. Then, he tried to brazen it out by returning the judge's look but he could not, and his eyes grew vulpine and furtive as they drooped before that accusing glance. He could bear it no longer, and worried, haggard, he rushed away as if The Furies had broken loose from their places on the courtroom wall, and were pursuing after him.

Once in the shelter of his own room he threw himself on his bed fairly writhing under the consciousness of his load of guilt.

"The judge was right not to offer me his hand. Shall I ever, I wonder, be able to clasp the hand of an honest man again? All this long day I have felt every soul in the courtroom must know my shame, and must rise and point an accusing finger at me. Mother! mother! could you see your son now! Your words are coming home to me—I have sold myself into a bondage worse than that of slavery. Would that I could be again as on the day we parted! What have I done—what have I done—And Theta, my darling, you spoke the word that parted us before, but by this act of mine you are doubly lost to me now. Yet, never till this hour have I known how much I love you. Ah, little love, you were wise not to link your pure life with mine. I would have dragged you down to my level—I—a wretch so fallen I am not worthy even to kiss your little hand. You are lost to me forever! This thought is maddening—I am in hell—I burn—I burn!"

The minutes dragged into hours; night descended over the city; mothers sang their lullabies and little children cuddled down into the unconscious sleep of innocence, while Warfield's stormy soul struggled with its load of shame. At last driven almost insane by the tortures which his conscience inflicted, he sprang to his feet as the clock chimed out the hour of eight. A sudden thought!

"I will go to Victoria!"

The room was dark; as he turned on the light he laughed bitterly at the reflection of his haggard face in the mirror.

"I cannot go to her looking like this," he thought, "she would think me a ghost."

Bathing, he donned his most costly raiment

He had scarcely tasted food since the night be-fore, and feeling shaken the thought came to him to go in and take something to quiet his nerves. He laid down a coin, and called for brandy. The barkeeper recognized him, and looked astonished at seeing him there, for dur-ing his years in Excelsior Gene had fought the

ing his years in Excelsior Gene had fought the liquor party with all his power. He raised the brandy to his lips, but the odor nauseated him, and he set it down untasted.

"That man must be crazy," remarked the bartender as he surveyed him curiously.

A blear-eyed old wreck who was leaning over the bar reached out an eager hand.

"Say, Boss, if the gent don't want it there ain't no call for liquor to be wasted; give it tuh me!" A burst of laughter greeted this appeal.

Victoria was playing a Chopin nocturne. At Warfield's entrance she arose and came forward, looking very beautiful in a white gown with creamy lace which veiled, but did not all conceal the snowy curves of her neck.

"I was wondering if I should see you tonight," she said extending her hand. Then she added: "I was sorry to learn of your losing your case today."

Gene failed to notice her hand as he looked at her with despair in his eyes.

"Would you still be sorry if I told you that I lost it—deliberately? I should probably have lost in any case, but still the result might not have been such a complete failure if I had put forth my best efforts. You may not wish to take my hand, Miss Moore, when I tell you that I have been bought." He turned away, gazing out into space.

gazing out into space.

"You have seen Corcoran?" she asked.

"Yes, I did this thing because he offered me the nomination to Congress," he confessed. writhing under the shame this confession cost

With the precision of clockwork the judge called out: "ten," "twenty," "thirty," "sixty," "initity days" in the workhouse.

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He was back in his place again during the afternoon session, but it was not until the rebuttal and surrebuttal and the final summing up that the judge's look of perplexity changed to one of dread certainty.

The spectators were disappointed, and many left the courtroom. The prosecution had fallen flat.

As he listened to Gene's final argument the judge's face settled into grave lines and lost some of its ruddy color.

Warfield was haggard, worn, as though he had not slept the previous night, and although

strain of real feeling. For the helpless despair of Warfield she felt a sudden desire to offer him all the comfort within her power to give.

"Do you know," he went on huskily, "what you have done for me? You have given me back a portion of my self-respect—I no longer feel remorse—words are weak to express the gratitude I feel. I may have other dark hours—I have entered on a devious way, but," and a dark look came over his face, "I have crossed the Rubicon and there is no turning back for me now. Perhaps I shall again feel such remorse as I have felt tonight and a selfish wish is born within me to have you always there beside me to bring me comfort. Victoria, will you be my wife and share whatever Fate has in store for me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "A Backward Glimpse at the Old Homestead." Send 15 cents for a year's subscription, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

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with an exquisite pattern of white oriental lace. The large, stylish bell crown is composed of dainty layers of white imported proxyline braid; outer brim covered with same material. Left side is beautifully embellished with a bow of pink taffeta ribbon, held with an elegant gilt ornament. Effectively applied at right brim, and lending supreme elegance to the hat, is a weath of pink silk and welvet roses and feilage, drawn around crown and finished off at left side. At left brim is arranged a lovely white silk chiffon drape veil, extending to back, hanging gracefully with stunning effect over brim. The swell, stylish shape and rich trimming of this exquisite French hat is guaranteed to beat any country milliner's \$5.00 hat, or no sale. The hat as described is very handsome, but can be had in any staple color desired; lace and veil come in black or white only. White lace is oriental; black lace, Chantilly. SEND US 250 DEPOSIT, mention No. X200, state color of trimming desired, and we will send this elegant dress hat C. O. D. by express, subject to examination, you to pay the express gent the balance \$1.59 and express charges if the hat pleases you, otherwise it will be returned at our expense. Order to-day or write for our big, fres milliser catalog, which finely illustrates our complete line of ladies, missee's and children's hats at 95c up, and every article known to the millinery trade. START A MILLINERY STORE: If you have \$25.00 to invest, you can open a business in your own home, and without experience earn from \$15.00 to \$50.00 a week. We instruct and advise you free. If interested, write for full particulars. Write at once, today.

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"I congratulate you on your tremendous effort," said the judge. "That speech was a corker." The tone was ironic, and the judge kept both hands tucked clean down to the bottoms of his breeches pockets.

Gene caught the full irony of the words, and adult slow red crept over his face which soon faded and left him deathly pale. He noted also that the absence of the outstretched hand.

"Thank you," he tried to gasp out as if he did not understand, but the words stuck in his not understand, but the words stuck in his like a specific time to the content of the content of the content of the liquor society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add. with stamp, Kansas and the fall irony of the words stuck in his not understand, but the words stuck in his not understand, but the words stuck in his liquor society, 78 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The hard of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover, at two ther, a big love type for frems hing the other, a big love of the cure of the lous of the next chapter. From in the belief of her early teachings the lover, and the next chapter, a least two the cort of the lous of the next chapter, a least stucked learn. Send 15 cents for a year's subscription, and read not only this strong serial, but others, our name she loves. Faint, the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Faint, the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Faint the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Faint the chapter childhood and the man she loves. Faint the chapter childhood and the man she loves. Faint she type to hear, a text book, "How to the cher, or enishing th





BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Feed for Young Turkeys and Goslings

OAK stale bread in sweet milk, press

OAK stale bread in sweet milk, press out the milk as completely as possible, and feed the bread to the young poults. Be careful never to use sour milk, nor should the bread thus prepared, ever be fed after it has become sour. Feed this, a little at a time, every hour or two, for two days or more. Then add a little hard-boiled egg, shell and all, broken fine, to the soaked bread. After a day or two, follow with a ration of finely broken grain, and include a little finely cut meat. Make sure that the meat scrap is pure and sweet. Nothing is more injurious to the poults than tainted or infected meats of any kind, as it will disturb their bowels in a very few hours, and cause great trouble. Lean beef, well cooked, and cut into very small fragments, is good. Be very cautious about feeding green meat or bone. If any of this is fed, have it cut quite fine, giving but little at first, and be absolutely certain that it is fresh and sweet. Cooked meat is better for them while young.

Coarse sand is excellent for grit, and if sufficient of this is at hand, no other grit will be needed; but plenty of grit of some kind is a

cient of this is at hand, no other grit will be needed; but plenty of grit of some kind is a necessity, for without it the poults cannot grind their food.

grind their food.

Food should be given them quite early in the morning, and at frequent intervals during the day. Never overfeed them, but use discretion in providing plentifully for their necessities. Give them all they will eat willingly, and no more. Avoid the use of rich foods, grains in hulls, and millet seed, which is not good for them while they are young. A little of this seed, however, may be fed as they grow older. Too much hard-boiled egg is bad for them, while a reasonable amount with bread is beneficial. An excess has a tendency to congest and clog the bowels, and the writer has seen poults die from the effects of a diet'exclusively of egg and millet seed. The same injurious effects may be produced by feeding entirely with fects may be produced by feeding entirely with

of egg and millet seed. The same injurious effects may be produced by feeding entirely with milk curds.

Bowel trouble must be considered as an assured result of improper feeding, and may be aggravated by exposure to cold and dampness. Indigestion is a prime factor in the development of this ailment, that kills so many turkeys while young. This should be prevented, so far as possible, by the feeding of finely broken charcoal, which is a safeguard against fermentation in the crop or gizzard, thus aiding digestion. The looseness of the bowels should not be mistaken for cholera. It may usually be relieved by feeding rice that has been boiled almost dry in milk.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the practice of hand-feeding. The turkey hens are not so attentive to their young as chicken hens. If all who grow turkeys would pay special attention to hand-feeding of the poults as soon as they are hatched, much benefit might be gained, To be successful with hand-feeding, one must take the food between the finger and thumb, patiently hold it to the beak of the young turkey, and try to induce it to eat. This method of feeding tames and quiets the young poults, gives them a good start, and prevents the possible contamination of the food by being thrown upon the ground. Although feeding in this manner may appear to involve considerable labor, the resulting benefits are often far in excess of the time and effort expended.

Too early laying is not desirable, for it has been proven that goslings do not thrive, that are hatched out before the young, tender grass is up in the spring. Feeding has so much influence on egg production, that it can be controlled during the cold weather, when the birds depend almost entirely on what you give them. From November to February 1st., feed enough to keep them in good health, but nothing more. After that date, increase the rations with a mash of cut clover hay, bran, or a little ground oats and corn, adding some bone meal, green bone, or beef scraps, two or three times a

with a mash of cut clover hay, bran, or a little ground oats and corn, adding some bone meal, green bone, or beef scraps, two or three times a

week.

Most breeds lay from ten to twenty eggs; then want to set. The first and second clutch of eggs are best stolen, and set under common hens. The last clutch, most breeders let the geese keep and hatch themselves. When a goose gets broody, remove her from the nest, shut her up in a coop large enough for her to stand upright in, but allowing little room for her to move about, place it where she can see

stand upright in, but allowing inter from for her to move about, place it where she can see and hear her mates, and in a few days she will be ready to go out, soon starting to lay again. The shell and under skin of goose's eggs are thicker than those of hen's eggs, so care should be exercised not to let either get too dry. When set under hens, sprinkling the floor around the nest will aid in keeping the air moist. Many breeders sprinkle the eggs, or even dip them in water which is new-milk warm. When the goose herself does the incubating, there is no necessity to interfere, for her body gives forth a great amount of moist heat; furthermore, she will bathe every few days when off the nest to will bathe every few days when off the nest to feed, and so carry back much extra moisture in her feathers. Besides, geese always cover their eggs when off the nest, which prevents the air drying them. Incubation takes from twentyeight to thirty days.

A good feed for goslings is scalded, finely-cracked Indian corn, with a little Indian meal or bran mixed with it. It must not be made wet or sloppy, but just moist enough to crumble. Sharp, fine grit, slightly wetted, should be kept

Sharp, fine grit, sightly wetted, should be kept in a pan where they can always get at it.

Goslings occasionally fall on their backs by accident when running, and cannot get up without assistance. The old goose seems to understand this, and will turn them over with her bill; but of course, a hen just leaves them alone, being used to the more nimble chicks, which can hop out of any hole. It is wise always to count young geese at feed times, when foster mothers are used, so that a search can be made for the missing one before it becomes for the missing one before it becomes

Provide some shelter against the heat of the noonday sun, or goslings will become sunstruck, which will cause death. They need as careful guarding from dew or sudden rain storms, for the baby down quickly becomes soaked with water which it cannot shake off; but as soon as the quill feathers have developed on their backs, they are safely out of danger from water, though not from damp quarters. The important points in successful raising of goslings are not to over-crowd when penned, protect from severe storms, excessive heat during the day, and damp floors at night. With attention to these points success is assured, for no class of domestic fowls is as hardy and free from disease. Provide some shelter against the heat of the

Correspondence

Correspondence

A. E. Y.—I have had over 300 incubator chicks hatched. The first hatched, seemed to sleep themselves to sleep at a week old. The second hatch commenced to die at a week old, and now there are not a hundred left. They are drawn on one side as if paralysis affected them. They have been carefully fed and kept clean. What is the matter?

A.—Rather difficult to say; should think the trouble has been caused during incubation. Did you turn the eggs? Was the temperature even all through the hatch? Try to recall any accident that happened, for that is where you will find the cause, and it will teach the remedy. I should like to hear from you again when you have thought it out.

M. A. K.—Will you tell me the cause of thinshelled eggs? Why do chickens head over when they try to walk?

A.—Not enough lime in the food. Give them plenty of crushed oyster shell, in a box, to eat as they like; if you can't get that, old mortar rubbish will do for them to peck at. Add clover hay to the morning mash, as it is strong in lime. (2) Should think a damp house had caused rheumatism. If the house is all right, I fear you have been feeding too much corn and fat-forming foods, which would cause both thin-shelled eggs and weakness in the legs. Cure—Feed no corn or meat, but wheat or hulled oats, very sparingly scattered in the straw or leaves, so that they will have to scratch for it. Add a heaping teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia to every pint of drinking water twice a week; this will remove the layers of fat.

M. P. C.—I am a reader of Comfort, and I think which they like; if you can't get that, old mortar rubbish will do for them to peck at. Add clover hay to the morning mash, as it is strong in lime. (2) Should think a damp house had caused rheumatism. If the house is all right, I fear you have been feeding too much corn and fat-forming foods, which would cause both thin-shelled eggs and weakness in the legs. Cure—Feed no corn or meat, but wheat or hulled oats, very sparingly scattered in the straw or leaves, so that they will have to scratch for it. Add a heaping teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia to every pint of drinking water twice a week; this will remove the layers of fat.

M. P. C.—I am a reader of Comfort, and I think

which they like; if you can't get that, old mortar rubbish grains?

A.—One quart each of the following ingredients: cracked corn, wheat, oats, millet, hemp, kaffir corn, sharp grit, charcoal, fine chopped clover hay, mixed thoroughly. (2) The best way to answer your question is to give the component parts of the gg, because food should supply them all.

For easy explanation, we will count the egg 1,000 grains for the shell, which contains about 50 grains of sait and lime; the remaining 50 consist of carbolic acid, water of crystalization.

The remaining 900 are divided about as under:

Water, 650 grains; albuminoids, 80 grains; oil, fat,

your talks about poultry a great help. Would you please tell me a few things? Which is the best kind of hen to keep for all purposes? (2) Is it possible to get chicks that will lay eggs that will hatch next year out of an incubator? I have been told that the eggs won't hatch.

A.—After trying almost all breeds, personally, I like the White Wyandottes best as an all-round market bird, but in justice I must own that Plymouth Rocks or Brahmas are as good. (2) Most decidedly you have been misinformed. An incubator hatches chicks that make good, strong hens, who will lay as many eggs as any others on the farm.

K. M. B.—I live fifteen miles from a post-office, in the mountains all alone, and would like to know if the lady who writes lives alone, or what help she has with the farm.

A.—Dear K. M. B. At the time I started and built up my farm I was practically alone, for my husband was compelled by business to be away all the first year. Later, when there were numbers of fowls to care for, I had a boy of fifteen to help.

J. Z.—Chickens are much troubled with lice.
A.—Keep the house clean. Mix kerosene oil in the whitewash. Use while hot all over the inside.
Paint the roosting poles with kerosene, and take dried catnip, tansy, featherfew; rub into a powder, and mix into one quart two ounces of pepper, and half the quantity of fine ashes.

C. C.—As there are on the market several brands of dry chick food, made up of different grains, etc., and as I live on a farm where we can grow any kind of grain or seed. I want you to give me a formula for same. (2) What constitutes a balanced ration of feed? What is the percentage each of protein, carbohydrates, and the ash or mineral element? (3) What are the proportions in which the elements exist in our more common grains?

etc., 135 grains; mineral matter, 9 grains; sugar, coloring matter, etc., 25 grains.

Albuminoids, or nitrogenous foods contain the elements that form flesh, carbon, (oil, fat, starch, sugar) the fat-forming foods.

Mineral matter consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia, etc., and is supplied by reducing food to ash.

ash.

Lime is an all important part of the properly balanced ration, because it is not only the carbonate of lime in the shell we need, but the phosphate of lime which should be contained in the white to make bone for the chick. The two conditions of lime are made by the gastric juices, arising from the action of digestion, etc., too technical to enter into here. into here.

In every hundred pounds of the following list, about the percentage of flesh, fat, and lime is as

Clover hay Linseed meal 71-2 6 3-4 2 3-4 1 3-4 1 1-2 14 12 10 11 Bran Corn Wheat I hope this table will be of service to many besides C. C. C.

H. V. H.—Will you tell me what is the cause of my hens' legs being rough and dirty looking? The scales make them twice their size. They seem well in all other ways.

A.—They have scaly legs, caused by a minute insect. This is contagious. Fill a lard pail with warm soapsuds, steep the birds' feet and legs for a few minutes, then scrub with a moderately soft brush; dry with a soft rag, and thoroughly rub with lard and sulphur mixed. Repeat thrice, at intervals of two days. This should cure. Paint the perches in the hens' house with kerosene oil to prevent it spreading.



Any woman—in any Neighborhood may Furnish Her Home FREE OF COST

Just think of it—new furniture for your home from top to bottom—New curtains, Rugs, Carpets, Chairs, Tables, Desks, Musical Instruments, Silverware, China, also Women's Wearing Apparel of all kinds, Tailor-made Suits, Skirts, Shirt Waists, Shoes and Lingerie—all without a cent of your money in payment for them. Now here's how you do it: We want secretaries everywhere—to get up Walker Clubs of Ten and we pay these Secretaries for getting up these Clubs by giving them handsome articles such among congenial women friends—isn't it?

But that is just what we are offering you—big pay for pleasant work—among congenial women friends—isn't it?

But that is just what we are offering you—big pay for pleasant work—work that will not interfere with your household duties and that will take up but a few hours of your time once a month—all we ask you to do is to tell ten women you know how much they can save by buying their Household Supplies—Food Products, Soaps, Toilet Articles, etc.—things that they pay out a big share of the family income for every week—how much they can save by buying these things from the Walker Factories at Pittsburg.

They'll be delighted to know about it—and they'll thank you for the favor you are doing them—because we can prove to you and you can prove to them that we furnish better Household Necessities than they are now buying at half the price they are now paying and at the same time, without a cent of extra cost, give them as presents the beautiful articles of Furniture or Wearing Apparel that we illustrate and describe in our catalog. We can afford to do this because we sell direct to consumer. You can see what a lot of expense we cut out, expense that the consumer has to pay when buying from the retailer in the old way—wholesalers' profits, traveling men's expenses, retailers' profits, etc., and this saving we give to our customers in the shape of the handsome presents we show in this advertisement and describe in our big, Free Catalog No. 80.

Our customers get just twice as much from us as from storekeepers for the same money. We have millions of customers. Our factories cover acres of ground. We can afford to take the minimum of profit. Investigate us! We've been in business 70 years. We'd be glad to have you know all about us. Now don't let some other woman get ahead of you but drop us a postal card at once asking for our secretaryship plan and our Free Catalog.



W. @ H. WALKER, Department D14, Pittsburg, Pa.

what she said: what she said:
"I have read all the Comforts. I am interested
in St. Elmo. Isn't the Sisters' Corner fine, and
Uncle Charlie funny? I have sent in my subscrip-

Uncle Charlie funny? I have sent in my subscription."

Mrs. Hansen. I am going hunting with you sometime. I have a 22 rifle.

Miss Lee. You think right, there are many mothers teaching their daughters ways which will make them slaves to themselves, as well as to their families, for they will not know how to go ahead without mother to tell them.

Mrs. Pitts. You are clever I know, from your letter. I would like to call on you. I am a shelf maker myself. I have three corner shelves in my room, one above the other that I keep my work-basket on, a little photograph box, and small odds and ends. I made one in the sitting-room high up out of the children's reach, for the medicine. Did any of you stop to think that a shelf about a foot from the floor, and one above that about the height of a table, and one between them, fixed in a corner, with a glass hung across the corner above that, and a curtain from the top shelf to the floor makes a cute dresser in a bedroom? Shoes can be set on the floor underneath, and the hat box too. A pocket on one side for stockings; a shoe box covered with pretty paper, set on top for handkerchiefs and ribbons. Take the lid of a shoe box and covered with tinfoil makes a pretty comb and brush tray, cover the top shelf with white oilcloth, the edge may be scalloped, or the curtain put on with a heading. A small shelf between the glass and the top shelf would be handy for a jewel box

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

I do enjoy reading those good sympathizing letters some poor shut-ins have written me, and told me how much worse off they are than myself. How thankful I am that I can walk on crutches when there are so many that can't even get out of a chair.

I have a nine-months-old little boy to look after this cold, windy weather, and three other children that are large enough to go to school. My oldest child is eight years old, and she does most of the bed-making every morning, and I don't hardly see how I am to get along without her while she is in school, but I think that all children ought to have a good education. If I can I want to educate my children, for that is all we will ever be able to give them.

If anyone has any embroidery silk, cotton or linen floss to spare I would appreciate the same, and return favor if possible.

MRS. CLEMEN SMITH, Bremen, R. F. D., 3, Ga.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I was treated so well before, I wanted to write again. My mother came to see me last month, and she found my stack of "COMPORTS" before I knew it, and got so deeply interested that she forgot to visit. I told her that she might take them home with her, but she must send them back. I love to reread them.

I received a letter from her the other day, this is what she said:

"I have verad all the COMFORTS. I am interested "The properties" of the side and the contents of the contents o (CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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New York

The Great Chicago Mystery

The Man With Many Aliases

By Rosser W. Cobbe Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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Crit Truman and his assistant, Ralph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the Chief of Police to assist in suppressing crime. The leader is variously described, and one asserts he has a harelip. For a moment the men are silent, then the well-trained minds recall the recapture of "The Man with Many Aliases," Jim Hollis, Jim Holmes, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, and which, when healed, might pass for a harelip. "How is our work?" asks Crit. "Are the officials satisfied with the return of the money?" They ought to prosecute Percy Mandeville; he has the making of a confirmed criminal. There are several cases in their line. There's a missing girl and a jewelry robbery on Fifth Ave., but they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his mind to catch this man who twice escapes, and he tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan.

they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his mind to catch this man who twice escapes, and he tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. He insists she encourages him. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathie Mandeville, confides to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage to her. Sylvia still loves her husband. Custer Quex is engaged to Sylvia; he will go to her at night. It's the last happy afternoon he has for many a long day. While Crit and Ralph are on the way to Chicago, the former has a telegram. "Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. It's the girl, whose people wants Crit to look up. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon, a month previous. Four guys, all masked, line the customers up—nothing is overlooked—even a pair of diamond cuff buttons is taken. As they emerge from City Hall they are joined by Peter, who is walting. He tells Truman, Jim Hollis swears if he gets free he'll never let you take him alive. The chief tells Truman of a crook, Christie Ferris, who has three or four names, although only twenty, who is in for "dipping." Truman "sweats" him and asks him, "Do you want to know who it was got you in here this last time?"

It's Jim Hollis. Christie will get even with him. Crit wants Christie to locate Jim Hollis. Ralph and Peter enter a saloon. They are attracted to a newcomer, who is the worse for liquor and well supplied with money. Ralph recognizes the man as Percy Mandeville. His companions are known as "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike. The trio seem worried. If the "old man" sees him this way he'll go out of business for a bit. The drunken man is not afraid of him or Jim Hollis either. Ralph and Peter strike a clue.

Custer Quex recuses to credit the rumor concerning Sylvia Lyster's disappearance with Percy Mandeville. The detectives n

into the room, giving a gesture Raiph has seen before; there is instant confusion. Crit Truman in the guise of "Hung-eye" John enters, and fakes his escape from Joliet.

Custer Quex receives a letter from Sylvia Lyster. She loves him still, but from the moment he receives this letter she will be as the dead to him. The lover declares he will search the world until be finds her.

Crit Truman talks with the warden of Joliet penetentiary, and finding that "Hang-eye" John is serving sentence exacts a promise to keep outsiders from communicating with the warden for a few days. He conceals the disguise of "Hang-eye" John. Christic Ferris leads Truman into a trap. Without waiting to be caught he leaps out of danger. He assumes the disguise, and entering a saloon sees Christic Ferris, who drinks water. A crook who will keep from drinking brandy after putting a man, where he did me, is under Jim Hollis, Truman reasons. Ferris produces the hat Truman leaves. The barkeeper, utters a terrible oath. Truman follows Ferris and hears him tell "Four-time" Jim that he "dropped" Crit Truman. He hears the low cry and earnest pleading of a girl. She comes out. Crit Truman offers assistance and tells her to go to the number on the card. The girl hurries away and Crit slips back into the hall. He hears Jim Hollis order Ferris to tell "Pake" Pete and "Snow-flake" Mike to bring Mandeville there. Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman hurries into the street. Raiph Dayton sees Crit Truman horne away in Triumph by "Fake" Pet

taken alive. I think you will be the dead 'un in this case."

Ralph obeys instructions, goes to Mrs. Haddam's and finds Sylvia Lyster. Her father is searching for her. She confides in Ralph. It is no ordinary runaway affair of a silly, lovesick girl. She is not Mr. Lyster's daughter. Not until a month before' does she know she is the daughter of a criminal and a poor woman who dies on Blackwell's Island. She is told her father is in trouble and needs her. Ralph interrupts her. He is kind. She is not Sylvia Lyster, but Helen Hollis. Has she seen the man before who claims to be her father, or Percy Mandeville? He is a thief, but she spares him for the sake of his wife. He wants to know why Jim Hollis has her here. So she can be trained for a thlef. A message is sent to Mr. Lyster, and the next train bears him and Custer Quex to Chicago.

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CHAPTER XIII.

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It is shirt to work. It is a thick when he man two as a desperate character. It was a case of her two best friends, the poor girl with the pleasant home of her hostess, and if there would be any objection to her walking up and down in front of the house. As it was still perfectly light, Mrs. Haddam replied that she thought it would do her good, and so, with her face velled to hidde the bruisses, the girl slipped out, and walked to and fro on Fifty-fifth street boulevard. It was her first visit to Chicago, and she was charmed by the beautiful roadway, with its double street, divided by the tree-dotted strip of green grass. One by one the boulevard lamps were lighted, and watching them, she forgot to turn when she came to the end of the block, and crossed the street. Various automobiles were dashing by, and she paid no attention to them, or in reality to anything except the beauty and novelty of the scene, when suddenly she felt a cruel grip on her shoulder, then a hand, none too clean was pressed against her mouth, and before she could make a movement, she was tossed into a waiting auto, and whiled a way.

For the first time in her vigorous young life,

the girl fainted, but soon the motion of the car revived her, and she looked up into the hateful face of the man she had been told was her father.

"Well?" he asked.

"How dared you?" she cried, struggling.

"Why, my dear," the Man with Many Aliases said in as gentle a tone as he could command. "when you were lost this morning, I was naturally frightened. I sent some of my boys to look for you, and finally we discovered someone who had seen you come out this way. Another of our friends had seen you go into the Haddam house, and so we watched. When you came out, I was all ready. Now my dear, I hope you have come to your senses and will consent to nelp your father in his work. If you can give any pointers, we will pay a visit to this Mrs. Haddam, after dark, and see if we cannot give her something for a keepsake that will make her understand that we do not want any more of her settlement work."

"Do you mean you want me to tell you anything about Mrs. Haddam's house?" the girl asked coldly.

"To be sure. I think your dodge is a good one. You play the misused girl, get into these houses, and then pipe things off to us. A fine didea."

"It might be for you if I had any notion of given you any inference."

one. You play the misused girl, get into these houses, and then pipe things off to us. A fine idea."

"It might be for you if I had any notion of giving you any information," are girl returned angrily, "but I'd rather be pounded into a jelly than betray one who befriended me, even if I were willing to do anything so wicked."

"Still holding out against your old father?" Hollis asked reproachfully.

"I do not believe you are my father," she said decidedly.

The man looked at her narrowly. He did not know for sure if Crit had had any hand in her disappearance, but now he felt sure. Prior to her escape she had wept and bemoaned her fate, but had never doubted her paternity.

"Well I can't do more than show you the proofs," he said suilenly.

"They may be forged." she replied quickly.

The man shrunk back, and there was a very ugly sound in his voice as he threatened:

"Say that again and I'll brain you!"

"Oh no you won't," she returned with courage.
"I think that, and so does Crit Truman," she said triumphantly.

"Then Crit Truman sent you to this woman?" he asked in a dangerous voice.

"Yes he did," she returned.

"I suppose you think he is going to help you some more?"

"Yes I do."

"Suppose I tell you that Crit Truman will never help you or anyone again, that he had left.

"Suppose I tell you that Crit Truman will never help you or anyone again, that he had left this world by a quick route, either up or down?" "Dead?"

this world by a quick route, either up or down?"

"Dead?"

The man nodded.

"You murdered him?"

"Watch out, girl. You are using some pretty dangerous words. He was helped a little, perhaps, then again it may have just been an accident, I can't say, but he will never again hinder or help me or you."

"Then I tell you who will!" she cried, forgetting discretion, in her wild desire to frighten this man, of whom she stood in such dread.

"Who?" he asked with a sneer.

The automobile had sped along Fifty-fifth street boulevard until it emerged on Garfield boulevard, and from there was now twing in and out about the Ghetto. "Le lights were all lighted and by them this girl could see the curious signs, in every language except English. It frightened her to be among those who did not speak her own language, in company with such a man.

"Who is it that is going to rescue this fine

speak her own language, in company with such a man.

"Who is it that is going to rescue this fine beauty? Not your adopted father, who is tired enough, and disgusted at what he considers your ingratitude. Not the fine young man you had nearly captured, for he and your adopted father both believe you came here to Chicago with Percy Mandeville. Now who is it, tell me?"

with Percy Mandeville. Now who is it, tell me?"

"One of Crit Truman's assistants, Ralph Dayton," she returned.
Hollis gave an evil laugh:

"My beauty, you'll be worth a cool million for you can be pumped dry. Can't : u see that is just what I have been wanting to know, whether Truman came alone, or brought his boys with him. I couldn't find out, but now I'm wise, thanks to you," then not heeding her cry of terror, he continued:

"I must blindfold you, give me your hand-kerchief, Ferris," to the driver of the car, and before she could help herself, the girl was blindfolded, her mouth covered with a hard pressing hand, and she was carried bodily into a hall reeking with unsavory odors, and teeming with noise.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH HAPPEN MANY THINGS.

The great detective had faced many perils, and endangered his life more times than it is possible to estimate, but perhaps he was never in a more precarious situation than when he faced The Man with Many Aliases, Jim Hollis, as he glared at him through the steam of the Turkish bathroom.

"You sneak!" Jim finally hissed through clenched teeth.

Crit smiled and reminded him:

"Names are cheap, Jim."

tective offered no opposition. He knew there was no use, and he did not want to exhaust his strength in any way he could avoid.

"I'm not dead yet." Crit warned.

"About the same thing. Now we will gag you, and then leave you to the contemplation of your many wonderful escapes, while we prepare for our work tonight. Oh, you can have a delightful time, for you, if you are alive that long, can know just where we will be about nine this evening. I disclosed my plans pretty fully, when I thought you were straight goods, and as you are out of the way, I do not think I will make any change."

"Excuse me," Crit said with severe irony, "but you made a slight mistake. I could not have been straight goods when you thought me a crook."

crook."

Jim Hollis looked at Crit with astonishment,
his mouth wide open. He could not comprehend how a man could jest with death before

peen straight goods when you toolgate a crook.

Jim Hollis looked at Crit with astonishment, his mouth wide open. He could not comprehend how a man could jest with death before him, on the word of the could not comprehend how a man could jest with death before him, on the could jest with death before him, on the could not comprehend how a man could jest with death before him, on the could not any of us would do if you went insune."

Jim Hollis gave a cry of rage, and with his open hand struck Crit across the face.

The blood flamed into the detective's cheeks at the insult, but he simply smiled as he said:

"It is only cowards who hit women and bound men. If my arms were free, I do not think you would try such a thing. You know well enough how I repay such things as this," and he looked significantly at the wound on the man's upper lip.

The crook was beyond speech, but with no gentle hand he thrust a bundle of unsavory rags into Crit's mouth, and tied the gag securely as his men had the detective's arms and ankles.

He surveyed his work, and then with a mocking laugh, went to the steam generator, and turned on all the coks.

"Hurry up boys," he said, "skiddoo, and leave our 'famous detective' to study out another of his marvelous escapes, beak a good word for me, man, when out get a beak a good word for me, man, when out get a beak a good word for me, man, when out get a beak a good word for me, man, when out get a beak a good word for me, man, when out get a beak of the detective were not happy ones as he lay on a high table where his captors had placed him, panting in the steam, which was horribly dense. He knew how the exhausting effects would overpower him, and his life be stolen away, while he were his captors had placed him, panting in the steam, which was horribly dense. He knew how the exhausting effects would overpower him, and his life be stolen away, while had how he had he were him self and he could be found. The mount of the lay of the him of the lay of the him of the lay of the him of the him of

"I'm in a pretty bad fix, when I can't feel t...s," he thought, his eyes wandering about the room.

Suddenly a thought came to him, and he smiled grimly to himself:

"Strange about these crooks. They do not stop at taking human life, and yet they do not like to stay and see the end. The boldest criminal is at heart a coward. These men can coop me up here, but not one had the courage to tackle me openly and finish me off hand, when some hide-in-the-corner plan would do the work."

This seemed to give him strength, for he suddenly felt a new interest. While fearfully weak, he did not appear to be sweating so terribly.

weak, he did not appear to be sweating so terribly.
"I wonder if there is any end to the steam," he thought, and tried to penetrate the thick clouds. Suddenly his heart seemed to leap within his breast, for a chair hidden a moment before, was gradually appearing out of the steam-laden atmosphere.
"Something has happened to the ateam," he thought gratefully, and lay quite still watching the gradual clearing of the room.

(TO BE CONTINCED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter. "... Strange Revela-tion," when Crit Truman, in disguise, assures a broken-hearted girl she is the legitimate daughter of Mr. Lyster. Watch the coils as they slowly tighten around the guilty, bringing them to speedy and just punishment. If not a subscriber send 15 cents and read this story to the end.

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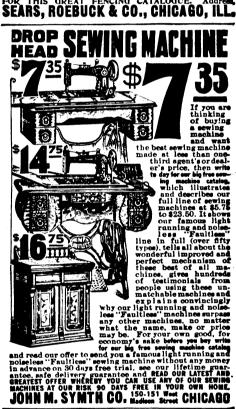
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THE LOCOMOTIVE SPECIAL

Hats, and How to Make Them

By Comfort's Home Milliner

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the sixth article on Hat Making. We invite you to read the first and other install-nts commencing in COMFORT'S November number. Any questions you desire answered relating to this department said be addressed to Comfort's Home Milliner, Augusta, Maine.





burned up into three-cornered shape. Whatever the shape of the frame, it must first be covered plainly with thin muslin. If the flat shape is used, face the underside of brim with shirred muslin or with narrow ruffles of muslin or lace. Pale blue or pink is particularly pretty for the facing—in which take use the same shade of ribbon for the trimming. After the frame has been covered and the facing point in, the top of the hat is covered. This covering consists of two pieces, the crown and the brim. If you are going to make your own design, measure your frame and cut a piece of linen of same shape the property of the same and cut a piece of linen of same shape. Then take a button about three fourths of an inch across and lay it within an inch of the edge of linen, and mark with a pencil half way around button, making a deep scallop. After going all the way around, shove the button up a little and mark around it, to make the top edge of scallop (see illustration, Fig. 1.) It is necessary to leave a margin of at least an inch, so you can keep a firm hold of the linen while embroidering the scallop. If a smaller or larger scallop is desired, use something that will make it just the size you desire—a spool for a larger or the unsharpened end of a pencil for a smaller scallop. If a smaller or larger scallop is desired, use something the scallop, make a senough embroider, make a cough and falls somewhat over it, and the trimming usually cover a circle about twelve inches in diameter and will be all that is more elaborate.

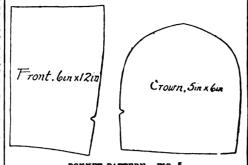
To embroider the dots, work them all one way across, which is for padding; then work them all the other way across, drawing the flows a light as more elaborate.

To embroider the dots, work them all one way across, which is for padding; then work them all the other way across, drawing the flows fairly tight this makes a hard, firm, raised dot. Use one thread only, of raher coarse mercerized or linen fioss.

Work the scallops on the brim first, padding it by running a row of doss along the lower edg



HE embroidered linen, lawn and muslin hats for ladies, misses and would better be all white, and then some extra



bows or flowers can be tacked on to match the particular gown worn. One usually can wear a linen embroidered hat a whole season without laundering—but if it gets wet, or spattered with mud, or is really soiled from wear, then of course it must be ripped from the frame, washed and ironed, and then put back. When this is necessary, trim with black velvet ribbon or with something entirely different from that used at first, and it will really be a new hat.

black velvet ribbon or with something entirely dirferent from that used at first, and it will really be a new hat.

If one can have several of these linen embroidered hats, it is well to have one in a deep tan-colored linen; faced with fulled rows of deep ecru lace, and trimmed with two or three shades of brown ribbon twisted together, they are stunning, and are equally suitable to wear with tan or brown cloth gowns, as with washable gowns. If one wears light blue a good deal, a blue linen embroidered hat is very becoming.

When making a Lingerie hat over a Continental shape, the linen is placed smoothly onto the turned-up brim and tacked securely around the top edge, the scallop standing up above frame. Then the other edge is fastened inside headhole. The embroidered crown is laid smoothly on to crown of frame, and the edges are tucked down between crown and turned-up brim

tween crown and turned-up brim and fastened. A fold of ribbon fills



added. This shape seems to hold in place longer than the wide-brimmed, floppy shape, but is not so becoming to everyone as the soft, wavy, broad brim. Our illustration, Fig. 2, shows the latter shape, made of several rows of wide lace put on rather full, on brim and crown, and having loops and bands of black velvet ribbon.

The same ganaral style is the same ganaral style is the same ganaral style is same ganaral.

eral rows of wide lace put on rather full, on brim and crown, and having loops and bands of black velvet ribbon.

The same general style is used for misses as for grown-ups, in Lingeric hats, but there is quite a rage for making them in delicate colors, as pink or blue. Muslin, or mull, is generally used, instead of linen, and rows of narrow knife plaitings are used for the whole hat, crown and top and under brim. Often strings of the same material, four inches wide, are used, the ends trimmed with a row of the plaiting, but children dislike strings and are more comfortable with an elastic band. An old muslin dress, dotted or plain, which is worthless for anything else, makes a lovely hat, as ruffles may be made and practically no wear comes on the muslin, it comes more on the frame, so the muslin will wear at least one season. Cut in strips three inches wide, sew together and hem one edge; plait in fine knife plaiting, allowing three times as much muslin when straight, as you will need when plaited. Dampen and press on the wrong side; take out bastings, all except the running at the top, or raw edge, of plaiting. Sew onto top of brim first, allowing the first row to stand out an inch beyond edge of frame—which has, of course, previously been covered plainly with muslin, top and under. Let second row lap enough to cover raw edge of first row, and proceed until the entire top of brim is covered. Do exactly the same on under side of brim, be in g careful that stitches do not show on top. Then cover crown in the same way—around outer edge first, work-ing taward the center



ing), two inches wider than brim and three A POPULAR SHAPE. FIG. 7. times as long as outer

the same way—around outer edge first, work-ing toward the center, and finish at center and finish at center with a tiny rosette. Put a band of ribbon around crown and a big rosette of ribbon on the left side—or, if streamers are liked, nse wide ribbon and tieat back with drooping loops and long ends. ends.
If a shirred hat is preferred, cut a strip of mull or muslin, or thin silk (whatever is to be used for mak-

bole, using stileto al' the time to keep so that brim and three sew over and over, very closesy and as near the edge as possible, until you have a firm, hard, narrow roll all around edge of hole. It takes about as long to make an eyelet well as it does to make a dot well.

When scallop and dot (or eyelet), on brim have all been worked, lay it wrong side up on an iron ing board, on two or three folds of something soft, like a blanket or thick flanne; lay a clean, wet cloth over it and press with a hot flatiron; then lay a dry cloth on, in place of the wet one, and press until perfectly dry and smooth. Each dot and scallop will stand out firm and perfect; then cut out linen around scallop, as closely as possible without cutting embroidery.

Cut out center of brim, size of head hole, and lay on top of brim of frame. It should stand out the width of scallop beyond outer wire of frame.

Fit the linen crown motor frame—It should stand out the width of scallop beyond outer wire of frame.

Fit the linen crown motorial stand out the width of scallop beyond outer wire of frame.

Fit the lines crown motorial stand out the width of scallop beyond outer wire of frame.

Fit the lines crown motorial stand out the still seed the way around, and hold in place with pins placed ery inch. Draw up each set of threads in turn, until headhole is reached. Draw this up tight and let raw edge run up into crown, out of sight. Then tack each row of shirring so it will stay in place. Do exactly the same for under still double box-plated ruche of same material, around crown, and tacking there. The hat is now ready for trimming, which may be either folds of ribbon around crown and a bow with high loops at one side, or may be a wreath of tiny rosebuds. With a white lawn embroidered hat, faced under brim with pins, a wreath of pink rosebuds around crown with lines around crown, and pink the proposed of the standard crown. The same of cloth to match the cloak—cashmere, fannel, eider down, or whatever the material, and lines the proposed control

with an embroidered piece turning back—which is very pretty for a child two or three years old, as at that age the cap is big enough to admit of considerable embroidery. Illustration, Fig. 4, shows one of these bonnets for a tiny baby—its first bonnet. It is made of fine muslin with narrow tucks. Ilustration, Fig. 5, shows the style of pattern used. The back piece measures six by five inches, and the piece going around the head, one half only of which is shown in cut, twelve by six inches, after it is tucked. These measurements are of course, only general, as each baby's head varies, but these measurements are large enough, and the bonnet can be loosely basted together and fitted, and so get an exact fit before finishing. If bonnet is not to be lined, bind seams inside with an inch-wide bind-strip of same material—or else with taffeta bind-ing—so they will not irritate the head. The strings should be three inches wide and as long as desired—hemmed narrowly on each edge and broadly at the bottom, with a few narrow tucks above hem. It is a good idea to put the bow and ends at one bide of cap, tacking it there, with an eye underneath; then on the other side sew a piece of quarter-inch, flat, white elastic, making it just long enough to go straight across, when cap is on, from one side to the other. Sew a small, white hook to the end that is tog ounder bow. By doing this, one keeps the bow fresh and unwrinkled, and it is far enough to one side to be away from the baby's mouth; then, too, it is much easier to slip a hook into an eye than to have to tie a bow of muslin strings, particularly when the baby is restless.

During the warm weather bables wear the Pique washable hats, instead of bonnets, as they are much cooler and also afford a small amount of shade to the eyes. These hats are used between the bonnet and straw hat periods. Illustration, Fig. 6, shows one of these Pique hats. The crown but tons onto the brim, so that washing them is a simple matter. Top and brim are made double, to hold the starch. A circle

Now for a few suggestions on spring millinery for ladies.

The same shapes, in general, as we have had for the past year, are in evidence—so that last year's hats may be freshened up and worn again without being, in the least, back numbers. The mushroom shape, which was so popular last summer, continues in its popularity—and while it is not a specially pretty shape, it is becoming to most faces. Our illustration, Fig. 7, shows one in tan-colored straw with a row of dark red roses and glossy green foliage around the crown, and a cluster of the same under the brim at the left. A pair of dark green wings stand up smartly at the left, giving the hat the correct height, and the high bandeau tips it at the right angle. This is a good, all-around, summer model, being of colors that harmonize with all colors of gowns, and there is nothing about it that will fade quickly or get out of shape.

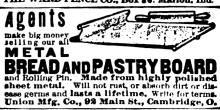
While large hats still hold their own, the medium sizes seem to be more in evidence for early wear. The narrow brim sailor is very popular, rather plain on top, as to trimming, but elaborately trimmed under the brim, where a wide bandeau rsises it to such a height that it takes quantities of trimming to fill in. This trimming usually has a foundation of tulle, which is soft and becoming close to the face, and then is piled with flowers, or feathers that fall down onto the hair, or a combination of both.

The thin, wiry, horse-hair straws seem to be

The thin, wiry, horse-hair straws seem to be higher in favor than the heavier kinds, and the Neapolitan is much in favor. There is a good reason for this, for it is extremely light, a great

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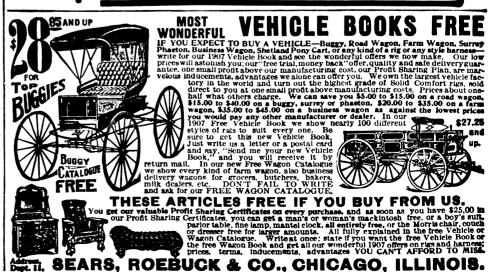
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A Living Memento

By Constance Beatrice Willard

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

"I want you to see everything, all the crude impossibilities, and the still cruder possibilities of my future." The man's life seems to hang upon the verdict of the girl by his side. Her fair face flames, and she manages to reply, "It's very interesting." The man wants her to think it is something more than that. Will he explain so she may understand perfectly. All about here is the land I own. It belonged to my grandfather, who owned slaves. Before the war, seeing what was coming, he sells them, investing the money in Northern securities. His father marries a lovely daughter of one of the families rained by the war. The first thing he remembers his mother teaches him year by year what she considers his duty toward the descendants of them who help make his fortune, and he points to a group of three children, pitiful reminders of an accursed past. It's a grand conception, but can he carry it out. "Would he be any better if he had sprung from despised stock," he asks. "He cannot change their color," Violet ventures to say. He does not seek to do that, or to encourage social equality, but he wants to give them something desired—a living chance. Violet smiles at her lover's earnestness. His father was very much imbued with the idea, and it was my mother's life, and when I was born they gave me the singular mame "Memento." To the world he is Toto or M. L. Griffith. Will she call him by his name and wear it? He knows he's asking a great deal; his work becomes a part of his life—and as he tells of his love he says he cannot go to her unfettered. The old town has fallen into decay. He will tear down the shanties and replace them with neat attractive cottages. He will develop the natural resources of the woods. Where a Revolutionary grand-father is killed he will erect a monument in the form of a public library. Over there a post-office, around the corner the city hall and theater. Still Violet is silien. It is beautiful, but for the man of talent, capable of shining in political and social life, it is too great a sacri

CHAPTER II.

MAY IT NEVER BE A FETTER.

HEN that house of ours is finished, we can fill it with any amount of company, and then, too, we need not spend all our time here. Europe has many treasures to show us, other lands will give us much, but our home will be here, and here we will restore the rights of humanity to those whose forbears were slaves to mine."

"But you cannot hope to develop all those industries by the negro labor, can you?" she asked, a hopelessness coming over her, but she was aroused by his ringing young voice replying:

"No, dear one, for my grandfather had other slaves besides black ones. In his various industries were men and women who toiled unceasingly, for starvation wages, and to them and their descendants, I intend to offer a refuge. At any rate way, but here is weather. them and their descendants, I intend to offer a refuge. At any rate my plan is worth trying. My fortune is so large and this land so fertile that I cannot lose much, an I will gain much peace and concentmen.," and a strange light glowed in his eyes.

"And if I tell you that I cannot enter into your beautiful ideas, that I am only an ordinary girl without much ambition, will it have any influence upon you, Memento?" she asked softly.

any influence upon you, Memento?" she asked softly.

An expression of pain came upon the exalted young face, but he said with a resolute squaring of the jaw:

"You will break my heart, if you decide you cannot live my life with me, but you cannot change my purpose."

"My dear," she pleaded.

"No, although my love is strong as death, there is something stronger still, my ser is of duty. I was not named Memento for nothing.

there is something stronger still, my ser a of duty. I was not named Memento for nothing.

"Violet, dear love, there is plenty of devotion in my heart for both you and my purpose. Most men have something which divides their interests between their wives and it. A man who has no purpose in life aside from a woman's love, is not worth the name. I am too wealthy to care to increase my wealth. I have no real leaning toward any profession, and I cannot either write or sing. Art is almost a closed book to me, except in a crude sort of fashion, and unless I had this purpose. I would not be happy even with you.

"Some men might have married you, and then let you find this out afterwards, but you are too dear for such treatment. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have never cared for another woman, and I do not think I ever can, even if you refuse me, for my love is very deep."

Violet gave a quick sigh, but could say nothing. She knew she loved him tenderly, devotedly, but she still feared.

"Sweetheart, look about you and see if this does not appeal to you. Here is a land blessed with wonderful natural resources.

From the

ural resources.
From the ground, the trees, and even the juniper water itself, hold vast reasures for the downtrodden. on every side there is exquisite beauty. See the various shades of green



think of what
these deserted yards will be when the roses
come into their own. Darling, here, right
where my family has lived for so many
years, I ask you, cannot you trust your
love to my keeping? Am I not man
enough to cherish you, even though I
have other plans? Would you object if I
wanted to carry on business in some city?"
"Wait," she cried suddenty, putting out her
hands. "You do not consider me. I have
never lived at such an altitude, and I can-

hands. "You do not consider me. I have never lived at such an altitude, and I cannot stand the air at first. A woman wants to feel, dear, that she is first, foremost, at least when she is asked for her heart," and there was a half jesting, half mournful cadence in her voice. cadence in her voice.

to win your love, you would not blame me for refusing, would you?"
"No," she returned slowly.

"Then consider me now as being in the same position," he cried anxiously.
Suddenly as before, she threw out her hands,

Suddenly as before, she threw out her hands, saying almost angrily:

"Wait, wait! Let me collect my thought. What a pretty lane!"

"Yes, it is the historic Lovers' Lane, in which all my forbears have become engaged," he returned, and the blood surged to her fa, as she saw him turn from it, and drive along a less romantic avenue, which evidently led to some house.

Never before had Violet faced such a question. She had no doubt of her love, or his either, but she did fear that this plan of his might absorb his interest, leaving her stranded

might absorb his interest, leaving her stranded outside of his deepest feelings. She was just out of school, and knew but little of the world, but enough to know that this was no ordinary man.

"Why have you waited so long?" she asked, knowing that it was five years since the death of his grandfather, when he had inherited the latter's immense fortune.

"It was a provision of the will. Grand-

father wanted me to see some-thing of the world before I entered upon what he knew what he knew
my parents had
considered my
life's work."
Again Violet
s i g h e d, a n d
wished with all
her heart that

they two could be as one upon this subject. this subject. With this feel-



With this feeling of opposi- A FITTING EXAMPLE OF A tion in her heart, she knew they could not be happy, and so it was terribly hard to hear him say gently:

"I have talked so much of my duty and so little of my love, that perhaps my little flower, you think I do not feel for anything but the oppressed. I wish you could know how I have loved you ever since that first day when I saw you, such a delightful study in green velvet and sable, which set off that beautiful hair of yours. I saw you standing there at the reception, the most wonderful I ever attended, for there I met you, and suddenly a sweet, ravishing wave of perfume, violet loaded, swept upon my senses. I did not need to be told that it came from you, and when I learned your name was Violet, I felt such a satisfaction, that my heart fairly ached with joy."

Was there ever such a wooing? The low, passionate words, the song of birds, the melancholy moan of the wind in the pines, falling upon an air heavy with fragrant blossoms.

Violet felt her head turning, and tried to keep her brain clear, for she knew that within the next hour she must decide their destinies.

the next hour she must decide their des-

in the next hour sne must decide tinies.

"I think I will tell you what I said to myself, little sweetheart, as I gazed upon you when you left the room. I looked at you with my heart in my eyes, and whispered:

"Old man you must win that girl if it takes a lifetime."

"And then you sit here and tell me that unless I agree to all your plans for the future, you will let me go, after you have stolen my heart?" Violet cried, sobbing in the intensity of feeling.

of feeling.

An expression of real happiness, deep and complete came into his face as to almost glorify it, as he returned gently:

"Darling if you fail to come up to my ideal, you are not my Violet," then as they turned abruptly, he pointed to a bare, weatherbeaten house which seemed to have sprung from the ground.

beaten house which seemed to have sprung from the ground:

"That is all, dear, that is left of my old home. It is a fair sample of what my life will be without you. Are you not strong enough to help me change t's dreary old place with its chimney on the outside, its primitive well-sweep, its general uselessness, into the mansion of usefulness and beauty, I am planning? Just think a moment, dear. into the mansion of usefulness and beauty, I am planning? Just think a moment. dear, and then answer me!" and his voice commanded, his face glowed, his eyes flashed, and suddenly, with an exaltation which lifted her out of herself, and made her see as though with newly opened eyes, the beauty and nobility of his nature, she threw herself into his arms, sobbing:
"I love you, oh, I love you, and I want to help to make your 1. me a reality."

As his lips sealed her words, she gave a little start, crying:

As his lips sealed her words, she gave a little start, crying:

"Oh, right at the start, darling, you have gone back on traditions, for the others plighted their love in Lovers' Lane."

Memento Griffith gave a hearty, joyous laugh, as he almost shouted with joy:

"Look about you dear," and she saw that they were in the upper and of this old lane.

they were in the upper end of this old lane, upon historic ground.

Then before she could even express her sat-

Then before she could even express her satisfaction, the young man sliped a ring from his finger, whispering as he slipped it on hers:

"With this ring the eldest in the family has bound his love to him, as I do you, my darling, and may it never be a fetter any more than my plans, for they, like their projector must always be guided by the hand that wears the Memento ring," and looking at it, Violet saw that it was composed of two priceless diamonds, set in two hearts of richly chased gold, welded together by a bar of pigeon-blood rubies.

"My Mementos," she whispered, pressing the ring to her lips, then raising them to his.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the tenth article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appearing in January issue where first article appeared.

Comfort's Recitation Club

HIS month I must cut my letter to you a little short, in order to make room for the three recitations given. In answer to repeated requests two of them are for children. But before going farther, just a word about gesture, "the silent language of the soul." If you study those around you, you will find that speech, no matter how swift and impetuous, always follows, never precedes, gesture. A start, a tremor through the body, a convulsive movement of the hands, the expression of the face,—these signs and many others betray emotion before the voice has time for utterance. This is a rule you will do well to remember in studying your selections. It also enables your audience to follow you more quickly and intelligently.

"And thought leaped out to wed with thought Ere thought itself could wed with speech."

COUSIN HAL.

An Easter-tide Deliverance

The sun was drowned in the western tide,
The moon shone pale on the mountainside;
The heathen host, by the campfire's light,
In feast and revels passed the night.
They talked of deeds that should be done
At early dawn of the morrow's sun;
They laughed in scorn that the Christian band
Their mighty host should dare withstand.

The Christians prayed thro' the whole night long, Their arms were weak, their faith was strong. Close pressed the foe on every side, But heaven above was fair and wide. The sun that sank in the blood-red sea, An earthly type of their fate might be. The moon that shone with so cold a light In vain might seek them another night.

But Christ, their leader, would faithful be, And death in His cause is victory. Hours passed—one ray of morning light Was on the topmost mountain height. On a lofty crag, sublime and high, A form stood forth 'gainst the glowing sky. The Saint Germanus!—He turned his eyes Where Easter sun began to rise.

No word of sorrow his lips let fall, No word of dangers around them all. He bared to heaven his reverent head, For Christ this morn arose from the dead. Then "Alleluia!" aloud he cried, And "Alleluia!" the rocks replied; And "Alleluia!" from cliff to cave, An answering shout the Christians gave.

The echoes sound it again and again,
Like the voice of a host of mighty men.
The heathen start with strange, vague fear,
"What unseen foes have drawn so near?
Hath the God of the Christians sent in the night
His band of angels to join in the fight?"
Then wild with terror they fied away—
The battle was won that Easter Day.

Is life so hopeless, brother, to thee,
That naught but death can bring victory?
Rise thou above thine own despair,
Forget thyself and thy pressing care;
Let the voice of praise from thy lips arise,
Thine Alleluia mount to the skies;
And, on thy heart's glad Easter Day,
Thy foes, in terror, shall fly away.

—Maria H. Bulfinch.

Lesson Talk



As you study this selection you will notice the direct contrast shown in the first two stanzas—between the opposing armies, the one strong in numbers, the other strong in faith, with the courage and will to battle for the right. This contrast should be brought out clearly. You can do this only by those subtle little shadings of manner, voice and expression, which are so hard to describe, especially as they will vary with each individul. The manner of the heathen is boastful and self-confident, and they have only scorn and ridicule for the little band who have dared to withstand them. Fig. 47 shows a good pose for last two lines in the first stanza. The other gestures are indicating. Indicate the Heathen army to the left, the Christians to the right. In the second stanza the manner is subdued and fourth lines carefully for the half hidden meaning here. In the third stanza indicate the "ray of morning light," the "lofty crag," and "Saint Germanus" to the right-front and high up, but a good distance away, as you would if pointing to a mountain in that direction. The delivery of this, and the first half of the next stanza is quiet, earnest, narrative style. Fig. 48 shows you the pose for the first "Alleluia!" If you do not know the exact meaning of this word, or of any word when studying a selection, look it up before going on. "Alleluia!" should be spoken loudly, clearly, and with joy and exultation; pronounced slowly giving each vowel its full vale. The second is an echo, and should start strong and clear, and the vowel sound at the end should be prolonged and allowed to die

the second is an echo, and should start strong and clear, and the vowel sound at the end should be prolonged and allowed to die away gradually. This is difficult, and will need much practice. I FIG. 48. "ALLE-spoke of this at length in a LUIA!" ALOUD HE previous lesson, mentioning the striking of bells or of a clock. In the present case your voice would not need to sound metallic. With this and the third "Alleluis!" you could bend the head as though listening. The last one is given strong and ringing and then allowed to die away. The fifth stanza has more dramatic force. Let the tones be round, strong and full in the first two lines. Show the Heathens' start of wonder and fear. I think I would emphasize the word "Hath" as well as "God" and "Christians." Make a pause between "away" and the last line, which you should deliver slowly and emphatically.

The last stanza is directed to each individual in the audience. The manner should be at once appealing and persuasive.

Little Perry's Awful Threat

I won't ever live in this house no more,
And I'm goin' away, 'way off somewhere
In the dark woods! And mebbe a bear
Or something nobody ever saw before
Might come and eat me up! And then,
I bet you, when
My pa has no little boy, he'll be
Sorry he punished me!

And I'm goin' to starve and not
Ever eat anything again at all;
And when I'm up with God and got
Wings and can look at my pa, and he
Comes home and sees my coat in the hall
And looks all around everywhere,
And I ain't there,
I bet he'll be sogry he punished me!

And when I'm far away
And nearly starved, and can hardly stand,
They might be a big, bad man come along and say
He'd take me off to some strange land!
And then, when the people told my pa
How cruel he was, I bet he'd be
The saddest person you ever saw,
And sorry he punished me!

And when they have no little boy no more,
Mamma would cry all day,
And when no little boy would open the door
For pa, at night, and say—
"Hello!" I bet
That's when he'd be the saddest yet—
And I'll stay this time, but he
B-b-b-better quit punishing me!

Boo—hoo—hoo!

—S. E

-S. E. Kiser.

Lesson Talk



How Grandma Danced

Grandma told me all about it;
Told me so I couldn't doubt it—
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes,
Smiling like a human rose!
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny, Dimpled cheek, too—oh, how funny! Really quite a pretty girl, Long ago.
Bless her! Why, she wears a cap, Grandma does, and takes a nap Every single day; and yet Grandma danced the minuet, Long ago.

Now she sits there rocking, rocking, Always knitting grandpa's stocking, (Every girl was taught to knit Long ago.)
Yet her figure is so neat, And her smile so kind and sweet, I can almost see her now, Bending to her partner's bow, Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk,
Long ago.
No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtsying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming.
Grandma says; but boys were charmingGirls and boys I mean, of course—
Long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I perchance
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did, my dear, in some such way,
Long ago."

Lesson Talk

Lesson Talk

This poem may be made a most fetching recitation for a little girl, from five to ten years old. The gestures should all be natural, spontaneous and childish. As a general thing little girls take to gestures more readily than little boys. The little girl is wide eyed and earnest in commencing. "My grand ma danced" may be accompanied by a little emphatic nod of the head. Fig. 50 shows a pretty pose for the first half of this stanza. It is taken gradually, first the head, then spreading the skirts, lastly pointing the toe and taking a few old-fashioned dance steps. If possible to learn a few of the minuet steps it will greatly add to the selection to have the child take a few of them after each stanza, while someone plays a soft, low accompaniment on the piano and violin. Go on and tell the next two stanzas in a bright, sunny way. In the fourth verse show what a shocking contrast there is between the old and Fig. 50. "How new ways of dancing. At the last Her Dainty glide slowly forward, courtesy and skirt she glide backward to place. Finish spread, how the piece in a natural childish she Eturned manner. The last half of the last Her Little stanza may be recited in a slightly toes." pensive tone, the head a little to one side up to the last line when you nod your head as though about to show how you did. If you have danced after each verse the music should start and you should dance off the stage, making a stately little courtesy just before you pass through the entrance. Only stately minuet steps should be used. The steps must in no way resemble the modern "jumping, rushing, whirling," etc., described in stanza four. This selection is also adapted for illustration when, instead of the little girl taking the minuet steps, the curtain rolls up noiselessly showing one or more couples dressed as they did "Long ago," dancing the minuet. In this case the speaker must stand well in front so the curtain can fall behind her.

Address all letters for this department to Cousin this case the speaker must stand us

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

tom one; this makes a place for hats; drive nails in the wall under the bottom shelf to hang garments, low nails for the children's things.

I will send samples of drawnwork to anyone that sends stamp. I wish to inform the sisters that I cannot crochet, but have some pretty patterns that I have cut from papers; so many have asked me to crochet samples of Oak Leaf and Acorn lace. I have made lots of drawnwork and understand it well. Everybody write to me. Your letters will be cherished, if not answered.

MRS. MYRTLE RICKARD, Huntsville, Ark.

MY DEARS:

MY DEARS: comes Mrs. Linden with more music; her

MRS. MYRTLE RICKARD, Huntsville, Ark.

MY DEARS:

Here comes Mrs. Linden with more music; her life is filled with sunshine, music, love, kindness, sympathy, which she scatters broadcast; she writes me that she visits one shut-in every day—the recipients of those visits are to be envied. With all her personal shut-in work she takes the time to write me and send me a small sum occasionally for my work among them, as I have a long, long list. So many of you deserve credit for that same thing, and I thank you in the name of those to whom I am enabled to send reading matter and cheerful letters. If it is only a stamp or two inclosed it helps in sending Comport, our dear magazine, to those unable to subscribe for it, and feel that they cannot exist without it. One poor dear writes me: "I turn to the Sisters' Corner immediately on receipt of my precious paper, and I get comfort, satisfaction, knowledge. I travel in unknown lands and transport myself oftentimes to the homes of the dear sisters."

P. W. J. So you are to be a little "schoolma'am?"
Do you not find that when your mind and time is occupied that you forget self? Occupation is often the cure for many nervous diseases; you seem so happy and bright, I certainly trust that both you and "mamma" will improve in health. Do let me hear of your life-work.

To all my tired, nerve-worn teacher girls I would say on this coming summer vacation, just rest, commune with nature (if you are going into the country), sleep, go berrying, help the farmer to rake up his hay, drive the cows to pasture, retire early and rise early, and if you are not timid sleep out of doors. Get on the good side of the milk maid or the man that does the milking, and accompany him down to the barn when he "goes a milking." Take a cup along and drink all he will give you of the warm milk twice a day (if milk agrees with you); any average farmer is pleased to have a young and pretty girl tagging at his heels. I never yet saw one that wasn't, particularly if she were not afraid of bugs, beetles and wo

by Mrs. Phelps to Thomas Lockhart; it is certainly beautiful.

Edelia Clowes, Thief River Falls, Minnesota, writes me: "How I would like to be able to walk around as other girls do. I am only sixteen and can never walk. Will you ask some of the sisters to write to me, please? I will endeavor to answer all inclosing stamped, directed envelope; tell them I send my love to all of them." She sent me a nice recipe for tomato soup, also a cold preventive. She writes anyone wishing to don a low-necked, evening dress, if they will mix together two ounces of spirits of camphor, two ounces of spirits of ammonia, five ounces of sea salt, one half pint of alcohol, and boiling water enough to make a quart altogether, and rub this well on neck and arms, it will prevent a cold; try it, girls, and thank Edelia for the information.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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Under this heading all ques tions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be.

COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 26th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Miss U. E. Baugh, Seaboard, Ala., would like to know if any Comfort reader can tell her where she can get an old-fashioned elementary spelling-book.

Miss M. U., Ceres, N. Y.—There is more demand for illustrations than for ordinary pictures, and more money in them, unless the pictures you make will bring big prices. However, if you can do one well, you can do the other. Illustrators are artists.

A. F., West Hoboken, N. J.—The flux for welding or soldering lead pipe is composed of resin and sweet oil. You will get information from experts just across the river from your town. Go over to a plumber's shop and inquire.

a plumber's snop and inquire.

Norman C. Wilder, Box 31, Selma, R. F. D., 2, N. C., would like to know if any Comport reader can let him have the Oct. and Nov. numbers of The Good Cheer Magazine for 1906. (2) You can do nothing except to take your-loss. There is not enough to go to law about. It was merely a case of failure, and you were a creditor.

M. B. P. Mattituck L. I.—If the Post-office people.

M. B. R., Mattituck, L. I.—If the Post-office people cannot give you the address, there is no other way that we know except to refer the matter to the police authorities. They can find anybody who is not trying to hide. How do you know she is still in New York?

in New York?

Mrs. F. D. G., Vienna, La.—Before going into the herb-raising business you should find out definitely what demand there will be for your product. Your best plan would be to go to New Orleans and make inquiries of all druggists, at the same time getting the addresses of wholesale dealers in all the other cities. The nearest point to which you can ship is where you should sell. We cannot give you addresses of druggists, because they can only be had by direct application.

D. R. W. Scarleck, Bronson, Texas, would like to

D. R. W. Scurlock, Bronson, Texas, would like to hear from the heirs of Pagit Halpin, who was in Texas in 1836 and '37, where he left property.

R. W. B., Pittsburg, Ky.—We do not know the value. Write to G. B. Calman, 42 East 23rd St., New York City.

L. E. C., Piggott, Ark.—See answer above to "R. W. B."

Judith, Loretto, Mich.—Gasolene is the universal glove cleaner, or benzine will answer the purpose, if you can't get the other.

Mrs. J. C., Detroit, Mich.—We no longer have the lists, and sample copies of that date are out of print and not obtainable.

J. F., East Quogue, L. I.—Procure a copy of The New York Sun of any Sunday, and you will get more information on coins than we have space for in a year. It will cost you five cents.

Mrs. J. W., Fresno, Cal.—You have asked us a hard one. Too hard, and we can't settle the dispute. Suppose you write to all the persons you have heard of as in the list, and see if they will answer. You will be wasting your time and your postage.

E. L. Jordan Valley, Ore.—We are not expert tanners. You will have to get your information from practical workers at the tanning trade. Try A. Klipstein & Co., 122 Pearl Street, New York City. A. W. L., Charlotteville, N. Y.—Write to Wm. Gebhard, Schoharie, N. Y., inclosing postage for reply.

F. R., Huron, S. D.—We know of no such school unless it is the Parkville Seminary, Parkville, Mo. Try there.

De Ettienne, Degraff, O.—The Kingdom of Graus-tark is located in one of McCutcheon's novels, and nowhere else. (2) Not that we know of. See an-swer above to "R. W. B."

Subscriber, Fayetteville, Texas.—You might get information by writing to E. B. Conway, 73 Car-mine St., New York City.

Madeline, Montrose, Iowa.—There may be such schools in Iowa, and certainly in Chicago. Write to Superintendent Public Schools, Chicago, inclosing postage for reply, and asking him to refer your letter to the proper parties, if he can't tell you. Be sure to tell him you are not looking for an expensive school.

S. J. E., Flanagan, Ill.—Women have the right to vote for President, in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho.

M. B., Sherman, Me.—You have nothing to do but to tell the publisher when you submit the copy that it has been copyrighted. If he will publish it, he will attend to everything. That is part of his breitness. business.

Mrs. R. W., Alexandria, Minn.—Write to Percy Doane, 154 Nassau Street, New York City.

Widow, Madison, Neb.—The widow of a soldier drawing a pension continues drawing it. You can settle the matter definitely by writing to U. S. Pension Agent, W. V. Wilcox, Des Moines, Iowa, who is the nearest one to you. Or you may go up higher and write to Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

C. S., Batavia, Iâ.—It is merely a sleight-of-hand performance and has nothing whatever to do with mathematics. Your eyes deceive your eyesight, that's all. Don't offer to bet the man you can tell in which hand it is unless you have a policeman handy to get your money back.

G. W. T., Collbran, Ala.—Write to Thomas W. Houchin & Co., 48 Warren St., New York City. Ask them to refer your letter to the proper parties if they cannot supply.

they cannot supply.

E. S., Mineola, Texas.—You cannot tell what publisher will take the manuscript until you try, and you may have to try many before you find the right one. When you send it, inclose postage enough to have it returned if not available. Suppose you write to Miss Flora Holly, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City, about finding a publisher for you. It will cost you something, but you won't have to bother with details.

B. K., Reynoldsville, W. Va.—Write to Maynz & Co., 13 Water St., or to N. H. Heyman, 438 East 59th St., New York City.

F. W., Erlanger, Ky.—Your best plan would be to go over to Cincinnati and make inquiries for your-self. We have no curio dealers; addresses there.

self. We have no curio dealers; addresses there.

Greenie, Motz, Ark.—A pound of English money is about \$4.84, usually called \$5 in round numbers.

(2) Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill.

W. B. Gilbreth, Dawson, Ala., inquiring in this column for the book, "Brother Against Brother," can get it for ninety-eight cents, postpaid, by writing to St. Paul Book and Stationery Co., St. Paul, Minn. He is under obligations to Ida A Erickson, Brandon, Minn., for the information.

I. G. K., Mannington, W. Va.—You do not need publishers' permission to publish stories that have not been copyrighted, but the ethics of the case require that you should have such permission.

require that you should have such permission.

J. T. W., Vanderbilt, Pa.—The best section of the country for a person suffering from neuralgia and nervousness, we should say, was in the dry, warm air of Arizona and New Mexico. We do not know what the labor conditions are, but good men can always find plenty of work at fair prices, and land is cheap there for farming. Suppose you write to Hon. W. F. Nichols, Secretary, Tucson, Ariz., and to Hon. J. W. Raynolds, Secretary, Santa Fe, N. M., asking for all needed information.

C. D. T., Waitsburg, Wash.—Butterflies may be preserved simply by driving pins through their heads to a flat surface so as to keep the wings extended. Birds' eggs are preserved by pricking pin holes in each end and blowing the contents out. A little carbolic acid in water will remove any odor.

B. G. W., Cleveland, O.—As these are trade secrets and druggists are plenty in your town, you had better apply to them direct for information.

W. R., Freeport, Ill.—A list of the newspapers you ask for constitutes a volume of several hundred pages. We haven't space to print it. There are papers enough in your own state to supply you with a fresh one every day, if you have the price. (2) You can't buy rare and curious books anywhere cheap. One sold in New York the other day for \$2,900. How many can you take at those figures?

M. F. L. South, Dakota, —Write to Hardy and

M. F. L., South Dakota.—Write to Hardy and Tierney, 410 East 23rd St., New York City. (2) Write Leopold Mayer, 84 Warren St., New York

Subscriber, Sedalia, Mo.—We haven't space for details. Sedalia must have numerous encyclopedias. Consult article under head "Compass."

C. E., Stanleyton, Va.—What you are looking for sont supplied on credit. The dealers don't know you any better than you know them.

W. R. F., Schreib, Box 202, East Pittsburg, Pa., wants to hear from someone in Virginia who told in this column of bottles that cannot be refilled.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

My favorite boy, James M. Wall, Oxford, North Carolina, writes me beautiful letters. James, I wish you could have even twenty-five cents a day, from some of these millionaires (who would never feel it), to buy some little dainty to tempt your appetite. Friends, those of us that are ill and are fortunate enough to have loved ones constantly thinking of, or preparing something nice for us to eat, think of this poor boy, dependent upon charity. "Well, he gets enough to eat, anyway," I hear some say. Yes, no doubt, but at times he needs something a little different, some little dainty. God pity him! Try to remember him.

Mrs. J. C. Flippin. I have a Peacock cross-stitch design which I will be pleased to send you. Write me inclosing stamped, directed envelope.

G. A. Brown. Make a rich syrup, boil the figs in it, then skim them out and put on platters and plates to dry; when dry, repeat the process twice, then let them thoroughly dry and pack in boxes with brown sugar between each layer of fruit.

To can the figs, boil until transparent in the syrup, place in cans, pour boiling syrup over them and seal the same as any fruit.

Mrs. E. A. Laney. I am sending you some flower seeds.

Mrs. Spang. You should seek a higher part of the country if afflicted with asthma. Why not try

and seal the same as any fruit.

Mrs. E. A. Laney. I am sending you some flower seeds.

Mrs. Spang. You should seek a higher part of the country if afflicted with asthma. Why not try my part of the continent? The attacks are sometimes caused by an over-loaded stomach; abstain from eating supper if they are caused by that, one can usually tell what causes them. Homeopathic aconite is one of the remedies; the little pellets can be procured at most any druggists. Our climate has done wonders for asthmatic difficulties. Write me if you like.

Mrs. Spencer. If you will write to Mrs. Jennie Huff, Villa Rica, Georgia, inclosing stamped, directed envelope, she will give you all the information she can regarding the beer seed. Mrs. Huff is willing and accommodating, but her pocketbook is weak. She has a poor, little, invalid daughter.

Mrs. Nicholson. Try painting the wen with iodine.

Emily Rae. Why not send in three subscriptions to Comport and get a copy of those dear "Old Time Songs."

This is a little ahead of time but most subjects wish to give their Queen (May Queen) a gift, what would be prettier than a coral necklace? Send 30 cents to Comport and get the necklace, together with two yearly subscriptions, which can be birthday gifts to some of the older ones or some poor shut-ins. If all this reaches the eyes of our editor he will not approve of my suggesting all these things to you, but he has been so kind to us for years, that I feel we ought to repay him in some way, and in doing these things we are greatly benefiting him, ourselves, and our friends, so I have a selfish motive in itafter all, you see. Hear that April shower?

"J. A. D." (Mrs. Van Dyke), Orange, R. F. D., 1, Mass.

that April shower?
"J. A. D." (Mrs. Van Dyke), Orange, R. F. D., 1,

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Two tablespoonfuls of gelatine soaked in a little cold milk two hours; two coffee cups of rich cream, one teacup of milk. Whip cream stiff in large bowl and set on ice, boil milk, and pour gradually over gelatine until dissolved, then strain; when nearly cold add whipped cream, spoonful at a time, sweeten with powdered sugar, flavor with any flavoring desired; line one large dish or several small individual dishes, with lady fingers or plain sponge cake, pour in cream and set in a cool place.

Charlotte Russe

One cup of milk with two tablespoonfuls of gelatine dissolved in it, half a pint of thick cream whipped to a froth, the whites of two eggs beaten to a froth, sweeten to taste, flavor, and pour into moulds as above.

Mock Charlotte Russe

Mock Charlotte Russe
Scald one pint of milk, beat the yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn starch, first stirring it up with a little cold water or milk, stir well together, and add to the milk; when it thickens, flavor, and set aside to cool. Then fill moulds lined with sponge cake, beat the whites to a froth, and spread over the top of each, when serving have a small bit of jelly on each, or a cherry, something red or pink for a contrast. This is not so expensive as the Charlotte Russe proper.

Crust for One Pia

Crust for One Pie

Crust for One Pie

One and one half cups of flour, pinch of salt, piece of soda as large as a pea dissolved in water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, cottolene, or lard, whichever you use, mix thoroughly, then add sufficient water to make a soft paste. Roll thin, grease pie tin, then dust with corn meal, and shake off, the little bits adhering to the greased tin keeps the under crust dry.

Chocolate Ice Cream without Cream

Chocolate Ice Cream without Cream
One quart of milk, two eggs, two and one half heaping tablespoonfuls of corn starch, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Heat the milk almost to boiling. Beat the eggs, then add the corn starch, which has been wet up in a little of the cold milk. Take two ounces of chocolate melt up in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and add to the mixture, with the sugar, then pour the whole into the hot milk, and stir until thick and creamy. When cold freeze; some like it very sweet, add more sugar if desired; and vanilla flavoring if one wishes.

J. A. D. (Mrs. Van Dyke).

G. M. S., Grass Creek, Indiana.—We believe a Raisin Pie

Raisin Pie

One cup of raisins, two cups of water, two eggs, three teaspoonfuls of corn starch, one and one half cups of sugar, fuice of two lemons.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.) 289-25th Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

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In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein well be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

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benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

S. R.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of the husband, leaving no will, the surviving wife would be entitled to receive one half of the common property, and the estate would be divided one third to the surviving wife and two thirds to the children, in cases where the decedent leaves him surviving more than one child, but in case there is only one surviving child and no descendants of another child or children the balance would be divided equally between the child and the widow; but in all cases where the estate is less than \$1,500. The court has power, after due notice to all creditors, if deemed necessary, by a decree for that purpose, to assign for the use of the widow and minor children all the estate remaining after the expenses of the last sickness of the deceased have been paid, together with funeral charges and expenses of administration.

ministration.

C. B. L.—If your wife was one of those who was so unfortunate as to win a deed to a piece of property, at the place you mention, for the correct solution of a puzzle published in some newspaper, we are of the opinion that the land, or at any rate her claim to the land, is of no substantial value. However, the only way to find out to a certainty would be to have the title records of the County and State you mention searched, and in that way ascertain whether her title is any good, and if her title should prove to be good you could then have the land inspected and find out whether it has any value. The fact that, as you state, the deed is in proper form does not in any way prove that the title is good, or that the land is of any value.

A. W. E.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the

A. W. E.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the statute of limitations has long since run against any claim that the heirs of A., might have against B. or his estate.

B.. or his estate.

Mrs. S. H. P.—We do not think the man you mention could be punished in the State where the divorce was procured for his remarriage in another State, as the jurisdiction of State Courts does not extend beyond the limits of the State, but, in case he returns to the State and attempt to annoy his first wife, and take the children away from her custody and in that way to disobey the decree of the court, he will be guilty of contempt of court, and can be severely punished. The form of punishment is discretionary with the court, but would probably be either a fine or imprisonment.

S. F. B.—Your letter to us does not display the second

imprisonment.

S. F. B.—Your letter to us does not disclose the proper information for us to form an opinion as to the person who is vested with the title of the property you mention. We think that in order to ascertain this you should have the title thoroughly examined by some competent lawyer, or person familiar with that class of work, as it will be unsafe for you to purchase this property without doing so.

F. B.—We are of the opinion that the man you mention has a legal right to build or place boards upon his own lot in whatever manner he may see fit, even though it shuts out the light from;his neighbor's windows, but that he has no right to extend his boards in any way upon his neighbor's land.

bor's land.

Mrs. J. S. M.—You fail to state whether your contract with your brother to provide for your mother's support was in writing or simply an oral one. We think your only course would be either by action to set the conveyance aside or an action against your brother for the money expended for your mother's support.

weyance aside or an action against your brother for the money expended for your mother's support.

R. I. A.—We do not think you have any cause to worry. We consider both your own and your mother's marriage to be perfectly valid ones.

Mrs. M. I. C.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that either you or your brother can sell or dispose the undivided interest belonging to either one of you in your father's estate, and neither one can prevent the other from disposing of such interest. The more usual way, in case the estate consists of real estate, is for one of the heirs to bring a partition suit of the property and then, in case the court is unable to make an equitable division of the land, the property is sold and the money divided among the heirs according to their right in the estate. We think that in your case, if you do not want the land sold, the only course for you to pursue is to bring such an action and buy the property in at the sale, or make terms with your brother and buy his share without going to the expense of such as suit, unless, of course, you can prevail upon him to hold his property undivided as it now is.

Miss A. G.—We do not think that either of the parties

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ATORFERE

Miss A. G.—We do not think that either of the parties to such a marriage as you describe could be punished, as the act would not be committed within the jurisdiction of the State where the law prohibits such marriages. There might, however, be some question as to the property rights of the parties to such a marriage; possibly, if any such disability exists, it could be overcome by having another marriage ceremony performed after the time limit has expired.

J. T. A.—We are of the opinion that, if you can substantiate by legal proof that the woman you mention is stantiate by legal proof that the woman you mention is stantiate by legal proof that the woman you mention is such as marriage core mony performed after the time limit has expired.

J. T. A.—We are of the opinion that, if you can substantiate by legal proof that the woman you mention is such as marriage possibly, if any such disability exists, it could be overcome by having another marriage ceremony performed after the time limit has expired.

J. T. A.—We are of the opinion that, if you can substantiate by legal proof that the woman you mention is such as marriage on the property with the state where the law prohibits such marriages. There might, however, be some question as to the property rights of the parties to such a marriage. There might, however, be some question as to the property rights of the parties to such a marriage could be punished, as the cat would not be committed within the jurisdiction of the State where the law prohibits such marriages. There might, however, be some question as to the property rights of the parties to such a marriage committed within the jurisdiction of the State where the law prohibits such marriages. There might, however, be some question as to the property rights of the parties to such a marriage committed within the jurisdiction of the State where the law prohibits su

G. S.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State from which you write, an action for the recovery of real property, or the possession thereof, where the action is against a person claiming without color of title, the limitation is twenty years adverse possession where person claims title not founded upon written instrument, where lands are protected by substantial inclosure, or where usually cultivated or improved.

M. E. W.—We are of the pointer that if a man should

M. E. W.—We are of the opinion that, if a man should marry a second time while his first wife is living, and there be no divorce, he must be guilty of bigamy, and that he could be criminally punished for his act.

that he could be criminally punished for his act.

Mrs. E. M.—We are of the opinion that, if the deed you mention is in proper form, the fact that it was not recorded would not affect its validity. (2) We do not think you could set aside the deed you mention at this late date. (3) We do not think the husband could now be punished for the act you mention.

A. J. J. Z.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State from which you write, the statute of limitations would not run against your judgment creditor until twenty years have elapsed since the entry of the same, unless it was recovered in a minor court and not docketed in the county clerk's office.

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line of bargains.

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action you mention to have it dismissed for your failure to prosecute the same. (2) We think you can have another lawyer substituted for the one you now have, but in order to do this it will be necessary for you to first settle any claim your present attorney may have against you for services rendered. (3) You can employ another lawyer as counsel to your present attorney, but we do not think it would benefit you much, unless you procured a substitution, as the attorney of record is the one upon whom all process must be served, and who has charge of the management of the procedure in the case.

E. J. H.—We think the only relief the law provides for you would be an action against your husband for the recovery of your property; but, in case he can prove that you voluntarily turned it over to him, you would be defeated in such an action, and there is nothing you can do except to compel him to support you. It is a very difficult matter for a wife to recover property she has turned over to her husband. In almost all cases she has no chance to recover it.

Mrs. F. E. G.—Under the laws of the State you mention,

over to her husband. In almost all cases she has no chance to recover it.

Mrs. F. G. G.—Under the laws of the State you mention, and upon the statements made by you to us, we are of the opinion that, if the man you mention left no will, his real estate upon his death would descend, subject to a right of dower of his widow to a one third interest in all his real estate, to his children and their descendants, and that his personal property would be distributed, one third to his widow absolutely, and the balance to his children and their descendants. We think the better way for the son you mention, who has bought from the other children their interest in the estate, would be to get from them a deed to the property and that the widow should join in this deed, and that the deed should be recorded; whether the other heirs, upon the death of the mother, would have any further interest in the estate depends entirely upon the terms of the agreement which you say all except the mother signed. (2) There is at present no Federal law taxing incomes. There has been some discussion as to the advisability of passing one, but as yet, none has been passed.

Miss A. N.—We are of the opinion that marriages has

passed.

Miss A. N.—We are of the opinion that marriages between first cousins are not prohibited in the following States: Alabama, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

PRIL showers bring May flowers, my dears, and April with or without the showers brings my cousin flowers to me and me to them, which is very pleasant for me, whatever the cousins may think of it, if I don't happen to be cousins may think of it, if I don't happen to be cousing a supplier as supplier as supplier as supplier as supplier as supplier. cousins may think of it, if I don't happen to be quite as sunshiny as some of them would like. Still this is spring and in the spring everything is lovely, bright, fresh and hopeful and let us take new courage and go right onward and upward. In the mean time we must get to work, which is with us spring, summer, auturns and winter.

tumn and winter.

The first letter I open is from a "Troubled" cousin of Denver, Col., who has a sweetheart, or at least a young man who comes miles to see her, and shows all the signs of a lover, but he will not tell her he loves her. She is troubled about it, and I don't blame her. Still I wouldn't worry too much over it. It harms her and doesn't help the cause any. When he comes around again, I think, she should indirectly hint to him that she had another suitor, and ask him for his advice on the matter. That usually opens a dilatory young man's eyes and brings him to his senses. Men become careless when they think they have everything their own way.

Snowball, Los Angeles, Cal.—Don't let your bear

way.

Snowball, Los Angeles, Cal.—Don't let your heart ache over the young man. A girl at nineteen should have something better for her heart to do than that. While you are waiting for him to come back, suppose you see if there isn't quite as nice a one to take his place, I am sure there is. (2) It is quite proper to go to the dance, if you have a chaperon. Why don't you girls combine and teach the young men better manners, by not going to their dances at all unless they come after you? They have to have girls at dances and if the girls won't go unless they are escorted by the young men, how will there be any dances? You need a leader. (3) No especial harm in giving the men your phototo them?

Red and White Rose, Jenning, Kans.—Young girls.

Red and White Rose, Jenning, Kans.—Young girls should not have escorts, other than nurses, before they are out of school, and have given up books for beaus. (2) No, don't tell your escort that you have a proposal. I am sure he wouldn't like to hear it.

W. T., Thelma, Mo.—Surely twelve-year-old girls should submit all those questions to their mothers. Your teacher could answer them just as well.

Western Girl, Portland, Ore.—It is quite correct to take the man's arm when walking with him. Under the circumstances it would be proper even if he did not ask you. (2) Unless you are very anxious for him to have your photograph, don't give it to him. It is all right to exchange photographs among old friends, but not new ones.

graphs among old friends, but not new ones.

Blue Eyes, Audrey, Ore.—Can't you guess about as near as I would tell you? You know it isn't proper. (2) The veranda is a very usual place for lovers to tell each other good night. You may do as you please, if your parents do not object.

Marie, Lodi, Wis.—I should say the little country dance among neighbors was quite harmless. (2) To wink at anyone is considered vulgar. (3) If the young man tips his hat to other girls and not to you, do not speak to him until he learns better manners.

manners.

Brownie, Lakeville, Minn.—Possibly you are over particular, but if the girls and young fellows are as you say, I think it would be better to go somewhere else. But don't go until you have fixed a place for yourself, and know it will have none of the objectionable features of your present surroundings. Girls cannot be too careful in their associates.

associates.

Hopeful Trixy, Millard, Neb.—The young man is simply having fun with you. So far you have acted quite sensibly, and I hope you will continue to do so. Whenever he talks love, laugh at him. The minute you weaken, that minute he will drop you and go to his city sweetheart. These city chaps like to have a green country sweetheart, and most country girls haven't half as much sense about such fellows as you have, and you haven't quite as much as you ought to have. Why do you want to keep his picture? You like him, though you knew he is fooling you, and that is why you are not as sensible as you should be.

Less Moffitt. N. D.—Girls of fourteen should not

Jess, Moffitt, N. D.—Girls of fourteen should not go to dances with or without beaus, country or city. School is the place for such children.

Sad Heart, Mangohick, Va.—Marry the one you love and snap your fingers at all your enemies.

Broken Heart, Springfield, Ill.—You are quite right; three years is plenty long enough for a man to know whether he wants to marry a girl, or not, after he has told her he loves her. Tell him gently but firmly, that you think it is best for you two to seek other companionship. That is, unless he has a very good excuse for waiting.

Brown Eyes, Riverdale, Neb.—Remind him of his promise to return the ring to you. He will not be offended unless he is silly sensitive. (2) Nothing in the stamp that counts. (3) You might visit the sick man with the consent of the people in charge of him, but not otherwise. As your presence seems to be of such benefit, I should think they would be cled to have you with him. to have you with him.

Ackley Belle, Cleve., O.—Treat him exactly as the treats you—when he flirts, you flirt, and when the doesn't like your methods, you dislike his methods. What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the coose, or ought to be. Let him do part of the vorrying over the course of true love.

Brown-eyed Bertha, Alexander, Idaho.—The custom of arm taking is not so much in vogue now as it used to be. He may take your arm, or you his, according to the needs of the occasion. It doesn't make much difference, one way or another. (2) My! I thought every girl thought the proper age to marry was just as soon'as she could find the man. Now that you have asked me, I'll say, as I have dozens of times here, that a girl should not marry until she has finished her girlhood and begins to long for the enduring regard and presence of some one man above all the others. Most girls about twenty-three, begin to fear that they will die old maids. By the time they are twenty-five, they are more sensible, and that is a good age to marry, and the man should be at least five years older, if not ten. (3) The engagement ring goes on the third finger of the left hand. Where have you been all this time not to know that?

Violet, Hanover, Ind.—Wait till he writes is all

Violet, Hanover, Ind.—Wait till he writes is all you can do. (2) In the nature of things you cannot live always at home, so I think it would be wise, if you love someone who loves you, and he is all right, that you should marry.

Clover Blossom, Peru, Ind.—Don't marry a gam bler. Gambling is as bad as drunkenness.

Daisy B., Galena, Md.—A boy of fifteen does not know his own mind when it leans towards marrying a girl three years his senior. You should have mind enough for both and not marry him. However, it is your own business, and I suppose you'll do as you please.

There, dears, all questions are answered, and we can go out and gather some spring flowers to brighten us all up until we meet again next month. May the good Lord watch over us and bring us together again. By, by.

COUSIN MARION.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.) "But in case of your willingness," said the

lawyer eagerly. "That is out of the question," said Mabel

"That is out of the question," said Mabel gravely.

"Let me hope that I may prevail upon you to alter your mind. If assiduous devotion—"

"Sir, I repeat it, this is out of the question. I will not stop to discuss the question of time and its effect upon my mind. Another circumstance stands in the way, which I will not hesitate to disclose to you from motives of maidenly delicacy. Learn that my heart has been won by another, and if I marry anyone, he will be my husband."

Clarke's brow darkened.

"It is young Davenport," he said.

"How you should have arrived at this knowledge, I know not," said Mabel. "However, it saves me the trouble of my intended disclosure. You are right. It is Henry Davenport."

"But," said the lawyer insinuatingly, "when he learns that your father's happiness is involved, he will agree to surrender your hand."

Mabel's face flushed indignantly. "It might occur to him," she said sarcastically, "to inquire how far such a sacrifice would promote my father's happiness. Allow me to correct an evident misapprehension. Learn, then, that my engagement to Henry Davenport is not my only obstacle to complying with the proposal you have made. The other is insurmountable."

"I do not ask you," said the lawyer, "to marry me for love. That will come in time, and I am willing to wait for it. I am not sentimental, but I like you, and want you for my wife. I am in a condition to offer your father what he values in return. You see I have stated it as a business transaction."

"I am glad you have placed it on the right footing," said Mabel. "It will make it less embarrassing. I feel free, then, to urge you instead of my hand, that it is quite impossible for me to grant, to accept a part of this money you say it is in your power to place in my father's hands."

"I have already signified to your father," said the lawyer coolly, "that this is a proposition which I cannot consider."

you say it is in your power to place in my father's hands."

"I have already signified to your father," said the lawyer coolly, "that this is a proposition which I cannot consider."

"Perhaps you think thus to force me to your terms," said Mabel, "but I may as well say that this is a sacrifice I cannot make even for my father. Take money, and you can name your own terms. Otherwise you may regard business between us as at an end."

"I should prefer that you would not make up your mind too hastily," said Dick Clarke, with an incredulous look that incensed Mabel, implying as it did doubt of the strength of her resolution. "I shall remain here some days more, and hope during that time you may reconsider your present determination."

"Good morning, sir," said Mabel haughtily.

"What a splendid creature she is!" mused the lawyer when alone. "I like her all the better for her pride. She's offish now, but she'll come to it yet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This story, full of exciting incidents, of a boy, young in years, yet mature in judgment, will hold the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of older years. If not a subscriber send 15 cents before the price advances. Read the next chapter, "Long Arrow," thereby keeping the thread of the story without a break.

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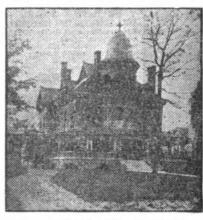
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"Virtue itself offends when couple with forbid-d ding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

Miss F. J., Webb, Miss.—A face bleach is prepared as follows: Corrosive sublimate, ten grains; distilled water, half pint; rose water, half pint. Kepin glass bottle and mark it "Poison!" Apply once daily, pouring out a small portion in a saucer.

The Limit, Peoria, Ill.—We do not know the custom in Peoria, but elsewhere the groom does not pay for the bride's wedding dress. Bridesmaids may wear any tint that they wish as most becoming to them. Pink is pretty for June, but it must be only the faintest pink, nothing pronounced. The guests should be seated at the table with the bride and groom at one side, and the attendants to their right and left in their order.

Reader, Waldo, O.—A corset properly worn, that is not too tight and not too stiff, is preferable to none at all. Still, some people believe that corsets are injurious. You may wear one or not, as you

Please.

Parthenia, Trafalgar, Ark.—You may wear any color if it is not pronounced, and not mixed with other colors that do not harmonize. You ought to be able to tell by what colors you like best and make you look the way you want to look. Your dress should be as other girls of sixteen wear theirs in your community. Wear your hair as is most becoming to you, whatever the style may be. You don't have to follow fashion and look hideous as some girls do. You must decide for yourself about your summer dresses. It will depend on how much money you have to spend. The simpler the things the better, and you can get all sorts of whites, and tints, and grays in material worth from five cents to a dollar a yard.

Crimson Rambler, Jeffersontown, Ky.—Yes, when

tints, and grays in material worth from five cents to a dollar a yard.

Crimson Rambler, Jeffersontown, Ky.—Yes, when a gentleman "spurns her letter," it is proper for the lady to ask him "what's up." But you must do it politely. (2) If the man's fiancee does not object, it is proper for him to go out with another girl. (3) If the custom in Jeffersontown is for the girl to kiss the young man good night, we suppose there is nothing else to do but observe the fashion or be considered odd. You may do as you please.

Dark-eyed Elsie, Chateaugay, N. Y.—We haven't space to tell you how to fit up your bedroom daintly, but not expensively, but it can be done. The better way is for you to study it out yourself and do it by degrees. Read over a lot of magazines that contain such matter and get ideas from all. Then you can have about you what is your arrangement and not a borrowed one. Don't you think that is better? Read the advertisements for all kinds of suggestions for room decorations.

Blue Eyes, Readsville, Mo.—You can be slender

kinds of suggestions for room decorations.

Blue Eyes, Readsville, Mo.—You can be slender by eating the plainest kind of food with no fat, sweets or water, and working off the surplus flesh by vigorous exercise. You won't find it easy, but plenty of women do that rather than remain stout. For your hair use the following: Sulphate of quinine, twenty grains; tincture cantharides (alcoholic) two drams; extract Jaborandi, two drams; glycerine, one ounce; bay rum, six ounces; elderflower water sufficient to make one pint. Apply at night.

Limber Twig, St. Jacoh III—Von cases of the strength of the surpless of the surple

Limber Twig, St. Jacob, Ill.—You cannot learn to dance without a teacher, or at least someone to dance with. Ask any of the girls in your neighborhood to teach you, and we think the problem will be solved.

Dark Eyes, Justice, W. Va.-Post cards will do fo very informal correspondence, but they are not correct otherwise. (2) Wear your hair in the way most becoming to you, regardless of prevailing fashion.

Miss A. B. C., Willard Grove, N. J.—Your hair is blonde—golden tresses, the poet would call them. You can wear any color if it is not pronounced, but blue is the blonde's favorite. Wear your dress to your instep, and your hair as is most becoming.

to your instep, and your hair as is most becoming.

Lily Bell, Boyden, Iowa.—The lady leads the way into her own house, unless it is dark and she is afraid. Then the man goes first. (2) Alady should act in the presence of young men like a lady.

Carnation, Ware Shoals, S. C.—It is a matter entirely to be decided by yourself. It seems rather hard on a nice young man with nice parents, to condemn him because one of his grandparents was not what she should have been. If you love the young man, marry him. You might do much worse with some man whose people were respectable for forty generations back.

K. B. D. Waterbury, Conn.—The best way to sat

able for forty generations back.

K. R. D., Waterbury, Conn.—The best way to settle a difference between a man and woman, who have become estranged without any definite reason known to both, is for the one who doesn't know what the matter is to ask for information. Frankness is the best way to get at it. Simply tell him that something is wrong and you want to know what it is. If he declines to tell you, let it go at that, and find somebody with better head and heart.

Reader, Chariton, Iowa.—Peroxide will change the color of the hair. You can get it from your druggist. Tell him what you want with it and ask about its use. Be careful because it is a strong

COMFORT Reader, St. Louis, Mo.—If you want to Comfort Reader, St. Louis, Mo.—If you want to know what will stop hair from growing whether it affects the skin or not, we may tell you that a red-hot iron applied to the spot will do it. Hold it on for a minute. After that the hair will not grow on that spot any more. You may need a doctor's care afterward, but you didn't ask about that. We believe there are specialists who can stop it with electricity, but they are very expensive.

Busy Bee, Franklin, Minn.—When a lady wishes to keep company with a gentleman she makes it known to him by accepting his attentions with all the grace she can command. It is the man's place, however, to say about that, and if he does not wish to be your steady company, you can't coax him to be so. The man offers his attentions and if the lady wishes them, she accepts. There is no rule for that sort of conduct.

Anxious, Essex, Iowa.—In congratulating a brid-

Anxious, Essex, Iowa.—In congratulating a bridal couple when you know but one, congratulate that one, and you will be introduced. Even if it should be overlooked, extend your congratulations to both just the same. It is different with a graduating class where you do not know all the members. You congratulate only those you know.

Jennie Lynn, Frazeysburg, O.—You are not old enough to "keep company" with any young man until you are out of school and have nothing else to do. (2) Call your nine girls "The Muses"—there were nine of them. Or the "Novem"—Latin for nine. Or the "N.G."—nine girls.

Abe, Birch, Nevada.—You should have offered your services as escort, and they could have accepted or not, as they pleased. Probably they could attend to the matter better without you.

Country Girl, Peninsula, O.—Simply thank the gentleman who said he was glad to meet you, or say nothing, recognizing the conventional compliment by smiling. Or you could tell him you were quite as glad to meet him. (2) Thank him for the courtesy. There is no set rule for what you shall say in response to courtesies, if you want to be natural. Say what you please so long as it pleases the other person.

Daisy, Spokane, Wash.—Certainly tell him you have enjoyed yourself, if you have. Why not? And thank anyone for any courtesy. See answer above. Ruby, Freeport, III.—The ordinary depilatories will remove hair temporarily, but they are not much superior to simple shaving with a razor. Better let the hair alone. It is natural and does no harm. You should not take risks for mere look's sake.

harm. You should not take risks for mere look's sake.

Country Girl, Auston, Ala.—A good pimple lotion is compounded as follows: Precipitate of sulphur, spirits of camphor, and glycerine, one dram, each; rose water, four ounces. Apply night and morning, after thoroughly washing and drying the face. Be careful in your diet, eating no sweets, no fried things, and only lean meat. Stop drinking coffee. (2) Time is the best cure for sunburn. Vaseline applied gently will soothe the pain of the first burn if you wish something more elaborate and expensive try this: Jelly of Roses, it is called: Finest Russian isinglass, half ounce; glycerine, two ounces; rose water, six ounces; oil of rose, ten drops. Apply daily.

Blue Bell, Memphis, Tenn.—See answer above to "Miss F. J.," for red face, and answer to "Country Girl," next above, for pimples.

D. C., Sigel, Ill.—If you will massage your face and neck daily using a massage cream made as follows, you may produce the results you seek: Tanin, half gram; lanoline, thirty grams; oil of sweet almonds, twenty grams; oil of rose geranium, four drops. Use the same for circles under the eyes at the same time gently massaging outward and downward to remove the congestion. Do not rub hard enough to redden the skin.

M. Y., Minden City, Mich.—The following is a freekle lotion' which is said to be very good: Cor-

M. Y., Minden City, Mich.—The following is a freckle lotion which is said to be very good: Corrosive sublimate, two grains; powdered borax, half dram; 'lemon juice, one ounce; rose water, four ounces. Apply once a day until freckles disappear. Label it "poison," and don't let the children get at it. Use it on the brown spots also.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Italian Salad

Peel four large tomatoes, shred four peppers, one large onion, one cup of chopped celery. Place in alternate layers and add salad dressing.

Carley Petero

One half cup of lard and butter mixed, one and one half cup of light brown sugar, two eggs, one half cup of sour milk, one half teaspoonful of sods, one and one half cups of raisins, one cup of nuts, three cups of flour, and pinch of salt, drop from spoon on buttered pan, and bake in a moderate oven.

MISS ALDA STANTLY, Branchton, Pa.

Oven. MISS ALDA STANTLY, Branchton, Pa.

Apple Cake

One egg, one third cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of sods, and enough flour to make a little thicker than for a layer cake. Bake in quite thick layers, and put together with a generous amount of apple sauce, season both with lemon, nutmeg or cinnamon.

MRS. BERTHA TILLSON, Melbourne, Ark.

Sweet Pickle

Six pounds peaches, three pounds sugar, one half pint good vinegar, stick with spice cloves To make jam, put eighteen pounds sugar to twenty-four pounds of berries.

Mas. J. H. W.

Correspondents Wanted

four pounds of berries. Mss. J. H. W. Correspondents Wanted

Peter Christopherson, 1112 Eden Park Ave., Fruitvale, Cal. Miss Hulda S. Johnson, Sedgwick, S. D., April 24, 1907, young people. A. J. Stickler, Winfield, Iowa. Gertrude Snyder, Box 416, Morristown, Minn., young people, twenty-five to thirty-five years. Miss Alice Paulsen, Armstrong, R. F. D., 2, Iowa, young people. Miss Lillia M. Mann, Isis, Va. Lula A. Williams, Moneta, Los Angeles Co., Cal., young people. Charles E. Jonas, Breckenridge, Caldwell Co., Mo. Miss Lula F. Smith, and Miss Maggie Riddle, Graefenberg, Ky., young people. Miss Mary Fowler, Allenville, Ky., J. O. Joches, Galice, Oreg., older people. Miss Mary Bodder, Pottstown, Pa., young people. Hazel Mae Firestone, Middletown, Fred Co., Md. Mrs. A. H. Klein, Colbert, Wash. R. L. Goodman, Everson, Whatcom Co., Wash. Miss Ethye M. Miller, Cherry Hill, Md. Albert Lausrud, Box 3, Klara, N. D. Mrs. Eula Chisholm, 2600 Elim Ave., Zion City, Ill., letters relating the happiest or most exciting event in the writers' lives. Mrs. Ralph G. Fenner, Herkimer, N. Y., ladies only. James E. Carrylin, Box 00, Shirley, Ind. Mrs. H. B. Murphy, Conneaut, Ohio. Misses Mae and Bessie Clark, L. Box, 331, Eldon, Mo., Mrs. Mendenhall, Box 282, Fairmount, Indiana. Miss' Lena Hatch, 534 Lewerenz Ave., Detroit, Mich. Mollie Vick, Sacred Heart, Okla. July 6, 1907, young people, twenty-five to thirty. Amanda Eugen, Box 18, Finley, N. Dak., young people. Mrs. Archie Painter, Milwaukee, Sta. E., R. F. D., 7, Wis., especially residents of Laporte, Ind. William J. Burke, Barnum, Wyo. Jesse Beale, Box 91, Newport, Wash. James F. Mahon, Rochester, Minn. Mr. William Stetson, Pine City, R. F. D., 1, N. Y. G. A. Ellingson, Iatoosh Island, Wash.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family the remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

S. M. S., Groveland, Ill.—For your sore mouth try a wash of one part carbolic acid to one hundred of water. Use the wash three times a day. When you go to bed and when you get up drink a glass of hot water with a half teaspoonful of cooking soda dissolved in it. About twice a week while the sores continue, take a dose of Epsom salts in hot water before breakfast. Eat whatever you find the most diesestible. most digestible.

most digestible.

J. M., Chariton, Iowa.—We do not quite understand you, but we think you will find this an excellent vermifuge: Oil of worm seed, half ounce; oil of turpentine, two drams: castor-oil, one and a half ounces; pink root, half ounce; hydrastin, ten grains; syrup peppermint, half ounce. Dose for a child ten years old, teaspoonful three times a day, an hour before meals. If it purges too freely, give smaller dose. Adult the same except in severe cases, where more may be given, or until bowels move freely. move freely.

cases, where more may be given, or until bowels move freely.

Distressed, Floyd, Ia.—At your age, and with your health, you should do nothing now, but eat plenty of nourishing food, keep in pleasant company and don't think about yourself. You will soon be in good shape, and when you have got down to hard work and are making enough to support a wife, get one, and a home of your own with a bunch of children to liven up the household and gain the good will of President Roosevelt.

Reader, Fostoria, O.—It is rather difficult to assign a cause for your headaches, knowing no more than we do of your general condition. They may come from indigestion. Are you troubled with it at all? Fostoria has good doctors handy. Consult one of them. Try bromo seltzer when you get up. B. F. W., Tallapoosa, Ga.—There is no simple remedy to reduce the bust. Try Vaucaire's. It is as follows: Aristol, two grains; white vaseline, thirty grams; essence of peppermint, ten drops. Rub very gently with this every night. Then cover with the following compress, and keep on twelve hours; iodide of potassium, three grams; vaseline, fifty grams; lanoline, fifty grams; incture benzoin, twenty drops. (2) There is nothing in vaseline, that we know of, which will make the hair grow. Petroleum is good for the hair, but there is hardly enough in vaseline to be of much effect. A little vaseline rubbed into the roots of the hair, now and then, will not do any harm, and may do good.

E. P. E., Daniel, Miss.—The trouble with your eyes is that the duct which should conduct the

E. P. E., Daniel, Miss.—The trouble with your eyes is that the duct which should conduct the tears off through the nasal passages is closed, and they, being unable to escape in the natural way, simply overflow. Possibly an oculist, or may be, an ordinary physician, can remedy the trouble. We cannot.

Mrs. S. E. C., Justin, Cal.—The only remedy we know of for catarrh of the bladder is a course of treatment by a physician who knows the disease and the patient. You cannot handle it yourself.

and the patient. You cannot handle it yourself.

H. E. N., Forest City, Ia.—If there is much tartar on the teeth the only way to remove it is to have it done by a dentist. After that, you can keep it off by scraping the teeth with a knife blade, as soon as you detect by a little roughness the accumulating tartar. Washing the mouth with cooking soda in water is a detergent, and it will not hurt to drink a glassful or so of water with half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, once or twice a day. Reduce the acid in the mouth, and you reduce the tartar and the cause of it.

Margie, Mt. Pleasant. Texas.—There are dozene.

and the cause of it.

Margie, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.—There are dozens of remedies for constipation, which are known to all persons. If you have tried them all and have found no relief, you must consult a physician. Even they are helpless, frequently, and suffer with it themselves. We are inclined to believe that the rules of physical culture, with especial reference to exercise of the muscles surrounding and controlling the stomach and bowels is the best remedy. It calls for work and application, but it helps nature more than medicine does. Get a book on Physical Culture and read it.

Mrs. W. C. Lemon, 618 Winchester, Ava. She Market

Mrs. W. C. Lemon, 616 Winchester Ave., Sheffield Station, Kansas City, Mo., would like to have the address of N. V. H. Merritt who sometime ago told of a consumption cure in this column.

of a consumption cure in this column.

J. J. J., St. Louis, Mo.—It is impossible to answer your questions in this column, as simple as they are. Go to any physician, and ask him what you have asked us, telling him that you are unable to pay and he will be glad to tell you what you want to know. Probably the best place for you to go would be to the physicians in some of the city hospitals, or to some woman physician. You are seeking a kind of information that physicians of the better class make no charge for. Don't go to a cheap doctor and don't be afraid to ask for what you want to know. You are quite right as far as you know already.

Sunflower Girl, Howard, Kang A, housen to

you know already.

Sunflower Girl, Howard, Kans.—A bunion is a hard thing to cure, and there is no immediate remedy. It is the result of gradual pressure and friction, and its relief is as gradual. First wear a shoe that is the easiest possible, then poultice with any of the ordinary poultices. Sometimes only the doctor's lancet will produce relief. Bunion plasters, to be had at drug stores, are oftentimes very efficient. The first thing to do, however, is to wear the right kind of shoe. You can tell that by the feeling.

wear the right kind of shoe. You can test that by the feeling.

Mrs. J. L. S., Crooked Creek, Pa.—It is more than probable that the little one died without pain. Your physician should be able to give you definite information as to the cause of death. It is not usual for children to die suddenly as older persons do. Only such a blow on the throat as the child could scarcely have received would have proved fatal instantly. If she had suffered at all, there would have been signs of it. Don't worry over what the Lord willed to do in His own way.

Miss E., Brunswick, Neb.—Maybe you have neuralgia. That aches the face worse than anything. We think if you will simply rub your face, that is, massage it, not too strong, but enough to get the circulation going properly and do it every night and morning, you will work the pain out. Girls of nineteen should be strong and well. Don't take medicine, but take exercise and get the sunshine.

shine.

shine.

Subscriber, Jones, Mich.—Cold sores come from defective indigestion about as much as anything else, and if you eat the right kind of food and assimilate it properly, which is good digestion, you won't have them. Take Epsom salts at their first appearance and continue it until they disappear, dieting yourself in the mean time.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Requests from Shut-ins

Dear Comport Sisters:

Another year has passed over our heads and God has spared my life, so I feel I must write a few lines to you. Now, dear sisters, do you know I am a great sufferer? I know some of you do, from the lovely letters and tokens I have received. Dear Comport sisters, you will never know the joy it gives me to be remembered by you. I am in bed all the time and I am never without pain only when I have morphine.

Miss Annie and Sophie Blaschke, Beeville, Texas. Did you receive my letters? I admire drawnwork, such as you do, and should love to receive small pleces from you or any other workers. Please write me soon I should also be pleased to hear from any of the sisters.

Edith Fishleigh, 159 Fourth St., Wyandotte, Mich. Dear Comport Sisters:

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
Mrs. Margaret Wooton, Fair Oaks, Ind. is an invalid, has been in bed for two years. Will you please remember her with some useful tokens of remembrance and receive my thanks in advance. I will answer all letters with stamps inclosed.

A SISTER.

DEAR SISTERS:
I am a shut-in of fifty-two years. I would like to receive pieces of any kind for quilts and also reading matter.

MRS FANNIE GRIFFITH, Blaine, Ky.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a great sufferer and have been for years; at present a preacher comes to me and prays for Divine Healing. I am writing to ask the Comport sisters to also remember me in their prayers, for I believe and know that the Lord hears and can heal me. With loving wishes,

MRS. JOSEPH W. STUART, Frankfort, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS.

As I am an invalid and have not been able to walk for two years from spinal trouble, I would be pleased if some of you would send me some silk and velvet pieces for a slumber-robe and some letters and cards. Please remember me from time to time, as every little helps to while away the time as I sit in my chair all day.

DOROTHY L. GILLETT, Westerville R. F. D., 4, Ohio.

Miscellaneous Requests

F. Lancaster, Lancaster, Ga. Silk, satin or velvet pieces for quilts.

Miss Anna R. Paulisik, Export, R. F. D., 1, Pa. Any shade of ribbon, one half yard, for a friendship cane, send name and address.

F. A. Eidson, Box 62, Springdale, R. F. D., 1, Ark. Blocks of bleached muslin with name and address worked or stamped.

May Rhoades, Milton, R. F. D., 98, N. Y. Yarn of any color, or bits of silkateen, silk, or anything for fancy work

Mrs. John Preston, Arctic, Dell Co., N. Y. Pieces of any kind of cotton goods.

Mrs. Ivory P. Combs, Houlton, Oreg. Pieces of silk, satin, velvet and also pattern for crocheting lace and cross-stitch design.

Miss Dora Main, Crystal, Maine. Ribbon one yard long and two or three inches wide.

Miss Alice Blackburn, Schofield, Wis. Pieces of silk, satin, or velvet. Favors returned if possible.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am tempted to turn to you for sympathy and maybe help. I lost my house and most everything in it by fire. It is very hard for us and put us in a bad fix. Letters, pieces of any kind, clothing or anything would be welcomed and highly appreciated by a low-spirited sister.

DORA WOLFE, Allegheny Station, Va.

Will those who have written me in regard to Poke Berries and failed to receive answer, please write again, for we have had sickness and some of the again, for we have lost. letters have become lost. Mrs. M. J. Hite, Eddyville, Neb.

Will some sister send me or tell me where I can get a "California Yellow Bell." MRS. T. HOMER CRAFT, Dennis Mills, La.

Could any of the readers send me some elks' teeth. I will pay postage. A. N. Sorenson, Gustave, S. D.

Do any of the sisters know of a remedy for what is called corrupted tumor. It has been cut out but it came back again. I would be very thankful to hear of some remedy. Nellie Alen, Perry, III.

Can any of the sisters send me the old song en-titled "Shells of the Ocean."

Mrs. Henry Carver, Box 302, Augusta, Ill.

Comfort Postal Request

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

How to Get a Lot of Jouvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has begome a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. Some parties have received hundreds and hundreds of cards from just having their name inserted here. The Publishers simply sak the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We know any one can get a lew more subscribers now we are giving such a good big paper for 15 cents a year and we have a viery large assortment of elegant Souvenir clubs of three, or twelve or a sourtment of elegant Souvenir clubs of three, or twelve or a sasortment of elegant Souvenir clubs of three, or twelve or a sourtment of the control o

J. C Merrell, Box 33, Biltmore, R. F. D., 2, N. C. Miss Julia Shendock, Atco, R. F. D., 1, N. J. Miss C. M. Timm, 139 Scoville Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Walter A. Lafferty, 434 West 3rd St., Mt. Carmel, Pa. William R. Strauser, 32 N. Maple St., Mt. Carmel, Pa. Maurice Petty, Atlanta, Texas. Ellen O. Gulbrandson, Midway, Minn. George Ball, Hansford, Texas. Harry T. Wilcox, Box 7, Jewett City, Conn. Mrs. Ada Burr, 565 4th St., San Jose, Cal. Mrs. Forrest Poutler, Paris, Ill. Oscar Overholt, Box 29, Bybee, R. F. D., 1, Tenn. Bert Vincent, Rollin, Cal. Edw. N. Montgomery, 13 Medford St., Charlestown, Mass. Vivian McKean, 2723 Sears St., Philadelphia, Pa. Miss Ella O'Brien, 101 E. Wallace St., Joliet, Ill. Martin R. Wheelock, 26 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Mrs. Estelle McCann, Cobden, Ill. C. D. York, Box 151, Spofford, N. H. Mrs. Laura M. Breeden, Versailles, Star Route, Ind.

Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite, our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

The Dying Californian

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer;
For my limbs are growing cold—
And thy presence seemeth dearer
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth;
For my frame will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother hearken, I have something I could say Ere the veil my vision darken, And I go from hence away; am going, surely going, But my hope in God is strong; am willing brother, knowing That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him.
That in death I prayed for him—
Prayed that I might one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother—(God assist her
Now that she is growing old)
Say her child would glad have kissed her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen brother, catch each whisper—
'Tis my wife I speak of now;
Tell, oh! tell her how I missed her
When the fever burned my brow—
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single world—
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And He never will forsake her,
For He's said so in his Word.

O my children! heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me:
Would I could once more caress them
Ere I sink beneath the sea.
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean
What my hopes were I'll not tell—
But I've gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been left tender
By the thoughts thy memory stirred;
Tell them I n'eer reached the haven
Where I sought the precious dust,
But I shall gain a port called heaven,
Where the gold all never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there—
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for each a share.
Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
Yes, I know His voice so well;
When I'm gone, oh, don't be weeping!
Brother, here's my last farewell

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Ill sendyou 100 Genuine Keylbest Havana Seconds For Two Dollars

ROUGH and ready affairs—not much to look at—but you're not smoking appearance—you're smoking tobacco, and the tobac-co in these cigars is of the sort

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To be very frank the only way that I can possibly produce these cigars at the money is, because the pieces of tobacco in 'em are too short for fine shapes, and, therefore, they become what we manufacturers call "Seconds."

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money to make a good looking box or paste pretty pictures on it.

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My business integrity can be verified by referring to Dun or Brads

way goes into my cigars.

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ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

the grotesque flicker of the flames on the burnished andirons. 'Edna, are you tired, or can you sing some for me ?

"Edna, are you tired, or can you sing some for me?"

"Reading aloud rarely fatigues me. What shall I sing?"

"That solemn, weird thing in the 'Prophet,' which suits your voice so well."

She sang "Ah, mon fils!" and then, without waiting for the request which she knew would follow, gave him some of his favorite Scotch songs.

As the last sweet strains of "Mary of Argyle" echoed through the study, the pastor shut his eyes, and memory fiew back to the early years when his own wife Mary had sung those words in that room, and his dead darlings clustered eagerly around the piano to listen to their mother's music.

Edna thought he had fallen asleep, he was so still, his face was so placid; and she came softly back to her chair and looked at the ruby temples and towers, the glittering domes and ash-gray ruined arcades built by the oak coals.

A month had elapsed since her arrival at the parsonage, and during that short period Mr. Hammond had rallied and recovered his strength so unexpectedly that hopes were entertained of his entire restoration; and he spoke confidently of being able to reenter his pulpit on Easter Sunday.

The society of his favorite pupil seemed to render him completely happy, and his countenance shone in the blessed light that gladdened his heart.

Into all of Edna's literary schemes he entered

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eager. Mr

render him completely happy, and his countenance shone in the blessed light that gladdened his heart.

Ito all of Edna's literary schemes he entered eagerly.

Mrs. Murray came every day to the parsonage, but Edna had not visited Le Bocage; and though Mr. Murray spent two mornings of each week with Mr. Hammond, he called at stated bours, and she had not yet met him. Twice she had heard his voice in earnest conversation, and several times she had seen his tail figure coming up the walk, out to he features she caught not a glimpse. St. Limo' name she caught not a glimpse. St. Limo' name she caught not a glimpse. St. Limo' name him. Twice his mother or the pastor, but Hudah talked ceaselessiy of his kindness to her. Knowing, Edna always absented here his mother or the pastor, out the form the invalid's room until the west of the church to play on the organ; and after an hour of mournful enjoyment in the gallery so fraught with precious reminiscences she left the church and found Taleriane tied to the iron gate, but his master was not visible. She knew that he was somewhere in the building or yard, and denied here was not visible. She knew that he was somewhere in the building or yard, and denied here so the pleasure of going there a second time. Neither glance nor word had been exchanged since they parted at the rairoad station, eighteen months before. She longed to know his opinion of her book, for many passages had been written with special reference to his perusal but she would not ask; and it was a sore trilator sit in one room, hearing the low, indistinct murmur of his voice in the next, and yet never to see him.

Few women could have withstood the temptation; but the orphan dreaded his singular power over her heart, and dared not trust hereif in his presence.

This evening, as she sat with the firelight shining on her face, thinking of the past, she could not realize that only two years had elapsed since she came daily to this quiet room to recit her length shing of the past, she could not realize that only t

there was a brief silence, broken at last by Mr. Hammond.

"Edna, my child, are you really happy?"
"So happy that I believe the wealth of California could not buy this sheet of paper, which assures me that I have been instrumental in bringing sunshine to a darkened household; in calling the head of a family from haunts of vice and midnight orgies back to his wife and children; back to the shrine of prayer at his own hearthstone! I have not lived in vain, for through my work a human soul has been brought to Jesus, and I thank God that I am accounted worthy to labor in my Lord's vineyard!"

The old man's eyes filled as he noted the radiance of the woman's lovely face.

"You have indeed cause for gratitude and great joy, as you realize all the good you are destined to accomplish, and I know the rapture of saving souls, for, through God's grace, I be-

destined to accomplish, and I know the rapture of saving souls, for, through God's grace, I believe I have snatched some from the brink of ruin. But, Edna, can the triumph of your genius, the applause of the world, the approval of conscience, even the assurance that you are laboring successfully for the cause of Christ—can all these things satisfy your womanly heart—your loving, tender heart? My child, there is a dreary look sometimes in your eves, that reveals loneliness, almost weariness of life. I have studied your countenance closely when it was in repose; I read it I think without errors. Edna, are you perfectly contented with your lot?" A shadow drifted slowly over the marble face.

and though it settled on no feature, the whole countenance was changed.

"I cannot say that I am perfectly content, and yet I would not exchange places with any woman I know."

"Do you ever regret a step which you took one evening, yonder in my church?"

"No, sir, I do not regret it. I often thank God that I was able to obey my conscience and take that step."

"No, sir, I do not regret it. I often thank God that I was able to obey my conscience and take that step."

"Suppose that in struggling up the steep path of duty one soul needs the encouragement, the cheering companionship which only one other human being can give? Will the latter be guiltless if the aid is obstinately withheld?"

"Suppose the latter feels that in joining hands both would stumble?"

"You would not, oh, Edna! you would lift each other to noble heights! Each life would be perfect, complete. My child, will you let me tell you some things that ought to—"

She threw up her hand, with that old, child-ish gesture which he remembered so well, and shook her head.

"No, sir; no sir! Please tell me nothing that will rouse a sorrow I am striving to drug."

"My dear little Edna, as I look at you and think of your future, I am troubled about you. I wish I could confidently say to you, what that same St. Chrysostom wrote to Pentadia: For I know your great and lofty soul, which can sail as with a fair wind through many tempests, and in the midst of the waves enjoy a white call."

Lee turned and took the minister's hand in

catm."

Le turned and took the minister's hand in hers, while an indescribable peace settled on her countenance, and stilled the trembling of her low, sweet voice:

"Across the

her low, sweet voice:

"Across the stormy billows of life, that white calm of eternity is rimming the waterline, coming to meet me. Already the black pilot-boat heaves in sight; I hear the signal, and Death will soon take the helm and steer my little bark safely into the shining rest, into God's 'white calm.'"

She went to the piano and sung, as a solo, "Night's Shade no Longer," from Moses in Egypt.

Egypt. While the pastor listened, he murmured to himself

"Sublime is the faith of a lonely soul In pain and trouble cherished; Sublime the spirit of hope that lives When earthly hope has perished."

She turned over the sheets of music, hunt-ing for a German hymn of which Mr. Hammond was very fond, but he called her back to the fire-

ing for a demand was very fond, but he called her back to the nreplace.

"My dear, do you recollect that beautiful passage in Faber's 'Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches'? 'There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give.'"

"No, sir; I never read the book. Comething in that passage brings to my mind those words of Martin Luther's, which explain so many of the 'spotted inscriptions' of this earth; 'Our Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backward. We see and feel well His setting, but we shall read the print yonder, in the life to come!"

backward. We see and feel well His setting, but we shall read the print yonder, in the life to come!"

At this moment the doorbell rang, and soon after the servant brought in a telegraphic dispatch, addressed to Mr. Hammond.

It was from Gordon Leigh, announcing his arroll in New York, and stating that he and Gertrude would reach the parsonage some time during the ensuing week.

Edna went into the kitchen to superintend the preparation of the minister's supper; and when she returned and placed the waiter on the table near his chair, she told him that she must go back to New York immediately after the arrival of Gordon and Gertrude, as her services would no longer be required at the parsonage and her pupils needed her.

Two days passed without any further allusion to a subject which was evidently uppermost in Mr. Hammond's mind.

On the morning of the third, Mrs. Murray said, as she rose to conclude her visit: "You are so much better, sir, that I must claim Edna for a day at least. She has not yet been to Le Bocage; and as she goes away so soon, I want to take her home with me this morning. Clara Inge promised me that she would stay with you until evening. Edna, get your bonnet. I shall he entirely alone today, for St. Elmo has carried Huldah to the plantation, and they will not get home until late. So, my dear, we shall have the house all to ourselves."

The orphan could not deny herself the happiness offered; she knew that she ought not to go, but for once her strength falled her, she yielded to the temptation.

During the drive Mrs. Murray talked cheerfully of various things, and for the first time

ness offered; she knew that she ought not to go, but for once her strength failed her, she yielded to the temptation.

During the drive Mrs. Murray talked cheerfully of various things, and for the first time laid aside entirely the haughty constraint which had distinguished her manner since they traveled south from New York.

They entered the avenue, and Edna gave herself up to the rushing recollections which were so mournfully sweet. As they went into the house, and the servants hurried forward to welcome her, she could not repress her tears. She felt that this was her home, her heart's home; and as numerous familiar objects met her eyes, Mrs. Murray saw that she was almost overpowered by her emotions.

"I wonder if there is any other place on earth half so beautiful!" murmured the governess several hours later, as they sat looking out over the lawn, where the deer and sheep were browsing.

"Certainly not to our partial ever And year

ing. Certainly not to our partial eyes. And yet without you, my child, it does not seem like home. It is the only home where you will ever be happy."
"Yes, I know it; but it cannot be mine. Mrs.

Murray, I want to see my own little room."
"Certainly; you know the way. I will join
you there presently. Nobody has occupied it
since you left, for I feel toward your room as I
once felt toward the empty cradle of my dear

once felt toward the empty cradle of my dear child."

Edna went upstairs alone and closed the door of the apartment she had so long called hers, and looked with childish pleasure and affection at the rosewood furniture.

Turning to the desk where she had written much that the world now praised and loved, she saw a vase containing a superb bouquet, with a card attached by a strip of ribbon. The hothouse flowers were arranged with exquisite taste, and the orphan's cheeks glowed suddenly as she recognized Mr. Murray's handwriting on the card: "For Edna Earl." When she took up the bouquet a small envelope similarly addressed dropped out.

For some minutes she stood irresolute, fearing to trust herself with the contents; then she drew a chair to the desk, sat down, and broke the seal:

the seal:

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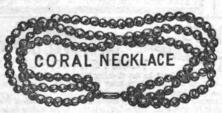
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About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickeled pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLIB OFFER For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will end you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

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ooks.
Among Malay Pirates.
Bonnie Prince Charlie.
By Pike and Dyke.
By Right of Conquest.
By Sheer Pinck.
Dragon and the Raven.
For Name and Fame.
For the Temple.
In Freedom's Cause.
In Times of Peril.
Jack Archer.
Orange and Green.

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Orange and Green.
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Under Drake's Flag.
With Clive in India.
With Wolfe in Canada.
The Young Buglers.
The Young Midshipma.

The author of favorite juy

Family Pride.
Homestead on the Hillside
The Leighton Homestead.
Lens Rivers.
Meadow Brook.
Maggie Miller.
Marian Grey.
Mildred; or the Child of

Adoption.
Milbank; or Roger Irving's
Ward

Miss McDonald. The Rector of St. Mark's.

Charles M. Sheldon.

Ralph Connor.

T. S. Arthur.

Ten Nights m a Bar Ro

Rose Mather.

21. Black Rock.

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The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large. elear type, is 7½ inches long, 5 wide and vary in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, as shown in the illustration, and the titles are all done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book at once attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

USE NUMBERS NOT NAMES. When ordering kindly use numbers to aid in promptly handling

ing kindly use numbers to aid in promptly handling orders at this end. 8. Macaria

Mary J. Holmes.

Self Raised, Sequel to No. 69. Changed Brides. Bride's Fate, Sequel to No. 71. Deserted Wife,

Mrs. May Agnes Flem-ing.

ing.

3. Magdalen's Vow.

74. The Queen of the Isle.

75. The Midnight Queen.

76. The Dark Secret.

77. Gypsy Queen's Vow.

78. The Heiress Castle Cliff.

79. The Rival Brothers.

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Daniel Defoe.

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57. Elaine.
58. Farmer Holt's Daughter.
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60. A Wilful Maid.
61. Woven on Fate's Loom.

Emma D. E. N. South-worth. .

worth. 62. Wife's Victory. 63. Hidden Hand, Part 1. 64. Capitola, Part 2 of No. 63. 65. Allworth Abbey. 66. Cruelas the Grave, 67. Tried for Her Life.

Sequel to No. 67.

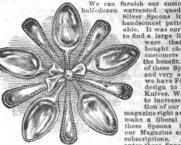
Dora Thorne.
Thrown on the World.
Repented at Leisure.
Her Only Sin.
Golden Heart.
Her Martyrdom.
For Another's Sin,
Belle of Lynn.

Charles Wagner.

Subscription Offers For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we send you any book of 8 at 15c. each, we send any four books you may select. REMEMBER. We send our magazine to the subscribers you get, and to you we send the books you may select, by mail or express at our expense, and fully guarantee them to be in every respect as represented. Just think what an oportunity for Book Clubs.

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COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

teeth, so that it clings fast to the hair, avoiding loss by dropping out as combs usually do. A plain shell comb without ornamentation in gold or jewels is now the most stylish. From a famous Colonial pattern the smart shops of the world's fashion centers are now showing this handsome pattern in real shell at very high prices, and while this Comb is not real Tortoise Shell, it looks the same, wears as well and cannot be distinguished from the higher cost article. Each one is four inches wide and three inches deep, the teeth are of good length and finely finished, keeping the Comb always firmly in place.

Our exact illustration so well conveys the appearance of this Comb that our description will not aid in conveying to you its attractiveness, and if you would be carefully dressed, and your hair properly ornamented, you will have us send you one or more of these Combs. On account of there being seven crowns many call it the "Good Luck" comb, bringing good luck to the wearer.

Club Offer. For only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these Back Combs.

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NEW TARGET GAME



games are having a tremendous rage and in large cities people attend parties where prizes are offered the one making the highest score. You should send for one now while they are new and popular.

Club Offer. Send us only two subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, for one Teddy Bear. Address COMFGRT, Augusta, Maine.

New Electric Engine



new Electric Engine is extremely fascinating, not only to boys, but the older ones are equally interested, and as the engine is operated from one dry or wet cell and will give from 200 to 500 revolutions per minute, an idea of the speed and power. can be well imagined. Not only is the Engine interesting, but it combines educational features of value, too. With each Engine is sent a complete book of instructions, including charts showing the location and proper name of each part and their relation to each other, 'ucluding a description of the Engine." How to Connect the Engine." "How to Start the Engine," "The Principles of the Engine," a complete Glossary of Electrical Terms and their definitions, furnishing an invaluable quantity of correct information on an important subject.

Electricity as applied to Power, Light, Street Railways, Telephone and Telegraph, and other commercial purposes, offers greater opportunities to the coming young man than hardly any other field, and if not ever applied, a little general knowledge on the subject is useful.

This wonderful little Engine is full of possibilities. It can be made to operate many minature machines (which we also supply; send for our offers), and will run for hours at any speed, either forward or reversed, at the will of the engineer. This paper has been selected as the medium to introduce these Engines, and to reward our juvenile friends for subscription getting, we give them away free, in accordance with this

CLUB OFFER. Send us but 10 yearly subscribers to this favorite monthly magazine at 15 cents each, amounting to \$1.50, and receive an Electric Engine from us at once. We pay all charges and include the book of instructions free.

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A GENUINE RIGHTER

A strong, easily mouthed in-strument, giving clear, distinct notes without effort. These im-ported Harmonicas are better and bester each year. This Highland Band Instrument is of such great superiority over the usual harmonica we know it will give universal satisfac-tion and increase a demand for harmonicas.

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needs this
CAB INE T
OF PINS.
A cube full
of Toilet
Pins with
black,
white, green, pearl and other
colored heads of indestructible
crystal. To pin a fancy collar,
waist, veil, and a great many
other places where a pin head is
visible these pins are just the
thing. They have thin, sharp
steel points.

find these Pins very useful and handy.

EASY MUSIC CHEAP, New Chart of Chords for the Plano. A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher. There have been many so called methods and charts devised butthis is that and best. It is intended for those who have not the time to take leasons. A complete solf-instructor, enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by a noted American composer and musician. With this chart anyone can become an expert planist, playing accompaniments to the most difficult songs atsight, as well as dance music, marches, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced music, marches, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced music, and in orchord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest chart ever published, and is endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere. To introduce this Chart in every home, we will send free with each chart the "Grant Aleum of Songs, with words and music, including the great hits, "I won't Be a Nun." and "The Mountal Maid'a lad tation." These unbreak-

DOLLS AS BIG AS A BABY.



fascinating and good practice for the eye, nerves and mind.

POCKET TALKING MAGHINE. Here is a fun maker that bents all. Carry one of these Marryphone talkers around in your phone talkers around in your west a friend stretching his neek to break the eleventh commandment you begin to operate your talking machine, and after you announce "Rubber" a few times, the laugh is contagious and the fun begins. This convenient portable talking machine is a new and elever device for reproducing the sound made by human voices and is a wonderfully correct imitation sufficient to startle people who are the least bit nervous, or have a dislike for the uncanny noises you can make in the dark. A durable and well-made article, can be carried in the pocket and operated there or anywhere.

be carried in the pocket and operated there or anywhere.

THE MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER, is a Marvelous inwention. Its anawers to your questions are quiekly given. Its replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It is so arranged that it will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Being constructed on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn act as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it was alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. It is a meney maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and sell the Magic Fortune Teller.

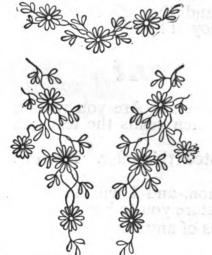




DOLLS AS BIG AS A BABY.

These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and stocking and rebuild addights to have feet and rebuild addights to have feet and shape for all time. Every child delights to have feet in their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have feet in their themselves the stocking to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, just pattently is a most wonderful and successful result of long we ary trials. They are beautifully find and successful result of long we ary matural position. Will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before, redescriptive matter above, in all cases will out Please read carefully our descriptive matter above, also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, at 15 cents each for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will go forward same day at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Perforated Shirt-Waist Pattern.



Perforated Shirt-waist and Collar design. We call your particular attention to this very dainty Shirt-waist and Collar design, perforated upon fine Linen Bond Parchment Paper, furnished with complete directions that any lady can stamp her own shirt-waist, worth in any art store at least 75 cents. We can furnish each in the following designs, if the one illustrated does not please your violet, daisy, forget-me-not, wild rose or chrysanthemum.

Special Offer. We will send you one of these Shirt-waist patterns if you will send us one yearly subscriber to this magazine at 15c, and include 5c, additional, making 20c, in all.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Elegant Framed Pictures FREE BEAUTIFUL FAC-SIMILE WATER COLORS IN STRONG AND PRETTY ART METAL FRAMES WITH HANGER ON BACK ALL READY TO FASTEN ON THE WALL. PROVIDING A COMPLETE AND READY-TO-HANG PICTURE FOR IMMEDIATE USE.



When the many different colors and decreased and accented by the Highly Becorated Metal Gval Frame, the effect is very stunning indeed.

The golden glow set off by the combination of pale pinks, shaded yellows and browns, dainty greens and bright reds, all surrounded and accented by the superboval pressed metal frame so charmingly decorative and serviceable. A series of these pictures add to the attractiveness of any room.

So one cannot get too many of these grand Pictures. Remember, the Frames are all fitted with rings, etc., on the back ready to hang on the wall as soon as yong et them. We cannot in any way describe them to give you any idea how pretty they are or what a fine appearance they make in a room. Fine Pictures always set off a home to the best advantage and the great artists get fabulous sums for Water-Color Paintings from which these subjects are taken. The best part of it all, though, is the fact that you can now get a real nice strong and handsome Pictures Frame Free. We want all our readers to have at least One of these beautiful works of art; they make very nice presents to give to friends, and we know when one goes into a town that many others will be sent for, so we have arranged with the makers for an immense quantity and have got a wonderfully low price on them in Hundred Thousand Lots. We are going to distribute them free to our valued club workers as per the following offer:

Ing offer:

CLUB OFFER. We will send safely packed and protected, all charges paid, one of the beautiful colored Pictures and Frame for a club of only three subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, or we will send a companion pair of them for a club of five. Many people have pictures that they are anxious to have framed, but cannot find the proper frame where they reside. We know of several who have thought so much of these elegant indestructible Frames, that they sent for several subjects after getting the first sample and use the Frames for pictures they already had in the house, presenting the pretty picture that came with the Frames to their friends, for they thought the Frames too valuable to part with under any consideration after once looking at them. Get up a club of three subscribers and send the 45 cents today.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Taking COMFORT in the Summer

time supplies plenty of reading matter for all the spare moments one has for recreation, and if you subscribe now you get the opening chapters of many new stories, particularly "The Speckled Bird," by the author of "St. Elmo," to commence in the next few months, and which is to be equally as interesting and popular as "St. Elmo" has proven to our readers.

Our club offers still attract the interest of our agents everywhere, and the selections we have made seem to meet the popular approval and, as always, our premiums give entire satisfaction.

We wish to call your particular attention to the advertisement above of a beautiful watercolor reproduction in an ART METAL FRAME; a new idea, and COMFORT has been especially selected to distribute these in the smaller towns and cities; as they are having such a sale in all the larger department stores this offer enables you to now secure one of the subjects just as readily as your City cousin. We also include some of our new, as well as some of our older articles, all of which are here offered you as premiums for very few subscriptions to our peerless magazine COMFORT, which at FIFTEEN CENTS a year is an excellent agent's proposition.

The coming long, bright days of Spring are the very best of the whole year, and you should find time to make a general canvass in your entire neighborhood for subscription renewals and new subscription orders and send in many large clubs.

You should not fail to keep in touch with COMFORT, as there is always something new and interesting, and the newest plan we have under consideration will inaugurate the most generous premium reward plan yet devised.

To subscribe or renew you may use the coupon below, or copy the form if you do not care to cut the paper.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT for one full year. County Toren State Apr. '07.

be worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate and will wear a long time.

A CHILD'S GOLD-LINED SILVER MUG. Quadruple Prosted Engand urable baby or child cannot ruin it while playing with it. Handsome embossed decoration, leaves, buds, flowers, etc., hand cut and very attractive. Fancy handle just large enough for baby's hands.

FOUNTAIN PEN. Until recently an all
cently an all
rubber Fountain Pen cost \$2.50 or \$3.00
jowing to the high cost of raw
material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and
new machinery has done the
rest. We are now able to offer
to our subscribers a good quality Pen with a glass filler, a
regular Bargain store outfit.

A PAIR OF SHEARS, Made of steel, eight inches in length, will hold the edge and keep sharp longer and better than any ordinary household shears and any woman can appreciate this quality in hears. For dressmaking the shears, for dressmaking the shears, office-work, paper hangers, stores and any and everywhere that is hears are used these will fill the want.

YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS
POCKET KNIFE. The twoblade Chain
Pocket Knives
are made of the
Finest English Steel with
Cocobolo handles of the best
selection with long steel chain.
The two blades are full guage.
This is an American made knife,
hand forged and tempered in
the most careful manner, is
three and three quarters inches
long, fully warranted, and we
will replace if not found perfect
in every way. We make this
offer because we know the
knives are free from flaws and
will last a lifetime.

The above few articles

ful Gold-lined Dishes ranted quadruple plat ver; fluted top and be and useful ornaments.



young lady is in having handsom finger rings of the latest
style and finish set with three
handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on
each side. We have three
styles of settings and will allow
you to make your own selections, Opal, Emeraid and
Ruby, with the finest imitation
chip diamonds which ad d
great brilliancy and set off the
whole ring.

The above few articles are selected as representing our most popular premiums, also a club of eight is a very popular quantity. Many send eight subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only eight yearly 15 cent subscribers to this monthly, we will send your choice of any one of these nine articles. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

AIR RIFLE. Pneumatic action. A New King all Steel Gombination Rifle for Birds or Game using shot that can be obtained

be obtained a triffling expense, also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or parl or amusement. There is no smoke, odor or dust from this gum, it is endorsed by army others as the best medand the possession of one of our accurate shooting air rifles makes aboy manly and affords him an excellent means of successfully competing with his chums for marksman's honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle.



THIRTY MINUTES is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers stno matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time simply because they cannot. This watch does not keep perfect time, we never saw the watch



You may have your choice of any one of the above. excellent premium articles for a club of only eight yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Designs on Linen



This outfit consists of 324 square inches of embroidery designs. A set of two collars, one Centerpiece, one Bookmark, one Pen-wiper, one Match-safe, one Doiley, two dress ornaments, plainly stamped ready to embroider. An outfit of smaller designs, this suggests itself for those who are learning or do not have much time for fancy work.

Special Offer. As a special inducement we will will send but one yearly subscriber at 15c. with 5c. additional, in all 20c. We send postpaid.

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IS A MOST MARVELOUS IN-

FRE TREATENT





To The Sick and Ailing Everywhere TO YOU IT IS OFFERED FREE

To the sick and suffering—to every man—to every woman in poor health, this offer is made—made in the absolute faith and sincere belief that my treatment will cure you and lift you up again to perfect health and vigor. I have a right to ask you to believe what I say—to have faith in my treatment, because thousands and thousands of grateful cured patients prove my word—prove the virtue of my treatment. I don't ask you to believe me. I don't ask you to believe them. Doubt if you wish. Wise men doubt, but only fools refuse to be convinced.

I Want a Chance to Convince You

I want to give you positive proof, convincing evidence. I want to remove all doubt—all question—all suspicion—all lack of faith—and I want to pay the cost of this proof—all of it—to the very last penny myself.

I have put my life into this work—I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better"—but thousands of desperate sufferers hearty and strong and big and well; and their letters are in my hands to prove every word I say.

No matter how you are, no matter what your affliction, I will have the remedies sent to you and given into your own hands free, paid for by me and delivered at my own cost.

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Let Me Send You a Free Treatment

Will you let me do this for you—will you let me prove it—brother and sister sufferers? Are you willing to trust a master physician who not only *makes* this offer but *publishes* it and then sends the test and proof of his remedies without a penny of cost to any one except himself?

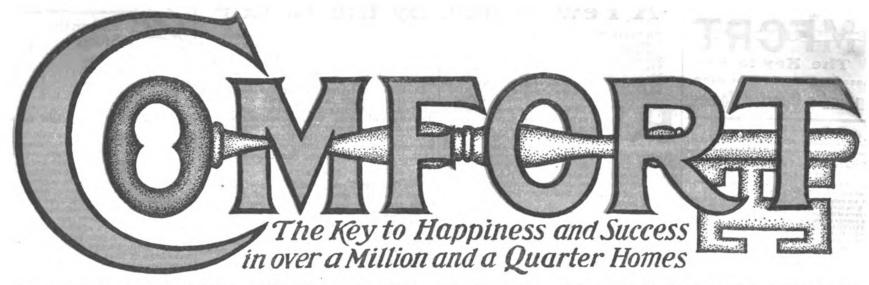
Nearly a million people in every civilized country on earth have accepted this offer. Not one has cause to regret it.

Send me your name, post office address and a description of your condition, and I will do all in my power to satisfy every doubt you have or can have that these remedies will restore you to health.

Tell me how you feel and the proof treatment is yours at my cost. No bills of any kind—no papers to sign—no obligation to buy—nothing but my absolute good will and good faith.

DR. JAMES W. KIDD, Box 1193, FORT WAYNE, IND.

NOTE: Our readers should take advantage of this liberal offer. We know Dr. Kidd and know his methods to be fair and honest.



DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol. XIX

May 1907

No.7'S



Published at Augusta, Maine

A Million and a Quarter Lomes

Devoted to

Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle

Its Motto Is "Onward end Upward." SUBSCRIPTION.

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May, 1907

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Crumbs of Comfort

Men bave marble, women waxen, minds. Religious contention is the devil's harvest. Divine harmonies result from life's discords. Err you must, but never be ashamed to own

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

There are some people who give, with the air

Merit in appearance is oftener rewarded than

merit itself. Virtue itself offends when coupled with for-

bidding manners. Some men are born to be fishermen just as

others are born to be poets. Manners is everything with some people, and something with everybody.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit.

Man: is born to be ploughed with years, sown with cares and reaped by death

And I oft have heard defended:
Little said is soonest mended.
—George Wither.

Good breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least. Method is the hinge of business, and there is

no method without order and punctuality. Many young persons believe themselves to be natural when they are only impolite and

A weak mind is like a microscope which magnifies triffing things, but eaumot receive greater ones.

A memory without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure, an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can Render an honest and a perfect man Commands all light, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early, or too late.

–Fletcher. the person whose childhood areases. there is always a fiber of memory

which can be touched to gentle issues. The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry, is like a potato—the only good thing belonging to him is underground.

Everyone has before his eves an end which he pursues till death; but for many that end is a feather which they blow before them in the

Thoughts take up no room. When they are good they afford a portable pleasure, which one may travel with without any trouble or encum-

Treason doth never prosper.
What's the reason?
Why, if it prosper,
None dare call it treason.
—Harrington.

The angels may have wider spheres of action may have nobler forms of duty than ourselves but right, with them as with us, is one and the same thing.

We may imitate the Deity in all His attributes, but mercy is the only one in which we can pretend to equal Him. We cannot, indeed, give like God, but surely we may forgive like Him.

Prepare yourself for the world as the athletes of old did for their exercises—oil your mind and your manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility. Strength alone will

A Few Words by the Editor

"Tis like the birthday of the world, When earth was born in bloom; The light is made of many dyes, The air is all perfume.
There's crimson buds, and white and blue, The very rainbow showers they fell, And sown the earth with flowers.

—He

EMEMBER, directly your subscriptions expires your paper stops, so renew your sub today, don't put it off until tomorrow, or you may miss an issue, and thus lose several pters of the stories you are so deeply insted in. We do not mail back issues, so di in your representation to the stories you are so deeply insted in. send in your renewals at once if you want your Gomfort to come to you without the annoyance of missing the very issue you most wanted to see.

Longfellow's centennial has once more drawn Longfellow's centennial has once more drawn attention to America's favorite poet, and current magazines are filled with articles touching upon the life and work of one, who will ever be dear to the American heart. It has been fashionable of late to criticise Longfellow; some even have gone so far as to say that he did not write poetry at all, but merely rhymed prose. This is cheap criticism of the same sort that has been hurled at Dickens, and all other men who have appealed more to the people's that has been hurled at Dickens, and all other men who have appealed more to the people's hearts, than to their brains. Longfellow's verse is beautiful in its simplicity, even a child can understand it. To understand Browning, societies have to meet, and guess what he means, without ever knowing exactly what he does mean. We need no Longfellow societies to boost his work, or to delve into the mysteries of his verse, and search for hidden meanings. True greatness consists in one's ability to win the love of one's fellow men, and this Longfellow succeeded in doing, as no other poet ever has done.

has done.
Children for countless generations, will, in their school days learn "The Wreek of the Hesperus," "Excelsior," "Hiawatha," and "The Psalm of Life." It is doubtful if anything will ever replace these poems in the hearts of the people. Longfellow's popularity is even greater in England than it is here, and it is a great shock to the English youths, when they discover Longfellow is an American and not an Englishman. for he is the poet of the sober not an Englishman, for he is the poet of the sober English nature, and doubtless would have been made poet Laureate had he been born in Britain. made poet Laureate had he been born in Britain. His spotless life, and noble, beautiful character, made a deep impression upon the times in which he lived. Longfellow's critics will pass away, and be forgotten, but Henry Wadsworth Longfellow will go down the ages, loved more and more by each succeeding generation.

Thomas Edison, the electrical wizard, and king of inventors, celebrated his sixtieth birthday recently, and upon that occasion he made this remark: "We don't know anything, probably in 500 years, we shall have collected enough data to suspect." The world ought to thank Thomas Edison for this remark, for the world of today is a very conceited one. We have got into the habit of believing that the people of this century are strictly "It," and we think we know everything, or nearly everything, and that there is very little left to find out. As a matter of fact, we are only on the out. As a matter of fact, we are only on the threshold of knowledge, and have only begun to peer into the wonderland of science, of threshold of knowledge, and have only begun to peer into the wonderland of science, of which centuries hence we may begin to know something worth while. At present we see as through a glass darkly, and peer into the Unknown, and surmise and guess, guess and surmise, and that is as far as we get. We are still in the Kindergarten class, mere infants grappling with the A. B. C. of knowledge, and it will be many centuries hence before mankind quits groping in the dark and graduates into the light, and can say "The riddle of the Universe is solved, I have passed through the unknown, and now I know what knowledge and wisdom mean." We must grope through the centuries until that day comes, and many an Edison, many a Marconi, many a Kelvin will have to be born, and lend their genius to investigation and experiment, and grapple with mighty problems and bring to light forces and powers of which we at present in our wildest dreams cannot conseive, before mankind can begin to pat himself on the back, and say, "Now I really know something." We are very big people in our own estimation, but the people who will live one hundred years hence, will look back upon this age with contempt, and regard us as little better than savages. There is all the more reason therefore, that we should strive and delve and do our best in our particular sphere, so that the time that must lapse between ignorance and knowledge may be shortened, and man may enter into the heritage of knowledge and wisdom, which God Almighty intended to be his.

The Dry Farming Congress, attended by representatives of sixteen states, lately met in Denver, to discuss the most feasible and practical methods for bringing under cultivation of the semi-avid regions. Dry uplands of the semi-arid regions. farming enthusiasts claim, that even in the foothills of the Rockies, farming can be carried on, and certain kinds of crops raised. The dry farm plan is this: The surface of the ground is thoroughly pulverized, and a dust blanket is thus secured, and this dust blanket readily absorbe and retains all maisture. readily absorbs and retains all moisture. The farmers plan to keep all the rainfall on the land, instead of letting it evaporate, or on the land, instead of letting it evaporate, or run into the streams and rivers, which in turn convey it to the ocean. Dry farmers claim that a full crop can be secured every two years, if the present rainfall, which is above the average, is maintained in the semi-arid section. The Government will shortly establish ex-periment stations in this region. From these,

periment stations in this region. From these, the dry farmers will learn what crops are liable to grow best under the conditions which will obtain in these elevated areas. The fact that the Government has taken up this matter, goes to prove that the dry farming advocates have a fair assurance of success. Had any attempt to prove that the dry farming advocates have a fair assurance of success. Had any attempt been made to raise crops in this region a few years ago, such attempts would have been pooh poohed as ridiculous and impossible. Science is ever making the impossible, possible, and the upland plains may yet produce good crops, and add to the national wealth. The Government Bureau is of the opinion that the climate of the high plains has not materially changed, and so the present rainfall may be succeeded by seasons of drought. Day farming is at present in the experimental stages, and the

matter had best be approached cautionsly, ere one listens too readily to the optimistic views of those who have land to sell in the semi-arid

• • • Uncle sam is trying to improve the conditions of his people in every walk of life, and has just issued some good books for the improvement of stook. We thus call our readers' attention to the books, "For Farmers and Stock Raisers," published by the United States Government. A careful reading will convince one of their inestimable value. See notice on page 7.

The Cleveland public schools are going to adopt some very sensible methods of education. Girls are to be taught how to sweep, cook, economize in household expenses, how to make their own clothing, take care of babies, and how to care for the sick, so that in the future years, when their husbands and children have spell of illness, they will know how to nurse

a spell of illness, they will know how to nurse them properly.

Professor Hicks who is at the head of this movement says: "The average girl who marries nowadays is utterly ignorant of the duties the average man expects her to perform as his wife. She knows nothing of cooking usually, she must be taught how to care for an invalid, she must learn how to care for babies. Thousands of children are daily sacrificed during the hot summer days to motherly ignorance."

In New York City, a trained nurse has been placed in each public school, and the wretched physical condition of many of the children prove the intense ignorance of the majority of parents. In many cases the nurses have inter-

physical condition of many of the children prove the intense ignorance of the majority of parents. In many cases the nurses have interviewed the mothers, and instructed them as to how to care for their children. Very often children are sent to school afflicted with various diseases and ailments, which owe their origin to neglect and ignorance, as much as to lack of proper care and nourishment. Women struggling with poverty, living in filthy tenements, into many of the rooms of which the sunlight never enters, cannot be expected to have much knowledge of hygiene, sanitation, diet, and the laws governing health.

Education should be practical, for its main object is to fit children for the life in which they are to enter. We find children with a smattering of Latin, and the classics, who cannot handle a needle or prepare a simple meal. We are what we eat. Good cooking usually means good digestion, and the banishing of dyspepsia and its kindred allments, and the culinary art should be taught to every girl in the land. Latin can be dispensed with, but we cannot get along without well-cooked meals.

The care of the home, and domestic science should be taught to every child. It is ignorance of domestic science that makes the care of the home irksome and tiresome to many of our young matrons. The girl who has had a proper home training, under a good mother of the

the home irksome and tiresome to many of our young matrons. The girl who has had a proper home training, under a good mother of the old school, takes pleasure in her domestic work, and her home life. Such a woman, with very little training could run almost any business, and run it successfully. Whatever else is taught in school, of one thing we are positive, nothing will aid so much to make this a healthy, happy, contented nation, as teaching domestic science. We trust that other states domestic science. We trust that other states will follow the example the public schools of Cleveland have set in this matter, and if they do, happier homes and fewer divorces will be

> Your friend, Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Henry Watterson is said to be working on the "Life of Lincoln" while in Europe.

• * • The Jamestown Exposition police will consist of a hundred men, known as the Powhattan Guards.

Chilpancingo and Chilapa, Mexico towns of 7,000 and 15,000 population were visited by an earthquake April 15th. Eleven persons were killed at Chilpancingo, while the reports possibly exaggerated were of hundreds dead at Chilapan Chilepa.

It is estimated by the Department of Agriculture that last year's crop was produced and gathered at a saving of \$686,000,000 over what would have been the cost of raising an equal crop 50 years ago. The saving was secomplished by the use of modern agricultural implements.

The Olympia, the flagship of Admiral Dewey during the memorable battle of Manila Bay, on the morning of May 1, 1898, is now at the Norfolk Navy Yard being fitted out for use as a training ship for midshipmen at the Naval Academy, with quarters for 350 midshipmen at a total cost to the Government of \$60,000.

In the future, all officers and enlisted men will wear, by general order, whenever in field uniform, an identification tag which will be issued by the Quartermaster's Department, at cost price to officers, and without charge to men. The name, rank, company, regiment or corps of the wearer will appear on the tag. It is ordered that when not worn as directed, it shall be regarded as part of the uniform, and he habitually kent in possession of the owner. In the future, all officers and enlisted men be habitually kept in possession of the owner. The tag is of aluminum, about the size of a half dollar, and will be worn suspended from the neck, beneath the clothing.

Former Congressman Galusha A. Grow died March 31st aged 88 years. He was elected, in 1850, the youngest member of the Thirty-second Congress from Pennsylvania. He was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Thirty-seventh Congress and held that position during the first two years of the



A Dinner of Odd Guests

"Possibly you don't know it," said the man who knows a lot about the giving of dinners in New York to distinguished people, "but the number of applications that are sant in for invitations are simply astounding. There are grounds for some of them—a peasan who should be invited may have been everlooked, or for some reason an invitation was not sent where it should have gons—but mest of them come from people who have no claim whatever to be invited to such affairs. Where the dinner is to be so much per plate, a little laxity is permitted and not a few are invited who wouldn't have been if they had not applied. But what right has a man to ask to be invited to a dinner given at the cost of someone else, yet they do it, just the same, and on that hangs the thread of my story. A year or so ago a friend of mine who has money enough to entertain as high as a hundred people at a dinner of honor to some prominent guest, and frequently gives dinners of from twenty to fifty covers, concluded, on the suggestion of a Stock Exchange practical joker, to announce a dinner to a certain man of prominence, who is a joker himself. It was to be a hundred-plate dinner, the guests to include business men, officials and professional men. Announcements were made three weeks in advance, but no invitations were sent. The dinner giver had another object in view. By the end of the first week he had fifty applicamen. Announcements were made three weeks in advance, but no invitations were sent. The dinner giver had another object in view. By the end of the first week he had fifty applications. Invitations were promptly sent to all of these. By the end of the second week he had about eight-five more. You see the invites had been talking about the dinner to their friends, though it is not probable that they told how they secured their invitations. By the middle of the third week twenty-five more came in. A hundred and sixty in all. Then the dinner giver wanted to quit, but the other two men were for carrying it to a finish, even going so far as to agree to pay all expenses, but the other man wouldn't have it, and he became suddenly and dangerously ill. At least, it was so reported, and the dinner was called off. I really think the man should have gone on with it, and when he had that bunch of self-invited guests at the festal board he should have amused them by telling them how they happened to be there. It might not have been very agreeable, possibly, to any of them, but what a useful lesson it might have been."

The State of the Case

"Once upon a time," said the drummer for a New York house, "I used to live in the suburbs of the big town, just as a good many do who can't afford the high rents of the metropolis, and I used to get home at all sorts of hours. One night I came in about twelve o'clock, and I took the back way for a short cut. It brought me through a part of my lot I had devoted to chicken culture, and there I caught a darky who was well known about the town, but not for his strict honesty, though he was not a real 'bad nigger.' Naturally enough, I asked him what he was doing there at that hour. 'Deed, boss,' said he, shaking in his shoes, 'I dunno. I reckon mebbe l'se walkin' in my sleep.' I objected to that explanation and called for something more explanatory. 'Deed, boss, I'se so plump skeert to death dat I'se speechless. 'Deed I is.' That wouldn't go either, and after more talk I told him at last unless he told me what he was doing there I would turn him over to the police. This was his chance, and he chuckled after the darky manner. 'Deed, boss,' he explained glibly, 'I ain't doin' nuffin'. Nuffin a-tall, boss. But ef you hadn't come erlong jis' es you did, I spect I'd a done sumpin' er other to some o' dem pullets o' your'n caze dey's pow'ful fat an' juicy jis' erbout now. 'Deed dey is, boss, an' you can't espec too much grace f'uma a po' weak vessel like I is, undah great temptations, boss. 'Deéd you can't. Good ebenin', boss,' and before I could lecture him a little and let him go fair, he made a break for the fence, jumped it and disappeared." "Once upon a time," said the drummer for a

A Lady Town

"What I like to see," said a gallant gentleman with a flower in his buttonhole and an odor of violets on his handkerchief, "is the ladies bossing the push. The ladies, God bless 'em, can do no wrong. Wherever they run things you can bet—but you mustn't let them know you are gambling—that everything will be done according to Hoyle—I apologize; Hoyle was a man. I mean Mrs. Hoyle. Now there is the town of East Clarion, Ohio, for example. The post-office is in charge of Miss Nellie Cleator, as charming and accomplished a girl as ever lived. Then the public schools are conducted by Mrs. Anne Mawson, a delightful matron, with all lady teachers. The church choir, in which there is never a row, is led by Mrs. Eva Armstrong, with all lady voices. Need I say the fair leader is a bird, as are her associates? The superintendent of the Sunday school is Mrs. Nellie Hale, and everyone of her scholars has wings sprouting. The Shaw Hotel—I paid my bill there, like a gentleman—is conducted by Mrs. Physbe Shaw to the Queen's taste. There hasn't been a man doctor in town for by Mrs. Pheebe Shaw to the Queen's taste. There hasn't been a man doctor in town for years, and the husbands of such ladies as have those incumbrances are skilled in housework and can wallop a dishrag around a skillet almost as gracefully as if they had been born that way.

"Here's to the ladies! At first the Creator
Made them man's equal,
But now they are greater."

Curious Political Precaution

It is, perhaps, not generally known, but it is fact that the President and Vice-President of the United States never travel by rail togethar. It is one of the precautionary measures that hedge about the lives of the two foremost men hedge about the lives of the two foremost men in the National Government, the idea being that, if an accident upon the rail should cause the death of one of the illustrious men, the other would still be spared to the country. It was for this reason that ex-President Cleveland invariably rode upon the Pennsylvana Railway when he journeyed from the capital to Philadelphia or New York, and Vice-President Stevenson traveled by the Baltimore and Ohio

@ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr., double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st; roll stitch l. loop; p. plcot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting
k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow
2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog.
together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate

Terms Used in Tatting
d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch.
chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Washable Sofa Pillow Cover

HIS pillow cover is made of white lawn squares, decorated with cro-cheted cherries and leaves, joined together with lace insertion and edged with lace.

To Make the Cherries

Use red silk, and begin by making a chain of five, six or eight stitches, according to the size you wish your cherry, join and work once around with double crochet, filling the ring

To Make the Leaves

Use green silk. Begin with ch. of 12 or 14 sts. Turn, 1 s. c. in each st. to the end of the ch., 1 s. c. in the end, and continue down the other side of the chain, then instead of going around and around, when the starting point is reached, turn, and make 1 s. c. in each s. c., excepting the last at the point, * ch. 1, turn, sl. 1, 1 s. c. in each st., excepting the last on the opposite side. Repeat from * to * until the leaf is of suitable size. The stems are chain st. Arrange in any way fancy dictates, and buttonhole places. Make as much variety as possible, so the clusters will not have a stiff appearance, so the clusters will not have a stiff appearance, and do not put the same number of leaves and cherries in each bunch. When finished the effect is similar to solid embroidery, is nearly as pretty, and has the advantage of being much more rapidly done.

Mrs. L. James.

Lamp Mat

Make a chain of nine stitches, join in a ring.

Ist row.—Ch. 24, fasten with 1 d. c. in ring, repeat 12 times, ch. 12, make an extra long st. in ring, putting thread 10 times in order to make the length of 12 ch., or, you may make 13 loops of 24 ch., break and fasten thread, then fasten in at the top of loop again, or work to top of loop with sl. st.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 3 r. st. in top of 1., (beginning 1st group with 3 ch. for 1st tr.) * ch. 9, 3 r. st. in top of next 1.; repeat from * all around, fasten last 9 ch. to top of 3 ch.

3rd row.—Ch. 5, fasten in 5th st. of 9 ch., ch. 6, fasten in same place, ch. 5, fasten in 2nd of 3 tr., repeat from * all around, joining where started.

4th row.—Work up with sl. st. to 1. of 6 ch., ch. 5, for 1st dtr. make 2 more dtr. in 1., keeping top st. of each on the hook, draw through all 4 sts. at once, ch. 7, make another group of 3 dtr. like 1st group, ch. 7, make another group like 2nd preceding groups, and repeat in every 1. of 6 ch. all around, joining to top of 1st group at the end.

5th row.—Make 10 d. c. over 7 ch., ch. 5, 10 d. c. over next 7 ch., and repeat from * all around.

6th row.—Sl. st. up to top of 10 d. c., and

around.
6th row.—Sl. st. up to top of 10 d. c., and under l. of 5 ch. make 6 r. st. (beginning with 4 ch. for 1st), under next 5 ch., * ch. 11, 6 r. st. under next 5 ch. around, joining last 11 ch. to of 4 ch. at beginning.
7th row.—Make a d. c. in every st. all around.
8th row.—Ch. 4, a r. st. in every st. all around, join to top of 4 ch.
9th row.—A d. c. in every stitch all around.
10th row.—* ch. 4, sl. 1, a d. c. in next; repeat around.

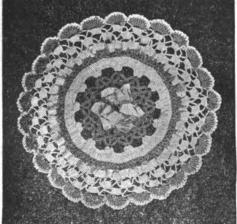
around.

11th row.—*ch. 5, fasten in 4 ch.; repeat.
12th row.—*ch. 5, fasten in 5 ch., repeat.
13th row.—*sl. st. under following 5 ch., ch.
4 for 1st d. c., 5 r. st, under same 5 ch., *ch. 6, sl. 1 l., fasten in next, ch. 6, sl. 1 l., 6 r. st. in
next; repeat from * all around, joining last 6 ch. to top of 4 ch. at beginning.

14th row.—Make a d. c. in each of 5 r. st., *ch. 10, a d. c. in each of 6 r st., and repeat from *all around, joining last 10 ch. to 1st d. c.
15th row.—Sl. st. across 5. d. c. and up to 3rd of 10 ch., ch. 4 for 1st 5 r. st. under 10 ch., *ch. 6, fasten in middle of 6 r. st., ch. 6, 6 r. st. under 11 ch.; repeat around.

repeat around

16th row.—Like 14th row. 17th row.—Like 15th row. 18th row.—* ch. 7, fasten in 6th roll, ch. 10.



LAMP MAT

fasten in 1st of next group of r. st.; repeat all

19th row.—Catch under 7 ch., ch. 5, a r. st. under 7 ch., ch. 1, a r. st. under same, 7 ch. 8 inches wide to form easings for the rods.

For the sides cut two pieces four feet long, times, * fasten in center of 10 ch., 10 r. st., 1 ch., fold in the center and measure along one

ch. between each under next 7. ch., repeat from * around, joining after last fastening to 4th st. of ch. at beginning.

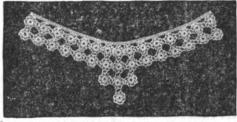
20th row.—Ch. 4, fasten under next 1 ch. 9

times, working around each scallop in like manner, fasten securely, and cut thread. Mrs. Allie Park.

Crocheted Medallion Collar

Material used, one spool of No. 50 thread.

Material used, one spool of No. 50 thread. Begin by making a chain of ten stitches, join. 1st row.—24 d. c. under the ch. 2nd row.—Ch. 8, catch in the 5th st., this makes a picot, ch. 5, catch in first st., ch. 5, catch in the same st., 1 d. c. in first d. c. of last



CROCHETED MEDALLION COLLAR.

row, sl. 2, 1 d. c. in 2nd d. c. of last row, ch. 5 catch in 1st st., ch. 5, catch in same st., 1 d. c. in 2nd d. c. of last row. sl. 2 d. c., 1 d. c. in the 3rd d. c. of last row. Repeat until all around.

The medallions can be crocheted together as they are made, or joined neatly after all are finished.

MISS JENNIE MADSEN.

A Baby's Hammock

It is a rather modern idea that babies should not be rocked, and there is not the slightest

selvedge fifteen inches from the center to-wards the ends, cut from this point across the cloth on a slant, to the end of the other side. Unfold the cloth and you will have two pieces, each measuring thirty inches along on one side, with slanting ends to the opposite side which measures four feet. On both of these pieces along the four-foot sides, turn and stitch on the side which will be on the inside of the hammock three fourths inch hems, which will give added strength.

To stitch the sides to the bottom, first mark the centers of each, then stitch the thirty inch side of the side

spring and robs.

sides of the sides of the bottom piece, after which stitch the slanting sides in place, this will draw the one piece which forms the bottom up into shape at either end as shown in the illustration. Each seam should be stitched several times, and the ends of the casings bound.

A finishing touch which makes the little

*A finishing touch which makes the little hammock more dainty and baby-like is given by cutting and hemming ruffles, then stitching them in place, through the center, put these along the four edges of each side.

After putting the screw eyes in the rods, put the rods in the casings at the ends, then run cords through the side casings and screw eyes and tie together.

and tie together.

To make a little spring like the one illus-

trated make a frame twenty by thirty inches and stretch across it ordinary wire fencing,

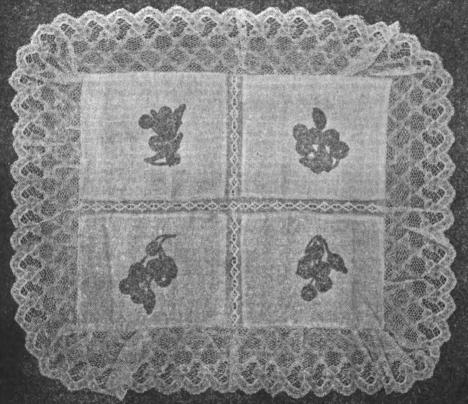
Hammocks made of white Indian head with

Hammocks made of white Indian head with lawn ruffles are very dainty and can be easily laundered by removing the rods and cords. For use in very warm climates coarse lace or net can be used for the sides.

Striped tickings trimmed with solid colors are durable, and especially desirable where the lessening of work is an object.

Another advantage in having a hammock baby-tender, is that baby can be wrapped up as little or much as is necessary to suit the atmosphere. For warm weather fold and lay in only a light quilt, then a little sheet, the tiny pillow, and after baby is in, some light covering and a mosquito net if necessary.

For cool weather use a feather bed, blankets and warm quilts.



WASHABLE SOFA PILLOW COVER.

reason for it if babies will be still and go to sleep without it, but most babies are soothed and lulled to sleep more easily by a gentle swaying motion.



HOME-MADE HAMMOCK FOR BABY.

For a baby of this sort, a hammock makes a most desirable bed, in it he can take his naps in the open air until September or October, when the weather is not stormy. Besides the healthfulness of sleeping out of doors, which acts like a tonic, a baby will sleep much longer for often if he stirs and begins to waken he can be turned over to give him a change of position, and the hammock getting a gentle stir rocks him off into the land of Nod again.

This gives a tired mother a chance for rest and also work, for in the summer months there is much which can be done in the open where one can have the benefit of fresh air and re-

one can have the benefit of fresh air and re

one can have the benefit of fresh air and refreshing breezes.

In the winter it is also a blessing, for it can be easily hung to screw hooks or big nails anywhere, at any angle, across a corner of a room out of draughts. There baby is safe and there are no rockers to stumble over.

All that is needed to make one, which will be better for this purpose in every way, than a ready-made one is two and one half yards of ticking, duck, Indian head or any other material which is similar and equally strong. One yard of lighter goods for ruffles, two wooden rods, four screweyes, two screw hooks, strong cord, and some ordinary wire fencing.

For the bottom of the hammock cut a piece

For the bottom of the hammock cut a piece of material five feet long and in either end, turn and stitch down hems, one and one half

Anyone who tries this convenient addition to the nursery I think will agree that there is no more healthful, sanitary, safe and easy way of taking care of a baby.

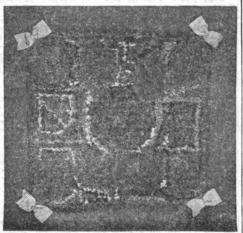
S. J. S.

Hooked in Lamp Mat

These little mats can be made of odds and ends of everything, but still it is best to put all of the same material together; that is, make one of all woolen pieces and another of silk, rather than combine the two.

For the foundation take a piece of cotton

sacking and cut it the size you wish, then for a design cut patterns of leaves or anything from paper, pin them in place and run a thread around to make the outline. Have your maaround to make the outline. Have your material all ready cut into fine strips and hold it on the underside, bringing up through with a crochet hook. Draw each loop up enough to well cover the foundation and when all are



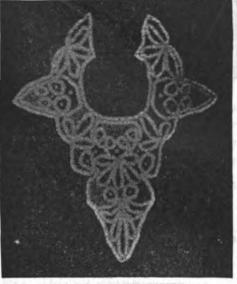
HOOKED-IN LAMP MAT.

pulled in clip each and then even by trimming all over. Finish by binding all around.

MRS. E. RUTHERFORD.

Battenberg Lace

Lace in an endless variety is seen this year on dresses and waists of all sorts, and a touch



BATTENBERG CHEMISETTE.

of it is added to neckties, parasols and hats. Collars, berthas and chemisettes will also be



even more pop-ular than ever this season. We illustrate an especially charm-ing design which could be

which could be used equally well as a chemisette, or yoke in a waist. It is developed of though it is an exceedingly graceful design, is cult to do, if one

cult to do, if one has the talent and skill for these some-times intricate times in stitches. Lovers of this particular kind of needlework, could make at-tractive curtains

by using heavier EDGE FOR CURTAIN. FIG. 2

by using heaver leads for towards. Fig. 2. braid and linen thread and following the simple patterns illustrated in Figs. 1 and 2, the stitches of which are very simple. Any number of designs may be suggested, and a little ingenuity will enable one to make not only durable, but attractive patterns for their curtains. tractive patterns for their curtains.

Fleur-de-lis Lace

Fleur-de-lis Lace

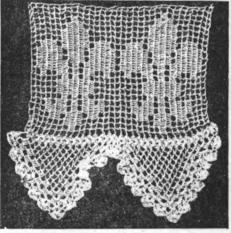
1st row.—1 tr. in 4 st., ch. 2, 1 tr. in 2 st., forming a space. Repeat 23 times, ch. 4, turn. 2nd row.—Tr. on tr., make 8 sp., 10 tr. in next 3 sps., 11 sps., shell in last sp. by making 3 d. c., ch. 1, 3 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

3rd row.—Shell in shell, 10 sps., 16 tr., 7 sps., ch. 4, turn.

4th row.—7 sps., 13 tr. on 13 tr., 5 sps., 7 tr. in 2 sps., 4 sps., shell in shell, ch. 2 in tr. in last tr. of shell, ch. 2, sl. 21, tr. in ch. 2, 2 sps., ch. 4, turn.

turn.

turn.
5th row.—1 tr. on tr., make 3 sps., shell in shell, 3 sps., 7 tr., 6 sps., 13 tr, on 13 tr., 7 sps., ch. 4, turn.
6th row.—8 sps., 13 tr., 1 sp., 7 tr. in next 2 sps., 1 sp., 10 tr., 3 sps., shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 tr. in last tr. of shell making 4 sps., ch. 4, turn.
7th row.—1 tr. on tr. 5 sps., shell in shell, 4



sps., 25 tr., 2 sps., 10 tr. in next 3 sps., 5 sps., ch. 4, turn.

8th row.—4 sps., 19 tr., 3 sps., 7 tr. on tr., 3 sps., 7 tr. in 2 sps., 2 sps., shell in shell, 1 tr. on last tr. of shell, 6 sps., ch. 4, turn.

9th row.—1 tr. on tr., 7 sps., shell in shell, 1 sp., 55 tr., 3 sps., ch. 4, turn.

10th row.—4 sps., 19 tr., 3 sps., 7 tr. on tr. 3 sps., 7 tr. on tr., 2 sps., shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 tr. in last tr. of shell, 8 sps., ch. 4, turn.

11th row.—1 tr. on tr., 9 sps., shell in shell, 4 sps., 25 tr., 2 sps., 10 tr., 5 sps., ch. 4, turn.

12th row.—8 sps., 13 tr., 1 sp., 7 tr., 1 sp., 14 tr., 3 sp., shell in shell, 1 tr. in last tr. of shell, 10 sps., ch. 4, turn.

13th row.—1 tr. on tr., 11 sps., shell in shell, 3 sps., 7 tr. on 7 tr., 6 sps., 13 tr., 7 sps., ch. 4, turn.

14th row.—7 sps., 13 tr. on 13 tr., 5 sps., 7 tr., 3 sps., shell in shell, ch. 2, 4 tr. in first sp., ch. 2, sl. 2, 4 tr. in next sp., 6 times, ch. 4, turn.

15th row.—4 tr. in 1 sp., ch. 2, sl. 2, 4 tr. in next sp., 6 times, ch. 4, turn.

15th row.—4 tr. in 1 sp., ch. 2, sl. 2, 4 tr. in next sp., 6 times, ch. 4, turn.

15th row.—5 sps., 10 tr., 11 sps., shell in shell, 10 sps., ch. 4, turn.

sps., ch. 4, turn.

sps., ch. 4, turn.

16th row.—8 sps., 10 tr., 11 sps., shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 shell in first sp., ch. 2, 1 shell in second sp., 14 times around scallop, fasten to lace at beginning of scallop, ch. 4, turn.

17th row.—4 tr. in shell, 2 sts., 4 tr. in same shell, ch. 1, fasten with s. c. between shells, ch. 1, 4 tr. in next shell, ch. 2, 4 tr. in same shell 14 times, this finishes the scallop, shell in shell, 21 spaces.

MRS. C. C. SPHUNG.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in-stead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices: we have no exchange

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathise with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have com-plied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

auch a notice. See oner.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel ut-terly discouraged. Remember the old salage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR SISTERS ONE AND ALL:

During the last few weeks letters have come in so rapidly it has been impossible for each to find a place in these columns; as we will be unusually crowded for room for a few months, and many of you will be getting impatient and disastisfied because your letters have not approximately in the property of the property

dissatisfied because your letters have not appeared, it seems best to give the pith of as many as possible, rather than fewer entirely, although many thus omitted are entertaining, interesting and well merit a place.

Mrs. N. D. Sawyer, Elizabeth City, N. C. Write to Mrs. Stewart for pattern of baby's shoe, whose address is given below.

Mrs. A. G. Katzur. Both of the designs you submitted have already appeared in COMFORT.

Mrs. R. Templeton, Chicago, Ill. Your letter received but you neglected to give your complete address. Send me a postal giving it please, and your requests will appear.

In response to a request, Mrs. M. L. Tate, Elis-

In response to a request, Mrs. M. L. Tate, Ellsworth, Maine, sends the following remedy for

Salt Rheum

worth, Maine, sends the following remedy for

Salt Rheum

Three ounces of yellow dock root, two ounces bittersweet bark of root, two ounces spiknard root, one fourth ounce of blood root, one half ounce of golden seal, two ounces of yellow parilla. Steep in a covered kettle in three quarts of soft water for four hours, let settle, strain and add one and one half pounds sugar, simmer down to one and one half pounds sugar, simmer down to one and one half pints. Dose, one full teaspoonful four times a day, an hour before each meal and before retiring.

Mrs. C. E. Stewart, Hill City, Kans., also suggests the following to be applied externally:

Add three eighth ounces of beeswax to a pint of castor-oil, beat together and stir until like vaseline; apply freely to affected parts.

"Grandma Hattie," Woodbury, (a. Will you please send Mrs. F. W. Weaver, 176 Berkshire St., Providence, R. I., your correct address as she wishes to write you.

Kate Jackson, Lawton, R. F. D., 1, Okla., makes a good suggestion. She writes: "Blacking my kitchen stove brings to mind a grievance I have wanted to share for sometime. Is there any special need of all the nickle plate and rough places, excepting to increase a woman's work? Not only stoves but many other things we use seem especially designed to catch dirt and make extra work. Can't we busy wives and mothers start a crusade and refuse, as far as we can, to buy such articles? A few hints to manufacturers will go a long way, for if we create a demand, they will make haste to supply it. When we look at furniture with all the carvings, which I am pleased to say is fast "going out," at glassware which requires a brush to clean the crevices, at china with its rough surface and square corners, we discover some of the things that create unnecessary nerve wear. Let dealers know that you prefer plainer things.

She also inquires if any sister knows of the cause or any relief for a dull ache or pain under the left shoulder blade.

A Comport sister invites us all to the Jamestown Exposition and

A Comfort sister invites us all to the Jamestown Exposition and requests that each wear a bright new key, so we can easily recognize each other. Surely a bright idea. She also adds: I am a widow with three little girls to support and am another of the lonesome ones. I should be pleased to receive letters, also cotton pieces for patchwork. Mrs. L. L. HOWERTON, Poucan, Va.

From Missouri comes the following:
I have received so much information from these letters that I will try to return the favor.
To make a good serviceable rug, tear your old pieces into strips one half inch wide, and sew end to end as if you were going to make carpet balls, then hauk them and color them. Knit blocks of suitable size and join together.

Next comes a brave little girl of eighteen, who Next comes a brave little girl of eighteen, who cares for an invalid mother and does all the house-work. She requests seeds for a Comport garden, and letters, then winds up with these hints which may help many an older housekeeper:

Salt applied to a burn will bring quick relief. Salt and vinegar will remove tea stains from cups. Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.

spider bites.
Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent a stain.
Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on carpet will

remove the spot.
Salt will help revive a low coal fire.
Salt used before sweeping carpets will prevent

salt used to settle coffee improves its flavor. A

pinch only is necessary.
Miss Vina Henson, Piedmont, Mo.

From Washington comes this: For many years this interesting magazine has been a welcome visitor in our family. A week shead the children begin to count the days until Comport comes. Then it is in the hand of someone

cused from the table because of eagerness to finish the last story.

Ours is a busy life. We are ranchers in Okanogan County. For sixteen years we have lived on the banks of this sluggish stream and longed for the coming of the off-promised railroad which will bring us closer to the outside world and furnish a certain market for our produce. However, there are many pleasures connected with such a life. Except in case of accidents, of which we have had our share, the visit of a doctor is unusual, he would have quite a ride as our community is thinly settled. State land lies on one side and across the river is the Colville Indian Reservation.

We enjoy to the fullest the delights of boating and fishing. The head of our family being a good shot our table is frequently supplied with choice game. This season we have had four large geese, twenty ducks, and perhaps thirty prairie chickens. I especially enjoy the needlework department as I embroider, crochet, knit and often receive helpful ideas. I have a large family to care for but would be pleased to hear from any of the readers and will try to answer all letters.

MRS. H. DEFFLAND, Ophir, Wash.

Mrs. D. I thought best not to mention your offer, as you would probably be deluged with replies. Better send in the pattern and directions sometime and possibly we can use it.—Editor.

Mrs. Anton Johnson, Dogtooth, N. Dak., says:
Do you know if you wish to mend a dish. tie it

Mrs. Anton Johnson, Dogtooth, N. Dak., says:
Do you know if you wish to mend a dish, tie it firmly together and boil it six hours in milk, and, then let it dry about a week before using; it will wash as well as ever.

I notice in a back number, that J. A. D. thinks it best for people to sell what they have when moving to a new place. I say take everything, all you can pack in a car, for when you get to a new country you don't get anything for nothing and then you will wish you had had the different things you left behind.

I have recently moved here from Minneagle and

I have recently moved here from Minnesota, and think I will like very much. If any of the sisters can spare any kind of seeds, bulbs or roots I would be pleased to receive some.

bulbs or roots I would be pleased to receive some.

As I have received numerous requests for remedies for superfluous hair, the following from sister Jane may prove valuable:

Mix Sulphide Calcium with water to make a paste, apply with a wooden knife, leave on a couple of minutes and remove with wooden knife. Then wash with warm water and rub sweet oil into the skin. Repeat once a week.

Should the Sulphide be too strong add to it a very little starch. Do not leave on too long as it is powerful.

As consumption and rheumatism are so prevalent these remedies sent in by Mrs. W. H. Simmons, Iantha, Mo., may be welcome.

Cure for Consumption

Common yellow dock root boiled in porcelain kettle until it looks like strong tea: then sweeten with honey and take two or three tablespoonfuls three times a day or more according to the way it affects the bowels. Take as much as you can. It is a good blood purifier and cannot possibly hurt.

Cure for Rhoumatism

Wintergreen, alcohol and sweet spirits of nitre Druggists will fit it up in the right proportion and prescribe dose. It has been of great benefit to many here. Also put poke berries in whiskey and when it has become quite red looking take a table-spoonful three times a day before meals.

spoonful three times a day before meals.

A little German sister, who is evidently neat herself and wishes to help out with the spring cleaning, writes:

We have a good little home and three children, a girl and two boys. I enjoy housework, reading and fancy work. I always read all the letters and stories in this dear little magazine.

As the spring is here, the time is near for a general upheaval and thorough cleaning; maybe someone would like my recipe for good soft soap.

Take two gallons of water (soft water is best), three pounds of washing soda and nine bars of any kind of common yellow soap. Shave the soap up fine and put this and the water in a wash boiler on the stove. Let it simmer for an hour, stir and then pour in one pint of ammonia and cover up airtight.

I should be pleased to hear from any of the sisters and will try to answer all letters.

Mas. A. J. SCHMIDT, Lehigh, Kans.

Mrs. Bina Vanhook, Kentontown, Ky., asks for

Mrs. Bina Vanhook, Kentontown, Ky., asks for advice in feeding and caring for young turkeys. She has had considerable experience in poultry raising, but loses about half of her young turkeys each year. Letters will be much appreciated.

A New Englander relates the following incident:
"Now true it is that an act of kindness, which
costs us very little in either inconvenience or time,
may often mean a great deal to the recipient and
brighten what would, perhaps, be a dull spot. To
illustrate this I want to tell you all of a stranger's

brighten what would, perhaps, be a dull spot. To illustrate this I want to tell you all of a stranger's kindness to me.

Once, some years ago, I was in Springfield, Mass., from Saturday until Monday, as I could not reach my destination by Saturday night.

I was unused to traveling and as I sat alone in the station, heartily wishing myself back in my quiet Vermont home, a lady who sat beside me spoke, asking if she could not assist me, and I told her of my plight. Then she suggested that her friend who was with her see me to a good hotel, and added, "I am just starting on a journey, otherwise I would gladly ask you to my home." Now my friends, can you realize how much good that simple act did me? Her friend accompanied me to the hotel. The next day she called, thus cheering what would otherwise have been a long, lonely day. I have never forgotten the act; it taught me a lesson, and since then I have tried to be more thoughtful of others, and never let a chance for a little act of kindness pass by.

I should like to hear from any of the Comfort sisters and to receive papers or magazines, which when read I will pass along.

Mrs. J. A. Perry, Box 129, Williamstown, Vt.

Who can help a young sister who is suffering

Who can help a young sister who is suffering from a Goitre? It is of four years' growth, and any advice will be appreciated. She also sends these

to keep piano or organ-keys from turning yellow rub with pure alcohol. vent salt from caking as the rice will keep the salt

went sais from warming moving.

She asks the sisters to send her samples of drawnwork or other fancy work, excepting knitting

drawnwork or other and a second crocheting.

MRS. ANNA PETZEL, Box 165, Corpus Christi.

Mrs. Viola Fair, Itasca, Texas, writes: "I have long thought of making this request: I am very anxious for a few correspondents in foreign countries. I should like ladies married or single. If some English-speaking persons in other lands, into whose hands a copy of this number should fall, are disposed to consider my proposition, please write me and I will gladly reply." From the Pine Tree State comes the following:

From the Pine Tree State comes the following:
Would that there were more Mrs. May Paytons
and Comfort Editors who have the courage to
radiate Truths all along the ages. Progression
is the Watchword. The old Salem days are of the
past. There can be no higher religion than the
truth any belief contains, and that truth belongs
to no one person any more than air and sunshine.
In these days, despite much fraud, no one denies
that some do have spiritual gifts, and the day is
not far distant when Science will teach how to use
Psychic powers, in way: that will bring good to the
earth. Faith sustains the bereaved and afflicted,
but knowledge added to faith makes life worth
living. "Seek and ye shall find."

MARY E. MALLETT, Lee, Penobscot Co., Maine.

Mrs. Nye sends a helpful thought. I, like many of the sisters have also been bereaved. Death claimed my third and only boy last July. Had he lived he would have been sixteen this May.

been a welcome visitor in our family. A week shead the children begin to count the days until Componic comes. Then it is in the hand of someone every minute, even when our bookish girl is exfor our good. If we are faithful we shall all meet

some day nevermore to part. What rejoicing there will be. I am thankful every day that I still have two girls left, both well and bright.

To change the subject, I wonder how many of you do up your crocheted doilies as I do.

Wash, and starch them in boiled starch and then pin them out upon something firm; like a table or a board, and let them dry that way; they will then be firm, no iron need be used. Care must be taken to pin them in perfect shape. Just try it, sisters, and see if it won't pay you for the trouble.

Has anyone a pattern for crocheted mittens? All I see are knitted, and I do not knit.

I wish the sisters who can would remember me with letters through May, in honor of my boy's birth month.

MRS. COMA B. NYE, Box 27, So. Coventry, Conn.

Mrs. Geo. Whiston, Soldiers' Home Lafayette, Ind., visits us again, with a word for mothers.

Ind., visits us again, with a word for mothers.

DEAR COMFORT MOTHERS:

I want to say a few words to you. I know how natural it is for each to think our own all right or nearly so, and of course, we each have a right to our opinions. However, I have been around considerably and in a great many homes and have often noticed that parents make such a sad mistake in letting their little ones run free, here and there with very little guidance. Of course, there are mothers and mothers, but many of them, too many, make this mistake until it is too late and the little ones have heard and been taught things which they will never forget.

My first word of warning is, keep your children with you or know who they are with, and as they grow older teach them to rightly choose their own companions.

I have much more to say but will wait till next time.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Comfort Sisters:

I am a reader of Comfort, and find much help in its columns.

I am a farmer's wife, have been on the farm all my life, and really like farm life better than any other, or at least I imagine I do, for I mever lived in the city.

I have been married twenty-seven years last New Year's day. I have eight children, six boys and two girls, ranging in ages from five to twenty-five. I am not very healthy, but I try not to complain. When I read of so many more who are in a worse condition than I am, I feel thankful that I am as well off as I am. I have asthma and a very bad cough, but still I am up most of the time, but cannot go about much, any exposure makes my cough worse, and brings on a spell of asthma. If any of the sisters know of anything to relieve asthma I would be very thankful to hear of it for I begin to think there is no cure for it.

I certainly enjoy the fancy work and quilt patterns. I do a great deal of drawnwork, and have gotten most of my patterns from Comfort.

I feel sorry for the poor unfortunate shut-ins. It seems hard to be shut in from all the heauties of the world, but we all have our share of sickness and trials. Still every cloud has a silver lining if we will only look on the bright side. I think sometimes I have been wonderfully blest, but still I complain. I have never lost a member of my family, and was never at the burial of a relative (except my mother when I was small), and am now forty-five years old. Don't you think I should be thankful even if I am sick now most of the time?

I was born and lived in Mississippi. I have been in Arkansas thirteen years, and if any of my old friends in Mississippi happen to read this I hope they will write me. I have so relatives in Arkansas that I know of so I will appreciate and answer any and all letters. Mass. S. D. Watts, Bryant, Ark.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

I live three miles south of Elmo, Texas.

that I know of so I will appreciate and answer any and all letters. Mrs. S. D. Watts, Bryant, Ark.

Dear Comport Sisters:

I live three miles south of Elmo, Texas. I have four children, the oldest a boy of eight years. My husband is a farmer. We both enjoy country life much better than city life. I enjoy raising chickens and having a good garden, although I do get lonely sometimes. I have not visited much this year only the sick, as the children have not been well. I can truly sympathize with all who have lost loved ones. I had to part with a dear sister two years ago, but we shall meet to part no more by and by. I have two brothers and one sister living and a dear mother. My husband has three sisters, two brothers and a dear mother living, but he also has lost loved ones.

Sisters, I do think we should do all in our power to make everyone we can happy. Just a little kind word or little kind deed each day. Make the road for old folks light and pleasant, for it won't be long ere we will all be called to go over the same road. Of course, we all or most of us, get fretted at times and say little words that we regret afterwards, but God is just and if we repent He will forgive. I cannot go to church much on account of sickness and the distance, but I try to do as near right as I know.

Will the sisters who can, write to me? All the letters will be highly appreciated and I will answer all who send stamps. All send photographs who can.

I could not do without Compost; it certainly is a MRS. EMILY UPTON, Box 15, Elmo, R. F. D., 3, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have taken so much comfort in reading the sisters' letters, and the many other things of interest with which Comfort is filled from beginning

sisters' letters, and the many other things of interest with which Comfort is filled from beginning to end, that I felt I was getting more than my due unless I could contribute something myself, so will tell you how to pass the long hours by making a rug, which will also use up some of the old clothes which are not fit for anything else.

Take two strips of wood about one inch by two, and as long as you want your rug, and two pieces of the same as wide as you want it. Tack the corners together to form a square, now drive some shingle or lathe nails in the short pieces as close as you can drive them together, get some colored warp and pass from first nail on one stick to first on the other until all are provided with warp, then take your rags, tear one half inch wide, thread on tape needle, and pass first under and then top of warp until you reach other side, and then back like darning, alternating the over and under, and push rags up tight to make firm. You can make stripe on ends and middle hit-or-miss, or as you choose, and sew rags in lengths or balls as any carpet rags if wished, and finish with fringe of the warp.

I have little to do, and it would help brighten the dull spring days to receive letters. I would enjoy hearing from the sisters. I have raised four children; one died as he was entering manhood, and the others have gone into the world for themselves, and new I am lonely.

I have lived in St. Louis, Mo., Wisconsin, and Michigan. I came here because my children preferred the East, but I often long for old Michigan. There is no place like home.

Mes. M. Talmadoe, fambertville, N. J.

Dare Sisters:

DEAE SISTERS:

I have read your letters for quite a while.

I am a young housekeeper, and appreciate all your hints.

Mrs. H. A. Purdy. Thanks for your geographical description of the Falls. I can almost see them.

Mrs. Mand Couch. Just my age, but my mother is about eight miles from me.

Allie Canningham. Thank you ever so many

times for your quilt block, Navajo Indian's Go. d-luck. Come. again soon.

If Mrs. James Dregon sees this, please write as I have lost her address. We became acquainted through Comport.

Dear little Tens. Sit on my lap while I praise you for helping papa by being his little house-keeper.

J. A. D. Try those recipes, Chocolate Cream Pie, and White Layer Cake, and report.

Wishing Comport success,

Mrs. JNO. C. STICKLER, Cincinnati, R. F. D., 3, Iowa.

Iowa. DEAR SISTERS:

DEAR SISTERS:

Will you welcome a stranger and sister from this far-off country, The Pan Handle of Texas?

In reading these pages we get descriptions of the East. West, North and South. I will claim the middle, and try to tell you something of this part of the country. The Pan Handle was once the Stake Plains, so called from having to drive stakes into the ground to guide the traders across the plains.

I want to say a few words to you. I know how natural it is for each to think our own all right or nearly so, and of course, we each have a right to our opinions. However, I have been around considerably and in a great many homes and have often noticed that parents make such a sad mistake in letting their little ones run free, here are mothers and mothers, but many of them too many, make this mistake until it is too late and the little ones have heard and been taught things which they will never forget.

My first word of warning is, keep your children with you or know who they are with, and as they grow older teach them to rightly choose their own companions.

A common fault and the cause of many unhappy homes is carelessness. Many women go out and then rush home and only have time to half do everything, meals are hurriedly cooked and served, children tired and dirty, everything in an upset. The father comes in, and no matter how good a disposition he has, soon he is cross as a bear, and is it any wonder? Then it is that hop or children are liable to be punished for the fault of the mother.

I have known many such mothers, women who lieve that their place is in the home above all things. Devote your best efforts toward making it a true home. Teach the children to homor their parents and love and revere God, observe the Sabbath day and keep it holy and they will rise up and call you blessed. Oh, mothers, how important is your work, do not slight it for anything else.

I have much more to say but will wait till next time.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Comport Sisters: plains.
Our home is in the Breaks; they are a bit lower

strive to leave the world better for having lived in it.

The rich cannot speak more kindly than the poor; it is not that we do not lack sympathy, but we just neglect to give it. I read so many sweet, patient letters from shut-ins that my heart almost bursts with pity sometimes. I am poor in this world's goods but I try to speak a word of cheer, and ask God to comfort and heal the poor afflicted ones if it is His will.

Bisters, I want to thank you all for your sweet letters. Our paper has its true name, may it comfort many million more hearts is my wish.

Lillie D. Eldredge, Dumas, Moore Co., Texas.

fort many million more hearts is my wish.

LALLIE D. ELDREDGE, Dumas, Moore Co., Texas.

Dear Comport Sisters:

I hope every blessed one of you receive as much help and uplifting from reading these pages as I do. How can we read of such patience and suffering without forming a determination to lead a purer, better life. As the years go by we should like to write to everyone of you, but that is an impossibility only through Comport.

Ada Hudgens. I hope you are getting better. Truly, you are a brave little soul with your inspiring words. And now, dear sisters, one and all, accept this letter each of you for your very own.

To my friend in Philadelphia who sent such beautiful souvenir postals I send my greetings. May your future contain all the happiness that you wish. This is the only way I can reach you for you sent no address. Your cards are before me new with their lovely quotations. Surely Philadelphia is a city of brotherly love. I compared the writings and they are the same. I received several letters from the sfar-off State of Washington and all so full of good. One of the lovellest gifts was sent to me from the spicy and fragrant California, a box of pressed grapes on the stem.

Dorothy Barton will you write to me, also Mrs. K. S. Heath

How many of you have a cozy seat in your living-

K. S. Heath

How many of you have a cozy seat in your livingroom? I have a wide seat by the west window.
I have four bookshelves put in. I have them painted
white, and a gold molding at the top to match the
picture molding. As we intend to put our books
in a new bookcase will still use shelves for maga-

I went to a very amusing entertainment not long ago. The little folks sang a song called Topsy Turvy. They were behind a long piece of muslin painted to represent a stone wall. They wore large hasts and capes on their heads and had shoes and stockings on their heads. They were peeping over the wall and in the chorus would put their heads down and raise up their heads. It looked as if they were standing on their heads. The house simply roared. I have the words if any cares for them. The tune is Sweet Marie.

Dear shut-ins. I send you words of cheer and may God's choicest blessing—health come to you as the year grows. Oh, how I would love to take you each by the hand and try to give you some comfort. I will give you a few lines from a favorite, hymn of mine. It so often comforts me and I pray it will you. I went to a very amusing entertainment not long

Not now but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there sometime we'll understand;
We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan,
Why song has ceased when scarce began,
"Tis there sometime we'll understand.
Then trust in God thro' all thy days
Fear not for He doth hold thy hand,
Tho' dark thy way still sing and praise,
Sometime, sometime we'll understand.
CARLYLE HAVERLY, Box 30, Alpine, R. F. D., 14, Ind.

CARLYLE HAVERLY, Box 30, Alpine, R. F. D., 14, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wrote a letter about two years ago, and was kindly admitted to the corner, and received letters from some of the sisters. I made a friend of Mrs. R. J. Boisacg, Chicago. In this letter I will tell year all how I manage to make a little pin money.

I purchase remnants of satin and velvet at any dry goods store counter. These I make into sofe pillows and fancy articles, painting designs of different kinds on top of pillows, finishing up with a cord or ruffle. Some very attractive pillows I made were red satin painted with pond-lilies, white velvet in American beauty roses sprays. I get quite a snug sum of money from the sale of pillows alone. Then there are the lovely handmade laces which are now so much in vogue. I purchase braids and thread and with some good pattern to follow it is comparatively easy to fashion dainty neckwear, cuffs, revers, berthas, and other articles too numerous to mention. I have also embroidered some and taught music. As I only live in a small place I think that other needleworkers could do as well if they tried. If your talents do not lie in these directions try your hand at whatever you can do best. I know by experience one can accomplish a great deal by utilizing spare moments. Our good magazine continues to bring all kinds of helps and hints monthly to our aid. The stories are fine. St. Elmo is excellent. One can learn many lessons from the characters in this grand story. The Stolen Proposal I especially enjoyed. Jerry the Backwoods Boy is getting more interest. Jerry the Backwoods Boy is getting more interest. I want to hear from any and all of you. I will try to answer all letters or cards. Who will send recipes for ice cream (cooked), proportioned to make one gallon of cream? I want to send a little verse to all who were born in February, the month of my birth.

"The February born will find Sincerity and peace of mind, Freedom from passion and from care If they the Amethyst will wear."

MRS. LAURA WESTER

MRS. LAURA WESTER, Box 1, Fordville, Ill. (CONTINUED ON PAGE &)

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Ross-byn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is if for this, is me to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears, Theta Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Biologett's office. He will win wealth and fane, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about thiting on the him to the west as mall chain about thiting of the him to the distribution of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the angulsh which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting for him; she tries to comfort him. He will carry the sear to the grave. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy Rehmare our set of right, she would not mind. She knows his eakness. The parting comes; the mother cries, "I didn't know it would be so hard!"

Years pass and Eugeoe Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown tawyer. The legal battle in which high the secangity is a she caught between the upper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he nopes Gene will feel his way carefuly. It isn't the Trusts, but the brains which conceive them, it has the provide the distribution of the Harvester Trust and he daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a misstep and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot-the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal put out of his misrey. In the woman orders the animal put o

broke into a lava flame of passion which swept over him.

He drew her to him swiftly and kissed her

again and again, drawing from her lips a subtle poison in whose narcotic balm his awakening conscience was lulled into a new sleep. "You are beautiful—beautiful!" he cried, as

he kissed her until she was breathless.
She put her hand to his throat and pushed him away with a half laughing, half gasping

protest. "You are strangling me!"

CHAPTER VII.

A BACKWARD GLIMPSE AT THE OLD HOME-STEAD.

With merry shouts and many good bys the boys and girls trooped away. Theta's face kept its bright smile until the last child disappeared, then a weary look came into her sad,

dark eyes as she passed up the village street.

"If only mother were well," she sighed anxiously to herself, "how happy I should be. It is hard that I must be away from her all day, shut up in the schoolroom, but needs must when necessity drives. Her long illness has taken all my carnings and the burden of has taken all my earnings, and the burden of the mortgage presses harder and harder. I have lost so much sleep I fear I shall break down under the strain—but I must not—I must not"—closing her lips tightly,—"I must at any cost keep the home intact. I am so weary—if only I could lie down and rest under a tree out there is the heading silence of the kills. It is there in the brooding silence of the hills. If it were not for Mrs. Warfield I scarcely know what I should do. There she is now, coming out of the post-office. A saint, if there ever was one. Mrs. Warfield!" raising her voice, "wait for me a minute!"

Mrs. Warfield halted, and the two ground each other tenderly.

"A letter from Gene," Mrs. Warfield said, as thick white envelope, "and it she held up a thick white envelope, "and it feels as though there were cards inside—I suppose something new he has been getting out

since he became a Congressman."
"Why not open it and see?" said Theta, with "No, dear—not worse—and I shall be better—
"Why not open it and see?" said Theta, with
a fleeting glance at the envelope, the wellknown writing on which, brought a blush to
her wild-rose face.
"It will keep until I have paid my visit to
your mother," the other returned smiling, "and

Written in Collaboration

By Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

malign influence being exerted over my boy, and the thought of it gives me no peace night or day."

For a moment they regarded each other in sorrowful silence, then Theta spoke:

"The same thought has been torturing me ever since I read of Gene's election to Congress. My heart thrilled with pride even as yours did, as I read of his manly life all the years he has been out West, and how he had arrayed himself against the forces of evil, but there was one part of the article I did not like. It ran something like this: 'It is a significant fact.' Boss Corcoran threw all the weight of his power on the side of Warfield, thus assuring his election.' I fear that man Corcoran—I hear nothing but evil of him—and I fear his influence over Gene."

"Theta," Mrs. Warfield replied, a sob rising in her throat, and tears standing in her eyes, "I love my boy, and I have pride in his achievement, yet great as is my love, I would rather he had died in his infancy than he should live to sell his birthright—the birthright of his noble manhood—for the praise of false golds." She stopped suddenly, cobse tooking her, while Theta, too, was visibly moved. At last, commanding her voice the girl said:

"I believe the time is coming when there will be no more temptations such as these to beset the path of youth. I believe the time is

will be no more temptations such as these to beset the path of youth. I believe the time is not far distant when the dollar mark, and what its aggregate represents—power—will no longer be our national emblem. I believe when God made this world, when, by slow evolution it was brought forth, when the limestones were formed, the metals smelted in Nature's furnace was brought forth, when the limestones were flow can he? As for power, she can't have more than she now has. Does he hear the carriages? She fears tongues now has. Does he hear the carriages? She fears tongues on he. Occoran visits Warfeld. If he deeh him he will crush him; if he becomes his friend he shall grow great by his power. Does Corcoran admires his grit, yet so against him and he will crush him, become his friend and he places him among the highest in the land. Hogives him his choice. Warfeld's speech, and realizes he is bought. Warfeld's speech, and realized he without any of those demonstrations of each individual in the world, should be exploited for the benefit of an idle, non-productional without a single expression of love and without a single expression of love and without a single expression of love and listened the sympathy within Victoria gave away to fierce anger. She was consciouse of her power to sway men and it was not thus, cold and dispassionate, they were accustomed to stand before her. While she resented his attitude with all her coquette heart, her words bore no hint of this as she replied softly: "I will be your wife; I will not only be glad but proud to grow great beneath your shadow."

Her tone was like liquid music and as she cea

have changed."

"Yes, Mrs. Warfield, I am no longer the simple girl who sent Gene away. But here we are at my own door," she added, with a sudden change of manner, the flush dying away and leaving her pale, "let us hasten to mother."

Softly they entered the house.

Maggie's strong, capable hands were arranging the pillows, and making the invalid more comfortable as the two pushed open the

more comfortable as the two pushed open the

more comfortable as the two pushed open the sickroom door.

"I'm glad ye've come, Miss Theta," whispered Maggie, in the girl's ear, "yer mother's been longin' for the sight of yer sweet face."

Theta nodded in answer, and going to the bed bent over and pressed a kiss on her mother's brow, then started back as its marble coldness struck a chill to her young lips.

"Mother darling, are you in pain?"

The worn face on the pillow brightened.
"No dear. All pain has left me, and I feel stronger than I have for a long time."

A little cry of joy broke from Theta.

stronger than I have for a long time."
A little cry of joy broke from Theta.
"Mrs. Warfield, do you hear that? Mother
is better—she will soon be well."
At that moment Mrs. Warfield did not know
which to pity most, the girl in the sudden joy
of her relief, or the sick woman on the bed.
The invalid closed how was

The invalid closed her eyes.

"Yes, dear, I shall be—well—soon." For a time there was silence, then her eyes opened and grew large and unnaturally bright.

"Yes, mother?"

"I want you to send the priest to me."
"The priest!" with a startled glance at the

ghastly face.

"Yes, dear. Mrs. Warfield will stay with me while you are gone. And don't be in any hurry to come back for I want to be alone with him a long time. I cannot have you killing yourself for me the way you have been doing. Go up into the hills for a long walk and mind you, bring back some roses in those pale cheeks." The speaking exhausted her and her breath came in panting gasps.

"Are you sure—quite sure you are not worse, mother?"
"No, dear—not worse—and I shall be better—

Theta watched until be had passed out of sight then turned and climbed the hill to the old trysting tree.

The leaves lay in scattered confusion on the ground, the wind crooned a weird melody among the bare branches of the old elm. In the west the clouds were piling up in barbaric pearl and gold. The crows flew over the valley cawing dismally, no other sound breaking the silence.

Theta stood musing, old thoughts and memories stirring within her, then she stretched out her arms, her sweet face filled with a yearning tenderness.

"Gene, my darling," she murmured passionately, "how long I have waited for you! How many times I have peered down that lonely road—and looked for you in vain. Will you come no more? How long, sweetheart, will you stay away? Would that I had never sent you—that I had kept you always here beside me. It was here I felt your love-words go over me like a flood. Come back to me, my dearest, by the power of my love I bid you come back to me!" As the last, low-spoken words dropped from her lips, the strong varning which had filled Theta for so significant to be let to guests for use on the flowers and table decorations, the hostess having no responsibility. Under such circumstances enter-daming becomes a pleasure instead of a burden. Being fresh and rested I could play the part of hostess having in responsibility. Under such circumstances enter-daming becomes a pleasure instead of a burden. Being fresh and rested I could play the part of hostess having in responsibility. Under such circumstances enter-daming becomes a pleasure instead of a burden. Being fresh and rested I could play the part of hostess having in responsibility. Under such cloud play the part of hostess having is erement sale decorations, the hostess having no responsibility. Under such cloud play the part of hostess having is event and table decorations, the hostess having no responsibility. Under such cloud play the part of hostess having is event and table decorations, the hostess having no responsibility. Under such cloud pl pla you come back to me!" As the last, low-spoken words dropped from her lips, the strong yearning which had filled Theta for so long, found expression in the will to call Gene up before her in the actual flesh and blood. She grew pale as the dead as she put forth all the power of her soul, her lips breathing the one word, "Come!"

one word, "Come!"

Then suddenly she saw him standing in a high place staring with abstracted gaze at a tumbling mass of waters below. Theta's face was transfigured with love and tenderness, then suddenly it changed, darkened, and the lovelight died as she saw at his side the figure of a lovely woman who touched him on the arm and spoke light words in his ear.

Gene was standing on the high bridge at Niagara, looking down at the swirling waters, when suddenly, he became conscious of a presence and as plainly as though she had in verity been standing beside him he saw the form of Theta—saw the wild-rose face, and the tenderness of her eyes, and the anguish which crept into them as Victoria uttered the words:

"If you look at the waters longer, Gene, you will hypnotize yourself and take the mad dive, which would be a pity. for you'd leave behind

which would be a pity, for you'd leave behind you a very charming young widow."

Theta's hands clutched at her breast and a cry of agony broke from her. "My God! He is married!"

See first page illustration.

She threw out her arms, reeled and fell at the foot of the tree. Hours afterward the searchers found her there, and conveyed her to the home of Mrs. Warfield raving in the deliri-um of brain fever. Long before she arose from the bed of pain her mother had been laid to rest in the churchyard on the billeide to rest in the churchyard on the hillside.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE CATARACT.

It was while they were at Niagara Gene and

It was while they were at Niagara Gene and Victoria took stock of ways and means and discussed future housekeeping plans.

They were in their private apartment and Victoria, clad in a charming negligee, was perched on the arm of Gene's chair listening while he discoursed at length, stooping occasionally, as is the way of the newly wed, to punctuate his remarks. This punctuation was accomplished in various ways. Sometimes it was by means of a caress on a rosy ear, some was by means of a caress on a rosy ear, some-times by a kiss on a white neck, sometimes— but no matter—those remarks were well

punctuated.

"Dearest," Gene was saying softly, "after all those years in boarding-houses it will seem the Deareding to have a home of my own. I fear feel like Paradise to have a home of my own it will not be a very grand one, not the home I should like to provide for you. Your beauty demands rich surroundings and just the right setting is necessary to bring out the lustrous richness of this lovely curling hair," pulling setting is necessary to bring out the lustrous richness of this lovely curling hair," pulling out the pins as he spoke and letting it down in a shining mass on her shoulders, she permitting him to tousle it as he would, for admiration was the very breath of life to this woman, "but I am afraid my means will not allow me to give you what I wish. However, I have saved something from my law practice and we can at least start comfortably. We will have a house all to ourselves on a quiet street," Victoria shuddered, "and we will have furnishings good of their kind and brightly dark and ings good of their kind and brightly dark and when, wearied by official duties, I come home to find you sitting by the fireside, your sewing on your lap, and waiting for me—ah!" he broke off, "will it not be heaven to you as to me, dear?"

"Horrors!" she thought. "He expects me to be domestic. As for sewing—I detest it!" Aloud she said, her brow clearing and no hint of the secret vexation she felt perceptible, in

of the secret vexation she felt perceptible, in her voice:

"The picture you have drawn, Gene, is a pretty one, especially my sitting by the hearth sewing," laughing as she said this; "it has something very alluring about it, but at the same time the whole thing has much to be said in its disfavor: In that small house on a quiet street," mimicking his tone, "I should only this strong seria quiet street," mimicking his tone, "I should only this strong seria ning in COMFORT.

thelp,' and when you came home expecting to find a bright little woman to entertain you, I should be so tired, irritated and depressed I couldn't do it, and it would end in our both being miserable."

Victoria paused to let the effect of this sink into Gene's mind and it was all she expected for his face was a picture of dismay:

"Surely you don't wish us to spend our lives in a hotel, Victoria? It will be necessary for us to entertain to a certain extent—"

"Of course it will." she interrupted. "and

do you know,"she continued, the smile dying, and a grave look coming into her eyes, "lately I positively dread to open Gene's letters. Not but they are just as tender, in fact they are more so than they used to be, but there is something about them which worries me. Dear, you have come to be so much to me, I can say to you what I would not utter to another living soul. Theta, there is some malign influence being exerted over my boys, and the thought of it gives me no peace night or day."

The priest was not at the parish house, but they are the church instructing some new altar boys in their duties. She delivered her message and would have returned with him but he laid a restraining touch on her arm.

"No, child, your mother will have much to say to me and we must be alone. Do as she machinery runs as smoothly as clockwork, and the thought of it gives me no peace night or day."

Theta watched until he had passed out of sight then turned and climbed the hill to the old trysting tree.

unable to resist.

"That is a consideration which is certainly worth thinking about," he said laughing and putting his arm around her, "but," he added somewhat gravely, "the question is, can we afford it? You know, dear, I shall have no income outside of my official salary."

A glint of steel came into Victoria's eyes, as, for an instant, she regarded him intently, but there was something almost of a feline quality in her voice when she asked softly:

"Are there not perquisites that go with the office?"
It was impossible to mistake her meaning

It was impossible to mistake her meaning and a pained light came into Gene's eyes. His lips tightened and he took his arm away sud-

and a pained light came into Gene's eyes. His lips tightened and he took his arm away suddenly as he replied almost sternly:

"Not for me. I sold myself but not for gold. I shall never touch a penny that does not rightly belong to me."

Victoria's face grew dark with anger and she said within herself: "What a fool he is. But there—I must stroke him softly and he shall yet do my bidding." Aloud she spoke in tones which were gentle, almost humble:

"You are so unlike the average man, Gene, and I ought not to have spoken as I did. Pardon me for mentioning such a thing."

"I pardon you!" Gene's eyes grew tender and he caught her to him suddenly. "Tis not you who should ask pardon of me. And, dear love, you shall have it all your own way about the apartment house, atthough I confess it is not what I have dreamed of in the way of a home. But as long as I have you, what matters home. But as long as I have you, what matters it where we stay? And see now what a state I have gotten your hair into! Your big bear of a husband will have to help you do it all up

have gotten your hair into! Your big bear of a husband will have to help you do it all up again."

So for a time the threatening rock in the current of their domestic life was escaped.

A few days later they returned to Washington, and at the earliest opportunity visited the apartment house which Victoria had already determined should be their place of residence. It differed little from other places of this character except, perhaps, it was a trifle more elegant. There was a main entrance with a marble stairway grand enough to have graced a palace, which was merely for show, guests preferring to use the more convenient elevators. There were frescoes, carvings, gilding—too much of the latter—rich carpets into which the foot sank as softly as into a bed of moss in a forest glade, paintings—not all of them in the best taste—covered the walls; here and there bits of statuary, and the rooms were filled to overflowing with furniture upholstered in silken brocatelle, but in all that weary waste of elegance there was no place where the eye could stay itself and be at rest.

"It is all very grand—and very vulgar," Gene thought to himself as he and Victoria followed

"It is all very grand—and very vulgar." Gene

"It is all very grand—and very vulgar," Gene thought to himself as he and Victoria followed the agent who was showing them about.

Victoria was delighted with everything, but Gene, whose taste craved something quieter felt something like dismay creep into his heart. When he reached what purported to be the library he stopped, leaving the two to go on without him, and sitting down in front of the gas-log fireblace he fell into a fit of musing

gas-log fireplace he fell into a fit of musing.
"A gas-log fireplace," he thought contemptuously, "how can one build castles by looking at a gas-log? Long, long ago I sat by a real hearth and watched the logs drop apart and down in the deepest heart of the fire I saw a picture. It was a room with softy, timed. a picture. It was a room with softly tinted walls, and bright with books and pictures and shaded lights, and by the fire I saw a woman sitting-a woman whose slim white fingers fashioned tiny white garments, and ever as she worked she crooned a low, soft melody. And the picture faded and another arose and lo! a cradle stood on the hearth, and over this the woman bent and softly sang and rocked. And this too faded, and after a time the prattle of a child filled the quiet room, and a boy climbed up on my knees and nestled a curly head down on my shoulder and I felt the clinging of tiny arms."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "The Unwelcome Stranger." Send 15 cents for a year's subscription, and read not only this strong serial, but others now run-



To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag. nce to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everyb

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

how the seasons roll around. Here's spring again. Like the Ground Hog, I've just poked my nose through a forty-foot snow bank, because the calendar says it is the first of May. Maine has thirteen months of winter, and what is left is summer. There is a legend in this state, that has, like most historic lies, been handed down from generation to generation, until it has come to be regarded as truth by the bewhiskered Eskimos of this section, that the thermometer, during a particularly hot summer once soared to the torrid heights of three degrees above zero. I once went out with an axe to slaughter the man who sprang that fairy tale, but to my intense dismay I found that he had been dead fifty years. Anyhow, tradition says that I must haul out my straw hat and muslin pants, and put my rubber shoe, and one sock in moth balls, until the blizzards bliz again. Toby, at this juncture, wants me to tell you that Billy the Goat had a swell time last night. They went a codfish ball with Maria. Before the ball was if over, Billy the Goat ate it, and that brought the proceedings to an abrupt termi-

Remember, seven subscriptions for COMFORT, at 15 cents a year, wins for you Uncle Charlie's poems, a book worth a dollar, beautifully bound in silk cloth. There are enough laughs bound in silk cloth. There are enough laughs in that book to keep you smiling for the rest of your natural life. Butt in and get it. Those thousands of League members who have not kept their subscriptions paid up, can now make amends and get in good standing by working for this premium.

Don't send subscriptions to our Grand Secretary, she will return them to you, and take out most age; if you do.

postage if you do.
Shut-ins, and those in delicate health who are shut-ins, and those in dendate health who are able to write a fair hand, can earn some money by doing copying. Write Louis C. Bronson, Granville Centre, Hampshire Co., Mass., for particulars. Inclose postage for reply.

Now for the letters.

jolly letter from a jolly Virginia cousin will now charm us.

A jolly letter from a jolly Virginia cousin will now charm us.

Amissville, Va., Feb. 8, 1907.

Dear Uncle Charlie:
Here I come again full of fun, with a sweet kiss for Uncle and a big hug for each dear cousin.
Uncle, you are the dearest old chap that ever lived, always ready to cheer us when we are in trouble, and always ready to have fun together, for I love everyone who likes to have fun. Uncle, I believe we country tacks get more fun out of one week than the city chaps get out of one year.

I guess it is time for me to express my opinion about you sleeping in the chicken coop. Goodness sakes alive! you must be hard up for such a roosting place! I honestly think it looks hideous for a gentleman of your standing, and I will be grieved until I hear of you doing better. I would love to see your dear, sweet face and have a talk with you. I bet if you are as funny talking as you are writing, I would laugh myself silly; but for all of your liveliness I know you are all right, for I am a great admirer of you and yours.

Uncle, I was going to say one word about your sweetheart. There are lots of bachelor girls over here, so do come over and get one. I bet you would make a smash on all of them for you are so good looking. I will tell you the fact. I have almost worn my Comport out looking at your picture, where you were singing a solo in church. You looked magnificent, Uncle Charlie. Have you ever been in our State? It is considered one of the most healthy in the Union. Our principal crops are wheat and corn. We also raise large oat and rye crops, have large, black apple and pear orchards, raise all kinds of berries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, strawberries and blackberries. I do not think there is any more fun in anything than there is in going huckleberrying: to get up a crowd and go and spend the day in the woods, that's where the fun comes in.

I can cook everything, can sew, make nearly all of my clothes, but don't know mucn about fancy work; do housework, can hitch up a horse and buggy, and can also dr

Flossie, dear, I fear that I don't deserve all the bouquets you are handing me. As long as you don't hand me any lemons, though, I don't mind. Now as regards that hen coop. I know a hen coop is not a nice place for a gentleman to reside in, but poverty and necessity compal me to reside in one just now. I'll don't hand me any lemons, though, a don't hand me any lemons, though, a don't hand me any lemons, though, a don't mind. Now as regards that hen coop. I know a hen coop is not a nice place for a gentleman to reside in, but poverty and necessity compel me to reside in one just now. I'll tell you how, why and wherefore I reside in a chicken coop. You see it is like this. There is a man who has done me a low-down trick, and so I've gone into a chicken coop to lay for him. Living in a chicken coop is princely, compared to living in a city flat. I lived in a flat in Brooklyn, that was so narrow, that we had to take the wall paper off if we wanted to turn in bed. I had a dreadful time with Toby in that flat, as we had to teach him to wag his tail up and down, as there was not room for him to wag it sideways. I'm a good deal funnier talking, than writing. I wish you could see my face when it is talking, you'd never forget it; it looks like a piece of pepsin chewing gum that's done a hard week's work between two rows of strong teeth and come out of it with rows of strong teeth and come out of it with the wreck train cleaned up the mess it had made.

Rravo. Fred, I am delighted to have you join. once, for my too, too fatal beauty, but one day when I was traveling with a circus, a chimpanvee got jestous because I was homelier than he zee got jealous because I was homelier than he, and while I was asleep he got busy with my face, and when I woke up my fatal beauty had gone forever, and I was only passably good looking. Yes, Flossie, I've been in Virginia, and I admire the state greatly—what I saw of it. But I was so busy looking for you, that I did not see much else.

Tennessee, long neglected, will now sit in the game, and play a hand that cannot be euchred.

GOODRICH, TENN. Feb. 14, 1907.

GOODRICH, TENR, FED. 14, 1807.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will tell you about the trip I made to Nashville, Tennessee, during Christmas week.

The Sunday school at this place had a nice
Christmas tree on Christmas Eve night, it was very
nice, we had several nice hymns and drills.

My brother who had not been home in two years, came home on Christmas Eve, and he and I left home on the five o'clock train and went to Nashville to see our sister and brother. We arrived in Nashville at 9.30, and got on the street car and went to the City Hospital, where my sister is a train nurse; she likes the work fine.

We went to the hotel and took dinner with my brother, who is working for the Postal Telegraph Co. He is boss over fifty men. They are doing the underground work. After we had a good dinner we went out to work with him. It is a grand sight to see them drilling rocks with steam. We had a pleasant time with him and then we went to the show, it was simply grand.

We went from there to the hotel and had supper and after supper went to see my sister and went all through the hospital and met all of the sweet nurses, and doctors. It is sad to go through a hospital and see all the suffering, I stayed all night there, and in the morning we all went to see some of our relatives.

I have six brothers and two sisters. One sister is married and has not walked since July 1906, she has the rheumatism and cannot turn herself in bed, and can't hardly feed herself. Her two daughters do all the housework, one is fifteen and one twelve. I am five feet and one inch tall and have dark hair, brown eyes and dark complexion. I sent one of the cousins a post card, but never got any answer. I would be glad to receive letters or post cards from any of the cousins.

Pearl, I am glad your Sunday School had the Christmas tree on Christmas Eve night,

Pearl, I am glad your Sunday School had the Christmas tree on Christmas Eve night, as it would have been terrible if they had had it on Christmas Eve morning. I am glad your sister has taken up woman's noblest profession—nursing—but I'm terribly grieved to find

she is a train nurse. I know trains get smashed up, splintered and wrecked, but wood and iron have no feeling, and I don't see why your pretty sister should be wasting her time nursing trains, when so many sick boys and girls need attention. I fancy I can see your sister new putting a poultice on a locametive's sister now, putting a poultice on a locomotive's chest, rubbing a day coaches' tummie, and giving a dose of castor-oil to a Pullman car. I should like to see a Pullman car in bed, and your sister feeling its pulse, and putting blisters on its feet. I am also interested in t blisters on its feet. I am also interested in that rock-drilling business. What are they drilling rocks for? Can't Uncle Sam get enough soldiers without enlisting rocks? If ever I went into battle I'd like to get behind a regiment of rocks. A battalion of rocks on the march would be an imposing sight. Does it take the rocks long to learn their drill? Fancy telling a regiment of rocks to "Eyes front, and shoulder arms!" And they drill by steam nowadays instead of using a drill sergeant! Oh, my! oh, my! oh, my! what are we coming to? We are all glad that Pearl lives in a Good Rich town. It is seldom we find a town that is both good and rich. I'm good, but I'm not rich. Billy the Goat is rich, but not good. Maybe Pearl the Seriom we find a town that is both good and rich. I'm good, but I'm not rich. Billy the Goat is rich, but not good. Maybe Pearl will tell us how her burg manages to be both good and rich. I'd like to move into a good rich town. Toby says he'd chloroform the inhabitants and steal the town. I think I'd be habitants and steal the town. I think I'd be grabbing a lot of easy money while the job was being put through. The town I'm existing in is a pretty slick burg, only the trouble is every cent you get you have to work for, and a town like that gets on a man's nerves after awhile. Pearl, please put us wise to the best time to find your town asleep as I've serious intentions of shifting it, unless it is well tied down. down.

Here is an exciting and exceedingly interesting letter from a locomotive engine to ever run his iron horse around the C. L. O.

924 E. Creighton Ave., FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

PEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been called an eagle-eye for over seven years now, and you will think so too, if you ever travel on the Pennsylvania railroad, over the Western division, and happen to get on a train I've got my iron borse hitched to; I am afraid you will think you are riding in an air-ship, and when I turn my iron horse loose at seventy to ninety miles an hour clip, I am afraid that lone hair of yours wouldn't have strength enough to stand up. But I have always been able to safely land right side up with care at my destination, and I hope you will sometimes find a little room in your heart for a locomotive engineer, when you say your prayers, that I may almays be as fortunate in the future as I have been in the past.

Bravo, Fred, I am delighted to have you join our ranks, as there is no class of the community that I admire as much as the engineering class, especially that section to which you belong. Yours is a dangerous calling, and few of you ever reach old age in one consignment. If your head lives to be old, it is a ten to one If your nead lives to be old, it is a ten to one shot, that your legs, arms or wings die young. It is all very well to sit back in a cozy parlor car, and admire the scenery in comfort, but little we think of the brave fellows who are distinct that driving that panting mass of iron and steel into the biting storm, or pushing her into the inky blackness of the chilly night: every nerve strained to the breaking point. Thousands of strained to the breaking point. Thousands of people are slaughtered on our railroads yearly, but it is seldom the fault of the engineer, as an accident usually costs him his life, as well as the lives of those on his train. President Roosevelt always makes it a point to shake

hands with the engineer of the train on which he is traveling. This is an honor to the engineer, and also an honor to the President, for a good engineer is just as valuable to the com-munity, in his sphere, as is a good president He is also as a rule, very much more of a hero.

Now, Willie Jungles, that I have paid

of a hero.

Now, Willie Jungles, that I have paid a tribute to you and your noble brothers of the iron road, I must tell you that I have done some pretty fast traveling myself, in my time. I remember once leaning out of the window of a Pullman car in Jersey City to kiss my best girl good by, and when I finally got, or thought I got, my lips on hers, I found I was kissing another man's wife in Washington, D. C., and that lady's husband promptly pushed a hole in my face, that you could shovel a cord of wood into without noticing it. Another time I was my face, that you could shovel a cord of wood into without noticing it. Another time I was traveling to Chicago; and I went into the lavatory to wash my hands and face, and there was another man in there who was also scaping the cinders out of his whiskers. The train was rocking like a sailing boat in a hurricane. I had got my face nicely scaped, and as the train rocked and pitched, my face slipped out of my hands into the other fellow's hands, and his face slipped into mine, and there was he washface slipped into mine, and there was he washing my face, and I washing his. Mine was a better looking face than his, and he ducked better looking face than his, and he ducked out of the door, and ran with it. It was a most unfortunate thing for me, as the man was wanted for burglary, arson, bigamy and several other accomplishments. Of course I got arrested, and went to the pen for ten years for his crimes. I could not put a brave face on the matter, as I had lost my proper face. Anyway, it was not long before my face got him arrested, and he was put in jail, too. Strange, but in later years we were both in a head-on railroad collision, and he lost his head, and I lost mine, the doctore get our heads mixed, and I got mine back. Gee whiz, but I

Here is a letter from a little girl cousin down in Arkansas.

CENTERTON, ARK., Feb. 11, 1907.

CENTERTON, ARE., Feb. 11, 1907.

DDAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my membership card and button, and think they are lovely. I thank you a thousand times for them, and will try and follow your League rules. I am a girl who lougs to enjoy the corner with Uncle and cousins. Now, Uncke, I will tell you what I can do:
I can iron cook sew bake and play the piano. Uncle Charlie, when your birthday comes let me know, and I will make you a nice birthday cake. I have a little pet dog named Sissy; she will sit up and beg. She looks like a little fox. I have one sister and brother. I am fifteen years old. My brother is visiting at California with relatives. He likes it real well there. I am in the seventh grade at school. I have written to two of the cousins. Well, Uncle, I'll have to close. Tell all the cousins to write to me. Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

GERTRODE CASE (No. 17,078).

Gertie, you are certainly a young lady of

Gerrie, you are certainly a young lady of many and varied accomplishments, and your ability in certain directions, and along certain lines is so staggering, that I hold my breath when I contemplate it. First you say, you can iron cook. Well, if you can do that, you are a braver and more heroic specimen of humanity than can be found anywhere around this section. All the cooks in this vicinity are daughters of the Emerald Isle, and if you started to iron one of these, you'd be up against a first-class funeral before you'd blinked an eyelid. There is Delia Dooley, who is Czarina of the Cook Stove, and Empress of the Soup Tureen, and professional ple paster, and pudding pusher to the family next door at '\$25' a month. I should to the family next door at '\$25' a month. I should like to see you try to iron a few of the Hiber-nian kinks out of Delia, and I can just bet you three doughnuts to one pant's button, that bethree doughnuts to one pant's button, that before you got that iron on her hide, you'd be
decorating a nice bold slab in the morgue or
occupying a nice warm grave 'neath a sevendollar headstone in the local boneyard. No,
Gertie, dear, you may iron cooks on the peaceful mountainsides of the pineclad Ozarks, but
if you start ironing cooks East of Pittsburg,
you'll have a three-column obituary in the local
news sheet, and you'll have a pair of wings. news sheet, and you'll have a pair of wings, and will be wandering in the Elysian Fields, by the golden shores of Brighter Spheres, be-

by the golden shores of Brighter Spheres, before you can say one times once.
You also say that you can stew bake and play the piano. How do you know that you can bake the piano. You don't mean to tell me that your folks buy a \$500 piano, just for the fun of having baked piano, and fricasseed music for dinner. Baked piano at \$500 a clip would be an expensive menu. Even Rockefeller could not stand for a dish of that kind more than twice a week. But honest, I don't believe you have got an oven large enough to more than twice a week. But, honest, I don't believe you have got an oven large enough to bake a piano in, and I don't see how you could bake a big full-sized piano without setting fire to the house. Toby says, maybe you saw a leg off at one time, and have baked piano legs one day, and fried piano wires the next. Billy the Goat is quite excited over the last item. He thinks that fried piano wire would be a nice succulent tuneful dish, and would make a man full of music for many a long day. I don't succulent tuneful dish, and would make a man full of music for many a long day. I don't know why you want to sew a piano, unless you want to put the piano legs in pants, and wanted to put some buttons on them. Gertie, you must write and explain this cook and piano ertainly got me

A jolly Virginia cousin has typewritten us a cheery note, which I will now read for your edification.

edification.
728 South Pine St., RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 17, 1907.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
My soul thrills with rapture when I sit down to write you, for you are "one in a million" who can love so many at one time.
You might take one of the cousins (fair sex), and leave one less old maid. Just wait until Leap Year and give us all an equal chance.
Nothing would give me more pleasure than to tell you right now how much I think of you; but, shall wait until 1908, and console my troubled mind with the thought that I love and am loved by Uncle Charlie, if he hasn't been Oslerized in the mean-time.

mean-time.

Many who read C. L. O. C. corner insist I write you that they may read your opinion of me. When you hit me, hit me hard—not with a brick bat, but a love lick. If I do not see this in print, I shall be the happiest mortal, for I shall take it for granted, I am to be The Cousin in 1908—as silence gives consent.

When you come to the Jamestown Exposition

federate Museum). Bostock's Managerie, which

federate Museum). Bostock's Managerie, which contains specimens of all wild animals of the globe. St. John's Church in which Patrick Henry made his flery speech. Railroads entering the city from the four points of the compass. Hospitals, colleges, hotels, factories, book-binderies etc., and many other places of interest.

When you come to visit here (you will never leave), pack your trunks with both socks, or, if you haven't at trunk, tie them up in a red bandanna or flour sack. We have a city ordinance which prohibits expectorating on the sidewalks, so be careful. You must also not hunt squirrels in our public parks.

parks.

I would not do justice if I failed to mention
Justice Crutchfield who is the Uncle Charlie of our
city. The daily papers give an account of his witty
remarks as he metes out justice to petty thieves,
old soaks etc. old soaks, etc.

old soaks, etc.

If you give my letter to Billy the Goat, you will
not have that one hair left to wear to Richmond.
Your niece in Dixie Land,
S. E. ROBERTSON (16,724).

Sue, dear, I shall certainly accept your offer of marriage, as I do all the offers that come my way, and I'll get my trousseau ready right away. I need another sock, and a collar button, and half an undervest, and that I think is "trewso" enough for any gentleman. On second thoughts I think I could dispense with the other half of the undervest as I believe it is thoughts I think I could dispense with the other half of the undervest, as I believe it is quite warm around Richmond (at least they made it warm enough for me, when I was there last), and superflaous clothing can be discarded. If you don't like the looks of me, Sue, dear, when I arrive you can put me in Bostock's Menagerie. Bostock will never have a specimen of all the wild animals in the world until he gets me. I thought Bostock had an animal menagerie and not a Managerie, as you have it. face. Anyway, it was not long before my face got him arrested, and he was put in jail, too. Strange, but in later years we were both in a head-on railroad collision, and he lost his head, and I lost mine, the doctors got our heads mixed, and I got mine back. Gee whiz, but I was awful glad to see my head again. That is the first time I ever lost my head, and I hope it will be the last.

Here is a letter from a life. got the audience in a fierce state of excitement, and was just reaching the climax, "As for me, give me liberty or give me death," when I saw the oyster stew and then I said: "As for me, give me liberty, or give me—oyster stew!" then I had to run. I sha'n't violate your ordinances as to expectorating on the sidewalk, as I am not guilty of that disgusting habit, but should nature or circumstances force me to fracture my manners in this regard, I'll use Billy the Goat's plug hat. I shall not hunt squirrels either, Susan dear, I shall simply hunt you, and after I've found you, if you survive the shock of seeing me all by myself at once, I will prayerfully resign myself to your embrace, and trust Providence for the rest. As regards being Oslerized, I think I am under the age limit, but am not sure. My chicken coop was burned down last week, and all our ages got burned and none of us know how old we are. Anyway, dearie, I'm not too old but what I can love you with a great, big, palpitating, sixteen cylinder, forty-four horse power laye but you don't take with a great, big, palpitating, sixteen cylinder, forty-four horse power love, but you don't take me out on the James River in that Pokerhonme out on the James River in that Pokerhontas boat. Not on your tintype. I'm on to your
little stunt. You'd marry me, take me out in
that boat, throw me overboard, drown me, and
get all my money. Anyway, dear, I am coming
to the Jamestown Exposition, and we'll meet
in Lover's Lane, and on the War path, and if
you want a little Virginia Creeper of your very
own to raise and board for life, you can take me.
I'm tired of working for a living.

Here is a breezy little letter from a cousin down in Texas.

Here is a breezy little letter from a cousin down in Texas.

LA FAYETTE, UPBRUE Co., TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here comes another jolly girl of sixteen, asking for permission to sit on your knee, and chat a while with you and your nieces and nephews.

I am a brunette, have brown eyes, and dark brown hair, am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds.

Uncle Charlie, this is my first attempt to write to your band.

I am going to school now at La Fayette, a small town of two dry good houses, one drug store, postoffice, schoolhouse, and one church, two cotton gins, one shingle mill, and about three hundred inhabitants.

I live two miles west of La Fayette and walk to school.

Uncle, do you give Billy a desert with his dinner? But nevertheless my intentions are to write again, and then I shall come with a subject and a sweet smile, and just a whole lots of kisses for you.

Uncle, I think you are the jolliest and kindest fellow I have ever seen, and your picture looks so sweet with that bald spot on your head. But never mind, Uncle, I am going to make you a wig out of some hog's hair.

As all the rest of your nieces write and tell what niec cakes they can bake I will tell you that I can bake potatoes and that is all. I have had a little experience in making syrup puddings, but I can't make a cake.

How many of you cousins like music? I do, but can't play much. I have an organ, but like the piano the best. Uncle, how do you like music?

I imagine you and Billy can make some aweet music when he has you by your long golden curls. Kiss me good by, Uncle, how do you like music?

I may our little friend and hope to be called your niece.

Now, Addie, to discuss your letter.

Now, Addie, to discuss your letter. First, let me tell you I am intensely interested in those two "dry good" houses in your burg. A house that will dry good, is a blessed business, for you have certainly got me all at sea. Toby sends a sweet kiss to Cissy, and I send a whole bushel to you. You're a dear little girl, but if you take my advice you'll quit ironing cooks, it is a dangerous business. Up here we put cooks under glass cases, and throw sugar at 'em; no irons for us.

A jolly Virginia cousin has typewritten us a cheery note, which I will now read for your three dry good or construction are used cheery note, which I will now read for your three dry good houses so they can be constructed in these dry good houses so they can be constructed. in those dry good houses, so they can be copied and erected in those states where the raintall is excessive. Please explain your methods of weather-proofing houses, and also tell me what you mean by coming with a subject and a sweet smile. I have heard of a South Sea Islander going to a reception dressed in a plug hat, and a clear conscience, but never knew of a ledy going around with a subject and a a lady going around with a subject and a smile. As regards a desert for Billy's lunch, Billy says he wouldn't eat a desert, it's too dry. He says a desert for dessert would make him desert the table and run for his life. Can't you find something more appetizing than an old sandy desert for Billy to chew?

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Comfort, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comfort's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinaling and relationship among all readers. It was prime(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Jerry, The Backwoods Boy

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how how how he was a knew hy him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how how how he was a knew hy him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Carke, as to his sity these about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard. Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together.

Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried, and unwilling to admit the years. Jerry Blue tannoys Mehitable. Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke thim, Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke bin. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke him. Jerry mist

CHAPTER XV.

LONG ARROW.

T the date of our story some of the Indian tribes still occupied lands in the heart of our present civilization. The stern destiny which year by year has thrust them farther away from the hunting grounds of their fathers was indeed taking shape. Already the forests had been felled, and the smoke of many a settlement rose through the clear air throughout the Eastern States, and even the eastern portion of New York had become too densely peopled for the aboriginal inhabitants. It seemed impossible for the two races to It seemed impossible for the two races to breathe the same air. But in the interior of the State the settlements were so few that remnants of the tribes yet lingered, reluctant to exchange the home whose varied and beautiful scenery had so recommended it for lands farther west, which were neither endeared to them by old association nor of so fair an outward aspect.

Among these remnants was a band of about

Among these remnants was a band of about fifty warriors who made their home near the beautiful lakes of which the Empire State is justly so proud. One of their villages was located about ten miles from the settlement that has thus far been the scene of our story.

A space had been cleared of trees to an extent of about two hundred yards square, and there, scattered irregularly about, stood the wigwams of the tribe. In all, the village numbered not far from two hundred and fifty inhabitants, including men, women and children.

habitants, including men, women and children.
Fortunately for the neighboring white settlement they had always been amicably disthement they had always been amicably dis-posed to the strange race who were gaining a foothold among them. Such at least was the general sentiment, although occasionally one, fiercer or gifted with greater foresight than the rest, contemplated with ill-concealed alarm and jealousy the onward sweep of European civilization.

The chief of this remnant of a tribe bore, as was usual among the Indians, a name founded upon his personal qualities. He was called Long Arrow, and the reader will of course conjecture without difficulty that the name was given in compliment to his reputa-tion as a skillful archer. This reputation, however, rather bore reference to the past than to the present, for the chief was no

longer young. He had one daughter, a maiden of sixteen, who, for grace and beauty, bore off the palm among all the maidens in the village. For this reason, as well as her rank as the only daughter of the leading man in the tribe, her hand was eagerly sought by more than one of the young men who surrounded her.

But the daughter of a chieftein way of a chieftein way out satisfaction, for she well knew that her favorite Okanoga was skilled in the use of the bow, and she fondly anticipated that he would win the prize.

CHAPTER XVI.

But the daughter of a chieftain was not to be lightly or easily won. Probably Waurega herself would readily have made her own choice, but her father was not only to be consulted, but expected to have the controlling voice in the matter. And Waurega being of a yielding disposition, and having a great reverence for her father, never dreamed of disposition.

a yielding disposition, and having a great reverence for her father, never dreamed of disputing his will.

Already he had had several applications from young men for his daughter's hand, but he had invariably answered that she was too young yet to marry. But he voluntarily promised that on Waurega's seventeenth birthday he should make the selection of his future son-in-law, and recommended them to

birthday he should make the selection of his future son-in-law, and recommended them to have patience until then.

To this advice the young men submitted with the better grace, perhaps, because each one, in the plenitude either of his vanity or his hope, fancied that his own chance of success was the best. But whether or not this should prove correct, the will of the chief was law and it was useless to think of thwarting. law, and it was useless to think of thwarting

it.

Waurega had too much of t' spir.t of her waurega had too much of t spirit of her sex not to have some choice in the matter. Though her filial subordinat n was such that she did not venture to mention the subject to her father, she earnestly hoped that his choice her father, she earnestly hoped that his choice would rest upon a certain young man who bore the name of Okanoga. Waurega's preference certainly did her credit, for there was not in the village a more shapely and handsome youth than he. He was an adept in all manly exercises, and had approved himself in all respects an honorable and high-minded young man, and had never been charged with a base or dishoporable action.

man, and had never been charged with a base or dishonorable action.

As Waurega's seventeenth birthday approached she could not avoid specul 'ing much and anxiously upon her father's probable choice. But upon this point she was left entirely to conjecture, since, with an Indian's habitual taciturnity, he did not choose to indicate his the disherence in the state of t

entirely to conjecture, since, with an Indian's habitual taciturnity, he did not choose to indicate by the slightest sign what that Jecision would be. But upon the evening preceding the eventful day he broke through his silence. He had sat for an hour at the door of his lodge smoking a pipe, with that imperturbable gravity which is characteristic of an Indian. Yet occasionally his glance would stray to his daughter, who was stirring about within the lodge, attending to some domestic duty. He took care, however, not to let his daughter see that she was an object of attention, for he cautiously withdrew his glance whenever he thought that she was likely to observe it.

At length, however, he removed the pipe, and called his daughter by name.

"V aurega!"

At the sound of her name, the maiden came instantly to her father's side, and looked anxiously in his face.

"Take your seat beside me, Waurega," said the chief: "I have something for your ear."

In a graceful attitude of childlike dependence and trust Waurega sank to the ground, and rested her hand upon the knee of the chief.

"Let my father speak," she said. "His

"Let my father speak," she said. "His words are as music to the ear of his chi ."
"Thou hast ever been a; od child, Waurega," said the chief, fondly stroking the luxuriant hair of his daughter.
"The heart of Waurega leaps for joy at these words from the great chief her father," said the maiden, while her face beamed with satisfaction at this unwonted commendat in from her stately and taciturn parent.
"The sight of thy face in my lodge has been very pleasing to me, and thy step has been like that of a young fawn, Waurega, but te time has come when thou must leave thy

father's lodge."

The young girl murmured inaudibly, and clung the closer to her parent's knees. She knew to what he referred and her heart beat faster. The next sentence, no doubt, would reveal the name of the husband whom her father had selected for her.

Would it be Okanoga? So she fervently honed.

Would it be change.

hoped.

"Seventeen times the corn has risen and the snows have fallen," said the chief, "since Waurega came to her father's lodge. She was a child then, small and weak, and her foot, now swift like the fawn's, had no power. But now she has grown into a maiden pleasant and fair as her mother was, and the young man have asked her father to give her to

and fair as her mother was, and the pleasant and fair as her mother was, and the young men have asked her father to give her to them as a wife."

The chief paused, but Waurega only nestled the closer to his side and still kept silence. "It is right that Waurega should wed," said the chief. "The Long Arrow is growing old. The young sapling has become an old tree, and the time shall come w. the warriors will need a new chief. It is right that Waurega shall wed and raise up a successor to tread in the steps of the Long Arrow, and take his place at the council-board."

"Now," thought the Indian maiden, "will my father speak the name of my husband. Oh, that it may be Okanoga!"

But again she was mistaken.

"Waurega must be the wife of one who is brave and skillful. One whom Long Arrow shall not be ashamed to acknowledge as his son."

The old chief went on to explain the plan of selection which he had adopted. It was characteristic, and showed that he had not forgotten his ancient skill with the bow.

In brief, he proposed to have a trial at archery, open to all the young men in the tribe, his daughter's hand being the guerdon of the victor. The trial was to take place at

When the sun was an hour high Long Arrow convoked a meeting of the young men of the tribe. There was not one that did not know the meaning of this summons, for this day had been anxiously looked forward to by

day had been anxiously looked forward to by more than one of them.

When all were assembled, and silence was obtained, the chief spoke.

"My children," he said, "I have called you together to choose a husband for my daughter. For seventeen summers she has grown up in the lodge of the Long Arrow, and now she is old enough to wed. Is there anyone among you that would be the husband of Waurega?"

"I! I!" shouted fifteen young men simultaneously.

taneously.

The chief slowly glanced from one to another, and then his eye rested with a tance of pride upon his daughter, who stood half screened from view behind him. Despite his grave appearance, he could not help feeling proud of such a tribute to the power of his daughter's attractions

proud of such a tribute to the power of his daughter's attractions.

"It is well," he said after a brief pause.

"There are many that would lead Waurega to their wigwam, but she can marry but one."

Again there was a pause, and the hearts of the young men beat now high with hope, now fast with suspense.

fast with suspense.
"I cannot give her to all," continued the chief. "I would give her to the best."

Again he paused, but after a brief silence continued, his figure swelling with conscious pride.

"You know, my children, that I am called the Long Arrow. When my form was as straight and my eye as sharp as yours, there was not a young man in the tribe who could speed his arrow farther or straighter to the mark than mine. Mary a time have I loosed the shaft and brought down the bird that was wrift, when the wine. swift upon the wing. Many a time has my arrow drank the heart's blood of the enemy. He that would win the daughter of Long Arrow must shoot the best arrow. I have gold " said

Of course it was understood that there was to be a trial of skill, and that the hand of Waurega was to be the guerdon of the victor.

Two hours were allowed for the preliminary preparations. The young contestants were anxious to see that their bows were in projer trim. They at once dispersed to their respective wigways and began to tighten the respective wigwams, and began to tighten the strings, and select their best arrows, so that the trial might be made under the most advantageous circumstances.

Some of them had but a faint hope of suc-

cess. They had been pitted against each other so many times that the particular degree of skill possessed by each was a matter

degree of skill possessed by each was a matter of general knowledge.

Yet none wholly despaired. Accidents may happen in the best-regulated families, and even the most skillful are liable to failure. There were two, however, who had hitherto be a considered for the palm of archery, and who stood much the best chance of victory.

The first of these was Okanoga, the favored lover of Waurega. He heard the chief's proposal with satisfaction, for he had well-grounded confidence in his own skill. Besides he had everything to stimulate him to unwonted effort. He had glanced at the face of Waurega, and he interpreted aright the shy glance of encouragement. She wished for his success, and he determined to leave nothing undone to secure it.

The other and only formidable rival of

undone to secure it.

The other and only formidable rival of Ok oga was the Indian introduced in the early part of this tale as Indian John, sometimes called Jack, who is destined to play quite an important part in our story. It will be remembered that he served as the guide of the lawyer when wandering bewildered in the woods. His position in the tribe was by no means so desirable as that of Okanoga. He had sunk into disgrace through his habits of intoxication, which had been steadily increasing upon him. His father, with stern sorrow, lamented the degradation of his son, and had often remonstrated with him, but to sorrow, lamented the degradation of his son, and had often remonstrated with him, but to no purpose. John had listened sullenly, and when his father ceased speaking would stray away by himself, and whenever by any means he obtained a sum of money, it invariably found its way into the till of Hill's Tavern.

Besides the passion for drink there was one

other to which John had yielded. In common other to which John had yielded. In common with the young men of the tribe he loved the chief's daughter. Till now he had loved her hopelessly, for his conduct and degradation were such that it would have been the wildest presumption for him to dream of an alliance with the pure-minded Waurega.

But now an opportunity was presented of

with the pure-minded Waurega.

But now an opportunity was presented of which he might take advantage. The competition was open to all, and by the terms no one was excluded. She was without reserve to become the wife of him who shot the best arrow. John well knew his own skill and was proud of it. The time had been when in virtue of it he held a position equal to that of his chief rival, Okanoga. For among the Indians skill and prowess universally command respect and regard. But this was before he had yielded to the haleful spirit which had he had yielded to the baleful spirit which had brought him down from his high estate. There were times when John became sensible of his fall, and formed the determination to abjure the tempting fiend which had caused it. But again asserted its claims, and again appetite he yielded.

But when the chief made the announcement which had created so great an excitement among the young men, a spark of the old fire kindled in the breast of John, and his step became prouder as he thought how great tribe, his daughter's hand being the guerdon of the victor. The trial was to take place at ten in the morning, and immediately upon the result being known the simple rites of the Indian marriage were to take place, and Waurega would at once assume the duties of a wife.

Waurega listened in silence, and not with-

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regarded him with ill-concealed contempt. But apart from this desirable change in the popu-

regarded him with ill-concealed contempt. But apart from this desirable change in the popular estimation of him, ne would win the prize which so many coveted. The beautiful Waurega, uaughter of the great chief, would then become his wife. He would lead her to his wigwam and henceforth become the envy of the tribe. Yes, he would try. He would do his best, and perhaps, nay, it was very possible that he would succeed.

The same thought had come to another. The father of John, though he had felt deeply the humiliation of his son, had not lost all confidence in him. When he came staggering home, his naturally good features wearing the besotted look of a drunkard, in all his indignation and sorrow he could not help recalling the time when John stood forth among the young men prominent for his skill and strength, and a feeling of pride in the past mingled with his mortification for the present. He, too, had not failed to recognize the importance of his son's seizing this moment to retrieve his well-nigh lost position and establish his reputation on its old foundation.

He waited for his son in the wigwam that they jointly occupied.

"Has my son heard the announcement of the chief?" he asked, fixing his eyes upon John.

"He has," was the brief reply.

John.
"He has," was the brief reply.
"And does not his heart warm to the daughter of Long Arrow, the beautiful Waurega, whose step is light upon the turf, and whose smile is like the sunshine?"
"Waurega is very fair. Happy will be he who shall win her to enter his w.gwam," replied the son

plied the son.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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N any ordinary country district each hive should bring a clear profit of two dollars a year, and their care consumes so little time, that they do not interfere with other work at all.

The vicious temper of the old-time black bee had much to do with people's neglect of this profitable industry. The Italian bee is, however, so much better as a honey-gatherer, that they are almost universally kept now, and are so gentle in disposition that even a nervous person can easily learn to manipulate them without fear of stings.

Another advantage in keeping bees is their

Another advantage in keeping bees is their real value in fertilizing blossoms. Many blossoms have to depend entirely on insects to carry their pollen, and no insect does this work so well as the busy bee. A good supply of bees in a district means a good crop of fruit

fruit.

Most of the modern hives are made on the Langstroth model, with movable frames, so that one make is as good as another.

A hive, with a full colony of bees and the queen, will cost nine dollars. An extra hive for the swarm, four dollars and thirty-five cents. If, however, you have already established on the old-fashioned plan, you need only get a couple of hives and a tested queen, which will cost about a dollar and a half.

The beginner's natural desire to increase

The beginner's natural desire to increase his apiary often leads him to think that every his apiary often leads him to think that every swarm is an advantage, which is a great mistake. The progressive bee-keeper tries, in every possible way, to discourage swarming, so as to keep the colonies strong; it being an established fact that three meager colonies will not gather half as much honey as one full complement.

One swarm early in the season from each

full complement.

One swarm early in the season from each hive will double your stock, and will not materially interfere with the storing of honey. If you purchase a hive, colony and queen, early in the spring, a swarm is likely to issue about May. Usually the excited condition of the bees will indicate when this is about to take place. If they were bought from a practical bee-keeper, you will have little trouble, because the queen will have had one wing cut, which prevents her flying; so when the swarm issues from the hive, she will be found on the ground near the hive, with a group of bees around her, and the principal

be found on the ground near the hive, with a group of bees around her, and the principal swarm not very far away.

Approach very quietly, and place a small ware trap over the queen. The traps are sold by all the bee supply firms, and cost, I think, twenty-five cents. Place the trap in the opening of the hive you desire the swarm to occupy, cautiously approach the full swarm and with a soft broom swap the bees into and, with a soft broom, sweep the bees into the hive, if the position they occupy makes it possible. possible. If not, use a box or pan, and carry them to the hive, and empty them in front. They will soon commence to occupy the new home. The slide of the queen trap can be opened, and the bees inside will settle down

Should the queen not have been clipped, the swarm may all go up into a tall tree, or even travel some distance and be lost, unless someone is watching. For this reason it is well to have the hives located where they are easily seen from the house, and make a rule to have a close inspection once or twice a

easily seen from the house, and make a rule to have a close inspection once or twice a day, during the spring.

You may wonder that I have said nothing about stings during this hiving process. The truth is that, before leaving the old home, all the bees that are going out with the queen load themselves with so much honey, to insure food for themselves and the royal mother, as well as propolis—a sort of gummy varnish, which they use to stop cracks, and cover rough surfaces—that they are rarely able to sting. If, however, you are nervous, you can subject the main bunch to a few whiffs of smoke. A queen never uses her lance except on a rival queen.

This condition, of course, does not obtain at other times; so before such work as replacing sections or foundations, the smoker, a bellows-like arrangement, must be lighted. When burning freely, blow a few whiffs into the entrance, and about the corners of the hive. This stupefies the bees, and renders manipulation of them and an invasion of them and an invasion of

hive. This stupefies the bees, and renders manipulation of them, and an invasion of their domain, comparatively safe. However, it is always wise to wear a veil made of mos-quito netting to fit on the hat and hang well down. Gloves can also be worn. The Italian bee is the best to keep—a gentle little creature, once familiar with, the gloves will soon

After the abdicating queen and her followers have left the old hive, there remain some few thousands of imperfectly developed fewers have been appeared to the same of the sam new thousands of imperiectly developed fe-males of mature age, called workers, a few hundred males called drones, a few thousand young workers, and many thousands of eggs, each reposing in its own particular cell. The most perfect system of government prevails in the hive, each individual insect having allotted duties, which are apparently intuitively understood, accepted, and conscientiously performed, in unerring routine, from the hour

When the baby breaks from its cell, it walks out into the busy world of the hive, and, after a few hours, dips into an unsealed cell of honey, and sips its first meal; not, however, to be selfishly consumed by its own walks out into the busy world of the hive, and, after a few hours, dips into an unsealed cell of honey, and sips its first meal; not, however, to be selfishly consumed by its own body, for the larger portion of this honey is secreted, and, after a little while, is conserved into a predigested, milky food, the quality of which this wonderful little nurse has the power of regulating, as it wanders from cell to cell, feeding the one to sevendays-old larva. Occupants of royal cells re-

ceive the most carefully digested food; next in quality come the workers; last the drones.

At the end of six days, the cells are capped over, by workers, with a paper-like surface, and the well-fed, worm-like occupants left for eleven or twelve days, during which time they develop shape and strength to gnaw their way out. After the six or seven days of nursing, come six or seven days of building combs, and cleaning the hives; and then, being strong enough, the worker begins the arduous work of foraging.

of foraging.

The first young queen to issue from her cell, after the old queen's abdication, becomes the reigning sovereign, maintaining her right by might, tearing down all queens' cells, and killing any princesses who are making their entrance into existence. For about a week she marches around, monarch of all she surveys, exempt from all toil or duty. Then she issue to the property of the pr veys, exempt from all toil or duty. Then she issues from the hive, takes a few circles about, then returns. Probably on the same, or day following, she will take what is called the "nuptial flight", meet some drone in midair, and return some hours later, to become sole mother of the hive, and be so treasured by the colony that they feed her on royal jelly all her life, and tend her with the most zealous care. During every twenty-four hours of a good season, when pollen is plentiful, a queen lays from two thousand five hundred, to four thousand eggs.

Within a week or two after a virgin queen

Within a week or two after a virgin queen has taken her nuptial flight, the hive should be opened and the frames removed, one by one, and examined until the queen is found. She can be distinguished from the others by the length of body, and the way the other bees cluster around her. Pick her up very gently by the back, being careful not to squeeze her abdomen, and, with a pair of sharp sc' sors, clip both wings on each side of her body. This insures a short flight at swarming-time.

The drones, as the name implies, do not even earn their own living, being ruthlessly killed at the first approach of scarcity.

Bee culture is an interesting occupation, and well worth attempting.

Correspondence

I. E. O.—Being so far from a depot, I think your best course would be to keep hens for egg production. Pack and ship to a city market, as prices within your vicinity are hardly worth catering to. As you can raise most of your own feed, sow wheat and oats, and raise clover hay and very little corn, which will give you a well-balanced ration for the climate you live in.

S. D.—I think, as you take Comport regularly, you have only to look in some of the back numbers to find instruction for rearing young turkeys. I am sorry that it is quite impossible to answer by mail.

J. F. J.—At the request of several of our correspondents, I have been trying to find people who have Buff Orpington ducks, or eggs, for sale, and though I have corresponded with several people keeping them, all have imported stock, and have not yet bred sufficient to care to sell, as this is an entirely new breed, and only lately introduced into the country.

F. B.—Give your birds more animal meat, plenty of clover hay, and wheat. Stop corn in the quantities you have been feeding it.

W. F. is anxious to have instructions for incubation, and asks why chickens die in . e shells after pipping.

A.—The eggs have either been laid by debilitated stock, or there have not been enough males with the hens, or the trouble may arise through fault in running the incubator. Refer to the last two months, which have given instructions for incubating and brooding.

for incubating and brooding.

V. J. G.—Do you think there is money in the poultry business, if one has a liking for it?

(2 How do you pull feathers from geese and duck. (3) Where, and at what time of the year, do you sell them?

A.—Yes, there is money in the poultry business for those who are energetic, and are interested in the work. (2) It is hardly worth while plucking ducks and geese while alive, at the present time, as feathers do not bring what they did; but all feathers should be kept when killing young stock for market, the plucking being done whilst the animal heat is still in the body. (3) May and June are good months for selling young ducks. Thanksgiving and Christmas are two great markets for both ducks and geese.

A. K.—I have turkeys with windbladder. One

A. K.—I have turkeys with windbladder. One has it on the chest, the other on the wing. What can I do for them?

A.—Air puff, or emphysema, arises from an injury to the lungs, caused by a fall, or sometimes feeding. As the injury to the lung heals, the air puff will disappear. You can relieve the bird, and hasten recovery, by pricking the blister with a needle, to allow the air to escape.

A. H.—Your birds are too fat. If possible, give them free range, and feed only at night, quite a light meal of hulled oats, or wheat.

P. N. E.—When is the best time to market.

N. F .- When is the best time to market

A.—Young ducks sell well in May and June. Full grown are better kept for Christmas.

L. M.—Which is the best make of roofing paper, with which to cover chicken-houses? And how many hens will a house twelve by twenty-five keep well for the winter?

A.—We have used both makes of roofing paper, and found them equally satisfactory. If the whole space is given to the fowls, without any passageway, about forty birds.

any passageway, about forty birds.

F. B.—Is a house seventeen by eleven large enough for twenty-two hens? (2) I got two hundred and ten eggs in February. Will a sixty incubator be the right size, or would you get a larger one? (3) Where is the best place to put it? It could go in a bedroom upstairs, or in the cellar, which is large, dry and well lighted. (4) Would it be better to have an incubator and brooder combined, or separate? Which is better, indoors or out? (5) Do you think Minorcas are as profitable as Plymouth Rocks?

A.—Yes, if your birds have a large yard or free range, and the house is kept very clean. (2) I think an incubator which holds about one hundred and twenty would be the most serviceable. (3) A well-ventilated cellar would be the better place to stand it in. (4) Decidedly, get two separate machines. I like outdoor brooders, for then you can use them in a room early in the season, and stand them outside as the hatch get settled. (5) No, I do not, especially when young chickens for market are desired.

W. H. F. desires to know which is the best

W. H. F. desires to know which is the best breed of hens for eggs, and young chickens for killing, and if a sixty-egg incubator would be advisable for family use. Has three young roosters, three months old. Would they caponize and brood chicks this season? How can they be made to stay in the nest and take the chicks?

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

One year-one year-one little year, And so much gone! And yet the even flow of life Moves calmly on.

One year—one year—one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

My Drars:

Was there ever a paper published that takes so much pains, and trouble with-its different departments? I know of many that, pray, for and bless Comport for bringing them help, light, and sunshine, in so many ways. Now then put on your specs, and read the following:

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God bless that generous soul, and all this is because I have written them cheering letters, and buoyed them up a bit, and mark this, it has all come about through our own, dear Comport. This magazine is doing untold good, bringing happiness, pleasure, assistance, health and wealth to many of its readers.

Mrs. Alice Geiger, Libby, Moat, writes me: "I live on a homestead, alone most of the time. You cannot know what a blessing Comport and all the cheerful letters are to me, so far from civilization. This is a mountainous, well-timbered district and well-watered. Perhaps if we walk along cautiously we can see some deer, it is interesting to watch them unseen, then make a slight noise and see them go bounding gracefully away, other animals are seen occasionally, but they are harmless. Do come out and see some of the wonderful things in Montana. Have you any bachelor girl in Massachusetts? We have quantities othsachelor men that need helpmates and companions.

Do you know that silk handkerchiefs make the most beautiful waists? It takes, five, thirty-two inches square each. Anyone, with ingenuity can make them, the front suggests as surplice or V. I have not space here to give directions but will send to anyone inclosing stamps.

H. J. Wall. Have you ever tried olive oil for sciatica, using it as a liniment?

Miss M J. A. D. (MRS. VAN DYKE), Orange, R. F. D., 1, Mass.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

Dandelion Wine

One gallon dandelion blossoms picked when the One gallon dandelion blossoms picked when the sun is shining. Put in stone crock; pour over them one gallon of boiling water. Let stand in a cool place for three days; then put in a porcelainlined kettle, with the rind of three oranges and one lemon cut up fine. Boil fifteen minutes, strain, add three pounds of sugar and the pulp and juice of the oranges and lemons. When lukewarm add half a Flieschman's yeast cake. Stand one week in a warm place. Strain again, let stand until it stops working, then bottle. working, then bottle.

Rhubarb Wine

Rhubarb Wine

One hundred pounds will make four gallons. One gallon of water, ten pounds of sugar. Mash and pound rhubarb to pulp, add angar and water and let stand thirty days, strain and bottle.

Another way of making the Rhubard Wine. Allow one quart each of water, sugar, and fruit, mash all together let stand, stirring every day. When fermentation ceases. Strain and bottle.

J. A. D., (Mass. Van Dyke).

Frosted Creams

One cup of sugar, one cup of shortening butter or part lard, one cup of molasses, one fourth cup of buttermilk, one egg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and ginger each, two teaspoonfuls of soda in one tablespoonful of vinegar, flour to make soft dough, roll out one half inch thick, and cut into squares, and bake. Frost with pulverized sugar stirred up with either hot or cold water until thick enough to spread, flavor frosting if you like.

Has anyone a recipe for roll jelly cake that is tried and true?

MRS. H. MUELLER, BOX 143, Tilden, Neb.

Tomato Soup

One quart of soup stock, and one quart of water, and one quart of tomatoes. Boil half an hour, strain the liquor and mash the tomatoes through a sieve, pour back into kettle, and add three stalks of celery, one small onion, and one or two whole cloves. Boil one hour. One tablespoonful of tapioca may be added, or rice same quantity if desired. EDELIA CLOWES, Thief River Falls, Minn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Cure for Liquor and Tobacco.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add. with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Soc'y, 78 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo





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By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Edna Eral witnesses a ducl, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Auron Hunt, Edna's hope, where he is showing a victous hore. The context impatient at the delay, curses her grandfather. Auron Hund, dead and the works Edna retains a vague more than dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague of the train at Chattanoga. Night comes on and ashe is swakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is dead to the train at Chattanoga. Night comes on and ashe is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is dead of the train at Chattanoga. Night comes on and ashe is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is dead of the dead of t

CHAPTER XXXII. (CONTINUED.)

Y DARLING: Will you not permit me to see you before you leave the parsonage? Know ing the peculiar circumstance that brought you back, I cannot take advantage of them and ing the peculiar circumstances that brought you back, I cannot take advantage of them and thrust myself into your presence without your consent. I have left home today, because I felt assured that, much as you might desire to see 'Le Bocage,' you would never come here while there was a possibility of meeting me. You, who know something of my wayward, sinful, impatient temperature, and told that your health is wrecked, that you are in the next room and yet, and it is not see you—my own Edna! Do you wonder that I almost grow desperate at the thought that only a wall—a door—separates me from you, whom I love better than my life? Oh, my darling! Allow me on more interview! Do not make my punishment heavier than I can bear. It is hard—it is bitter enough to know that you cannot, or will not trust me; at least let me see your dear face again. Grant me one hour—it may be the last we shall ever spend together in this world.

"Your own, St. Elmo."

"Ah, my God! pity me! Why—oh! why is it that I am tantalized with glimpses of a great joy never to be mine in this life! Why, in struggling to do my duty, am I brought continually to the very gate of the only Eden I am ever to find in this world, and yet can never surprise the watching Angel of Wrath, and have to stand shivering outside, and see my Eden only by the fashing of the sword that bars my entrance?"

Looking at the handwriting so different from any other which she had ever examined, her thoughts were irresistibly carried back to that morning when, at the shop, she saw this hand-writing for the first time on the blank leaf of the Dante; and she recalled the shuddering aversion with which her grandfather had glanced at it, and advised her to commit it to the flames of the forge.

and advised her to committee forge.

How many such notes as this had been penned to Annie and Gertrude, and to that wretched woman shut up in an Italian convent, and to others of whose names she was ignorant?

Mrs. Murray opened the door looked in, and said:

to Annie and Gertrude, and to that wretched woman shut up in an Italian convent, and to others of whose names she was ignorant?

Mrs. Murray opened the door looked in, and said:

Come, I want to show you something really beautiful."

Edna put the note in her pocket, took the beoutiful."

Edna put the note in her pocket, took the bouquet, and followed her friend downstairs, through the rotunda, to the door of Mr. Murray's sitting-room.

"My son locked this door and carried the key with him; but after some search. I have found another that will open it. Come in, Edna. Now look at that large painting hanging over the sarcophagus. It is a copy of Titian's 'Christ Crowned with Thorns,' the original of which is in a Milan church, I believe. While St. Elmo was last abroad, he was in Genoa one afternoon when a boat was capsized. Being a fine swimmer, he sprang into the water where several persons were struggling, and saved the lives of two little children of an English gentleman, who had his hands quite full in rescuing his wife. Two of the party were drowned, but the father was so grateful to my son that he has written him several letters, and last year he sent him this picture, which, though of course much smaller than the original, is considered a very fine copy. I begged to have it hung in the parlor, but fearing, I suppose, that its history might possibly be discovered (you know how he despises anything like a parade of good deeds), St. Elmo insisted on bringing it here to this Egyptian Museum, where, unfortunately, people cannot see it."

For some time they stood admiring it, and then Edna's eyes wandered away to the Taj Mahal, to the cabinets and book-cases. Her lip began to quiver as every article of furniture babled of the By-Gone—of the happy evenings spent here—of that hour when the idea of authorship first seized her mind and determined her future.

Mrs. Murray wasked up to the arch, ower which the curtains fell touching the floor, and laying her hand on the folds of silk, said hesitatingly:

"I am going to

"Memory makes her influence known By sighs, and tears, and grief alone. I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral

song! She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost. Of fair occasions gone forever by;
Of sair occasions gone forever by;
Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die;
For what, except the instinctive fear
Lest she survive, detains me here,
When all the 'Life of Life' is fied?"

The lonely woman looked upward, appealingly, and there upon the wall she met—not as formerly, the gleaming, augurous, inexorable eyes of the Cimbrian Prophetess—but the pitying God's gaze of Titian's Jesus.

When Mrs. Murray returned to the room, Edna sat as still as one of the mummics in the sarcophagus, with her head thrown back, and the long, black eyelashes sweeping her colorless chooks

the long, black eyerasico and proceeds.

One hand was pressed over her heart, the other held a note directed to St. Elmo Murray; and the cold, fixed features were so like those of an Angel of Death sometimes sculptured on cenotaphs, that Mrs. Murray uttered a cry of alarm.

cenotaphs, that Mrs. Murray uttered a cry of alarm.

As she bent over her, Edna opened her arms ans said in a feeble, spent tone:

"Take me back to the parsonage. I ought not to have come here; I might have known I was not strong enough."

"You have had one of those attacks. Why did you not call me? I will bring you some wine."

"No: only let me co away as soon as possible."

wine."
"No; only let me go away as soon as possible.
Oh! I am ashamed of my weakness."
She rose, and her pale lips writhed as her sad eyes wandered in a farewell glance around the room.
She put the unscaled note in Mrs. Murray's hand, and turned toward the door.
"Edna! My daughter! you have not refused St. Elmo's request?"
"My mother! Pity me I could not grant it."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

was a last anomed, he was in Grone one atternoors of the propage into the years where years are very series where the propage in the years where years are very series where the history of one man who had he hands quife foul in rescules the history of the hands out of years and him this printer, which, though of conses much the him this printer, which, though of conses much the him this printer, which, though of conses much the him this printer, which though of conses where the him the printer, is an appeared of good deed, deeples anything like a parade of good deed, deeples anything like a parade of good deed, good seed, the three parades of good deed, and then Bohn's crew anadeed wars, to the July of the printer of the printer of the happy versions. The printer of the happy versions and then Bohn's crew anadeed wars, to the July of the printer of the printer of the happy versions and the printer of the happy versions. The printer of the happy versions and the printer of the happy versions and the printer of the happy versions. The printer of the happy versions and the printer of the happy versions and the printer of the happy versions. The printer of the happy versions and the printer of the happy versions and the printer of the happy versions. The printer of the happy versions and the printer of the happy versions and the printer of the happy versions. The printer of the happy versions and the printer of the happ

"I will go away at once. This is Saturday, and I will start to New York early Monday morning. Mr. Leigh is weaker than I ever The outline of her mouth bear.

imagined he could be."

The outline of her mouth hardened, and into her eyes crept an expression of scorn, that very rarely found a harbor there.

"Yes, my dear; although it grieves me to part with you, I know it is best that you should not be here, at least for the present. Agnes is visiting friends at the North and when she returns, Gordon and Gertrude will remove to their new house. Then, Edna, if I feel that I need you, if I write for you, will you not come back to me? Dear child, I want your face to be the last I look upon in this world."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"Is not the arrow of John as true as that of any of the young men?" said his father persuasively.
"Does he not recall his ancient fame? Will

"Does he not recall his ancient fame? Will he not strive with the young men, that perchance he may win the prize of victory? Then will the young men cease to deride him because he has given himself up to the power of the strong fire water of the English, that has so often mocked him, and made him appear like a silly woman. Will he not turn away from it, and take the place that is his?" "My father has spoken well," said John gravely. "I have been foolish, but now I will be wise. My arrow shall fly to the mark with those of the young men."

be wise. My arrow shall my to the those of the young men."
"It is good," said the delighted parent, who had feared that his love for drink had so far blunted the ambition of his son that he would find it difficult to lead him to his wish. "It is mad. My son shall conquer. When the sun Waynega to his good. My son shall conquer. When the sun sets he shall lead the fair Waurega to his wigwam."

Cheered by this confident anticipation of his success, John sought out his bow and arrows, and examined them closely to make sure that they were in a proper state to use in so important a trial.

CHAPTER XVII.

INDIAN JOHN'S DOWNFALL.

Unfortunately for Indian John's chances of success, a strong temptation presented itself to him while he was engaged in preparing for the trial of skill now so near at hand.

This temptation assumed a form the most difficult for one of his nature to resist.

The day previous he had succeeded in obtaining a little money for a service rendered to one of the whites, and had as a matter of course gone to the tavern to invest in liquor. Usually he was unprovided with more than would buy what he could drink at once, but on this occasion he was better supplied. He accordingly purchased a bottleful, which he brought home with him. This bottle he had laid away, so that it might not meet the eye of his father. But as he was preparing for the trial, as luck would have it, the thought of this bottle, the contents of which were not more than half exhausted, came to him, and with it the pangs of thirst assailed him. with it the pangs of thirst assailed him. Should he stop a moment and quench his

thirst?
Under ordinary circumstances he would have done so, but the thought that he needed a clear head and a steady hand restrained him for a moment. He knew that at his best Okanoga would be a formfdable rival, who would not allow him to win the victory without a struggle. Should he be so imprudent

out a struggle. Should he be so imprudent as to endanger his aim by drinking, his rival's chances would be very greatly increased.

This was enough to make him pause. The thought of the magnitude of the stake for which he was playing, the attractive prize, and the restoration to respectability migut well lead him to struggle with his craving appetite.

well lead him to struggle with his craying appetite.

At any rate he was resolved to try it, and accordingly laid down his bow and arrows, and made his way to the hiding-place where he had laid the bottle.

It proved to be more than half-full. John's eyes sparkled as he held it up to the light, and from that moment he resigned himself without a struggle to the power of his enslaver. Then, overcome by the strength of his potations, he sank down in a stupor with the bottle by his side.

from that moment he resigned himself without a struggle to the power of his englaged and the structure of the power of his englaged to the power of his englaged in testing their between standard the buildings. Around there was a belt of land, a part of which was devoted to the limited agricultural purposes for which the Indian was known. On one side, the trial in archery was to take place.

Of course so important an event made agreet stir in the little settlement. In an Indian village, even more than 'in a small low England town, something of private interest becomes from their living so much in common. Of course, therefore, such an occurrence as a trial which should decide to whom the chief's daughter should be given was no ordinary one. Half an hour before the time form the spot where it was understood that it would take place. All the village was collected except the young braves who were to contend for the prize. They were builty engaged in testing their bows, and fitting them arrived, the people was no ordinary one. Half an hour before the time and the spot where it was understood that it would take place. All the village was collected except the young braves who were to gaged in testing their bows, and fitting them that the place has been been decided as the chief, whose dignity, as well as his own interest in the result, made it only proper that he should remain away. Last, but not least, Waurega herself, the fair subject of momentous time. An hour would decide no momentous time. An hour would decide a well-grounded hope that Okanoga would prove successful, but this was not certain. His bown might break, his arrow might be too light or importance of the contest might act unfavorable was a propeleusions on this score. There was not one of the contest might act unfavorable was a propeleusions on this score. There was not one of the contest might act unfavorable was a propeleusions on this sco

for his success, and of this he was already

But the minutes were flying, and the limited time allowed to the contestants for preparation had nearly passed. As Waurega sat with down-cast eyes, her mind given up to anxious speculations upon the uncertainties of her position, suddenly her father presented himself.

He was dressed in the style which he was wont to adopt on occasions of importance, and was resolved that no effort should be spared on his part to impart dignity and impressiveness to the approaching spectacle.

"Is my daughter ready to go forth and see the young men strive which shall lead her to

"Is my daughter ready to go forth and see the young men strive which shall lead her to his wigwam?"

"Need Waurega go?" asked the maiden with an appealing glance. She felt that she would prefer to remain by herself until the issue was decided, and thus be spared the anxiety of watching the varying success of the different claimants for her hand. But this was evidently no part of her father's intention. He considered that it would not be in consonance with the proprieties of the occasion, and it is a mistake to think that the Indians, and others whom we are wont to consider more unconventional than ourselves, are really less wedded to the conventions which prevail among them than ourselves.

To Waurega's appeal, therefore, the chief answered by intimating, in a manner which could not be mistaken, that it was not only his desire, but his will that she should be present on the occasion.

Trained up to habits of implicit obedience, Waurega never thought of questioning this decision of her father's, but at once proceeded to array herself for the occasion. And here, as was not unnatural under the circumstances, a little of that admiration for finery, and a desire to appear as well as possible in the eyes of her rustic admirers, led Waurega to array

desire to appear as well as possible in the eyes of her rustic admirers, led Waurega to array herself in her best attire. She knew that she would be a general center of obse. ation to all who were present, and she reflected with

would be a general center of obse. ation to all who were present, and she reflected with not a little complacency how much envy she would excite in the bosoms of some maidens in the tribe who felt themselves fortunate if they could secure but a single lover.

Waurega's dress would not perhaps have excited much complacency in a belle of the present day. She had at some time become the possessor of a piece of bright red calico, obtained from the English setlement near by, which she had fashioned into a garment to suit her own taste. Around her neck she wore two separate strings of beads of different colors. Of these she was not a little proud, viewing them in the same light as a fashionable lady would her diamonds. Other parts of her attire must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is enough to say that when she presented herself to her father, and professed herself ready to go forth, he viewed her with a critical look which s bsided into a glance of approbation. Moreove, the thought which she had expended upon her dress had superseded for a time the more anxious thought which the occasion was calculated to inspire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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There, that's a big list, and a big opportunity for you to do some real noble, unselfish work. May Providence direct and bless your efforts is the fervent hope and prayer of

the fervent hope and prayer of Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

STUB ENDS OF INFORMATION

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Out of about 30,000 employes in the Panama Canal zone, 4,000 are Americans. Japan has 4,693 miles of railway, 1,461 of which are owned by the government.

The Sultan of Turkey has sanctioned the building of an electric trolley line in Syria,

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Mrs. E. N.—We are of the opinion that under the laws

the various witnesses on both sides.

Mrs. E. N.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State you mention, if a man dies leaving no will, and if he leaves a wife but no children, or issue of deceased children, his estate both real and personal, after the payment of his debts, would go one half to his widow and the other half to his father and mother or brothers or sisters, unless it amounts in all to less than fifteen hundred dollars, in which event the Court has power to make further provisions for the widow. (2) The property you mention is all personal property. (3) We think the mortgage, you say your husband has given, is a lien upon the land it covers, and your husband's estate would only realize the equity or difference between the value or selling price of the land and the amount it is mortgaged for.

W. F. B.—We think you should renew your action against the receiver of the Company. If you can substantiate upon the trial the facts you state to us, we think you should get judgment. Whether your judgment would be of any value or not would depend upon whether the Company has assets enough to liquidate its indebtedness.

indeptedness.

A. G.—We know of no way for you to enforce the payment of your claim against your brother, without its being made public. We think, if your brother refuses to pay you momey he owes you, that you should not hesitate to sue him, and compel him to pay it. We have no sympathy for a man who withholds from his sister her property, unless he has some good reason for doing so.

property, unless he has some good reason for doing so.

C. L.—We are of the opinion, that B. would, upon the death of her husband, have dower in the real estate owned by her husband at the time of the marriage or, acquired thereafter, but not in the land he disposed of before marriage. We do not think it absolutely necessary that the deed be recorded, but we do think it would be much better to have it recorded, in order to shut off any question as to the fact as to whether the transfer was bona fide, or simply held by the children, as his trustees, with the intention of barring his widow from her dower.

M. M. S.—We are of the opinion that, if you yountarily

M. M. S.—We are of the opinion that, if you voluntarily turned your property over to your husband, there is no way for you to recover it. (2) We think your son is entitled to pay for his services for the time not barred by the Statute of limitations, unless he has in some way waived his claim.

Mrs. R. W.—We are of the opinion that the note you mention is collectible, provided, of course, the man, whom you say signed the note, has property sufficient to pay the same, and provided the Statute of limitations has not been against it.

mos been against it.

Mrs. M. E. M.—We are of the opinion that the deeds you mention would be valid as against the grantor, if not recorded; to be walid against any subsequent holder of a deed to the same property; the first deed should be recorded within forty-five days after its execution, and the second deed at once. You can either take the deeds to the County Clerk, or other recording officer, of the County in the State where the property is situated, and have the same recorded upon paying the recording fee, or send them by mail (registered mail would be better), or express, together with the recording fee, and have them recorded. You should enclose a postpaid envelope addressed to yourself, and ask them to return the deed, after recording, to you. If you do not know the amount of recording fees, send the deed with a request for the amount, and send that afterward. The fees vary in amount in different places, but rarely exceed \$2 or \$3, unless the deed is a very long one. amount in different places, but r less the deed is a very long one.

less the deed is a very long one.

J. L. M.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion, that ten years' peaceable possession of real estate, cultivating, using and enjoying the same, and paying taxes thereon, would give to the possessor full title to one hundred and sixty acrea, and all beyond which he had in actual possession. Whether you can establish title to the land you mention in this manner, depends entirely upon your proof and questions of fact. Possibly the taxes against it have been assessed with the other property you own, and you may have paid the taxes. If the taxes have not been paid, the only way for you to get title for the payment of the taxes would be through a tax sale of the land. If your statements to us are in all respects correct, we think, that your record title to the property is defective, and that your only chance to hold the property is by proving title by adverse possession in the manner above stated. Upon your statements to us, we think the title to the land is in the heirs at law or devisees of the man who first divided it.

Mrs. C. M. E.—If your husband's mental condition is

Mrs. C. M. E.—If your husband's mental condition is such that the Courts would refuse to appoint a committee or trustee to take care of his property, and if the property you mention belongs to him alone, we do not think there is any legal way for you to compel him to repair the property unless he consents to it.

pair the property unless he consents to it.

Mrs. G. F. M.—The fact that under the laws of the State you mention, in case the couple you mention had been married prior to April 20, 1877, the property of the husband would pass differently upon his death, than in cases where the marriage had been performed since that time, does not extend to births of either party prior to that time. You state that the couple you mention were married in 1900. Therefore, upon the death of the husband eaving no will, his property would pass as stated in our former communication to you, which applied to cases where the marriage was entered into since April 20, 1877, and the fact that one of them was born before that time has no bearing on the dease.

C. R.—We are of the opinion that the word "issue" used in the manner you describe, means "child or children of your own body". (2) We do not think you can be part of your own body". (2) We do not think you can be part of your own body". (2) We do not think you can be part of the property wing bear of the prior of your own body". (2) We do not think you can be part of the property wing bear of the prior of your own body". (2) We do not think you can be prior to the property wing bear of the property wing bear of the prior to the property wing bear of the property wing bear

convey good title to the property you mention, as you do not own it; you simply have a life estate in it. A. J. S.—Please send the question to which you desire an answer.

Mrs. W. J. B.—Communicate with the bureau of license in the County or State in which you reside.

B. J. B.—We are of the opinion that the information given by a patient to his physician, in a professional capacity, is confidential and privileged, and the physician cannot be compelled to testify in regard to it in a legal proceeding, unless his patient waives his privilege. A. H. H.—Communicate with the Bureau of free lands Washington, D. C.

A. H. H.—Communicate with the Bureau of free lands, Washington, D. C.

L. L.—Under the laws of the State you mention, and upon the statements made by you to us, we are of the opinion that (1) if, at the time of your father's death he leaves no widow and no other children except the three you mention, and in case he leaves no will, his estate both real and personal would be divided in equal shares among your children, that is, of course, after his debts are paid; if he marries again and leaves a widow, she would be entitled to one third, and the balance would be divided among the children in equal shares, so any child that might be born to him by another marriage would share equally with you three. None of you have any ittle to any of his property until his death, when the real estate descends by operation of law, and the personal property should be administered by an administrator appointed by the Court. You, as the oldest son, would probably be appointed, if you made application. (2) If at the time of your father's death he leaves a will, of course his property would be distributed in any legal manner he directed in his will, and the executor, named therein, would have the distribution of it. It would be possible for him to cut any of his children out of a share in his estate by will, if he should so desire. So you see, it is to your own and your anser's interests not to get his displeasure any more than you can possibly help, as he might cut you all out of any share in his estate by his will. (3) We think the Statute of limitations runs against debts or unwritten contracts, in your State, within five years, (4) Your father can sell his farm without the consent of you children. (5) Bank deposits, notes and mortgages are personal property. (6) Taking rail-road ties in the manner you state would be criminally punished for getting drunk and sleeping in his own barn while in that condition.

Nebraska Lassie.—Upon the death of your husband, you will be entitled to dower in his real estate, and he

while in that condition.

Nebraska Lassie.—Upon the death of your husband, you will be entitled to dower in his real estate, and he cannot convey good title to it without your signature on the deed to release your incifeate right of dower. You have no other interest in his property during his lifetime, except that you can compel him to support you. Your children by a former marriage have no interest in his property, nor will they have in his estate, unless he provides for them by will, or legally adopts them. You have no recourse for his crossness unless it amounts to cruelty. We do not doubt that he, himself, regrets being so much older than you.

M. S.— Under the laws of the State you mention we

older than you.

M. S.— Under the laws of the State you mention, we think, upon the death of a man leaving no children, his real estate would descend to his widow, if he leaves one, but, in case he should leave no child or children, or any widow, then his parents or the survivor of them would get the property. In case there is a widow she is preferred to the parent, just as children are preferred to the widow, except that the widow has dower in any event.

Mrs. M. R. M.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that, if the title to the property you mention was in the first wife of your husband, he does not own the property but simply has an estate by curtesy in the land (the use of it for his life), and the property belongs, subject to his interest, to the children of his first wife. You and your children have no interest in the property, nor will you have upon his death, as his interest in it dies with him.

Mrs. P. H. T.— Under the laws of the State—

with him.

Mrs. P. H. T.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that, if A. left no parent, his estate would have descended in equal shares to his brothers and sisters of the whole blood, and that the brothers and sisters of the half blood are excluded. (2) The sister of the whole blood who took possession, had no preference over the other brothers and sisters of the above blood, and they should enforce their right against her estate. (3) The limitation by statute, we think, runs in fifteen years, but it is very hard to establish.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Correspondents Wanted

Mr. Grover C. Honeycut, Admar, Va. Miss Barry Neville General Delivery, Greeley, Colo. Miss Sadie R. Salstorm, Orleans, Humboldt Co., Oal. Miss Iva King, Lexington, R. F. D., 1, Tenn., May 25, 1907.

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The Great Chicago Mystery

The Man With Many Aliases

By Rosser W. Cobbe Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Orit Truman and his assistant, Ralph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the Chief of Police, to assist in suppressing crime. The leader is variously described, and one asserts he has a harelip. The well-trained minds recall the recapture of "The Man with Many Aliases," Jim Hollis, Jim Holmes, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, and which, when healed, might pass for a harelip. "How is our work?" asks Crit. There are several cases in our line. There's a missing girl and a jewelry robbery on Fifth Ave., but they can be left for a few days. Truman tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathie Mandeville, confides to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage to her. Sylvia still loves her husband. Custer Quex is engaged to Sylvia. While Crit and Ralph are on the way to Chicago, the former has a telegram. "Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon, a month previous. As they emerge from City Hall they are joined by Peter, who is waiting. He tells Truman, Jim Hollis swears if he gets free he'll never let you take him alive. The chief tells Truman of a crook, Christie Ferris, who has three or four names, although only twenty, who is in for "dipping." Truman "sweats" him and asks him, "Do you want to know who it was got you in here this last time?"

It's Jim Hollis. Christie will get even with him. Crit wants Christie to locate Jim Hollis. Ralph and Peter enter a saloon. Ralph recognizes Percy Mandeville. His companions are known as "Fake" Pete and "Snowfiake" Mike. Ralph and Peter strike a clue.

Custer Quex refuses to credit the rumor concerning Sylvia Lyster's disappearance with Percy Mandeville. Kathle Mandeville

Custer Quex refuses to credit the rumor concerning Sylvia Lyster's disappearance with Percy Mandeville. Kathie Mandeville admits Sylvia receives a registered letter.

Ralph and Peter listen to the conversation, Mandeville sinks down lower in his chair dead to the world—his two companions grow impatient. The detectives notice they do not drink. Christie Ferris comes hurriedly into the room, giving a gesture Ralph has seen before. Crit Truman, in the guise of "Hang-eye" John, enters, and fakes his escape from Joliet.

Crit Truman talks with the warden of Joliet penetentiary, and finding that "Hang-eye" John is serving sentence exacts a promise to keep outsiders from communicating with the warden for a few days. He conceals the disguise of "Hang-eye" John. Christie Ferris leads Truman into a trap. He leaps out of danger, and entering a saloon sees Christie Ferris, who drinks water. A crook who will keep from drinking brandy after putting a man, where he did me, is under Jim Hollis, Truman reasons. Ferris produces the hat Truman leaves. The barkeeper, utters a terrible oath. Truman follows Ferris and hears him tell "Four-time" Jim that he "dropped" Crit Truman. He hears the low cry and earnest pleading of a girl. Crit Truman offers assistance and tells her to go to the number on the card. The girl hurries away and Crit slips back into the hall. He hears Jim Hollis order Ferris to tell "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike to bring Mandeville there. Crit Truman hurries into the street. Ralph Dayton sees Crit Truman brone away in Triumph by "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike, the last two supporting Mandeville.

A man's life is at stake. Crit thinks if he were really that infamous criminal he would not walk so openly. The men are jubilant. "What will 'Four-time' Jim say?" If Crit fools him all is plain sailing. Ralph goes to Mrs. Haddam. "Fake" goes with Crit. They make a few changes and Crit follows "Fake" up and down countless numbers of stairs and opens door atter door furnished with dead olocks until "Fake", opening one

Mr. Lyster, and the next train bear anim and control to Chicago.

Sylvia Lyster goes to walk. She feels a grasp on the shoulder and is tossed in a waiting automobile; she is blindfolded and carried bodily into an unfamiliar place. Crit Truman is gagged and bound hand and foot, and left to die. Suddenly he watches the gradual clearing of the

CHAPTER XIV. (CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIV. (CONTINUED.)

OW he was shivering, but he paid no attention to this. There might be a siender chance for escape, provided he could see, and his strength not be sapped from him.

Able to see everything in the room, Crit's keen eyes darted about, and finally rested upon a huge nail about six feet from the floor. It was sometimes used to support an exerciser, but was now empty. Like a snake, Crit wiggled his trussed body across the room to this nail, there were lines of suffering upon the handsome face; and the brown hair lay wet over the broad, noble brow of the detective, but the firm mouth was tight set, and there was determination written in the whole figure.

Raising his hands above his head, with infinite torture, and the exertion of almost superhuman strength, Crit managed to draw the rope fastening his wrists over this nail.

It was terribly slow work, and the pain was

human strength, Crit managed to draw the rope fastening his wrists over this nail.

It was terribly slow work, and the pain was almost more than he could bear, enured as he was to suffering, but finally one strand parted, then another, and after over an hour, Crit fell exhausted to the floor, but with his hands free. Resting an instant, he untied the hateful gag, and then his ankles, and stood, unbound, a terrible figure of the avenging spirit. Let "The Man with Many Aliases" beware, for his ancient enemy is free, and ready to gather this king among crooks into his net.

Crit rejoiced that these crooks had not gone through his pockets, for in them were materials for a makeup, as well as his little kit of tools. Wornout though he was, Crit waited long enough to adjust an excellent disguise, then tried the door.

As he had expected, it was locked, but he made short work of opening it, and found himself in the hall below the one where he had waited for Sylvia Lyster.

"Strange they put so little protection in front, but then I suppose everyone is a crook here, and they think they have nothing to fear," the detective mused, striking the nail on the head as usual.

As he descended into the street, looking like

as usual.

As he descended into the street, looking like an old, wornout drunkard, stumbling away to get a drink as best he could, Crit felt his spirits rise, and he muttered to himself:

"I think your race is nearly run, my friend, and that I will come in ahead on the home stretch," then he started, for he heard a familiar voice say:

"Hello old sport!" and turning he looked Peter straight in the eyes.

Not knowing who might be about, Crit said with a whine:

"Won't you stand for just one?" and Peter understanding, cried in a hearty voice:

"Sure, come on in here, and I'll set 'em up," and led the way into one of the many saloons which line Twenty-second street.

Throwing himself into a chair, Peter ordered drinks, and Crit, in keeping with his assumed character, slouched opposite.

Had anyone been watching, the detectives took good care to see that there were none to overhear, the following conversation might have proved interesting.

As the two pretended to make way with the fiery liquid furnished them, Crit asked in French, a language he and his boys sometimes used:

"Could you makeup, as Ferris, Peter, without any time for study?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Peter leaned forward, and blinking his eyes rapidly as Ferris did all the time, he said, imitating the young crook's exact tone and manner:

"Can I? Can I? Aw what's dat? Just try me can I? Oh my!"

"Bully Peter," Crit said, "you'll do. Know where to find him?"

"Yeter nodded. "They are all in a saloon about three doors from here."

"No, but talking. I couldn't catch anything they said, and so I kept watching for them and you."

"See if you can get Ferris out, and then come in here." Crit ordered, and Peter vanished.

"Not drinking."

"No, but talking. I couldn't catch anything they said, and so I kept watching for them and you."

"See if you can get Ferris out, and then come in here," Crit ordered, and Peter vanished, to return a couple of moments later with Ferris. Peter afterwards told how easy it had been. He had dashed in and said excitedly:

"Skiddoo. One of dem Truman fly mugs is on to de doins at de gang rooms. Fake put me next." He used this name because he saw that "Fake" Pete was not one of the party.

The crowd vanished, but as he melted away, Jim Hollis hissed in Ferris's ear:

"Meet me in half an hour, you know where."
Ferris upset by the various experiences of the day and not having had his usual allowance of opium, was shaking like a leaf, and so it was not hard for Peter to get him to go with him.

Crit merely grunted when he saw Ferris, who gladly sat down, but refused to drink.

"I dasn't." he kept saying over and over again, but finally he yielded, and as t'ere was enough opium to soothe his nerves in the drink, the detectives had no difficulty in dealing with him.

They took him boldly, for being used to opium he was not made unconscious by it, with them over on State street, registered at one of the third-rate hotels, and took him to a room. Then it was that Peter did some wonderful work. Looking at the face of the crook, he made up his face so that even Crit could not see the difference. In the meanwhile the latter had taken off the clothes of the young crook, and with a wery face, Peter assumed them. Ferris lay, delightfully stupefied, watching them, a smile of contentment on his face. His tortured nerves were steeped in their longed-for dr g.

Crit bent over him, and said distinctly:

"Jim Hollis will kill you if you do not meet him."

him."
The crook only smiled. He cared for nothing

"Jim Hollis will kill you if you do not meet him."

The crook only smiled. He cared for nothing now.

"Where were you to meet him?" Crit asked. The young criminal gave an address not half a dozen doors around the corner on Twenty-second street across the street from the gang rooms, as the quarters were called according to what Peter had overheard, while lingering about. Peter waited for nothing more, but hastened away, for he was late already.

Crit looked at the young figure, old in vice and wickedness, lying on the bed, then shook his head, almost sadly.

Thinking of the horror of vice and crime in the young, Crit took off a portion of his clothing, assumed such of Peter's garmenus as he could wear, then raising the window, deliberately threw them into a dark air shaft, where they were some time later to puzzle the police. Having changed the makeup of his face, he left the room, turning the key in the lock, and pocketing it. He knew that the young crook could easily be released after he recovered from his opium debauch.

No notice was taken of him as he left the hotel, and went to the place where he had agreed to make headquarters, and there he found Ralph. The two talked earnestly and Ralph explained that a terrible load was to be lifted from Miss Lyster's heart, for a telegram in reply to his had given the information that although Mr. Lyster had adopted a girl who without doubt was the daughter of Jim Hollis, she had died not a year thereafter, and that Sylvia Lyster was his own child.

"I will be glad to hand the girl over to her father," Crit said with real pleasure.

"And he in turn will have to deliver to another what he regains," Ralph said with a laugh, "Oh, a love affair?" Crit asked pleasantly.

"Rather. The broken-hearted lover comes along. Poor child she has been cruelly used," and Ralph sighed as he remembered the distress of the girl, and her horror of the man she hau been told was her father.

"Very well, we will accomplish more han other what he regains," Crit asked pleasantly.

"Yes," he sai

takes.
Ralph knew he was talking with Peter.
"What? You say he abducted her? When?
This evening?"
Ralph was listening now very intently.
"Year is everything all right?"

Ralph was listening now very intently.
"I say, is everything all right?"
"It is, is it? Good. All right, we'll have him tonight do not fear, good by. Take care of yourself," and with that Crit hung up the receiver, and turning to Ralph told him of the abduction of Miss Lyster, adding:
"They are in hiding in the Ghetto, on the West Side. Patsy is accepted as Ferris. Now Ralph for our last move. Our man must be caught tonight."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

A. E. C., Jeffersonville, Ill.—Salol is a preparation of salicylic acid and soda, used in neuralgic and rheumatic troubles. (2) We suppose it will, if the manufacturer says so. It is no more than any one of dozens of depilatories. (3) We believe the firm is all right, as we have heard nothing to the contrary.

N. E. V., Red Oak, Ga.—The veins are caused by poor circulation, the result no doubt of the indigestion and will disappear as your diges-tion improves.

Reader, Silver Maples, Pa.—Take a bath as hot as you can stand it every night, and rub yourself thoroughly with a rough towel, till dry and red. This will improve the circulation. Eat only simple food, no fats, grease or sweets, and no coffee. Every morning when you get up go to the window and take a dozen or twenty long breaths through the nose, blowing the air out through the mouth. Get your lungs thoroughly filled with fresh air and the oxygen will go to the blood. Practice deep-breathing at any hour of the day, and as often as you think of it. You can't get too much good air into your lungs. Keep the bowels open with salts taken as needed before breakfast in hot water.

Constant Reader, Peoria, Ill.—We think the

Constant Reader, Peoria, Ill.—We think the young woman runs very little risk in marrying. So little, indeed, that if she loves anyone enough to marry him she should take it. She might have a child afflicted as she was, but no longer is, but the chance is small.

M., Elm Creek, Neb.—The feet perspire because nature has put pores there for the purpose, and the soles of the feet become white as they would if kept damp in any other moisture. To stop the perspiration is dangerous. If it is disagreeable bathe the feet daily in a weak solution of permanganate of potash—one scruple to eight ounces of water. A powder to absorb excessive perspiration is made as follows: Seven ounces carbonate of magnesia; two ounces powdered calcined alum; seven ounces orris root; half dram powdered cloves. Sprinkle it over the feet.

A. B., Whitleyville, Tenn.—Your trouble is

A. B., Whitleyville, Tenn.—Your trouble is indigestion and you can overcome it only by eating such food as you can digest easily. Help it along by taking a dose of salts when needed. Take it in hot water before breakfast. If you will take a quarter teaspoonful of cooking soda in half a glass of hot water before each meal you will find it helps. And after meals if you feel an uncomfortable fullness. Drink no coffee, and very weak tea. Milk, only when you have broken bread into it. You may arink large quantities of water, but not at meals. Eat brown bread, and have it toasted through until hard. Lean meat is digestible, especially mutton, or lamb. But don't eat much. You can colly find out what digests easily by trying. Potatoes are not good, as a rule. Raw cabbage is. So is rice. However, try for yourself, and whatever you can digest easily, eat it, no matter what the doctors may say.

L. B., Wichita, Kans.—As safe as any depila-

L. B., Wichita, Kans.—As safe as any depilatory is one composed as follows: Three parts hydro-sulphuret of sodium (crystallized); ten parts finely powdered quicklime and eleven parts starch. Apply for two to four minutes on part where hair grows and scrape off with a dull knife. Keep dry, and use only enough with water to make a paste for one application. A razor is quite as effective and safer. Depilatories are not permanent in their effects.

I. O. C., Colfax, Wis.—See answer above to

I. O. C., Colfax, Wis.—See answer above to "L. B." The cost is small and any druggist can compound it for you. There are many formulas for depilatories and if your druggist cannot give you this, he may give you another just as good. Ask him.

D. C., Sigel, Ill.—Your question was answered April Comfort.

Subscriber, Bellmont, N. D.—You are asking more than man can do. Does not the Bible ask if the Ethiopian can change his skin? He can't, nor can the Caucasian. The only way to whiten the skin is to get plenty of good air in the lungs and good food into the stomach. Do this and your skin will be as white as nature intended it to be.

L. Z., Elizabeth, N. J.—We are afraid we can do nothing more than your local physicians. Not as much, for they can see you and tell you what to do. You are so close to New York that you might try one of the great free hospitals there with some degree of relief.

with some degree of relief.

S. W. K., Ivyton, Ky.—It depends upon the conditions. Only a physician who can make a personal examination can answer you? question.

Stout, Troy, N. Y.—Stop in at any druggist's and ask him. He can show you in a minute better than we can tell you in a column. When you have got your compress you can sew strings on it and tie it around. A compress is simply a binding that presses.

B. S. M., New Hone, Ill.—Maybe you have

B. S. M., New Hope, Ill.—Maybe you have peworm. Most people are only too glad if tapeworm. Most people are only too glad if they have a good appetite and a good digestion. You can take the edge off of your appetite by eating a handful of very sweet candy just before meals. Eat it when you sit down to the table. Soft candy is the best. If that doesn't dull it, eat two handfuls.

soft candy is the best. If that doesn't dull it, eat two handfuls.

F. P., Muskogee, I. T.—You will find that our answers always include the questions when practicable. Whenever they are not so, it is because the question is one that could not well be printed. Questions of that sort must necessarily happen frequently in this column. As to your trouble of articulation, it is due to a nervousness dependent upon other physical conditions, similar to stammering. Yours, however, is not at all in aggravated form, but still two months of practice at singing and proper breathing are not enough to more than indicate an improvement. It may require a year.

Mrs. E. M. Budd, Box 5, Millbrook, Ill., has something of advantage to communicate to Mrs. G. H., Shoals, Ind., if she will write to her.

A. G., Walkill, N. Y.—You have some skin trouble which seems to us to be sufficiently serious to warrant you in consulting a physician at once.

something of advantage to communicate to Mrs. G. H., Shoals, Ind., if she will write to her.

A. G., Walkill, N. Y.—You have some skin trouble which seems to us to be sufficiently serious to warrant you in consulting a physician at sonce.

F. K., Mahanoy City, Pa.—A young man of twenty-one, in fair health has no more business to be worried every time he thinks he has something the matter with him than he has to try to run Pittsburghers on cold water. If you want to be cured of your constipation get a book on Physical Culture, there are several of them, and your stomach full of good food. There is not much likelihood of your nasal catarrh going into consumption, unless you worry yourself into it. If it gets to troubling you take it out to the high

dry air of Colorado. That will cure it. Coal smoke is not good for catarrh.

Jeannette, Chanute, Kansas.-

W. E. T., Ford's Store, Md.—See answer above to "M., Elm Creek, Neb." (2) The prepara-tions for dandruff cure sold in drug stores are quite as good as any formula we could give you. R. B., Ottumwa, Ia.—See answer above to "L. B., Wichita, Kans."

Marguerite, Portage, Wis.—Freekles are obstinate things and you can't easily remove them. Our advice to you is to let them alone unless they are really disfiguring. If they are, you will have to take time and trouble to get rid of them. of them.

M. A. C., Clear Spring, Md.—Catarrh is more or less common all over the country and there is the least of it in the hot, dry air of Arizona and New Mexico. and the cold, dry air of Colorado. Dry air is what relieves jt. Unless you have means, Arizona is preferante to Southern California, because the latter is not a poor man's country, while Arizona is if you want to live on a farm or ranch.

on a farm or ranch.

S. W., Paris, Tenn.—There are several systems for making or improving the memory, all of which cost money. You can improve your memory without any cost by practice. All you have to do is to memorize certain things, prose, verse, figures, anything you choose, and repeat it at intervals, adding to it every day. In this way you will acquire what is called memory, if you have that kind of a mind—retentive. If you have not, you will not be able to do much with it. with it.

Subscriber, Pacheco, Cal.—See answers above to "L. B., Wichita, Kans." and "l. O. C., Colfax, Wis."

O. K., Mattoon, Ill.—One freckle-lotion is about as good as another. They act differently on different people, as skins differ. Here is a simple lotion that may prove effective in your case: Lactic acid, four ounces; glycerine, two ounces; rose water, one ounce. Apply several times a day on absorbent cotton.

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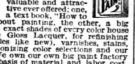
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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Reader, Louisville, Ky.—If you cannot find what you want in a city the size of Louisville, we don't know where you would find it. If you have the advertisement of the company why not write direct for information? We never heard of it. Any bookseller can tell you if there are any books on the subject. Booksellers have lists of all books in print.

Mrs. Ass. A. Engryson, Lebson, Va. would

Mrs. Asa A. Ferguson, Lebanon, Va., would like to hear from any Comfort readers who have taken the Pharmacy Course in the Interstate School of Correspondence, Chicago. She wants to try it and would like to know their experience.

C. A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—No general license is necessary for business of agencies. Whatever the local license may be, if any, you can learn by applying to your city authorities.

by applying to your city authorities.

P. E. B., Ivanhoe, W. Va.—A little hydrochloric acid in a saucer of warm water may remove the iron stain if you put it in for a minute, only, and then wash thoroughly, first in plain water, then in water with some soda in it to remove all the acid. Lemon juice will answer in some instances. Wash it out thoroughly with water in which there is soda. Oxalate of potash sprinkled on in powder and rubbed into the goods when damp, then washed out with pure water, is another recipe. These are strong acids and you risk destroying the fabric. Ask your druggist about it, if you have one in Ivanhoe.

D. B. Jr., Polo, Ill.—Wedonotknowwhatthelongestenglishwords is about as long as any word we know in the English language. There word we know may be others.

Mrs. F. Berleen, Kouts, Porter Co., Ind., wants me Comfort reader to send her a good, honest, ndly disposed girl to whom she will give a kindly dis nice home.

R. O. P., Hardinsburg, Ky.—A word containing all the letters of the alphabet used only once each would contain twenty-six letters. Suppose you take a week off and figure it out for yourself. Let us see the word when you have got it in good shape for exhibition.

A. N., Albany, Minn.—The fact that y incubator had a lamp in it is enough to viti the policy of insurance. The contract special lamp, no matter whether it is in the stall in an incubator. Didn't you have the incuba in the barm where the colt and the steer we

J. A. B., Prosperity, S. C.—Write to G. H. Holden, No. 240 Sixth Avenue, New York, stating what kind you want and what you want to pay. Prices vary from \$2 up. Add a dollar for expressage. Maybe more. Find out about that, too.

that, too.

Subscriber, Fresno, Cal.—If music publishers want words and music they naturally would not bother with words or music separately, would they? There is no expense to the writer if the manuscript is accepted on royalty. If the firm refuses to return the manuscript the law is the only way to get it, unless you go in person with a gun or a club. (2) The Editor is in existence at No. 150 Nassau Street, New York City. (3) Newspapers will accept good news matter from any responsible person who sends it to them. They can't afford to be scooped because the sender is not of their staff.

Miss A. L., Joliet, Ill.—There is no large or

because the sender is not of their staff.

Miss A. L., Joliet, Ill.—There is no large or small firm that will accept and pay for stories and short poems unless they are good and are needed. You can only find purchasers for such wares by submitting them to newspaper and magazine editors. There are many in Chicago. Try there. Inclose postage for return of manuscript if not available.

A. G. R., Webster, S. D.—If you don't find them advertised in Comfort, write to R. F. Wheeler, No. 106 East 28th Street, New York City. Minneapolis, St. Paul or Denver would be better for you in shipping. They come high, from \$5 to \$50.

F. C., Chilhowie, Va.—You can only sell the

F. C., Chilhowie, Va.—You can only sell the watch for old gold to a jeweler at 75 cents a pennyweight, unless the works are something fine. Get a Richmond or Washington jeweler's address from your'local watchmaker if he will not buy it.

not buy it.

not buy it.

Reader, Norway Lake, Minn.—Post-office clerks come under civil service rules and you would have 10 pass that examination and go on the cligible list to wait your turn. Write to Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or see the Member of Congress from your district if convenient. Or write to him.

M. G. B., Edgerton, Wis.—Write to Empire School of Acting, New York City. The expense is about \$600 a year of ten months. (2) No, all actresses do not have to serve a term as "chorus" girls before appearing on the stage. We think though, that you would, and we advise you not to try it. you not to try it.

Blue Eyes, Whiteside, Ill.—September 8, 1888, on Saturday.

on Saturday.

E. M. B., Cheyenne, Okla.—The only thing for him to do is to come back and give himself up to the authorities. That will be the best evidence that he wants to live right and do right. He will have to go back to prison, but the chances are that he will not have much difficulty in getting a pardon when his record is known. He can never get a pardon as long as he is a fugitive from justice. Advise him to go straight to the prison and surrender himself without being rearrested and taken there. Have him write first to the prison authorities, sending the letter to you, showing no marks where he is. He will find it harder to get back into prison than he did to get out. A letter, however, to the authorities will be proof that he wishes to come back and do the fair thing. Encourage him to do this. It is the only way.

O. A. T., Eau Claire, Wis.—There is no such magazine. (2) A correspondence course in drawing will be of value if you already have a fair general education and can draw naturally. The schools are reliable enough if the pupils are worth teaching, as many of them are not. Failures are due in special courses to the fact that the pupil doesn't have the general knowledge to help him along.

B. M. B., Grizzly, Ore.—The address of the American minister is Hon. Arthur Beaupre, U. S. Legation, Buenos Ayres, Argentina, S. A., and he may advise you as we do not to go to that country. It is not the country for Americans and very few are there. You may get further information from the Bureau of American Republics, Washington, D. C.

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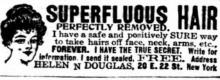


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In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

M. and S., Echo, Fla.—It is quite correct to pin a buttonhole bouquet on a gentleman when he requests a lady to do so. Tying a man's tie is different, and it should not be done except for a kinsman or someone unable to do it himself. Surely an American girl can talk with a Dutchman if he speaks English or she speaks Dutch.

M. A. P., Mazon, Ill.—Don't ask him why he does not answer your letter. If you are very anxious, you might write and ask him if he had received a letter from you. Do it by postal. If he doesn't answer, pay no more attention to the matter. (2) Accept the man's escort home if you want him to go with you. And you may ask a man to see you home if you have no escort and are afraid to go alone. The better way is to ask your hostess to send someone home with you. A careful hostess will do that without the asking.

Spheriher. Chanute. Kans—Indulge in po-

asking.

Subscriber, Chanute, Kans.—Indulge in no such familiarities unless you are engaged to the man. (2) Can't the man open the door for himself when he is leaving? (3) Introduce the man to the lady. Say: "Miss A. let me present (or introduce.) Mr. B." An informal way is to say: "Miss A. do you know Mr. B.?" Still another way is to say: "Miss A. this is Mr. B." You may take your choice.

H. W., Monticello, Ark.—Engaged persons, by long established custom, are permitted to kiss each other. If the girl you are engaged to won't kiss you she is different from most girls, and you should ask her what her reasons are. She may be so ignorant, or sensitive, that she is silly.

Doubtful, Snohomish, Wash.—The man is undoubtedly your brother-in-law though married to another woman after your sister's death. If he is not, how can his child be your niece, or nephew? (2) In engraving a ring for a married woman, use as initials those of her maiden name and her married name. If she were Mary Smith and married Jones, use "M. S. J." (3) It is not the custom for the bride to give the groom a present, though she may if she wish. Wedding presents are given before the wedding day.

Wedding presents are given before the wedding day.

True Sub., Chanute, Kans.—The girl may ask her Sunday caller to stay to supper if her parents have said she might. Or father or mother may ask him, as they please. The girl leads the way to the dining-room, just as she should lead the way into her own house. She may do as she pleases about going to the gate to meet him, but if it is pleasant outdoors and she sees him coming, it rather pleases him to have her run down to the gate to meet him, even if they are not sweethearts. (2) People walking don't "catch hold" of each other's arms any more, unless it is necessary. (3) Don't thank the man for paying for your dinner, but when you separate tell him you enjoyed the dinner and it was nice of him to ask you.

Anxious Young Man, Walla Walla, Wash.—The girl is probably diffident and doesn't like to mention the little souvenirs you have been sending to her. Ask her directly if she received them. If she says she did, ask her why she didn't let you know. You can do this in a friendly way and set her right as to the custom in such cases. But don't send her any more until you have got this lot straigntened out.

Brown Eyes, Hubbard City, Texas.—Usually when a caller starts to go, he is ready to go.

Brown Eyes, Hubbard City, Texas.—Usually when a caller starts to go, he is ready to go. Sometimes, though, callers do that just to see whether they are wanted longer. If you want him to stay longer, ask him to. (2) Lead the way into your own parlor. It is all right for the home folks to let the girl have the sitting-room when her beau comes to see her.

Florida Girl, St. Patersburg, Fla.—Engraved invitations are quite spensive. Printed ones, if well done, will answer the purpose quite as well, and cost very much less. Nothing is needed on the cards but "At Home," the date and hours, and your name, or your mother's or both, if both are hostesses.

Black-eyed Betty, Thurston, Neb.—We have

Black-eyed Betty, Thurston, Neb.—We have asked our Oracle, not being versed ourselves in such matters, what "S. W. A. K." stands for, and we are reliably informed that its meaning is "Sealed With a Kiss," and the answer to it is "Skidoo."

Anxious Inquirer, Birmingham, Ala.—In view of the numerous quarrels you and the young lady indulged in, and further, that she threw you down for another fellow deliberately, we should advise you to give her up and find someone more favorable. Do you want a house to fall on you?

Sad Sweetheart, Pullman, Ill.—You are young enough to wait and let these puzzling problems of mind and heart solve themselves. They will do it. In the mean time, if you are out of school, return again and study for a year or two. You won't learn too much.

won't learn too much.

Bashful Girl, Douglass, Okla.—You cannot remedy bulging eyes, though some eye specialist might. The flabby eyelids may be improved by a careful massaging. If you have means you should consult a specialist. You will probably make a bad matter worse by attempting anything yourself. (2) Blushing without apparent cause, is due to nervousness, or too much thought on yourself. Forget yourself and think of what is being talked about. Meet and talk with people as often as possible.

make a bad matter worse by attempting anything yourself. (2) Blushing without apparent cause, is due to nervoursess, or too much thought on yourself. Forget yourself and think of what is being talked about. Meet and talk with people as often as possible.

South Carolina Boy, Liberty, S. C.—When you start to church with the lady let her know you are going only to the door with her. When you get there, say good day, or good evening, and bowing politely, go your way and let her go hers.

(2) It is necessary to excuse yourself if you are going out of church, but you shouldn't let it be necessary to go out. It is bad enough to young to marry. Still if you are bound to have it so, she shouldn't wear white if she wears a hat. If she is to be married at the preacher's house quietly, she should dress plainly, in her going away gown for example. If there is to be a reception, then white is better. For going away gown any dark colored stuff she can afford, but not anything light gray, or "bridey" color. She shouldn't advertise to the traveling public that she is a bride. Old clothes are really better to travel in than new ones, more comfortable

and less conspicuous. We hope this will reach you in time, for we hate to think of that seventeen-year-old bride starting out on her first journey looking like brides we have seen and some circus posters.

ome circus posters.

Ignorance, Bassett, Va.—You need no certifiate to get a marriage license, the woman being f age. Ask the clerk who issues the license.

of age. Ask the clerk who issues the license. Black Eyes, Calhan, Col.—Don't take walks later than nine o'clock, and not always then. It is not very serious to extend your walk home at night around the block. Occasions of that sort are different from walking around at night just to be walking. There is really no harm in it, but it does not look well, and is apt to make rolk.

Ignorance, West Union, O.—Posing as an artist's model is an honorable occupation. It may be made good or bad by the model herself. Artists do not object to complexion or size, if the skin is smooth and the size along artistic lines. One of New York's best known models a few years ago was over six feet tall.

Brown Eyes, Gettysburg, Pa.—The marks you ask about are caused by placing the mouth to the skin and drawing the blood to the surface. They are blue like a bruise, and remain for several days. Try it on your arm and see for yourself. yourself.

Blackberries, Martinsville, Ind.—Better wait till you are twenty-one before marrying. You will then not only nave your parents' consent, bu. be of more suitable age. (2) You might give your sweetheart just one good by kiss if he is going very far away, but no more than one.

Pansy, Independence, Mo.—When you are in Rome do as the Romans do is what we are told is proper etiquette. Still, if you are not naturally rough and coarse, as you say those about you are, it is not right to be like them. Go away and live among more refined people. Either do that or organize a Young Woman's Culture Society and teach better modes of conduct.

Blue Bell, West Durham, N. C.—As people do not naturally introduce themselves to other people, there is no rule, and the manner must depend upon the circumstances making it necesary. See answer above to "Subscriber, Chanute, Kans.," about other introductions.

Kans.," about other introductions.

Sunshine, Pattison, Mo.—Either may take the other's arm. Arm-taking, however, except when there is necessity for it, is not the vogue as it once was. Unless two people want to get very close to each other they don't take arms. It is well to do so in crowded thoroughfares, or when one party needs the assistance of the other, but ordinarily they walk apart. You may do as you please.

please.

Blue Bell, Faribault, Minn.—It is not proper to accept over the telephone the attentions of a gentleman whom you have never met. But if you never let him come any nearer he can't do you much harm. (2) A lady does not accept the escort of a man she does not know, even if he has shown "signs of love." (3) Don't drink vinegar to reduce flesh. It will do more harm than good.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE .9.)

She drew the pastor's shrunken hand to her lips, and shook her head.

"Do not ask me to do that which my strength will not permit. There are many reasons why I ought not to come here again; and, moreover, my work calls me hence, to a distant field. My physical strength seems to be ebbing fast, and my vines are not all purple with mellow fruit. Some clusters, thank God! are fragrant, ripe, and ready for the wine-press, when the Angel of the Vintage comes to gather them in; but my work is only half done. Not until my fingers clasp white flowers under a pall, shall it be said of me, 'Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.' The German idea of death is to me peculiarly comforting and touching, 'Heimgang'—yoing home. Ah, sir! humanity ought to be homesick; and in thinking of that mansion beyond the star-paved pathway of the sky, whither Jesus has gone to prepare our places, we children of earth should, like the Swiss, never lose our homesickness. Our bodies are of the dust—dusty, and bend dustward; but our souls floated down from the sardonyx walls of the Everlasting City, and brought with them a yearning homesickness, which should help them to struggle back. Sometimes I am tempted to believe that the joys of this world are the true lotos, devouring which, mankind glory in exile, and forget the Heimgang. Oh! indeed, 'here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come.' Heimgang! Thank God! going home forever!"

Edna sat silent for some time, with her slender hands folded on her lap, and the pastor heard her softly repeating, as if to her own soul, those lines on "Life":

"A cry between the silenes,
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife

"A cry between the silences,
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud!"

A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud:"

Several hours later, when Mr. Leigh returned to the study, he found Edna singing some of the minister's favorite Scotch ballads; while Gertrude rested on the lounge, half propped on her elbow, and leaning forward to dangle the cord and tassel of her robe de chambre within reach of an energetic little blue-eyed kitten, which, with its paws in the air, rolled on the carpet, catching at the silken toy. The governess left the plano, and resumed her mending of the contents of the clothes-basket.

In answer to some inquiries of Mr. Hammond, Mr. Leigh gave a brief account of his travels in Southern Europe; but his manner was constrained, his thoughts evidently preoccupied. Once his eyes wandered to the round, rosy, dimpling face of his beautiful childwife, and he frowned, bit his lip, and sighed; while his gaze, earnest and mournfully anxious, returned and dwelt upon the weary but serene countenance of the orphan.

dwelt upon the weary but serene countenance of the orphan.

In the conversation, which had turned accidentally upon philology and the Mss. of the Vatican, Gertrude took no part; now and then glancing up at the speakers, she continued her romp with the kitten. At length, tired of her frolicsome pet, she rose with a half-suppressed yawn, and sauntered up to her husband's chair. Softly and lovingly her pretty little pink palms were passed over her husband's darkened brow, and her fingers drew his hair now on one side, now on the other, while she peeped over his shoulder to watch the effect of the arrangement.



The letter was from Sir Roger; and while he expressed great grief at hearing, through Mr. Manning's notes, that her health was seri-ously impaired, he renewed the offer of his hand, and asked permission to come and plead

hand, and asked permission to come and plead his suit in person.

As Edna hurriedly glanced over the pages, and put them in her pocket, Gertrude said gayly, "Shame on you, Gordon! Do you mean to saly, or, rather to insignuate, that all who read Edna's book are victimized?"

He looked at her from under thickening eye-brows, and replied with undisguised impatience:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Red, White and Blue Bells FOR MEMORIAL DAY.



FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

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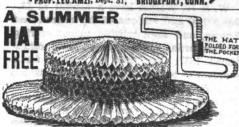
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This is a useful and practical Hat, for any purpose or occasion, except in Alaska, being made of thousands of feet of paperet, woven and folded in the most ingenious manner. It is extremely light in weight and appearance, It conforms readily to your head and fits perfectly.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

OW, dears, May has really come, and the frosts of old Winter are all thawed out and we should be thawed out ourselves and feel genial and bright, and warm and sunny towards all the world. Maybe you think the world does not warm to you, and you don't owe it anything, but turn your sunny side to it and see what a difference it makes. However, I can't take up too much time in talking to you when you want to talk to me. so here you when you want to talk to me, so here we come to our work.

we come to our work.

The first cousin in the list this month is Cousin Clara of Pattison, Miss., who wants to know why it isn't just as wrong for an engaged girl to kiss or be kissed, as it is for one who is not, for, she says, there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Cousin Clara may be right in theory, but practice overthrows that, and engaged couples are simply bound to kiss and be kissed. While I shall continue to protest against promiscuous kissing, I will not say a word against the girl who kisses her sweetheart honestly believing that she will be his wife. So there. And if Cousin Clara doesn't want to be kissed before she is married she doesn't have to.

Subscriber, New Albany, Miss.: Don't accept him till he tells you he loves you, and if he him till he tells you he loves you, and if he loves you he can't help telling you so.

Violet, Springfield, Mo.: Let him call you endearing names" in his letters, but don't you all him any in yours. They never look well black and white.

Sunflower, Lancaster, Ky.: It was quite right to accept a ring from the young man, and he ought to come to see you at least once a week, even if he does live fifteen miles away. If he is the right kind of a man don't "bounce" him though your father tells you to. You are of age and may do as you please. But be sure the young man is all right.

young man is all right.

Blue Old Girl, Pitt, Ala.: Put no confidence in dreams. It just happened that you dreamed about the man who loved you and married another. You are thinking about him too much. Get somebody else to think about, as he did.

Jack, Freehold, N. J.: "Aquarelle" means water-color—on a post card or anywhere else. Isn't there a dictionary in Freehold? (2) Write him and tell him when the weather is so bad as to keep him away, he can come some other evening. He should have written to you. (3) You may wear any colors if they are not too pronounced.

Mary, Charlestown, W. Va.: You did onite

Mary, Charlestown, W. Va.: You did quite right and should feel no regret.

Brown Eyes, Benson, Ill.: Why shouldn't you obey your mother? Especially when the man she objects to has treated you as a gentleman never treats a lady. You mind your mother and teach the young man some manners by snubbing him. snubbing him.

R. A. R., Parkersburg, N. C.: Better wait till you are twenty-one before you marry. (2) If the young man does not answer your letter, forget him, as he has forgotten you. If a man loves you he is not going to be nice one time and neglect you another. When they do that, they don't care.

Long Valley Belle, Roseberry, Idaho: See answer above to Cousin Clara about kissing. (2) Wait till you are twenty-one to marry. School is for you now.

Greenhorn and Heartbroken, Troutmans, N. C.: White slippers are very nice for summer wear for young ladies, if they are kept clean. (2) Mind your mothers. When you are twenty-one you may assert yourselves, but not before. (3) My advice is not to exchange photographs, but you may do as you please.

Desling Edith Dayvilla Ore: Meet girls.

tographs, but you may do as you please.

Darling Edith, Dayville, Ore.: Most girls like to have their "pick" out of the boys they know, and it is right, if they pick the proper one. (2) Ask your mother how long you should stay out at night.

Lonely Kitty, Ladd, Ill.: You write a good letter, Kitty, and if you talk as well, I shouldn't think you would be troubled about lack of beaus. Or maybe you talk too well? If I were you, I wouldn't bother a minute about "Jim" or any other fellow, or girl, and if they cut me out, I'd go chaffing along. A bright, independent girl is sure to be popular, and the less "favorites" she has the better time she will have. Smile awhile on Dick, Tom and Harry and watch the effect on your beloved "Jim."

Blue Eyes, Sparta, Mich.: You are quite too

Blue Eyes, Sparta, Mich.: You are quite too young to be listening to love talk, and should ask the young man to wait till you are through school. By all means stop the kissing.

I. D. S., Dunlap, Ia.: If you are unhappy at home because of bad treatment and can work elsewhere, then do so. As for the young man, in two years you will be of age and can do as you please. Marry him then, and have a home of your own.

Daisy, Creste Daisy, Creston, Wash.: No kissing. (2) The young man has no right to ask you how many sweethearts you have had. It is none of his business, and that you are his now should be enough for him. (3) You may go to the young man's home on the invitation of his mother or

Black Eyes, Topeka, Kans.: If she doesn't love anyone else and thinks she loves the man, and he is worthy, she might not miss it by marrying him. Still, a woman ought to know whether she loves a man or not, though many women have married in doubt and never repented.

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County State

Town May' 07. Rosy Cheek, Gay City, Ind.: Be cheery and bright to him and if he likes you he will come your way. But don't force yourself upon him. (2) Curling irons will make the hair wayy, or putting it up in papers. (3) It is proper to walk with the young man if he is the right kind for a girl to go with.

Strawberry, Camp Hill, S. C.: I can't help you, and don't believe I would if I could. You drove the young fellow away and you must get him back yourself if you can. (2) You may acknowledge receipt of a post card by letter if you want to.

you want to.

Olive, Jacksonville, Ill.: The only meaning I know why a man should address a letter in upper left-hand corner is that he didn't know where the address should be written. And the same about postage stamps.

Somebody's Sweetheart, Mt. Vernon, Mo.: A young man can court as many girls as will let him, but he can't really love more than one. That kind of a man can't really love one, I think. (2) Wear any colors; but reds, if not too pronounced, would probably set off your brown eyes and hair better. (3) No, she shouldn't have that many unless she is out of school.

Blue-eyed Lily, North Platte, Neb.: The best way to cure a man whose manners are so bad as that is not to let him come to see you at an. The gentlemen of my acquaintance do not act as he coes. There should not be different gentlemen in North Platte. Or, if there are, you should not know them.

Marion, Minneapolis, Minn.: The young man is of the neglectful type, who make the worst husbands in the world to live with. He may have excellent habits and be a good provider, but a man to be a husband to live with must be more than that. Don't marry him unless you want to live a loveless life.

Sad Heart, Leesville, Ind.: I don't think the young man loves you at all, and cares for you only to flirt with when it suits him. Doesn't he treat you that way? He certainly doesn't act very much as if he loved you. If I were you, I wouldn't let myself be too fond of him, and would look around for someone who really meant what he said.

There, dears, your questions are answered, and I am glad that most of them are answered as you want them to be. I don't like to cast sundows in the springtime. Now, by, by, till sundows in the springtime.
the June roses bud and blossom.
Cousin Marion.

(From the Chicago Tribune.) ADVICE TO RHEUMATICS

Noted Physician Tells How to Prevent and Cure Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

(By Geo. Edmund Flood, M. D.)

If you would avoid Rheumatism and Kidney and Bladder Troubles, be moderate in the consumption of heavy, rich foods, substitute as far as possible soups, broths, fresh milk, and drink water—lets of water. Take plenty of time to eat, and don't eat after you have had enough, even if it does taste good. If your work is confining take a moderate amount of exercise each day in the open air.

Of course, neither diet, water, rest nor exercise will cure these afflictions. I advise them as preventives only. For the benefit of the readers of this article who are now afflicted with Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder or Urinary trouble, and desire to be cured quickly, I give below, camplete in every detail, the famous prescription which has made me so successful in the treatment of these diseases that I have ever used. It is pleasant to take, it is not expensive, it can be filled by any daugsist, and I believe it is the greatest prescription for Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Trouble ever written. It is also a valuable spring tonic and blood purifier. If you are a sufferer, save this, take it to your druggist and have it filled, or get the ingredients and mix them at home.

Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic, ½ ounce.

Concentrated Barkola Compound, I ounce.

Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic, ½ drachm.

Aromatic Elixir, 4 ounces.

Adult dose, take one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime; children, one-fourth to one-half teaspoonful after meals.

spoonful after meals.

After you are cured follow the advice I have given you in regard to diet, exercise and water, and you will not need the services of a physician again for these ailments.

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Here are the name of some patients curedit Mrs. Julia Colling, Weak Eyes, Wilson, Minn.;

Anna Neumana, Oldo, Newe Trouble, Wheaton, Minn.;

Minn.; Dr. S. G. Wright, Granulated Lidas, Connelsville, Mo.; R. Sarveh Garren, Einging in Ears, Landborne, Fa.; T. J. Gipson, Cross Eyes, Meridian, Miss.; Chas. R. Davis, Granulated Lidas, Washington, D. C.; Rev. P. C. Newell, Catarrh, Oil Centre, Ky.; Mrs. J. M. Hapner, Deafness, Columbia City, Ind.; C. L. Hibbets, Head Noises, Lovilla, Iowa; Isaac Hoffman, Cross Eyes, Quincy, Ill.; C. J. Wheeland, Glaucoma, Arlington, Iowa; Mrs. M. E. Ohler, Cataract, Golden City, Mo.

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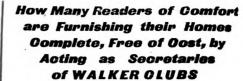
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Vol XIX

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rful bout for June 1907



Published at Augusta, Maine

Few Words by the Editor

.s the month of June
The month of leaves and roses,
/hen pleasant sights salute the eyes,
And pleasant scents the noses.
—N. P. Willis.

UNE is the month of brides. Many of your friends will take life partners this month, and start housekeeping. You are thinking of a present you would like to give them that will last and do good service, and yet not be too great a drain on your purse. You can't quite make up your mind what to give the young couple. Let us solve the difficulty for you. Send us fifty cents, and we will send them COMPORT for four years. Every month for four long years you will be brought to their minds. "Here comes COMPORT," the bride will say, "wasn't it sweet of Nellie to send us that?" "Indeed it was," replies the husband, "and by the way it is the only present that hasn't worn out, but is always fresh, new and interesting." Don't forget that in giving such a present you are bestowing a hundred dollars' worth of happiness for fifty cents, possibly more, as the enjoy-UNE is the month of brides. Many of stowing a nundred dollars worth of happiness for fifty cents, possibly more, as the enjoyment, information, and inspiration, that can be derived from a good magazine like COMFOET, cannot be measured by dollars and cents.—the value is in fact incalculable. This is our June suggestion for our millions of friends and embers here and we trust many will avail subscribers, and we trust many will avail themselves of it, and also the many other splendid offers to club raisers, which can be found in the pages of this charming and in-teresting issue of your favorite magazine.

The Peace Conference which recently met in New York, and to which flocked delegates from all over the world, is a remarkable sign of our times, and gives strong proof of the world's advancement. Holy Writ says, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Not until men are entirely at peace with each other will they be surely His children. Universal Peace is very much in the air, but the fact that nations are meeting to discuss it is a proof that in the not very distant future, the lion will lie down with the lamb, the roar of cannon, the crash of musketry, and the flashing of steel will vanish forever. At present the nations of the world are armed to the teeth, but they are armed for defence, and not for offence. No nation will make war upon another, until every art of diplomacy has been exhausted to avert bloodshed. Nations do not fly at each other's throats like bulldogs, as they did of old. Fighting once was man's only trade. Professions of arms, the only business that seriously occupied men's minds. It is different today, Modern nations know that war is hell; that it not only means bloodshed, but it often means ruin, for war has become so expensive that even the victor is weighed down by a load of debt, which halts national development, and permanently impoverishes and enslaves those who indulge in it. As Garfield said, "after the battle, the dead must be buried, and the bills must be paid." War cannot be wasged without money, and few nations now can afford to indulge in this costliest of all methods of settling international disputes. It is the monied kings, more than the crowned monarchs who rule the world today, and Czar and Kaiser must first consult with bankers and financiers, before they can call out their legions, and marshal their hosts in battle array. As 90 per cent of the world's business is done upon before they can call out their legions, and marshal their hosts in battle array. As 90 per cent. of the world's business is done upon credit, it is very evident that war stops and disturbs business more than anything else, imperils national credit, and is therefore an enterprise that fluenciers do not care to back prise that financiers do not care to back.

The Hague Peace Tribunal is being more and more resorted to by nations for the settlement of international disputes. Over two hundred international disputes have been settled by this Tribunal, and probably in the course of time, nations will mutually agree, that the judges at the Hague shall arbitrate all differences, and settle all troubles that arise between them.

Our readers naturally look to us for some comment on the great questions of the day, and your editor would be lacking in his duty to you, if he did not give you his views on the matters now at issue between the government, and the railroads. Of course there are a good many ramifications, and complications, which make this question a difficult one to thoroughly grasp. Briefly, the railroad situation can be summed up thus: The railroads want to run their properties in their own way, regardless of whether that way is for the best interests of the public or not. Hence we have had to pay the highest prices for the carrying of merchandise and passengers, and have had to be content frequently with the most wretched of service and inadequate facilities, which in their turn have resulted in terrible slaughter, and loss of life from coast to coast.

The first shadow on the railroad horizon was the passing of the "Rate Bill," which made it illegal for railroads to discriminate in the matter of freights. Hitherto, special rates and rebates have been given certain favored corporations, with the result that small shippers have been unable to compete with their more powerful rivals, and in consequence have been

nave been unable to compete with their more powerful rivals, and in consequence have been forced out of business. By the giving of re-bates, and stock manipulation in Wall Street, the railroads incurred the antagonism, and in many cases the open hostility of vast masses of many cases the open hostility of vast masses of the American people. It was obvious that this state of things could not go on forever. An aroused public sentiment has demanded honesty in office; new ideals, and a square deal for all have of late years been insisted on by all good citizens in this country. Great combina-tions of capital are now regarded, even by some of the men who control them, as a public trust. The government does not wish to har-ass the railroads, but it insists that these wast ass the railroads, but it insists that these vast properties be run in a fair, square and above-board manner. In the early days of railroads,

those who controlled them were practical men who took an interest in their properties, and ran them solely for the benefit of the public ran them solely for the benefit of the public and the stockholders. Honest management was the old ideal. The old system has passed away, and with it, the old ideals.

The total capitalization of the railroads of the United States is, \$13,000,000,000. It is computed that of this tremendous sum, one half is "water," in other words they have been capitalized for just double their value. One half this sum, therefore represents fictitious values, values that do not exist, but the public never-

velt who determined to put the railroad business on a foundation of solid honesty. It was ness on a foundation of solid honesty. It was thought that a valuation of railroad properties in this country would be made, and the water squeezed out of stocks, and fictitious values done away with. The bare thought of this caused a tremendous panic in Wall Street. President Roosevelt, however, realized that much of this watered stock had been paid for in good faith by small investors, and he has decided that nothing will be done along these lines, as any drastic legislation in this direction would work incalculable hardship to the small holders of railroad securities.

For a long time the railroads have had it all

different, until President Roosevelt said that what the states would not do, the national government must. State legislatures, feeling that their rights were imperiled, at once woke up, and passed drastic railroad legislation. This has brought about amusing results. At first the railroads looked upon the states as their creatures, but they had a somewhat wholesome dread of Washington, and the strenuous man who controlled matters there. When individual states awakened, and began to throw bombshells into the railroad camp. to throw bombshells into the railroad camp, the railroad magnates rushed to Washington

to throw bombshells into the railroad camp, the railroad magnates rushed to Washington for protection.

The railway financiers have their troubles. The fear of government legislation has frightened investors, and the result is that the railroads cannot get the money needed for the development and improvement of their properties, and they are demanding that public agitation cease and legislation be stopped, or disaster must come. Railroads, hitherto have not been managed either for the benefit of the public or the stockholders, but have been run, in the majority of cases, solely in the interests of a few great financiers who control them. It is the government aim and purpose to merely exercise such control as will insure honesty of management. This will result in vast benefits, both for the public, and the stockholders. It will stop stock manipulation, and Wall Street jugglery, and this will be a blessing to the public, and will harm only those whose pockets are already stuffed to repletion.

With the railroad business on a sound financial basis, public confidence will be immediately restored, and men of small means, who have a few hundred dollars, fetching three and one half per cent. in savings banks, will withdraw the money from these institutions, and buy

the money from these institutions, and buy railroad stocks which will bring them anywhere from five to ten per cent. interest per

Railroads have nothing to fear. The profits Railroads have nothing to fear. The profits of last year averaged over \$3,000 for every mile of track in the country. This prosperity is not threatened, but its continuance is positively assured. With a thorough understanding bebetween the public and the railroads, and with Uncle Sam to see that the agreements are kept and laws respected, everything will be well, and a greater era of prosperity will dawn, both for the railroads and the people, than has ever been known before. for the railroads been known before.
Your friend,

Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Many Elk lodges in the West have adopted President Roosevelt's suggestion and decided to abandon the Elk's tooth emblem. Many Montana men have been collecting elk's teeth for years and holding them for a rise.

The American Humane Association is at tempting to enforce the owners of range cattle to change their methods of doing business. Hundreds of thousands of range cattle in the West, run wild. No provision is made by their owners for feed or shelter, and thousands starve to death every winter.

President Roosevelt has granted a conditional pardon to John L. Lennon, a nephew of John L. Sullivan, serving a sentence at Governor's Island for alleged desertion from the Marine Corps while in Cuba. The condition named by the President is that Lennon re-enlist and serve the full term of four years, he having been dishonorably discharged.

It is stated by C. C. Georgeson, special agent of the United States Department of Agriculture, in charge of Alaskan investigations, that Alaska has agricultural possibilities to an extent which will make the fullest development of resources practicable. The Territory can furnish homesteads of 320 acres each to 200,000 families, and has abundant resources to support a population of 3,000,000.

The death at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, of Rev. The death at Mount Fleasant, lows, of kev. John Watson, May 7th, caused heartfelt regret among those who knew him best by his pen name "Ian Maclaren." Dr. Watson was a clergyman, born in Manningtree, England in 1870. 1850. He was an author of profound religious works. His pictures of Scotch rural life which began with "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," brought him close to the great mass of English speaking nations.

What is said to be the biggest diamond in the world is reposing in a bank on Holland Viaduct in London. The name of the bank is kept a profound secret. And so careful a matter is the showing of the stone to the representatives of Oriental princes, to commercial syndicates and international associations of diamond dealers that a number of crystal facsimiles have been made and prospective buyers have to be satisfied with these replicas. Nobody knows what it is worth, but \$5,000,000 is a reasonable price.

Tired of the pleasures of life, Joseph Dwight. the United States is, \$13,000,000,000. It is computed that of this tremendous sum, one half is "water," in other words they have been capitalized for just double their value. One half this sum, therefore represents fictitious values, values that do not exist, but the public nevertheless has had to pay the principle and interest of these fictitious issues of stock, by which the few have reaped vast benefits at the expense of the many. It was President Roose-



Lightning-drawing Trees

"Maybe the lightning doesn't hit things any oftener these days, than it used to do," remarked an old chap whose memory ran back into the distant past, "but it seems to me that it does. Maybe it is because we have so many newspapers these days telling the news, and we hear of lightning strikes oftener. Anyway, every time there is a thunderstorm we hear of something being hit, and a good many times it is fatal to human life. So far the government hasn't kept statistics of lightning fatalities, but last year the experts figured it up as 320 with several states not reporting. That is, about one every day in the year, and plenty enough to warn the rest of us that the lightning isn't harmless, and that people who are afraid of it have a right to be. A good many of the killed have been struck while seeking shelter from the rain under trees, and still whenever the rain begins, the people who are anywhere near a tree run to it for shelter. It is very much safer to stay in the open and get wet, unless the tree is a beech. Nobody knows why, but the beech seems to be immune, and the lightning very rarely strikes it. We have not kept a record of the trees most liable to be struck, but in England reports show that the dangerous trees are the oak, elm, poplar and ash. One of the most disastrous strokes occurring in New York happened to a lot of people under an elm tree in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, ash. One of the most disastrous strokes occurring in New York happened to a lot of people under an elm tree in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, this past summer. European statistics show the following trees as most likely to be hit, those near the water being more dangerous than those away from it: oaks, 100; elm, 77; pines, 33; fir, 10; beeches, by far the safest, only 2. Birch and maple are two others that are comparatively safe. Still, it is better to get wet than to risk shelter under any kind of a tree. In some sections of the West, farmers in the fields stay out in the open and take the rain, preferring that even to shelter in a house or barn. They even lie down on the ground to present as small a mark as possible, and some have gone so far as to have 'dugouts' in the ground. In a prairie country anything that rises above the surface of the general dead level is a fair mark. We don't hear much about the is a fair mark. We don't hear much about the lightning striking the skyscraper buildings in cities, but a friend of mine tells me that during a half hour thunderstorm in New York one afternoon the lightning struck thirteen times in a territory a mile long and half a mile wide. in a territory a mile long and half a mile wide. This was in a neighborhood where there were no high buildings, and excepting one or two flag poles, most of the strokes were down as low as the street lamps and several wagons were hit. So far we haven't done much toward protecting people from lightning, and maybe we never can, but I think it is about time the scientists were getting to work to see if something can't be done."

Strawberries and Rheumatism

"There seems to be a notion among a good many people," said a doctor-looking party, "that the acid in strawberries is bad for rheumatism, and I know a lot of people who won't eat them on that account, notwithstanding Dean Swift told the truth when he said: 'Doubtless the Lord could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless the Lord never did.' Some people find them indigestible, and liable to sour on the stomach, but they will not find them so, if they will not eat them with cream or milk. But as far as rheumatism is concerned, the strawberry is not more rheumatic than any other acid fruit and we can prove it by authority of long standing. Away back yonder, Linneus, the naturalist, kept himself from rheumatism by eating strawberries. Fontenelli, another one, said his longevity was due to strawberries and he used them as a medicine. Borheave, an authority, classed the strawberry with the principal red fruit remedies containing iron, as well as phosphorus, salt, sulphur and sugar. Taking the strawberry by and large, I think it is not only one of the finest fruits grown, but it is as safe as any and can be eaten by people with rheumatism without fear of making it worse. safe as any and can be eaten by people with rheumatism without fear of making it worse. Whether they will make it better, as in the case of Linnsons, I can't say."

Concerning Divorce

"It used to be," said the man with a married look on his face, "that it was almost as bad as scandal to be divorced, and in the rural communities especially, a divorced person was hardly considered respectable. Indeed, divorced people were so scarce in the country that if one did become to show un anywhere the motor. did happen to show up anywhere, the rest of the community didn't know exactly what course to pursue—call on the pastor to pray for the sinners or call for the officers of the law. But that has changed in recent years and the latest census returns show that the country people are acquiring the habit of getting rid of undesirable domestic burdens. It is said they are doing this because of an increased knowledge of the divorce laws and the publicity given to the matter by the newspapers. One reason, in my judgment, not given officially, is that the country people who look to the cities for their rules of social usage find that divorced people are quite as prominent in city society as any other and quite as highly esteemed, so they are simply following suit. I know that divorces are rapidly increasing, and the census report shows that while from 1867 to 1886, there were only 328,000 divorces granted, during the next twenty years ending in 1906, there were over a million. Brooklyn, New York, has the lowest number, 23 to the 100,000 of population. Chicago has 107. Philadelphia, 63, while in Cincinnati there was a fifteen-fold increase, Kansas City ten and Indianapolis four. Records are so poorly kept in New York City that the officials couldn't get an average, but it is probably greater than any of them, though there is but one cause for divorce in that state. It's none of my business, maybe, but I'm here to say that we ought to be getting back to the good old times when it wasn't considered respectable to break the marriages ties. Public sentiment, not legislation, is the only remedy."

e, Marquette Bidg. rs JITOR -ME, Fancy Work, 3, 4, 9 & 13 ODS BOY (contin-OF COUSINS Con-A CROSS—A Religious on Written in Collabo-lora Nelson and F. C. nued) Mrs. Augusta J. 8, 10, 12 & 14 ING FOR WOMEN MTS. CHICAGO MYSTERY: or, ith Many Aliases Bosser W. LOOKS YER TH GIRLS OCTOR TION BUREAU

rumbs of Comfort

ware the fury of a patient man.

ypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue. the itch of disputing has proved the scab of e churches.

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor is man.
—Samuel Daniel.

What too many preachers lack in depth, they give you in length.

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in our grave.

To look down on ourselves prevents our look-

ing down on others.

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.

-Milton The fullest and best ears of corn hang lowest

towards the ground. In these days we fight for ideas, and news-

papers are our fortres The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt.

Remember that what you believe will depend very much upon what you are.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by the outward touch as the sunbeam.

Often the cockloft is empty in those whom nature has built so many stories high.

The best of men

That ever wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

—Thomas Decker.

That man's religion is worth nothing whose very dog and cat are not the better for it.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were the easiest.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be wallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

> He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all.
>
> —Marquis of Montre

Men's hearts should not be set against one another, but set with one another, and all against evil only.

Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he have common sense on the ground floor.

And yet, as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
Some strange thoughts transcend our wonted And into glory peep.

—Henry Vayahn

The study of science teaches young men to think, while the study of the classics teaches them how to express themselves.

It is hard to believe that Providence has sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

For a long time the railroads have had it all their own way. Individual states seemed in-different, until President Roosevelt said that

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st; roll stitch l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; *stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate r petition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Drawnwork Centerpiece

After deciding on the size the first step is, as usual, the drawing of the thread after allowing

for the hem.

Fold this evenly, baste down and hemstitch all around, this finished one is ready for the border. This is worked by passing the thread from one side of the center to the other, knot-

ting the threads into groups, after which the butterflies are darned into the corners. In selecting linen for drawnwork choose a piece with round smooth threads and as free

from dressing as possible.

A beginner of this work can get good practice by working the borders shown in Nos. 1 and 2, which are simpler though similar in design.

Original Design for Collars and Cuffs in Embroidery

The popularity of the turn-over collar and cuffs seems to increase, rather than diminish. Ruchings are frail, and expensive on that account, lasting only a short time, and then, too, they are not as becoming as the dainty white turn-over effects against the neck and hands.

Collars and cuffs are made of lawn or linen; the lawn should be fairly heavy, to wear well.

the lawn should be fairly heavy, to wear well, for the finer quality won't stand many washings. Fine, sheer linen should be used for



THE STRAWBERRY DESIGN. FIG. 1.

hand-embroidered accessories, as that wears as long as the work in it lasts, but of course it is expensive; however, so little is needed, for the narrow bands, that it comes within the means of almost everyone. That without dressing should be used, it is soft but firm.

Butcher's linen and pique are used when heavier, coarser embroidery is to be done.

The designs shown herewith which are



THE DESIGN IN ACTUAL SIZE. FIG. 2.

specially adaptable for the fine linen or lawn on collars, are Figs. 1, 3 and 5. Fig. 1 is called the Strawberry design. The leaves falling over the berry and those on the vine and the vine itself are worked in solid embroidery, and the berry is worked in seed stitch. Fig. 2 shows the design in actual size, which can be traced with tracing paper and transferred to the linen with impression paper.

After putting design on linen, pad the leaves and stems and around the edge of berry; this



CONVENTIONAL FLOWER. FIG. 3.

is done by running two threads of mercerized linen or cotton floss the length of the stems, and fairly solidly lengthwise each leaf. Then and fairly solidly lengthwise each leaf. Then with one thread, embroider the stems over and over, solidly, and the leaves across. Draw the floss fairly tight, but not so tight that the linen will be wrinkled underneath. Fill in berries with seed stitch, which is a sort of back stitch, very short, not so close together that the linen is entirely covered, however, as it should show between the stitches. Pad the edge of the collar by running heavy threads the full length, and embroidering with buttonhole stitch, over padding, with one thread. Cut edge close to embroidery. Lay, wrong side up, on several thicknesses of flannel on ironing board; lay a wet cloth over it and press with hot



embroidery should stand out firm and hard. Then cut bands one and one half inches wide, on the straight way of lawn; turn in narrow edges on all sides and fold edges together. Place top of collar between these two edges



AN ATTRACTIVE DESIGN. FIG. 5.

and baste firmly; then stitch on machine. The band should extend out one half inch at each end of collar.

Cuffs to match all of the collars described are made in the same way, cut in the same shape, and as deep as desired. At the present



THE CENTRAL FIGURE LENGTHWISE. FIG. 6.

time the correct measurement for turn-over collars is about two inches, from lower edge to where band is put on; the cuffs are much wider than they used to be, being often four inches, but usually those made of thin material

broidering the flowers, stems and leaves, work an eyelet in the center of each flower, and as many as desired in the space at center collar. To make an eyelet punch a hole with a stilet-



THE CENTRAL DESIGN REVERSED. FIG. 8.

to in the center of circle; work stiletto up and down until the hole is as large as desired. Take one thread of fine floss and overcast the

several times. to keep the ing up. After having over-casted the edge, embroid-er (over and over stitch) around the the hole open all the time DESIGN FOR COLLAR. FIG. 9. all

with frequent insertions of the stiletto. When finished, in-Insertions of the stiletto. When inished, insert stiletto from wrong side up to right, thus shaping the hole and bringing a thin worked ridge out and strongly on the right side.

This collar is finished with a one fourth inch hem, feather-stitched.

Designs Figs. 7 and 9 may be used on either turn-over collars, or on stocks, that are made of heavy linen. These stocks are more suitable



begin by knotting in center over previous knot, pass to lower side, and knot two and two, and repeat same, always knotting in center over previous knot. Third thread begin by knotting two and two together above, pass to center and knot the two strands together, on lower side knot two and two, continue to end. Fourth thread is a repetition of the third. Fill corners as illustrated.

MAY SEIVER.

These stocks are finished with a one third

These stocks are finished with a one third inch hem all around, stitched twice.
Collar Fig. 10 is a specially attractive turnover; the linen is heavy deep ecru, or tan color, and the design is worked in red, green, blue and yellow washable silks, outlined with black. The design and coloring are strictly Oriental and show up well on a dark cloth gown.
Figs. 11 and 12 show the design in actual size.

Drawnwork Border

Begin by drawing threads to the widths of five eighths inches, and hemstitch both sides into groups of five or six threads each. First thread, begin by knotting four threads to-

DRAWNWORK BORDER. NO. 1.

gether in center, pass to upper side and knot toward two together, then to center, and knot four, pass down to lower side, and knot two and two together, repeat to end. Second thread

DRAWNWORK BORDER. NO. 2.

Directions for Daisy Handkerchief Bag-Original

MAY SEIVER.

1st row.—Ch. 6, join to form ring, first round
16 tr. c. in ring, join in top of first tr. c.
2nd row.—Ch. 3, tr. c. in same st. twice, ch. 3,
3 tr. c. in same st. to form shell, sl. 2, then
another shell, all the way round there should
be eight shells, join at top.
3rd row.—Shell in shell, fasten with s. c. between shells of preceding row, repeat around.
4th row.—Sl. st. to center of ch. 3 in first
shell, ch. 8, fasten in center of next shell, repeat around.

shell, ch. 8, fasten in center of next shell, repeat around.

5th row.—Then 1 tr. c. in every st. around, fasten in top of first st.

6th row.—Ch. 12, sl. 4, fasten in 5th st. around.

7th row.—Sl. st. to center of first ch. 12, ch. 10, fasten in same st., ch. 12, fasten in same, ch. 10, fasten in same st. to form three picots, ch. 6, fasten in center of next ch. 12, repeat all around. 8th row.—16 s. c. under ch. 10, picot, 18 s. c. under ch. 12, 16 s. c. under ch. 10, 6 s. c. under ch. 6, 5 s. c. under next picot, fasten in 5th stitch of last picot, 11 s. c. under same, repeat around.

stitch of last picot, 11 s. c. under same, repear around.

9th row.—Sl. st. to top of first picot, ch. 5, fasten with s. c. in top of center picot, ch. 3, d. c. in top of next, ch. 3, d. c. in top of next picot, ch. 3, s. c. in top of next, repeat around. 10th row.—Ch. 3, 2 tr. c. in same, sl. 3, 3 tr. c. in fourth, repeat eight times, then * 3, tr. c. under l. of ch. 3, repeat from * around, fasten in top of first tr. c.

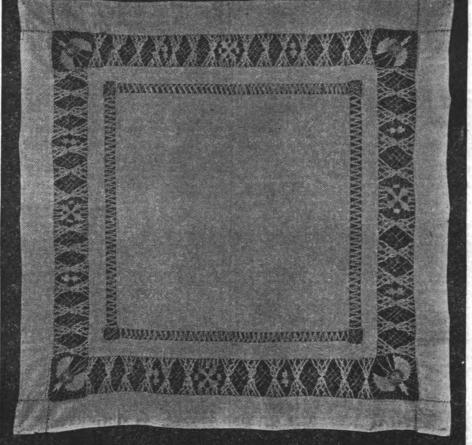
in top of first tr. c.

11th row.—Ch. 3, 2 tr. c. in same st., 3 tr. c. between groups of 3 tr. c. in preceding row, nine times, this forms a neck, sl. 3 sts., 3 tr. c. in fourth, 1 ch., 3 tr. c. in same to form shell, sl. 3, shell in fourth all around to neck, fasten in top of stitch

sl. 3, shell in fourth all around to neck, faster in top of stitch.

12th row.—Ch. 3, 2 tr. c. in same, repeat 11 times, shell of 4 tr. c. 1 ch., 4 tr. c. in shell, repeat to neck.

13th row.—3 ch., 2 tr. c. in same, repeat 12 times, shell of 9 tr. c. in shell, repeat around, fasten in top of first st. of neck. This com-

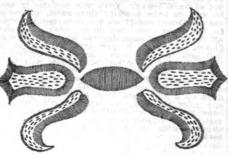


DRAWNWORK CENTERPIECE.

are from two to three. The very wide ones are usually made of pique or heavy linen and starched, and then are used on coat sleeves. The collars for these cuffs are of the style that fits well over the collar and lapels of an outside

fits well over the collar and lapels of an outside coat.

Collar Fig. 3 shows design of a conventional flower, with lace used on the lower part. Fig. 4 is the design in actual size. After the design is drawn onto the linen, baste a piece of lace on the wrong side, covering the three lower portions of the flower. Then proceed with the padding exactly as described in the strawberry



DESIGN FOR COLLAR, FIG. 7.

design. Embroider leaves, stems and three upper portions of flower solid, also all around the three lower portions, very narrowly, in fact just as the stems are embroidered. When all done, carefully cut away the linen over the lace, close to embroidered edges; great care must be used not to cut the lace underneath. The lace used for any work of this kind should be delicate and open in pattern, but durable in texture. A fine Valenciennes may be used, or point d'esprit, allowing the dot to come in the center of openings, if possible. In fact, any strong net may be used, but not too coarse to look well with the quality of linen. After the design is finished, pad the scalloped edges and buttonhole. Cut out, and press, as described in preceding collar.

THE DESIGN IN ACTUAL SIZE. FIG. 4.

The design on collar Fig. 5 is similar to a forget-me-not, though it is not one, as petals are longer and quite narrow. This design inleave quite an open and press until perfectly dry and smooth. The



ORIENTAL IN DESIGN. FIG. 10.

stead of on turn-overs, but as we give the designs in actual size, separately, they may be

signs in actual size, separately, they may be drawn upon either.
Fig. 6 stock shows the central figure lengthwise, with a large, conventional daisy at either side and large dots between.
Fig. 8 stock shows the same central figure, up and down, with Fig. 9 design at either side and large eyelets between. The material used is butcher's linen and the floss is

and the floss is coarse linen or cotton mercer-ized. The cenized. The central figure has a wide, solid edge, to each end portion, the plain center filled in with seed stitch. The connecting The The connecting center portion is worked solid. Of course all is padded before being worked, which is done by running a thread back and SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

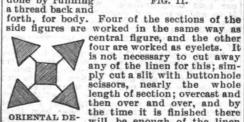


FIG. 11.

SIGN. FIG. 12. drawn up by the stitches to leave quite an open space. Make a large eyelet



DAISY HANDKERCHIEF BAG.

pletes one half, make the other just like first, turn right sides together and join edges of scallops, leaving neck open. For daisy, use either cream or color of lining, narrow ribbon, fasten under loop of three chain in first row of shells, then run through center, repeat from the 8 points and fasten a little yellow center in, run inch and one half ribbon through last row of tr. c., under three, over six, and finish with bow and loop to hang up by.

Mrs. MINNIE FIRM.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in-stead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least three MONTHS before the issu for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices: we have no exchange

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have com-plied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

such a notice. See offer.

subscribers are cordially invited to write to this
department and all stand an equal chance of
having their letters appear, whether they are old
or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel ut-terly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILLINSON, care COMPORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. H. Dutcher, Box 34, Elizaville, N. Y.

writes:
This corner is like a visit from old friends, and though I have never written a word before, in heart and mind I am in the ranks.

Many of the letters take me back to my younger days and give much comfort and encouragement to an old lady of sixty-one. I can truly sympathize with the shut-ins, for I have had rheumatism for twenty years, but only lightly—twice have been laid up for a few days. I thank God I am as well as I am, and pity all who suffer from this dread disease.

Next comes a young mother, whose baby certainly is fortunate; she writes:

I noticed in one of the letters that a sister told how many grandparents her baby had. I have a baby boy, ten months old, named Clarence Cleo, who has four great grandmothers, one great-grandfathers, two grandfathers, and two grandmothers living. He has seen all of them excepting one great-grandfather. How many babies fair better than this?

MRS. BERTHA DULGAR, Rose Hill, Ill.

MRS. BERTHA DULGAR, Rose Hill, III.

Mrs. J. E. Muldoon's address was incorrectly
given in the March issue, it is Box 102, Waco,
R. F. D., 6, Texas. She lives on a farm three
miles south of the city, and says:
I have three little Jersey cows which I care
for, and from which I make all my pin money.
I make pets of them, they each are named and
will come when called. I wonder how many of
the sisters have tried this way of making money.
I like the exercise and outdoor life. I would be
glad to receive letters especially from any bearing the name of McCullar.

Our next is from a manager, indeed, for who build do better than this brave little woman ho writes a bright cheery letter and winds up

who writes a bright cheery letter and winds up by saying:
"I have only three dollars a week to buy wood, pay rent and live on, and this I earn myself, yet we live in a way—what do you think of my management?"
She has three little ones, a baby girl a year old, and two boys five and seven. All of their clothes she makes of old garments, and adds that every inch is used for something. Remember her, sisters, with letters and anything which would be of use. Address
Mas. Ella Manchester, New Berlin, N. Y.

MRS. ELLA MANCHESTER, New Berlin, N. Y.

A representative of Charlotte, Mich. is next in line. She is twenty-six years of age, five feet one inch short, and weighs about ninety pounds, has blue eyes, brown hair, and has been married six years June 19, on which date she wishes a letter party. But if you all don't have time to write before then, without doubt the letters will be as welcome later. She further says she would like to make a Comport friendship crazy-quilt and would like all of the sisters, and cousins also, to send a quilit block, any design, with name, town and state, worked in middle of block. She would like every state represented.

MRS. CLARENCE O. WHITE, 620 W. Lawrence Ave., Charlotte, Mich.

A bereaved one, having just lost a kind cood.

A bereaved one, baving just lost a kind good husband, asks for letters of cheer and sympathy. Remember her on her birthday, July 11. Ad-

MRS. MATTIE BUCKINGHAM, KANSAS, R. F. D.

Mrs. Bella J. Richardson, Ottumwa, R. F. D. Mrs. Bella J. Richardson, Ottumwa, R. F. D., 2, Iowa, an eighty-five-year-old sister, writes under date of Apr. 2nd that the peach and cherry trees are in bloom and the weather like May. How good that sounds, for in raw New England the winds are still chilly. This dear old lady is almost blind, but still enjoys COMFORT, and would be delighted to be remembered with letters. Read Mrs. Richardson's letter and then write her a good long one.

to rim where the plaits in the crown are, sew good, so it will be stout, and not flap too much. Put lawn strings on, and you will have a hat very much to your liking. We have had one the last two summers. If made well one will last at least one summer, and maybe more.

For the dear sufferers we gladly give any recipes which may prove of benefit. Christiana loges submits this

Tested Recipe for Rheumatism

Take five cents' worth of sulphur and a quart of best gin, mix well before using, dose, one large spoonful each evening at bedtime. When bottom becomes thick add more gin. Persons using this should not get wet.

susing this should not get wet.

From California comes these lines:
We are only a few miles from the Mexican line; this county has a good many olive, orange and lemon groves, and fine reservoirs and water systems, and after years of waiting have the prospect of three railroads, and everybody is happy and everything is booming. We have a ranch of one hundred and sixty acres, our main orchard is fig trees. I made fourteen hundred pounds of sweet pickled figs, so if any want some just 'phone me.

If anyone reading this, who lived in Kansas from 1865 to 1868, recognizes my name and will write me I will be glad to answer, for I spent three happy years near Hiawatha, Brown Co., Kans.

CAROLINE E. DISHER MOORE, Dulzura, San Diego Co., California.

Mrs. Mollie Carper, Hico, Texas, wrote an in-teresting letter, from which we quote the follow

I am a new but interested reader. I saw I am a new but interested reader. I saw a letter from a lady who lives in the same Co. in Mo., in which I spent my first years; how it made me think of childhood days, and I dreamed of our old home and its surroundings, the pretty woods I played in with two little brothers, in happy days gone by. We lived in Summerville, Texas Co., on what used to be the Trailkill place, till I was thirteen, and now I am thirty-one, with two sweet little girls of my own. As I have drifted a long distance from the old home, I should enjoy hearing from sisters living in that vicinity.

Here we have mild winters but not such good fruit as we had in Mo. My parents live in Washita Co., Okla. My mother visited us last Christmas. I am going to see them, then I will write again and tell you all about my trip.

A sister who is naturally rejuctant to sign

write again and tell you all about my trip.

A sister who is naturally reluctant to sign her full name strikes a true note when she says:
Dear sisters, and especially young sisters,
I would say to you all, never marry excepting for love. I was married at seventeen, I was alone, in poor health, had to work for my living, and I wanted a home. I married a good man and one who is kind to me, but in every married life there are shadows as well as sunshine, and I know how hard it is to be patient when the shadows come, if love is lacking. I know life is not what it would be if I truly loved my husband. Besides I believe love comes to all sooner or later, and what if it comes too late. Heed my warning, dear ones, and let nothing but love ever induce you to take the fatal step. Better, I say, starvation in a workhouse than a loveless marriage.

Gertrude. GERTRUDE.

starvation in a worknouse than a loveless marriage.

I wonder how many have ever had this experience of which Mrs. Gauthier writes:

Let us all plant some Morning Glories and try it. She says:

I wonder if any of the sisters ever saw Morning Glories opening. One morning last summer I was out on the back porch which was covered with Morning Glories. Looking up, I saw a beautiful sight, all the buds unfolded. The next morning I got up before five o'clock so I might see them open again. I sat near the vines, the buds were all closed up tightly. Suddenly, yet softly, without even the faintest whisper of a sound, but with the merest trembling of the vine, all the little white buds opened at the same time. It was not more than six seconds after they began to open before the last bud had been unfolded. It seems that just as the morning air reached a certain degree of lightness, all the flowers came open. There were a few ill-shaped and deformed ones which did not open so readily. This little experience gave me a deeper love for flowers and a deeper love for the good Lord who fashioned them so wonderfully.

My home is in the heart of the beautiful

love for the good Lord who lashfolds wonderfully.

My home is in the heart of the beautiful Berkshire hills, and I dearly love the country.

MISS ALINE G. GAUTHIER, 93 Dawes Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

From Pennslyvania comes the following:

I first thought I must express my gratitude and appreciation of Comfort, as I have found so many good things to help me in various ways, in these columns. I do feel sorry for the shutins, and am going to try and see if I cannot give them a little sunshine, this very day. When I am doing my work, I often look around my little home, and although humble, I feel my heart swelling with thankfulness to God, for giving me so much. I have one of the bost husbands, and dear sisters, I try to be everything to him, and he appreciates me. I am the mother of three bouncing boys, and have my hands full to overflowing, but am trying with God's help to lead the little feet in the right path. I find it very hard sometimes, two, at least, are so different in disposition, that what benefits one, does harm to the other.

To the sister who suffers from salt-rheum or tetter try the following:

Take potato peclings and boil in plenty of water, then wash hands in the liquid as hot as one can stand, doing this two or three times a day. I have used this with success, when a dozen of salves failed.

MRS. R. F. SAYRE, 5021 Osceola St., Hazelwood, Pa. From Pennslyvania comes the following:

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
From this beautiful sunny clime I send greeting to you all. How rapidly time flies. It seems only a short while since I last wrote, yet seems only a short while since I last wrote, yet over a year has glided by, and with its passing, changes have come to hearts and homes. Many of the sisters have been made to bow under the chastening rod. Some speak of having to give up loved ones, I can sympathize with them as only one, who has passed through the same sorrow, can. Let us all cast our care upon the Lord, for He alone can give real comfort.

My sympathy is also with those dear motherless ones, for what is home without a mother, they are always so ready to help us in every little trial.

Mrs. Bella J. Richardson, Ottumwa, R. F. D., Iowa, an eighty-five-year-old sister, writes mader date of Apr. 2nd that the peach and cherry trees are in bloom and the weather like May. How good that sounds, for in raw New England the winds are still chilly. This dear old lady is almost blind, but still enjoys Comfort, and would be delighted to be remembered with letters. Read Mrs. Richardson's letter and then write her a good long one.

For Red Ants

Someone wanted to know a remedy for little red ants.

Equal parts of powdered borax and sugar spirinkled wherever they are found will drive them away immediately.

Anna V. Burch, 1008 E. Adams St., Muncie, Indiana.

Miss Ethel Morris, Fitzgerald, Ga., sends in the directions for making a paper garden-bat:

Take heavy light brown wrapping paper, such as express packages come in. Cut a strip two and one fourth yards long and seven inches wide.

and double box plait it till it is about nine inches long, just fastening it at one end of plait, sew ends of paper together. This makes a fluted rim. For the crown use a round plece of paper fifteen inches is aliameter, and plait all around ene finch from edge, to fit inside of rim. Sew less sisters, those of you who still have your little trial.

Dear sisters, those of you who still have your plate they are always has they do burdening them with little grievances of daily life, which perhaps will cause them many wakeful hours of unrest. When you visit the old home, try to be a help, relieve the mother, the daily life, which perhaps will cause them many wakeful hours of unrest. When you visit the old home, try to be a help, relieve the mother, it has been confortable chair. The toil and self-denial of their earlier years can be rewarded by our kind thoughtfulness. What a privilege we should not neglect. How different it will be when they are gone, when we no more are greeted by the sweet smile of welcome.

Now a word about the children. Of late there has been considerable said about rearing them and the best method of commandi

with him, to my sorrow I found he had a most irritable and ungovernable temper, and so self-willed he would pounce upon his little brother at the least provocation. Then I was confronted with the grave responsibility of a mother's duty. Nothing short of the rod would do, but with the help of Him who shows us our duty, I taught the little fellow to control his temper, and now that he is grown up it would be hard to find a young man with a sweeter disposition and better control of his temper. He also loves and respects his mother. I speak of this for the benefit of some mother who is having the same trial, and say it is better to command obedience and teach a child self-control when it is young, even though you have to resort to the rod, and it costs you many tears, than to dispense with discipline and suffer the trials which will surely follow later.

We should never punish our child in an angry mood, and when we are forced to correct them should let them know that it grieves us, and that it is only for their good that we do it. I have known parents who would even allow their children to strike them when they were punishing them in a kindly way, and have thought of the sorrow which would surely be theirs in after years.

I have written in a very rambling way, just

years.

I have written in a very rambling way, just as my mind dictates, if I only had the gift of expression like some of you I would like to write

often.

I want to thank all who so generously responded to my request for pieces for my quilt. I still need more, do any of you know where I can send for some?

can send for some?

I have found some delightful acquaintances through these columns.

Mrs. Thompson. Did you receive my letter? I hope your plan will be a success.

There was a slight mistake in my last letter, as my initials are I. C. instead of I. P.

Mrs. I. C. Windham, Homewood, Miss.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
As I have read the letters from different places, I have thought, why not write one myself. Each writer seems like a dear acquaint-

I am not very tall, have blue-gray eyes, dark brown hair, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, age twenty-eight years. I have not seen a letter from Ericson, and will tell you something about

It is a small place, but it is growing and improving rapidly, yet I do not like it as well as I did my former home. It makes no difference where we go, we will always have a tender spot for our old home.

We live on a ranch now, and after living in a

where we go, we will always have a tender spot for our old home.

We live on a ranch now, and after living in a city, it seems lonely sometimes. Since I came here my dear mother crossed the deep waters with the angel boatman, and now triumphantly chants the song of victory amid the glories the Saviour has prepared. The flowers awakening from winter's long reign always remind me of the glorious resurrection.

I am the mother of four, two boys and two girls. They are very dear to us. Mothers, let us appreciate every little attention offered by our bo, s and girls, and beware of keeping them hungry-hearted. My children love to kiss me, and I kiss them. It is a great panacea for all their little aches and grievances. God grant they may be spared to me, and be an honor to me, that I may live to bless the day they were born.

J. A. D. It gives me great pleasure to read

Mrs. Nelson Ashdown. We must try very hard and not be irritable with the children. Sometimes we are overwearied of the everlasting round of home duties and need rest—it is the

Sometimes we are overwearied of the everlasting round of home duties and need rest—it is the best tonic.

Mrs. Estelle Poynter. I am sorry for you. My husband is kind and good to me, I don't know what I should do if he were to cease to be affectionate. I think I have one of the best and truest men that ever lived. He never comes in without a kiss of welcome, or leaves without a good by kiss, and what a world of good it does us both.

Mrs. Mae Tuttle. I believe I should like you for a neighbor. The gift of seeing the light side of nature instead of the dark, the humorous instead of the tragic, is one of the best gifts we have.

I would like the sisters to give me a letter party on the 5th of June.

I do all kinds of fancy work, when I have time. Here are two remedies which may be of benefit.

Rhoumatism Cure

Put two beef galls into a pint bottle, fill bottle with whiskey. Apply often to affected parts.

Cure for Diphtheria

Juice from a ripe pineapple, given in teaspoonful doses slowly. This has been tried with great success.

MRS. EDITH TRENHAILE, Ericson, Wheeler Co., Neb.

MRS. EDITH TRENHALLE, Ericson, Wheeler Co., Neb.

My IDEARS:
Some of my dear bachelor girls wish me to enlighten them regarding what to take on short trips that can be carried in a suit case? What one's pocketbook will allow is an important feature. For traveling, nothing is better than a skirt and jacket of some light-weight serge goods, mohair, panama or brilliantine, gray is the best color, with shirt-waist of gray china silk, gloves to match, hat can be a pian white straw sailor trimmed with band of white or gray, with white veil to cover the entire hat and to the under the chin, the veil can be removed at any time, of course, or if one wishes to wear a dressy hat, provide a soft, large paper sack, into which the hat can be placed during a journey or dusty ride, and a cap donned in its place which can be bought most anywhere for twenty-five cents. The paper sack containing hat can be tied into the suit case or hung up in the car, out of harm's way. With this costume it would be well to have a white shirt-waist, gloves and canvas shoes, and if on the cars, one can retire to the toilet-room and dust, brush, and shake off the dust and soot, don the white waist, shoes, gloves, etc., and lo! you are transformed, and will look cool and neat. As to the contents of the suit case, if going where you will be required to have an evening toilette, a silk, or some of the light pretty goods, with a fancy waist, will be necessary, and let me give you girls all a hint right here, if the said dress has any color about it, say trimmed with pink ribbons, provide yourself with some silk or satin to match the ribbon, and cover a pair of black slippers with it. I have known them to be covered so nicely and neatly, that one could dance in them for an entire evening, mind, I do not advise the dancing, as that is a pretty severe test on them.

For morning wear nothing is cooler than a shirt-waist suit made of anything sheer and My DEARS

test on them.

For morning wear nothing is cooler than test on them.

For morning wear nothing is cooler than a shirt-waist suit made of anything sheer and pretty from five cent goods up as high as the purse will permit. For underwear a dark-colored petticoat of light-weight goods, with under petticoat to match (if any is required, for a full figure it is not advisable to wear too many,) one white petticoat would be necessary for the light-colored dress. Gauze underwear in one or two piece suits (as one's fancy dictates), hosiery; black for all round wear, or match costume if liked, white with the white shoes, and pink, if pink slippers are worn. Still another suggestion should one wish a pair of blue hose, buy a pair of white cotton and dip them in bluing as dark as desired. Now for the nightdresses; one of the most cool and delightful is china silk of any color; it can be utilized as a lounging robe, too. Two nightgowns made of thin cheap cotton cloth, half lownecked, with elbow sleeves, do not take up much

space.
I was particularly interested in our April number, the machine-made dolly, marguerite collar, wheel lace, chestnut burr quitt design, and the slipper watch pochet.

Mrs. Ryder. I should call your eyes one of the many shades of blue.

Miss Nichols. The climate of the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, where it is high, dry and healthy might benefit catarrh, and surely would throat trouble. People are troubled with catarrh, if it has become deeply seated, in all parts of the country.

Mrs. J. B. Huffman, 601 Kimball Avenue, Roanoke, Va., writes me: "I am one of your little folks, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, a young housekeeper, and get many useful hints and suggestions from our dear Compour. Will you ask the sisters to please send me some woolen pieces, or silk, to piece a quilt, it is so hard for young housekeepers that have no rag bag and piece bag to go to, like the older ones. I have three books, 'Dora Deane,' 'Golden Hearts,' 'Maid, Wife or Widow,' that I have read and would like to pass on. My birthday was April 15th."

Mrs. E. H. Behrens. To make the linoleum wear longer and better, try varnishing it. As to the matting, wash frequently in salt water, or water with ox gall soap in it; by keeping rugs around where most of the wear comes will assist in preserving it. I have the poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," which I will be pleased to send you if you will inclose stamped, directed envelope. Iris McKinsie. Ulceration of the bladder is a very serious trouble. Why not consult our dear Comport physician? For simple bladder irritation at the made of Buchu leave a is good, nutritious dies and pure water to drink. But try our own medical man.

Estelle Poynter. I will tell you something about bees and goats next month.

are all so good, I wish all our readers to share in them.

If I neglected to answer any of the letters sent me during March and April, know that I was very ill, and some might have been overlooked. Will the St. Louis sister kindly return my crochet patterns? Let us remember to inclose a stamped, plainly directed envelope, and a sheet of paper when writing for a favor to a stranger, bearing in mind that a hundred or two letters may be received, and that envelope and stamp are not the only things required.

J. A. D. (MRS. VAN DYKE), Orange, R. F. D., 1, Mass.

Mass.

Dear Comport Family:

Good morning! Did you ever really think what that word means, good, yes, good morning? This is a beautiful world to live in, only mankind is out of harmony with God. I thought last fall that the weather was as near perfect as one could desire, the winter followed, just cold enough to be healthful and pleasant to most folks here, but as I am not burdened with any surplus flesh, the cold got right next to my bones, even if the mercury did not go below zero, and now the beautiful spring with its gladsome sunshine, its balmy breezes, flowers and song-birds are right around me, yes, and the little chickens.

I am afflicted, and seldom go from home, but I

I am afflicted, and seldom go from home, but I Ilve on a hill in a lovely neighborhood. I can look away to the west and see the mountains, and to the southeast and see the town and University, where our boys and girls go to prepare for useful lives. If I had a trumpet sufficient, I'd stand right here and call every ambitious boy and girl from the remotest corner of our state, and girl from the remotest corner of our state, and tell them to come to the fountain and drink deep from the wells of knowledge, and get ready to live, and be assured that he who lives right will die right. There have been many diamonds in the rough that by almost a superhuman effort got here, and after staying five or six years went away polished and beautiful. I would tell all the other boys and girls to ask and find out how they can enter their State University, the matriculation fee is almost nothing, and no tuition. Some of them can pay their board in part or all, working in private families, and the cost of board at the dormitories is little. My boy pays part of his way working at the Experiment Station, which is very helpful in learning how to work, that counts for much to a fatherless boy.

I pity the shut-ins. If I could, I would take each one to my heart and say, be patient, think less about self and more of God and other people, and the dear old mother of whom I recently read; her three sons, well-to-do men, permitted her to go to the poorhouse. Shame on such sons and daughters, who will mistreat the author of their being. I believe parents and children according to their ability should do what they can in the home. Never let anything, over which we have control, keep us away from church, for there is where we can usually get spiritual food, and food we must have. Right here I want to say that I sit to cook, wash and iron, to be sure I have to stand and wash some. I would say to the rheumatic, sleep in a sumry room, and live in the sunshine as much as possible, and drink soft water.

Can anyone tell me from experience or abservation, if the ocean or gulf coast baths will cu I am amicred, and seldom go from nome, out a live on a hill in a lovely neighborhood. I can look away to the west and see the mountains, and to the southeast and see the town and Uni-

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
It was years ago when I saw the first copy
of COMPORT, and I have been a subscriber for

of COMFORT, and I have been a subscriber for four years.

We live on a homestead ranch, in the foothills, east side of the Coast Range mountains. I have been here more than two years, but do not like California, especially this part, as well as some other states I have lived in. The winds are very disagreeable, and the summer too warm, and no rain.

How many of you living in the country, grow flowers? I do, and think like Beecher, the great divine, who said: "Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made, and forgot to put a soul into." Some of my favorites are roses, carnations, violets and pansies, but I love them all.

Will the sister or cousin who said her hobby was flowers, please write again? I can't find the paper containing her letter.

was flowers, please write again? I can't find the paper containing her letter.

Those who have had to give up the most precious of all gifts—the baby, have my deepest sympathy. I have a little blue-eyed darling in the city of angels. The little white casket will ever be an indelible picture of memory. I miss her much. Yet, when I think of the many sorrows she has escaped, I bow in humble submission and say: "Thy will be done."

To the shut-ins, I would say: I have been a sufferer the most of my life, from nervous trouble, and sympathize truly with all sufferent.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

AYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with guide a school and the second and the second

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRIAL OF SKILL.

THE TRIAL OF SKILL.

HE young men who were to engage in the trial of skill were already on the ground. On a similar occasion among the whites there would doubtless have been a large amount of noise and confusion, but here, on the contrary, the most perfect decorum reigned.

The rival archers formed a group by themselves. Whatever might have been their feelings towards each other, in reference to the approaching contest, nothing appeared in their faces but that impassive look with which an Indian so successfully veils his real thoughts.

When, however, Long Arrow, the chief led

When, however, Long Arrow, the chief led out Waurega, attired in her Indian finery, nature asserted itself, and a low murmur of admiration ran along the whole line. But this was immediately checked, and their attention was at once called to the purpose for which they had assembled.

they had assembled. For a mark, a circular section of bark had For a mark, a circular section of bark had been stripped from a tree at the distance of a hundred yards. In removing the bark, however, an inner ring had been left, and while an arrow striking anywhere within the circle would indicate fair skill, it was expected that the best archers would hit within the inner ring, in which the exact center had been marked as nearly as could be indicated. To his this at such a distance would require hit this at such a distance would require a degree of skill that might well entitle the one who displayed it to the glory and the meed of

All stood by, waiting for the chief to give the signal for the trial to commence.

Raising his hand to command attention. he

"My children, you have come to see which can draw the best bow. The daughter of Long Arrow is before you." Here he pointed to Waurega, who modestly cast down her eyes.

The chief proceeded to reiterate his assurance of the morning that he who came out of the approaching contest a victor should lead Waurega to his wigwam as his wife.

The signal to commence was now given, and according to previous arrangement, one of the number stepped forward, and drawing his bow to the proper position, let fly the arrow.

The young man who had been appointed to

nation. In other words, he had a great deal of self-complacency with very little real merit on which to base it.

True to his character, he stepped up to the lution, which he only waited for the conclusion

It was with a glance unconsciously appealing that she looked at Okanoga as he approached the stand.

The young man's air was cool and composed. His step was elastic, and he did not appear to fear for the result. He appeared strikingly handsome as he stood in an attitude of careless grace, with one foot placed a little before the other. More than Waurega looked upon him as the Adonis of the tribe, and more than one would have been glad to win him from the chief's daughter. So among the maidens it was generally hoped that he would be unsuccessful in the present trial, as he would then be obliged to seek another bride. The men in the tribe, except those personally interested, were, on the contrary, hopeful of his success. But all, whatever might be their feelings, watched with the greatest interest the appearance of this last champion, whose good or ill success would decide the question.

Though not flustered, Okanoga evidently felt the responsibility of his position. With a

Though not flustered, Okanoga evidently felt the responsibility of his position. With a fair reliance upon his own ability, he was by no means inclined to a rash confidence. He exercised the utmost care in taking aim;

man to advance

man to advance.

He took the hand of his unresisting daughter and said: "I have seen the bow of Okanoga, and it is strong. I marked the flight of his arrow, and it was swift. It struck the mark. Okanoga's arrow is the best. Let him lead the daughter of the chief to his wig-

The heart of Okanoga beat high with exultation, and his eye sparkled with joy, as he took the proffered hand and led away the embarrassed but happy Waurega.

Mean time a different scene was enacting in stern purpose wavered.

The face of his son assumed to him, it might

John had not made his appearance among the contestants. His father's eye scanned anxiously the ranks of the young men, and he could not see him. His heart sank within him, for he had set his heart upon his son's embracing this chance of winning back his lost reputation.

It occurred to him, however, that he might be preparing his bow. But when one after another stepped up and discharged his arrow, the father became uneasy, and stole away from the crowd, taking his way to his own

He had scarcely entered when the cause of his son's absence was revealed to him. Prostrate he lay upon the floor in the stupor of in-

toxication, with the bottle at his side.

A stern anguish settled upon the face of the lead off was of a character more frequently father, but without disturbing his son he went found among the whites than among his own back to the scene of the contest, and watched his eyes.

of the trial to carry into execution.

CHAPTER XIX.

FATHER AGAINST SON.

The iron had entered deeply into the soul of the shamed and indignant Indian father. In proportion as he had been proud of the skill and promise of his son, he felt a like sorrow at the bitter disappointment of his most cherished hopes. He remembered the fondness with which he had watched the youthful gambols of his child—dearer to him because an only son, his first and last born. He remembered how even then he felt proud of the boy's superiority to his playfellows, and looked boy's superiority to his playfellows, and looked forward with hope to his assuming by right forward with hope to his assuming by right of merit a place in the tribe second only to that of the chief. There came back to him a hundred trifles—yet no trifles in a father's remembrance—on which he had dwelt fondly when his son was yet in the freshness of his untainted youth, ere he had bowed his knee to the idol which the whites had set up to lure their people to destruction.

Even after he began to develop the fatal

Even after he began to develop the fatal taste that had become so strong, he hoped for the best; that his son would break away from the unworthy habit which was sapping the foundations of his manhood, and once more walk erect in all the consciousness of his strength and superiority over his fellows.

strength and superiority over his fellows.

But now these hopes were forever at an end. John had resisted the strongest inducement which could possibly be brought to bear upon him. He had had it in his power at one bound to vault back into his wonted place. Reputation and affection alike combined to bid him put under his feet the serpent which enthralled him. But notwithstanding all these motives to conquer his appetite, if only a whort motives to conquer his appetite, if only a short time, he had ignominiously fallen a victim to the bottle. The father felt that this decided the matter. After this his son's reformation was no longer to be hoped. For the remainder of his life he was destined to wear the degrading chains of the enslaver, bringing disgrace upon himself, upon his father, and upon his

This thought was bitter in the extreme to the proud old man. A spirit akin to that of the Roman father rose in his heart, and he resolved to take a step which only utter despair could prompt; that he would take away that life which, if spared, would be spent in such humiliating subjection. No longer should the smile of derision appear on the faces even of smile of derision appear on the faces even of the children, when his son staggered home in helpless inebriety. It would be a grievous thing to be childless by his own act, but he saw no alternative. He did not stop to re-gard the consequences to himself. Probably they would not be serious, parental authority being greater among the Ingians than with the whites, and he would be regarded as hav-ing acted not without some proyection; but ing acted not without some provocation; but even if the act were to be followed by his own death, this consideration, would not have stayed his hand. He was an Indian and had all the Indian contem z of death. The assertion and protection of his own honor he looked upon as of much more moment than the question of life.

Long did the father ponder in bitterness of soul on his son's degradation before he came

soul on his son's degradation before he came to this resolution. Having formed it, he took his way slowly to his lodge, where he found his son as when he last saw him, lying upon the earthen floor with the bottle beside him. His eyes were closed, and his stupor was not

yet over.

The father gave one glance at him, and then was accus-

The father gave one glance at him, and then walked to the corner where he was accustomed to a rash confidence. He exercised the utmost care in taking aim;

See first page illustration.

with his keen eye he fixed upon the central spot, and aimed for that. His arrow was discharged amid the greatest excitement on the part of the spectators. A moment of suspense, and quivered in the target's very center.

There was a loud murmur of applause, in which some even of the disappointed joined. They applauded the shot rather than the archer. When the question was thus settled. Okanoga drew aside, and lifting his eyes to the face of the chief, modestly waited for him to speak.

By a gosture the chief signified to the yourget. of speak.

By a gesture the chief signified to the young an to advance.

He took the hand of his unresisting daugher and said: "I have seen the bow of Okapara and said: "I have seen the bow of Okapa honorable fame, and he had reserved it as the last and crowning work of this, his trusty companion in a hundred skirmishes, to put an of to the life of his son.

The old man lifted the weapon stained with

the blood it had shed, and strode to the side of his son.

He had thought his resolution firm, but as he looked down upon the form at his feet his

have been his imagination preternaturally

Then the thought arose: It was her son as well as his that he was about to slay. When they met in the happy hunting grounds, would she not reproach him? This thought called up others which appealed to the paternal tenderness with which he had once regarded his only child, and which, in spite of

He was so far recovered from the effects of his intoxication as to regard with astonishment the aspect and attitude of his father.
"What would my father do?" he asked, hardly comprehending the real purpose of his

father. "What has his son done?" demanded the father bitterly. "Has he not brought shame to the lodge of his father, and made himself

to be laughed at by the women and the boys?"
"Who laughs at John?" demanded the young man, with a touch of his ancient fierceness.
"Show him to me, and my knife shall drink his blood."

The father laughed a hitter, mocking laugh "John has sold himself to the English for their fire water. He is no longer a man. He has become a woman. Once he could shoot, but he can do so no more. All the young men

shoot better than he."
"It is a lie!" said the son fiercely.
Strangely enough, the father seemed to look Strangely enough, the father seemed to look with stern joy upon these ebullitions of his son's anger. Had he meekly acquiesced in the reproaches, his heart would have hardened against him, and he might yet have carried out his purpose. But he recognized in the young man's impatience a remnant of the ancient spirit which he feared had died out in his heart. heart.

He continued: "The young men tried their He continued: "The young men tried their bows to see which would shoot the best arrow, and lead the daughter of the chief to his wig-wam. All the young men were there, but John was not there. He did not dare to shoot against the young men—for he is not a warrior, he is only a dog."

The breath of the young man came fast, and he glared at his father with a look of determined hostility

and he giared at his lather with a look of determined hostility.

"John is not a dog. He is a great brave," he muttered sullenly.

His father laughed in derision.

"He is a dog, a drunken dog," he reiterated.

"Let him go and live among dogs. The lodge of his father is no longer for him. His father casts him out. Let

casts him out—his tribe casts him out. Let him go where he will."

The young man cast an anguished look at his father. This was a measure which he had not contemplated: to be cast out in this way

not contemplated; to be east out in this way was the deepest humiliation.

"Does my father mean what he says?" he asked, unwilling to believe without further confirmation what had first been uttered.

"He is a father no longer—he has no son, for his son has become a stranger to him."

John heard this sentence of banishment with feelings of dismay and grief, but he was too proud to exposulate with his father. or too proud to expostulate with his father, or seek a reversal of the sentence. With that proud resignation which is characteristic of an Indian he merely replied: "It is good. John has no father."

Then, staggering to his feet, he left the wigwam with a gait slightly unsteady and, without looking back, took his way to the

His father looked after him with an anguished spirit, and a feeling of loneliness and desolation settled down upon him. But he was glad that he had not obeyed his first im-pulse and taken his son's life.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAWYER IS PUT UNDER BONDS.

When Indian John left his father's wigwam he well understood that the sentence that had been passed upon him was no mere impulsive act upon his parent's part, which might be re-voked at the end of a few hours, but was final. Henceforth he was left to shift for himself. He must make up his mind what course to pursue. He could not hope to rejoin his tribe. pursue. He could not hope to rejoin his tribe. They would undoubtedly sustain his father in the course he had adopted. Besides, in spite of his degradation, he had too much pride to wish reconciliatory terms that would no doubt involve humiliation to himself.

So far as the supply of his necessities was concerned he felt no alarm. He had his bow and arrows with him, and the woods would supply him with game.

As he had eaten nothing since morning, he felt the necessity of immediately looking out

As he had eaten nothing since morning, he felt the necessity of immediately looking out for some game. He had now so far recovered from the effects of his potation that he could trust himself to shoot without the apprehension of failing from an unsteady hand.

As if in answer to the call of his necessity a As if in answer to the call of his necessity a noble deer sped by him not five minutes after he had commenced looking about him. With the rapidity of one accustomed to its use, John raised his bow, and adjusting the arrow with celerity, sped it on its death-dealing way. The hunter's aim was unerring. The shaft overtook and brought low the noble

game.
The Indian was advancing on his prey when a sharp sound was heard, and the convulsive movement of the deer testified that a second weapon had done its work. He was at once the victim of the red man's bow and the white man's musket. A moment afterward the one who had dis-

A moment afterward the one who had dis-charged the musket came through the bushes. It proved to be Dick Clarke, who was spending the time he was compelled to wait for the expected favorable decision from Mabel, in such recreation as the woods afforded

He had considered it a piece of great good fortune when he got upon the track of the deer, never having had the luck to shoot one, and being desirous of bearing it home as a

He had not suspected the agency of the Indian in the death of the deer till, in making his appearance, he found John kneeling beside it, as it lay in its last gasp at the foot

of a tree.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "it appears to me, my good friend, that you are making pretty free with my game."

The Indian looked up in surprise, but did

not offer to stir from his place.
"'Don't you understand me? I tell you that

garded his only child, and which, in spite of the latter's shortcomings, was only slumbering, and not wholly lost.

Twice he raised the tomahawk, and twice he let his arm fall to his side—his resolution each time giving way.

It was at this moment that John opened his eyes.

""Don't you understand me? I tell you that the animal is mine—the victim of my bow the appear, as the Scriptures have it."

In reply the Indian pointed significantly to his arrow which he had just drawn from the deer, as was evident from the blood still adhering to it.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



LEAGUE RULES :

To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

mittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everyb COMFORT for one year and ad

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

UMMER COMFORT is a trifle smaller than Winter Comfort, and as a result my chin music this month is somewhat curtailed, which will be a great relief to you, and a great cause of sorrow

and pain to me.

I regret to say Toby is not feeling very well just now; he has had a rush of barks to the head, and is feeling quite delicatessen. Maria wishes you to understand that she is a feline, and quite feminine, in other words, she's a cat of the gentler sex, but is none the less a lady, even if she does wear a fur coat, and has four

legs.

Thanks to the generosity of Cousin A. V. Hester, Dallas, R. F. D., 3, Texas, ten shutins have each been presented with a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems. I asked you all to get up a club of seven subscribers at fifteen cents, and win this book, as I want every League member to have something to remember me by when I drop out of the life line. Only a few out of the 20,000 League members responded. From this I gather that your affection for me is not very deep, as it is the first time I ever asked you to do a favor for me. I hope for better results this month.

Now, if you'll hop up into my lap, we'll get busy with the letters, and lovely letters they are too, and I send you my warmest and bestest love, and deepest gratitude for all the beautiful missives you indite me, and may God bless you all, is my fevent prayer.

A little Texas girl wants to speak a piece. HENLEY, TEXAS, March 10, 1907. DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

A little Texas girl wants to speak a piece.

HENLEY, TEXAS, March 10, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Is there room on your lap for one more poor little girl? I am sixteen years old, weigh one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, have light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Oh, I am awful pretty—that's what the boys tell me. I know "Uncle Chollie" would say so, too, if he could see me. Uncle, if you will come down here I'il give you a mess of cabbage. Well, Uncle, why didn't you come down and go with me to the "Old Confederate Soldiers' Reunion" at Driftwood, on Aug. 9, 10, and 11 last, it was surely nice, but oh, so sad to see the poor old soldiers, bent with age, get up on the stage and make a speech. You could see the tears stream down their cheeks. I saw the "soldiers' parade"—it was a fine sight to see them come stepping along, keeping time to the music. It was so sad to hear them tell of olden times, when the Indians would kill their wives, and blessed little children, and rob them of their homes, kill their horses and cattle, and nearly scare them to death. They also had skating, which was very interesting. There were several got hurt, but not serious. It's a beautiful sight to see them skate. Then they had a snake show. You pay your fifteen cents and go in and see a den full of snakes, and a man down in amongst them, and he never comes out of that den. He will bite off a snake's head and tear the skin from its back and eat the flesh. I also saw the petrified mummy; she was found twelve years ago, by some mining men. She still had the flesh on her bones. It was a terrible sight. She was an Indian squaw. I was riding on the hobby horse, and my head got swimming, and I fell off and nearly broke my neck. Now don't you feel sorry for me? As this is my first attempt, I won't stay long, as I know Uncle's leg is hurting. So, by by, dear Uncle. These kisses are for you. Well, that's enough for one time, now shake hands with your loving niece,

Belle, dear, I am sorry I was not at the Confederate reunion. They wanted me

Belle, dear, I am sorry I was not at the Confederate reunion. They wanted me to be a pioneer in the olden days, and I volunteered, but I did not stay in the biz long. I thought a pioneer was a man who ate pies, but when I found that it was a man who had to be killed by Injuns and other wild birds, I beat it back to the ancestral dump. Evidently, Belle, you had a regular circus and county fair on this occasion. I am sorry you fell off the merry-go-round, but these wooden horses will kick, and you have no right to ride on them, until they have been thoroughly tamed and broken to the

and broken to the saddle. I used to be in the circus business once, but I had terrible bad luck. I had a fine collection of freaks and wild animals. I had a mule, and I used to paint stripes on him, and call him the mankilling zebra. One day during the grand procession, it rained and washed the stripes off, and the restood the mule. That's where I had to get out of collection of freaks

That's where I had to get out of town quick. I had bad luck with that show. The jaguar got on a jag, the panther lost his pants, the alligator dropped his gaiters, the bearded lady's whiskers fell out, the fat lady got thin, and the skeleton dude got so fat no railroad could haul him. The monkey got into the elephant's trunk, and stole his nightshirt and thirty-seven cents; then the educated flea got on a tear, and trod on the elephant's toe, and broke his leg. That show broke my heart, for I fell in love with a lady acrobat, a slack wire and trapeze artist, who did stunts up in midair.

The monkey got into the elephant's trunk, and trapeze artist, who did stunts up in midair. love with a lady acrobat, a slack wire and trapeze artist, who did stunts up in midair. She was a beautiful young girl of sixty-four. I fell in love with her because I wanted a woman I could look up to, but I never thought she would love me, as I was so far beneath her—about thirty feet—and she was so far above me. But, alas, she was a high flier, and always looked down on me, and when I

tried to put a circus ring on her finger one day, she hit me in the eye with an acrobat. I went bankrupt with that show, and another man took it, and employed me as a bill poster. I had not had anything to eat for two days, when he gave me a ton of bills and two bags of flour, and told me to make paste, and stick of flour, and told me to make paste, and stick up the bills. Well, to make a short story long, I ate the flour, and the bills never went up. Oh, Belle, I've had some tough times in my career, but let's cheer up, the worst is yet to come. Thank you for the kisses, Belle, I have put them on ice, and will take one daily, so as to make them last as long as possible. possible.

Here is a letter from the Lone Star State, and I'll print it just as it is written.

and I'll print it just as it is written.

Arrine, Tex., Jan. 25, 1907.

Dear Uncle Charle:

I wish to join your Cousin band. I am 21 years of age am in a druggist at work have been to college 7, years and succeded College lessons well was happy since now I am in my marriage years and have a aguentice with a sweet girl she lives at Airline Tex. Harris Co, she is the sweeest girl I know she has brown hair and a rossy complexion Dear Uncle can you give me a advice to win her love the girls name is Miss Lenora—— I better close for this is my first letter I have rote hopping that you will printe this letter in the next papper you sent

I remain a new consin,

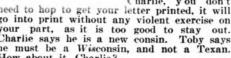
MR. Charlie Ehardt.

Charlie, I am charmed with your letter, as

Charlie, I am charmed with your letter, as

Charlie, I am charmed with your letter, as we don't get many college graderates, excuse me, I mean graduates, butting into our select circle, and when we do, we like to make the most of them. I didn't edit or fix up your letter in any way Charlie, as I don't think a poor, humble ink squirter of my caliber has any right to monkey with the classic English, and the polished orthography of a college expurt, excuse me, I mean expert, such as you are. All I can say is, that spelling reform must have been a long suit of the Knowledge Joint, wherein you spent your youth, and if President Roosevelt and Carnegie knew the name of your college, I'll bet they'd fall on President Roosevelt and Carnegie knew the name of your college, I'll bet they'd fall on its roof, and weep tears of joy. You say you are now "in a druggist at work". What part of the druggist are you working in, his head, feet, or otherwise? I suppose the druggist needed some repair work in his soup tank, and finding his drugs useless, swallowed you, and you are putting a new cement floor and shingle roof on his dough box. Possibly you may be going to half sole and h el his liver pad. Anyyou are putting a new cement noor and sningle roof on his dough box. Possibly you may be going to half sole and h el his liver pad. Anyway I wisa, you joy of your work, and you certainly have a snug position and have got in on the ground floor, and have the inside track. As regards winning the love of the fair Lenora, whose name though you gave it, I thought it best to withhold, you might try candy, flowers, poetry, and if that doesn't do, you might try a love powder. There are, I believe, people who mix love potions that inspire affection in the coldest hearts, at a dollar a clip. Years ago, I was very muci congealed on a young thing who wasn't co ealed on me. Her old man had a wad that would have choked a cow. I bribed the colored waitress to drop the love potion in the fair one's afterdinner coffee, and I turned in the parlor about half a minute after she got the dose. The only trouble was, the old lady, her mother, got it by mistake, and I had no sooner put my foot on the parlor carpet, than the old lady came through the portieres like a skyrocket, and landed in my arms with a whoop. I said "darling," and kissed her twice before I realized who it was. I thought it was the daughter, but Fate had handed me a lemon, and it was Ma instead. Stung for fair. The old lady hung to me like the seven years' itch. I could not shake her or drop her, and as she weighed two hundred and eighty pounds, I couldn't run. At that juncture, as the novelists say, Pa pa flashed his 'ery optics on the scene, and got it

say, Papa flashed his 'ery optics on the scene, and got it into his think box, that I was trying to fly the coop with his wife. Then he drew a gun on me, and shot me into ribbons. You say your lady fair has a "rossy complexion. What fair has a "rossy complexion. What sort of a face covering is that? Maybe you sell it in the druggist that you're work ing in. You say "hopping I'll



Two of your little Cousins,

COLETA AND ROSE SASSAMAN.

Three Rivers, Mich.

BERRYVILLE, ARK., MARCH 5, 1801.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Hello, Uncle! How are you and all the folks?

All well, I trust. It seems like a breach of etiquette to call you "Uncle"—though I have been one of Comfort's silent readers for five or

had a tacky-party at the skating rink the other night. The manager gave a prize to the best skater and the tackiest skater. I bought me two measures of tacks, took them home and made me some tacky pudding; also some tacky cake. I ate this, then went to the party. I am the best skater you know. Well, to my fondest horror, the prizes were tack puddings, also slices of tack cake, with tack icing on the top. I, being the best skater, won the prize. I ate 'em, but oh! Jerusalem, ever since then I have been tacky, oh! so very tacky! Uncle, what would you advise me to do?

This is a fine country, I do wish you would move down here. I will get you a nice position if you will come—a Government position. Uncle Sam keeps a whole platoon of wind-jammers on our streets to keep the industrious denizens from going to sleep. By, by, Uncle, your old ugly nephew,

J. B. Balines.

Jim. as regards this tack business, you seem

Jim, as regards this tack business, you seem Jim, as regards this tack business, you seem to have had a very bad attack, several attacks in fact. I have had a good many attacks myself, but they were all external ones, and not internal ones like yours. A tack was put in my chair to sit on for a joke. Do you see the point? You don't? Well, I did, and felt it, too. Now Jim, you are (though far be it from me to discourage or scare you,) in a most dire and desperate condition. It is all very well to have a tacky manner, but to have a tacky interior is dangerous for man and beast. Iron is a good thing for the system, but you from is a good thing for the system, but you don't want to take it in too pointed a form. Attacks from without are dangerous, but attacks from within usually put a man inside a silk-lined casket, with an address at the morgue or cemetery. Now, Jim, there is only one cure for



ous con dition, and I'll charge nothing vou for the adam about to give
you, though
it will be
worth millions to you,
as it will save your life. Don't life. Don't go to a horse doctor, drug-gist, phy-sician, quack, MAUDE BOIES,
Sunnyside, Wash.

or me taph y sical healer, or me taph y sical healer, or many of the pill or dope fraternity, as they cannot cure

a man in your danger

pill or dope fraternity, as they cannot cure you. Now, before you are another moment older, you go hunt a taxidermist, he is the only man who can haul the tacks out of you. So, if you value your life, dig him up, and state you case, and let him get busy. I already have a contract with Uncle Sam to keep the folks "Down East" here awake, so fear I cannot accept a similar job in Berryville.

Here is a delightfully bright letter from a little Marylander.

18 CORNHILL ST., ANNAPOLIS, MD., Mar. 19 '07.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

1 am twelve years old, and only weigh sixty pounds. I have long light hair and pretty blue eyes. I have only one sister, who is nine years old, and a half-sister who is twenty-three years old.

old.

Annapolis, as you all know, is a very ancient city, and is situated on the Severn River. We are about thirty miles south of Baltimore. The average climate here, is from 70 to 80 degrees in summer, and from 30 to 40 degrees in winter.

Our post-office is very pretty. It has marble floors, dark brown wood-works, and is heated by steam.

steam. The State House, where, in 1783, George Washington resigned his commission to Congress, is also very beautiful, especially the new part, which has just been erected or annexed. We also have some fine churches. We have a public school, a Catholic school, and a college for young men.

school, a Catholic school, and a college for young men.

I go to the public school, and am in the seventh grade. We have very hard arithmetic and history, but the other studies (grammar, geography, physiology, spelling.) seem easy to me. We will soon take up Latin. Our examinations for the first half term were held the last week in January. I received very good marks, and if I pass in next term, I will be in the High School.

Our farm, which is of three hundred agrees.

and if I pass in next term, I will be in the High School.

Our farm, which is of three hundred acres, has two miles water front. We have horses, pigs, cows, chickens and turkeys on the farm, and also nice vegetables, such as tomatoes, potatoes and cabbage, also apple and pear trees. We went black-berrying last summer and had a fine time. Uncle Charlie, did you ever go black-berrying? If you have never gone, don't go. V'all got full of chiga's, and if you don't know what they are, go black-berrying and find out.

I am very handy at sewing, as I can sew both on the machine and by hand. I can work doilies very nicely, indeed, and everybody that sees them, compliments me on being able to do such nice work.

I am an active member of our Junior Epworth League of the Md. Ave., M. E. Church. I am fifth vice-president, and attend to temperance work. I also take a part in our entertainments. We are to have a patriotic entertainment Friday night, and I am going to take a part in several nigets. I think if you could hear me recite that

we are to have a partion entertainment rinday night, and I am going to take a part in several pieces. I think if you could hear me recite, that you would let me sit on your knee.

I send my love to all the cousins, but, Uncle Charlie, keep the most for yourself.

Your loving niece and cousin,
DORIS CHASE (NO. 3,929.)

Doris, dear, I'm charmed with your letter. You say you have only one sister nine years old. May I ask how many sisters you expected to have of this age? Billy the Goat says he has sixteen sisters, each six months old, but I don't believe him. I should like to see the dark brown wood-works in your post-office. Is the postmaster chief engineer, and what is the motive force, steam or electricity? I did not know that Uncle Sam allowed wood manufacturing to be carried on in government buildings. Toby says his dark brown wood-works are all out of order, and Maria is putworks are all out of order, and Maria is putting a plaster of hog lard, hot coals, and mosquitoes' whiskers on his circumference, and that we will trust will put him in good shape. You ask me if I ever went black berrying. Yes, I assisted at the funeral of a colored gentleman, who was caught robbing a hen roost some years ago. That is the only black burying I have ever assisted at, and it was not the most enjoyable function in the world. And now, Doris, I have reached the most exciting part of your letter. You say you take And now, Doris, I have reached the most exciting part of your letter. You say you take a part in your entertainments, and on one particular patriotic affair you are going to take a part in several pieces. Oh, Doris, I blush for you. To take apart in one piece is bad enough, but to take apart in several

pieces is the limit—it's terrible. Honestly, I am shocked at the very thought of a sweet, refined little girl like you, taking yourself apart in several pieces before a large audience of America's best people. To dismember yourself in the seclusion of your own apartments is bad enough, but to do it publicly, oh, fie'. Suppose you took yourself apart in thirty pieces and forgot just where the pieces belonged, and could not join them together again in the correct manner, think how dreadful that would be. Fancy walking around for the remainder of your earthly career, with that dear little nose of yours in the middle of your back, just because you had forgotten just where it belonged, wouldn't that be awful? How you take apart and still live, I do not know. They say the best of friends must part, Doris, but don't think that means you must dismember yourself on the slightest provocation. Keep yourself together, dear, as must dismember yourself on the slightest provocation. Keep yourself together, dear, as long as you can, for parting brings regrets as a rule. I have a friend who has owed me a dollar for ten years, I wish he'd part, but he won't. Doris, you have written a dandy letter, and in conclusion, give my love to Ann Apolis, and tell Mary Land I am glad she can live next to Della Ware without quarreling.

A bright little Iowa lassie wants to butt in.

A bright little Iowa lassie wants to butt in.

GUTHRIE CENTER, IA., April 22, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a silent member of the League for about two years. I will now try to entertain you and all of the cousins for a few minutes.

When I first became a member of the League my home was a happy one. But it has been broken up so that there is only one sister and one brother and mother here now, with me, on the dear old Iowa farm. My father took one brother and one of my sisters, and went to Texas to live. They live on a section there. It is improved, so it is not so bad as it would have been were it unimproved.

I was seventeen last Feb. 22nd, quite an old maid. I like old maids, don't you, uncle and cousins? Say, Uncle, when you have any sewing or mending that has to be done, just send it to me, I am a swift little sewer. I made a waist in just about two hours this afternoon.

How many of the cousins like adventures? I do for one, and I also like to read the stories of adventure.

I am quite small for my age. I am five feet.

do for one, and I also like to read the stories of adventure.

I am quite small for my age. I am five feet two and one half inches high, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have light auburn hair, and blue eyes. My brothers and cousins tease me about being so small, but I tell them if I am small I can do a great deal of work any way. I can sew, mend, cook, bake, wash and scrub, also take care of the things out of doors, and work in the field when they need me there. There is one thing I like to do out of doors real well, and that is to milk cows, no matter what kind of weather it is. Well, my letter is long, so I will close. Good night, your niece, Marguellte Martin.

Margie I am ever so sorry your loved ones

long, so I will close. Good night, your nice, Margie, I am ever so sorry your loved ones have begun to drift apart. It is hard to see brothers drifting here, sisters scattering there, and the old familiar faces no longer smiling upon us as of yore. Let us hope you will all get together on the old farm once more, and whatever happens, Marguerite, don't you drift apart, but hold together as long as you can, no matter what others do. Dear, I am glad you are a good sewer, I used to be, but I lost all heart for it some years ago. It happened thus. I started a tailoring business and made pant's making a specialty, and I hung out a big sign for operators, printed thus: "Fifty girls wanted to sew pant's buttons on the fourth floor!" Well, the next day, a howling mob of people were gathered in the street below, screaming with laughter. All New York seemed to have congregated under my office windows, and for the life of me I couldn't make out what all the excitement was about. Finally a police officer came and arrested me for disturbing the peace and causing a riot. It cost me \$10 to get out of that scrape, and I did not know what I



JAMES COSTLOW, South Fork, R. F. D., 1, Pa.

scrape, and I did not know what I had done until the judge said "Sir, pant's buttons are sewed on pants, and not on floors." That floored me. Next time I wanted help, I hung out a sign thus "Wanted a sewer," and when sign thus "Wanted a sewer," and when I got to my office in the morning, there were fifty men at the door with drainage pipes on their shoulders. their The men got sassy, and I turned the

and the police came, and I was again arrested.
This cost me another "ten." Then I went
home and looked in a dictionary, and lo, I discovered that sewer means not only one who sews, but a pipe that carries off water. And then I wept. Next time, before I went into then I wept. Next time, before I went into business, I took a course in a school that taught advertising. That schooling cost me \$100. Then I went into the second-hand clothing business, and sat up all night writing a swell "ad" which was as follows: "Charles Noel Douglas having cast-off clothes of every de-scription, invites immediate inspection." That scription, invites immediate inspection." That "ad" brought a million people howling around the stere, and again the police nabbed me. and I got soaked another "ten." In vain, I tried to explain to the judge, that I hadn't cast off my own clothing, but was simply trying to sell the clothing other people had discarded. It was no use, the judge would not listen, and I get soaked another "ten." Then I put a sign in the window. "Every men women and shill. in the window: "Every man, woman and child in the city can have a fit in this store." In about two hours, five hundred people were having convulsions and throwing fits all over the store. The store was wrecked and I was the store. The store was wrecked and I was ruined. After that experience, I concluded I was unfit for business, and I went out of it forever. There's no use of talking, there was a first-class hoodoo around the day I was born. Here is a short letter from a suffering soul,

who needs your sympathy.

who needs your sympathy.

CONOVER, OHIO, Mar. 17, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am an invalid, fory-three years old, and would like to have all the cousins give me a letter party. Be sure and put in a piece of writing-paper and a stamped envelope, so I can answer all who write. In all my life I have never been out of bed, making my living for the past few years by doing fancy work, for which I don't find much sale. I am very poorly now, and in pain all the time. Be sure and remember me June 22, 1907, my birthday. Good by, Your loving niece and cousin.

ANNA LAYMAN.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character-should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. This in the West in Judge Biodgett's office. He will win weslth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold cruciff the With the value of the control of the con

CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED.) ND again the woman sat beside ND again the woman sat beside the hearth and sewed and softly crooned. And again the cradle rocked and a baby girl looked up at me through a tangle of lint light hair. And then for the first time I noticed the face of the woman who bent above the cradle. That face! Will it never cease to haunt me? Its tender eyes and its sweet wildrose tinting—"

haunt me? Its tender eyes and its sweet wildrose tinting—"
There was the rustling of a silken gown over
the velvet carpet, and Victoria touched him
lightly on the shoulder.
"Have you gone to sleep over the gas-log,
Gene, or are you trying to hypnotize yourself
as you did at Niagara? You haven't half seen
the place, come now and look at the rest of the
rooms."
With a sudden access of tenderness, as if he
felt his very thoughts had been treason to her

with a sudden access of tenderless, as if he felt his very thoughts had been treason to her Gene took Victoria into his arms and kissed her softly on the lips.
"Why, Gene, what a goose you are! What if someone should see you? Luckily, the agent has been called out. Come and let us look. Isn't it grand?"

has been called out. Come and let us look. Isn't it grand?"

"Yes," said Gene as he followed her, "but can you honestly say you like it?"

"Of course! Why, I shall have absolutely nothing to &o, and can devote all my time to society—and you." She added the last two words as an after thought.

"But what about cooking arrangements?" said Gene, with that feeling of dismay creeping back upon him.

"That resolves itself into a simple matter. Meals can be sent up in the dumb-waiter and served in our private dining-room, or we can go to the restaurant for them, just as we please."

"Oh!" Contenting himself with the single exclamation, Gene said nothing further until they reached the last room, a bedroom in Louis Quinze style, and there the strong feeling of discontent which had been growing upon him,

"Do you know, Victoria," he said earnestly, "in all this magnificence I fail to find one room that has been designed and fitted up as a

It was four months later.

"Rosine," said Victoria to the little French maid, "you can lay out my opera cloak," then as the girl left the room, she added, in an angry tone, "and if Warfield keeps me waiting much longer he will get a warm reception when he comes. Before we were married," she went on bitterly, "he was quick enough to obey my slightest wish! now he opposes me in everything. I thought I could have wound him around my little finger, and instead I find him stubborn as any mule. In spite of all I can do or say he will take no advantage of his position to make money. And I need money—the bills I have run up terrify me. I have been kind and easy and palavering with him to no purpose. But what is keeping him—why doesn't he come? This waiting will drive me distracted."

If Victoria had known it Gene was at that very hour closeted with a lot of office seekers, pulls women and bellow everd me and easy and palayers and easy and bellow everd me and easy and palayers.

very hour closeted with a lot of office seekers, pale women and hollow-eyed men, and wondering in his secret soul if his hair were not turning white with all the tales of distress

that were being poured into his ears.

Rosine returned presently, bringing the cloak and bearing also a silver salver on which

lay a card.

Victoria's face lost its look of vexation and a smile played around her lips as she read the

name.
"Show him into the drawing-room, Rosine.
"Show him into the clock away. I shall not And you can put the cloak away. I shall not attend the opera now."

As for a moment Victoria's form stood out-

lined against the green silken portiere, Cor-coran advancing swiftly out of the shadow caught his breath hard at the sight of her

caugh his breath hard at the sight of her beauty.

The two had met frequently during the winter. It was whispered in the inner circles of Washington society, that wherever the beautiful Mrs. Warfield went, whether to balls, receptions, dinners, or the opera, Cocoran was sure to be there, her very shadow.

As the man's huge bulk towered above her there was nothing of its unwonted pride in Victoria's eyes, but instead a something strangely submissive shone there as if she knew and acknowledged her superior.

When his large hand closed over her small one a strange feeling went through Victoria, and with this came the instinct to defend herself. With a swift movement she released her hand and motioning him to a chair seated herself on a low divan, and taking up a book of Dore's engravings, idly fluttered the leaves as they talked.

"It seems good—very good—to find you

of Dore's engravings, idly fluttered the leaves as they talked.

"It seems good—very good—to find you alone," said he, in a low tone, "it is so seldom I can do that."

"No thanks to my husband," she said bitterly. "If I listened to him I should remain at home always alone. He would like to have me stay here—and sew." She nung out the last words in a burst of petulance.

With a sudden movement Corcoran drew

With a sudden movement Corcoran drew close to her, and catching hold of her wrist ran his hand over the forefinger of her right hand. The blood leaped like lightning through Victoria's veins, and she drew bac' swiftly.

softly "You missed your vocation. You would have made a good detective," she returned

have made a good detective," she returned lightly.

The conversation turned on different subjects, of famous people they both knew, of the theater, the latest scandal in official circles (when is there not a scandal in official circles?) and of the suicide of young Berkeley, a civil service attache who had killed himself because his sweetheart jilted hirn.

"I can conceive of a woman doing such a thing," said Victoria, "but a man—it seems almost incredible. It was Byron—and I don't know anyone who was better qualified to judge of the feminine character than he—who said:

of the feminine character than he-who said:

"'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence.'"

"Byron only uttered a half truth," said Corcoran. "Why should love be a woman's whole existence any more than it is of a man? whole existence any more than it is of a man? Byron's whole life was a refutation of the first part of that statement, namely, that 'love is of man's life a thing apart.' Byron was never happy unless he was in love with some woman. The world has adjudged him fickle. I have never considered him so. Constancy breathes through every line he ever wrote. His love remained constant, the object alone changing. Do you know why? It was because he was continually searching for his ideal—the woman of his dreams. Through all the intrigues of of his dreams. Through all the intrigues of the court of George the Third and his later life on the continent he sought her—his dream life on the continent he sought her—his dream woman—and he went to his grave with his quest unfinished. Will you smile if I compare myself to Byron? Our cases are parallel. I believe that to know life one must live it. I have lived it—at least I have not stagnated. I have taken life up in both hands and eaten of it. I have trodden the full length of the road. I have been in love, even as Byron was, a countless number of times. Through all the years of my manhood I have been searching for the woman of my dreams. True, I married. And look what my married life has brought me! I go into the presence of that

brought me! I go into the presence of that half dead creature who bears my name and for a little time her coldness thaws, a spot of in all this magnificence I fail to find one hom that has been designed and fitted up as a corpse. I go away from her, and she ursery."

"Babies!" Victoria's tone was the acme of ignorating the sum of the storm.

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"Gene had slipped out on the balcony. As he storm.

"Gene had slipped out on the storm.

"Gene had slipped out on the storm."

babies. They are positively prohibited here."
Victoria's manner did not invite further discussion of the subject and Gene wisely concluded to let the matter drop. Nevertheless, when he received the lease a few days later, he breathed a sigh of satisfaction.

"I'm glad that's settled," he said to himself.

"I have paid the rent in advance during my official term, and they can't turn us outdoors now—no matter what happens."

It was four months later.

"Rosine," said Victoria to the little French maid, "you can lay out my opera cloak," then as the girl left the room, she added, in an angry tone, "and if Warfield keeps me waiting much longer he will get a warm reception when he comes. Before we were married," she went on bitterly, "he was quick enough to obey my slightest wish! now he opposes me in everything. I thought I could have wound to be a with feeling—of pity for himself—then he resumed, his voice low and passionate. "Through countless types I have sought for my ideal—the woman who could match me in strength and gifted with a mind as daring and impetuous as my own. At times I dreamed I had found her, yet when I held her to me and her lips to mine and she murmured: 'I love you,' I found it was not her but another I sought. Through the whole world I searched for my ideal—and I have found her alas! too for my ideal—and I have found her alas! too

The last words were a sigh of passion and Corcoran's eyes were like living coals as he bent them upon Victoria's flushed and downcast face.

"Too late!" The echo came from Victoria, yet her appearance at the moment contradicted the words. Her soft breath scarcely pulsated the lace on her bosom, her eyes were filled with a misty light. She was a living, breathing impersonation of incarnate love.

"Is it too late?" Corcoran bent nearer, his

eyes aflame.
Suddenly all the womanhood within Victoria

Suddenly all the womanhood within Victoria arose up and asserted itself as she stretched out her hands pleadingly.

"Don't play with me, Michael,"—the word slipped out unconsciously, and the man's wild heart leaped at the sound—"don't play with me. It is like playing with fire, and you know what that is when it gets beyond control."

"I would not let it get beyond control," he replied softly. "I would have it burn for me alone. I would bathe my soul in its radiant warmth." He bent lower his lips trembling in their eagerness to drink her kiss.

There was the sound of approaching foot-

There was the sound of approaching foot-steps in the adjoining room and a hand was laid on the portiere. As Victoria heard it a look of positive hatred appeared on her face, then this faded, and she said in low tense

then this laded, and she said in low tense tones:

"Take care! Warfield is entering." Corcoran bent over and took the book of engravings from her lap.

"Yes, Mrs. Warfield," he said, in slightly raised tones, "I agree with you. This engraving is the best specimen of Dore's art I have seen."

Gene entered and glanced unsuspiciously

Gene entered and glanced unsuspiciously at both, yet at the sight of Corcoran sitting there so calmly, a feeling of repugnance arose within him.

within him.

"He has some nefarious scheme on foot," thought Gene, "and he has come here to ask me to aid him in it. I am in the grip of the machine and must obey. Shall I ever, I wonder, be a free man again?" Aloud, offering his hand to Corcoran:

"I was not expecting to find you here."

"I suppose not," said Corcoran, as he returned the hand-grasp, "but I wanted particularly to see you, and thought I stood a better chance of finding you here than elsewhere."

Gene boy I and turning to Victoria, almost timidly, as if he feared an angry outburst on

must apologize for not being home in time to accompany you to the opera tonight, Vic. ria. Unfortunately, I was detained." To his surprise Victoria received the apology

calmly.

"It doesn't matter," she said rising, "I have been entertaining Mr. Corcoran during your absence, or rather," with a laughing glance at the latter, "he has been entertaining me.

As you have business to discuss I will leave you alone." you alone."
Flinging back a mocking laugh, Victoria swept from the room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE UNWELCOME STRANGER.

The months that followed were trying ones, re through them all Gene's patience was un-bounded, and it would have been hard to recognize in the quiet man so lovingly con-siderate of the capricious woman who flouted and insulted him, the once impetuous Warfield. and insulted him, the once impetuous Warfield. He attributed all to the state of her health and looked forward with hope to the time when baby hands would lold them together with a bond of love.

Victoria's life was a round of constant gayety. A letter explaining the difficulty, although worded so that no blame was attached

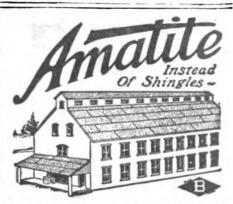
though worded so that no blame was attached to Victoria, went to the New Hampshire homestead, and Mrs. Warfield understood and arranged, Theta, pale and wan from her so recent illness aiding her.

The lives of all these people enmeshed in the web of circumstances were in a strange tangle at this time.

Corcoran's huge mi shapen form brooding darkly in the background; Warfield, joyous, for the first time during all the months of his married life, loving his wife with a full heart;

for the first time during all the months of his married life, loving his wife with a full heart; Victoria raging at what was coming upon her, and secretly cherishing an evil love for another man; and lastly, Theta, the most pathetic figure in this history, fashioning the clothes and sewing into them, who knows what, of yearning and regret—poor little Theta, with her heartache and her memories.

Victoria, with face as white as the silken pillow it rested against, lay like a lily bent by



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an infant. A moment later one of the physicians in attendance touched him lightly on the shoulder. "Mr. Warfield, I congratulate

"A boy!" Gene uttered a cry of delight.
"What I have longed for, dreamed of——" he
broke off suddenly, his next thought being for Victoria.

He would have gone straight to his wife's bedside but the physician laid a detaining hand on his arm. "You may go in there and take a look at

your son. As Gene entered the room, the nurse, a fresh-cheeked girl not long out of the training-school, had just completed the toilet of the

baby.
"Isn't he a big fellow, Mr. Warfield?" she said, smiling. "He weighs ten pounds."
"Does he indeed? He doesn't seem big to me. He is just a tiny mite as soft and pink as the heart of a shell," Gene replied, softly, as he looked down with wonder and delight at that old, old mystery—birth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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OZARK HERB CO., Block 51, St. Louis, Mo.

ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Edna goes to her grandfather's blacksmith shop, where he is shoeing a vicious horse. The owner, impatient at the delay, curses her grandfather. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory, and boards the train at Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, exacting certain things. St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval, and in his voice, recognizes the man who cursed her grandfather. She falls saleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He selzes the dog and commands the girl to bring him astick. She pleads for the dog and snatching the stick from his hand refuses to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. He walks up and down his elegant rooms. On a slab is a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chaip.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond as Edna's instructor and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. St. Elmo

which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond as Edna's instructor and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. St. Elmo starts on a long journey. He intrusts the key to Edna's keeping on two conditions; first not to mention it to anyone, and that she will not open the tomb, unless he fails to return at the end of four years and she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trust. Gordon Leigh studies with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Edna receives an invitation to a party given by Mrs. Inge, Gordon Leigh's sister. She goes to the party and overhears criticisms concerning the scheme to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

the scheme to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

Edna goes to the library. She is conscious of some unseen presence. She walks up to the tomb, and takes the key from its hiding-place. Unless she has reason to believe he is dead she is not to open it. Again she is positive of some powerful influence, and looking up sees Mr. Murray. He is ready to receive an account of her stewardship. He doubts her; if she has kept her promise there will be a report. He had thought his confidence killed. She stands firm. Edna is seized with authorship and submits her work. Mrs. Murray announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglass G. Manning.

chere will be a report. He had thought his confidence killed. She stands frm. Edna is seized with authorship and submits her work. Mrs. Murray announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglass G. Manning.

Gordon Leigh offers his heart and home to Edna; she refuses him. St. Elmo queries in the presence of his mother who writes to Edna from New York. Mr. Manning room wites to Edna from New York. Mr. Manning to the manuscript and a saist that she see the letter. She doubts Edna's word, and she reluctantly shows Mr. Manning's signature. Clinton Allston is announced. In him she sees the slayer of Harry Dent and refuses recognition. St. Elmo demands an apology. Edna remains firm in her conviction. Mr. Hammond has visitors in his niece, Agnes Powell, and her daughter, Gertrude. St. Elmo bitterly criticises an article in Manning's magazin. She confesses to Mrs. Murray that she is the author of the essay St. Elmo thing's praise of her work. St. Elmo passent Mr. Manning's praise of her work. St. Elmo passent Mr. Manning's magazin. The truth that she loves St. Elmo castent of Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Gertrude Powell is fascinated with St. Elmo and she decides to leave Le Bocage. Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Gertrude Powell is fascinated with St. Elmo only one before she knew there was any redeeming qualities in his sindl nature. St. Elmo confesses the kin and shame of his past wretched life. Gertrude stands between them. She kives sim a note from Gertrude. It she had only gone before she knew there was any redeeming qualities in his sindl nature. St. Elmo confesses the kin and shame of his past wretched life. Gertrude stands between them. His shame of his past wretched life. Gertrude stands between them. Douglass Manning calls on Miss Earl and offers assistance. Henceforth she will occupy a different position in the bome. Felix objects. Elmo some see to heave of the manner of his past wretched life. Gertrude stands between them. D

CHAPTER XXXIII. (CONTINUED.)

O; your common sense ought to teach you that such was not my meaning or intention. Edna places no such interpretation on my words."
"Common sense! Oh, Gordon, dearie! how unreasonable you are! Why, you have told me a thousand times that I had not a particle of common sense, except on the subject of juleps; and how, then, in the name of wonder, can you expect me to show any? I never pretended to be a great shining genius like Edna, whose writings all the world is talking about. I only want to be wise enough to understand you, dearie, and make you happy. Gordon, don't you feel any better? What makes your face so red?"
She went back to his chair, and leaned her lovely head close to his, while an anxious expression filled her large blue eyes.
Gordon Leigh realized that his marriage was terrible mistake, which only death could rectifv; but even in his wretchedness he was just, blaming only himself—exonerating his wife. Had he not woosed the love of which, already, he was weary? Having deceived her at the altar, was there justification for his dropping the mask at the hearthstone? Nay, the skeleton must be no rattling of skull and crossbones to freeze the blood in the sweet laughing face of the trusting bird.

Now her clinging tenderness, her affectionate untilly upbraided him as no harsh words ald possibly have done. With a smothered

spent in reading to him. But her old associates in the choir insisted that, before she returned to New York, she should sing with them once more.

Thus far she had declined all invitations; but on the morning of the last day of her visit, the organist called to say that a distinguished divine, from a distant State, would fill Mr. Hammond's pulpit; and as the best and leading soprano in the choir was disabled by a severe cold, and could not be present, he begged that Edna would take her place, and sing a certain solo in the music which he had selected for an opening piece. Mr. Hammond, who was pardonably proud of his choir, was anxious that the stranger should be greeted and inspired by the fine music, and urged Edna's compliance with the request.

Reluctantly she consented, and for the first time Duty and Love seemed to signal a truce, to shake hands over the preliminaries of a treaty for peace.

As she passed through the churchyard and walked up the steps, where a group of Sabbathschool children sat talking, her eyes involuntarily sought the dull brown spot on the marble. Over it little Herbert Inge had spread his white handkerchief, and piled thereon his Testament and catechism, laying on the last one of those gilt-bordered and handsome pictorial cards, containing a verse from the Scriptures, which are frequently distributed by Sabbathschool teachers.

Edna stooped and looked at the picture covering the blood-stain. It represented our Saviour on the Mount, delivering the sermon, and in golden letters were printed his words:

"Judge not, that ye be not judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

She trembled, and hastily kissing the sweet red lips which little Herbert held up to her, she went in, and up to the gallery.

The congregation assembled slowly, and as almost all the faces were familiar to Edna, each arrival revived something of the past.

When Mr. Leigh and Gertrude entered there was a general stir, a lifting of heads and twisting of necks, in order to ascertain what n

pew. The strains of triumph ceased, the organ only sobbed its sympathy to the thorn-crowned Christ, struggling along the Via Dolorosa, and the orphan's quivering lips parted, and she sang her solo.

the orphan's quivering lips parted, and she sang her solo.

As her magnificent voice rose and rolled to the arched roof, people forgot propriety, and turned to look at the singer. She saw Mrs. Murray start and glance eagerly up at her, and for an instant the grand, pure voice faltered slightly, as Edna noticed that the mo.her whis pered something to the son. But he did not turn his proud head, he only leaned his elbow on the side of the pew next to the aisle, and rested his temple on his hand.

When the preliminary services ended, and the minister commenced his discourse, Edna felt that St. Elmo had at last enlisted ange in his behalf; for the stext was contained in the warning, whose glided letters hid the blood-spet, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

As far as two among his auditory were concerned, the preacher might as well addressed his sermon to the mossy slabs, visible through the windows. Both listened to the text, and neither heard any more. Edna sat looking down at Mr. Murray's massive, finely-poised head, and she could see the profile contour of features, regular and dark, as if carved and bronzed.

During the next half-hour her vivid imagination sketched and painted a vision of enchant-

bronzed.

During the next half-hour her vivid imagination sketched and painted a vision of enchantment—of what might have been, if that motionless man below, there in the crimson-cushioned pew, had only kept his soul from grievous sins. A vision of a happy, proud, young wife reigning at Le Bocage, shedding the warm, rosy light of her love over the lonely life of its master; adding to his strong, clear, intellect and rine experience the silver flame of her sonlys. ter; adding to his strong, clear, intellect and ripe experience, the silver flame of her genius; borrowing from him broader and more profound views of her race, on which to base her ideal seathetic structures; softening, refining his nature, strengthening her own; helping him to help humanity; loving all good, being good, doing good; serving and worshiping God together; walking hand and hand with her husband through earth's wide valley of Baca, with peaceful faces full of faith, looking heavenward.

"God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, 'It might have been!'"

The saddest are these, 'It might have been!'"

At last, with a faint moan, which reached no ear but that of Him who never slumbers, Edna withdrew her eyes from the spot where Mr. Murray sat, and raised them toward the pale Christ, whose wan lips seemed to murmur: "Be of good cheer! He that overcometh shall inherit all things. What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

The minister, standing beneath the picture of the Master whom he served, closed the Bible and ended his discourse by hurling his text as a thunderbolt at those whose upturned faces watched him:

"Finally, brethren, remember under all circumstances the awful admonition of Jesus, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged!"

The organ peals and the doxology were concluded; the benediction fell like God's dew, alike on sinner and on saint, and amid the solemn moaning of the gilded pipes, the congregation turned to quit the church.

With both hands pressed over her heart, Edna leaned heavily against the railing.

"Tomorrow I go away forever. I shall never."

sigh he passed his arm around her, and drew her closer to his side.

"At least my little wife is wise enough to teach her husband to be ashamed of his petulance."

"And quite wise enough, dear Gertrude, to make him very proud and happy; for you ought to be able to say with the sweetest singer in all merry England:

"But I look up, and he looks down, And thus our married eyes can meet, Unclouded his, and clear of frown, And gravely sweet."

As Edna glanced at the young wife wittered these words, a mist gathered in her own eyes, and collecting her sewing utensils she went to her room to pack her trunk.

I'uring her stay at the parsonage she had not attended service in the church, because Mr. Hammond was lonely, and her Sabbaths were spent in reading to him. But her old associates in the choir insisted that, before she returned to New York, she should sing with them once more.

Thus far she had declined all invitations; but on the morning of the last day of her visit, the organist called to say that a distinguished divine, from a distant State, would fill Mr. Hammond's pulpit; and as the best and lead-

"Ah! well for us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes; And in the hereafter, angels may Roll the stone from its grave away."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"GOD NEVER INTENDED US FOR EACH OTHER."

"I am truly thankful that you have returned! I am quite worn out trying to humor Felix's whims, and take your place. He has actually lost ten pounds; and if you had staid away a month longer I think it would have finished my poor boy, who has set you up as an idol in his heart. I am very anxious about him; his health is more feeble than it has been since he was five years old. My dear, you have no idea how you have been missed! Your admirers call by scores to ascertain when you may be expected home; and I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that there is a champagne basketful of periodicals and letters upstairs, that have arrived recently. You will find them piled on the table and desk in your room."

"Where are the children?" asked Edna, glancing around the sitting-room into which Mrs. Andrews had drawn her.

"If attle is spending the day with Lila Manning, who is just recovering from a severe attack of scarlet fever, and Felix is in the library trying to sleep. He has one of his nervous headaches today. Poor fellow! he tries so hard to overcome his irritable temper and to grow patient, that I am growing fonder of him every day. How ghastly you are! Sit down, and I will order some refreshments. Take this wine, my dear, and presently you shall have a cup of chocolate."

"Thank you, not any wine. I only want to see Felix."

She went to the library, cautiously opened the door, and crept softly across the floor to the end of the sofa.

The boy lay looking through the window, and up beyond the walls and chimneys, at the sapphire pavement, where rolled the sun. Casual observers thought the cripple's face ugly and disagreeable; but the tender, loving smile that lighted the countenance of the governess as she leaned forward, told that some charm lingered in the sharpened features overcast with sickly sallowness. In his large, deep-set eyes, over which the heavy brows arched like a roof, she saw now a strange expression that frightened her.

The governess was seized by a vague apprehension as she watched her pupi

sallowness. In his large, deep-set eyes, over which the heavy brows arched like a roof, she saw now a strange expression that frightened her.

The governess was seized by a vague apprehension as she watched her pupil, and bending down, she said, fondly:

"Felix, my darling, I have come back! Never again while I live will I leave you."

The almost bewildering joy that fiashed into his countenance mutely but eloquently welcomed her, as kneeling beside the sofa she wound her arms around him, and drew his head to her shoulder.

"Edna, is Mr. Hammond dead?"

"No, he is almost well again, and needs me no more."

"I need you more than anybody else ever did. Oh, Edna! I thought sometimes you would stay at the South that you loved so well, and I should see you no more; and then all the light seemed to die out of the world, and the flowers were not sweet, and the stars were not bright, and oh! I was glad I had not long to live."

"Hush! you must not talk so. My dear little boy, in all this wide earth, you are the only one whom I have to love and cling to, and we will be happy together. Darling, your head aches today?"

She pressed her lips twice to his hot forehead. "Yes; but the heartache was much the hardest to bear until you came. Mamma has been very good and kind, and staid at home and read to me; but I wanted you, Edna. I do not believe I have been wicked since you left; for I prayed all the while that God would bring you back to me. I have tried hard to be patient."

With her cheek nestled against his, Edna told him many things that had occurred during their separation, and noticed that his eyes brightened suddenly and strangely.

"Edna, I have a secret to tell you; something that even mamma is not to know just now. You must not laugh at me. While you were gone I

him many things that had occurred during their separation, and noticed that his eyes brightened suddenly and strangely.

"Edna, I have a secret to tell you; something that even mamma is not to know just now. You must not laugh at me. While you were gone I wrote a little MS., and it is dedicated to you! and some day I hope it will be printed. Are you glad, Edna? My beautiful, pale Edna!"

"Fellx, I am very glad you love me sufficiently to dedicate your little MS. to me; but, my dear boy, I must see it before I can say I am glad you wrote it."

"If you had been here, it would not have been written, because then I should merely have talked out all the ideas to you; but you were far away, and so I talked to my paper. After all, it was only a dream. One night I was feverish, and mamma read aloud those passages that you marked in that great book, Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea, that you admire and quote so often; and of which I remember you said once, in talking to Mr. Manning, that it rolled its warm, beautiful, sparkling waves of thought across the cold, gray sea of science, just like the Gulf Stream it treated of." Two of the descriptions which mamma read were so splendid that they rang in my ears like the music of the Swiss Bei-Ringers.

"Edna, I should like above all things to write a book of stories for poor, sick children; little tales that would make them forget their suffering and deformity. If I could even reconcile one lame boy to being shut up indoors, while others are shouting and skating in the sunshine, I should not feel as if I were so altogether useless in the world. Edna, do you think that I shall ever be able to do so?"

"Perhaps so, dear Felix; certainly, if God wills it. When you are stronger we will study and write together, but today you must compose yourself and be silent. Your fever is rising."

rising."
"The dector less some medicine youder in that

goblet, but mamma has forgotten to give it to me. I will take a spoonful now, if you please."

His face was much flushed; and as she kissed him and turned away, he exclaimed:
"Oh! where are you going?"

'Po my room, to take off my hat."
"Do not be gone long. I am so happy now that you are here again. But I don't want you to get out of my sight. Come back soon, and bathe my head."

On the following day, when Mr. Manning called to welcome her home, he displayed an earnestness and depth of feeling which surprised the governess. Putting his hand on her arm, he said in a tone that had lost its metallic ring.

arm, he said in a concerning in the first in

the trial; and if I had a right to Interfere, you should never have gone."

"Mr. Manning, I do not quite understand your meaning."

"Edna, to see you dying by inches is bitter indeed! I believed that you would marry Murray—at least I knew any other woman would—and I reit that to refuse his affection would be a terrible trial, through which you could not pass with impunity. Why you rejected him I have no right to inquire, but I have a right to ask you to let me save your life. I am well aware that you do not love me, but at least you can esteem and entirely trust me; and once more I hold out my hand to you and say, give me the wreck of your life! oh! give me the ruins of your heart! I will guard you tenderly; we will go to Europe—to the East; and rest of mind, and easy traveling, and change of scene wil restore you. I never realized, never dreamed how much my happiness depended upon you, until you left the city. I have always relied so entirely upon myself, feeling the need of no other human being; but now, separated from you I am restless, am conscious of a vague discontent. If you spend the next year as you have spent the last, you will not survive it. I have conferred with your physician. He reluctantly told me your alarming condition, and I have come to plead with you for the last time not to continue your suicidal course, not to dstroy the life which, if worthless to you, is inexpressibly precious to a man who prays to be allowed to take care of it. A man who realizes that it is necessary to the usefulness and peace of his own lonely life; who wishes no other reward on earth but the privilege of looking into your approving eyes, when his daily work is ended, and he sits down at his fireside. Edna, I do not ask for your love, but I beg for your hand, your confidence, your society—for the right to save you from toil. Will you go to the Old World with me?"

Looking suddenly up at him, she was astonished to find tears in his searching and usually cold eyes.

ished to find tears in his searching and usually cold eyes.
So, in the frozen, crystal depths of this man's nature, his long silent, smothered affections began to chime.
A proud smile trembled over Edna's face, as she saw how entirely she possessed the heart of one, whom above all other men she most admired.

"Mr. Manning, the assertion that you regard and life and interpretate in remulate with the state of the same life and the same life a

she saw how entirely she possessed the heart of one, whom above all other men she most admired.

"Mr. Manning, the assertion that you regard your life as imperfect, incomplete, without the feeble complement of mine—that you find your greatest happiness in my society, is the most flattering, the most gratifying tribute which ever has been, or ever can be paid to my intellect. It is a triumph indeed; and, because unsought, surely it is a pardonable pride that makes my heart throb. This assurance of your high regard is the brightest earthly crown I shall ever wear. You think now that if we were only married, my constant presence in your home, my implicit confidence in your character, would fully content you; but here you fail to understand your own heart, and I know that the consciousness that my affection was not yours would make you wretched. No, no! my dear, noble friend! God never intended us for each other. I cannot go to the Old World with you. I know how peculiarly precarious is my tenure of life, and how apparently limited is my time for work in this world, but I am content. I try to labor faithfully, listening for the summons of Him who notices eyen the death of sparrows. God will not call me hence, so long as He has any work for me to do on earth: and when I become useless, and can no longer serve Him here, I do not wish to live. Through Christ I am told, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid,' Mr. Manning, I am not ignorant of, nor indifferent to, my physical condition: but, thank God! I can say truly, I am not troubled, neither am I afraid, and my faith is—

'All as God wills, who wisely heeds,

To give or to withhold,

'All as God wills, who wisely heeds,
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.'"

And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told."

The editor took off his glasses and wiped them, but the dimness was in his eyes; and after a minute, during which he recovered his olu calmness, he said gravely and quietly:
"Edna, one favor, at least, you will grant me. The death of a relative in Louisiana has placed me in possession of ample fortune, and I wish you to take my little Lila and travel for several years. You are the only woman I ever knew to whom I would entrust her and her education, and it would graffy me beyond expression to feel that I had afforded you the pleasure which cannot fail to result from such a tour. Do not be too proud to accept a little happiness from my hands."
"Thank you, my generous, noble friend! I gratefully accept a great deal of happiness at this instant, but your kind offer I must decline. I cannot leave Felix."
It call towords hat, and his eyes ran over the face and figure of the governess.
"As you will not grant my petition, try to forget it: we will bury the subject. Good by! I sha." call tomorrow afternoon to take you to drive."

With renewed zest Edna devoted every moment

drive."

With renewed zest Edna devoted every moment stolen from Felix, to the completion of her new book. Her first had been a "bounteous promise"—at least so said criticdom—and she felt that the county would determine her literary position,

the second would determine her literary position, would either place her reputation as an author beyond all cavil, or utterly crush her ambition. Sometimes as she bent over her MS.. and paused to reread some passage just penned, which she had laboriously composed, a smile would fit across her countenance while she

which she had laboriously composed, a smile would fit across her countenance while she asked herself:

"Will my readers see it as I see it? Will they thank me for my high opinion of their culture, in assuming that it will be quite as plain to them as to me? If there should accidentally be an allusion to classical or scientific literature, which they do not understand at the first hasty, careless, novel-reading glance, will they inform themselves, and then appreciate my reason for employing it, and thank me for the hint; or will they attempt to ridicule my pedantry? When will they begin to suspect that what they may imagine sounds 'learned' in my writings, merely appears so to them because they have not climbed high enough to see how vast, how infinite is the sphere of human learning?"

Edna unintentionally and continually judged her readers according to her own standard, and so eager, so unquenchable was her thirst for knowledge, that she could not understand how the utterance of some new fact, or the redressing and presentation of some forgotten idea, could possibly be regarded as an insult by the person thus benefited. Of one intensely gratifying fact she could not fall to be thoroughly informed, by the avalanche of letters which almost daily covered her desk; she had at least ensconced herself securely in a citadel, whence she could smilingly defy all assaults—in the warm hearts of her noble countrywomen.

So with many misgivings, and much hope, and asked herself: "Will my r

(COMPLETED OF PAGE 16.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Raising Goslings and Ducklings

HE first fifteen eggs should be stolen HE first fifteen eggs should be stolen from day to day, as laid, cautiously removing the covering, and replacing it when the birds are out of sight; as both goose and gander will strenuously resent any interference with the nest, and a blow from the wing of either is seriously unpleasant. Should a goose become broody early in the season, remove her from the nest and incarcerate in a wire coop, within the compound, where she can see her mates. Within a few days all desire to set will have left her, and after a few days of

within the compound, where she can see her mates. Within a few days all desire to set will have left her, and after a few days of freedom, she will commence laying again.

The second clutch of eggs she should be allowed to retain, for goslings hatched under the oily moisture of a goose's breast are stronger, and so desirable for future stock. It is the want of this humid warmth, when ordinary hens are used to incubate such large eggs, that necessitates sprinkling the eggs two or three times, and, when possible, making the nest on the ground, or at least cutting a sod, and placing it at the bottom of any wooden box used as a nest. The eggs take from twenty-eight to thirty days to incubate. Goslings require virtually the same feed and general care as young ducks, the only difference being an increase of grass and vegetables; so we will combine young ducks and goslings. When ducks' eggs are hatched under hens, they need only be allowed to brood them for three weeks, unless the weather is very cold, in which case, leave their mother for another week. Never give ducks intended for eating, a free range; it toughess, and prevents them.

week. Never give ducks intended for eating, a free range; it toughens, and prevents them from fattening. On the other hand, those intended for stock should be allowed plenty of room to roam in, after they are four weeks

old, to insure strength and growth.

Young ducks and goslings must starve for the first twenty-four hours of their existence. Bill of fare for the first week is as follows: Half a pint of pinhead oatmeal, cracked wheat or stale bread crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, half a cup of coarse sand, all mixed and just moistened with scalding milk. eed five times a day, as much as they eat in ten minutes.

Second and third weeks: Half a pound of ground oats, the same of coarse sand, two tablespoonfuls of beef meal, a pint of finely

ground oats, the same of coarse sand, two tablespoonfuls of beef meal, a pint of finely cut green clover, rye, or cabbage, moistened with scalded milk. Feed four times a day.

Four to six weeks: Boil a quart of hulled oats for an hour, add one pint of corn meal, wheat bran, half a pint of fine grit, the same of beef scraps, one quart of clover or any green food. Feed four times a day.

Six to ten weeks: One quart of corn meal, one pint wheat bran, a pint of boiled oats, pint of beef scraps, half of grit, tablespoonful of charcoal, pint of clover. Feed three times a day. Then they should be ready to kill.

Those to be kept for stock have the same ration until three weeks old; then they are given equal parts of ground feed and bran, moistened with milk or water. Feed twice a day, if on free range. If yarded, add half a cup of beef scraps, cut clover, or vegetables to double the quantity of grain.

Young ducks are very nervous, and will not forget a scare for weeks. You can persuade

Young ducks are very nervous, and will not forget a scare for weeks. You can persuade them to go in any direction, if you work slowly and quietly. Hurry excites them, and they will rush shrieking in every direction, except the one you would have them go.

Turkeys and Guinea Fowls

A few barrels, secreted in out of the way corners, at the back of the farm buildings, will frequently attract turkeys, and prevent will frequently attract turkeys, and prevent their wandering off into the woods, or brush lots, to lay. It is advisable to steal the first eggs, and set them under a comfortable old Biddy, who will be content to remain peace-fully near home with her foster babies, in-stead of wandering all over the country with them, as does the average turkey and guinea mother.

Feed for the Turkey

Give nothing for the first twenty-four hours; then the daily bill of fare should be as follows: First feed 7 A. M.—Crushed hempseed, half a cup; stale bread crumbs, half a

seed, half a cup; state bread crumbs, half a cup; moisten with raw eggs.

Second feed, 9 A. M.—Millet seed.

Third feed, 11.30 A. M.—Chopped onion tops, half a cup of corn meal that has been steamed as for chicks, half a teaspoonful of crushed mustard seed, mixed and fed crumblingly.

Fourta feed, 2 P. M.—Pinhead oats, crushed

a little finer than it is when bought.

Fifth feed, 5 P. M.—Liver that has been half-boiled, cracked wheat and corn, equal

These bill of fares can be varied with pot cheese, custard, chopped lettuce or apple, bread crumbs moistened with milk, hard-boiled eggs; but every day they must have meat (more than chicks need), and pepper or mustard seed crushed, and fed in soft food. Keep a small pan of powdered charcoal and sand in the run, and, of course, water in a drinking fountain, that will allow only the beak to get

Correspondence

B. M. B.—Which sell best, white or brown eggs for the fancy market? (2) Do large or medium-sized roasters bring the highest price per pound? (3) Which would you advise raising, white or speckled guinea fowls? (4) Must old pheasants be confined -all the time? (5) At what size, or age, are pheasants sold? (6) Are they dressed or sold alive? (7) Can pheasants be excessfully hatched in an incubator? Would you advise buying eggs, or a trio of birds, to get a start?

do not lose your faith in God. If you will write me I will answer your letter. May God keep you in His loving care.

J. A. D. I feel as though you were an old friend from reading your letters.

Mrs. Lola Chase. Bless your dear little ones, love them while they are with you; it don't take them long to grow up and leave the home nest.

Miss Emma Cadwell. God bless you in your work; if others would only do the same, what a blessing it would be.

Mrs. H. O. Crawford, Independence, Kans.

A.—The market makes a difference. New York is supposed to prefer white, Boston dark. (2) Medium sized, unless you mean capons. The very large framed bird is difficult to fatten. (3) For table use a cross is best. The spotted bird is stronger than the white, but the flesh of the latter is more delicate; the cross gives you both the good qualities. (4) Yes. (5) When about five months old. (6) Killed, but undressed. (7) No—that is, of course the eggs might hatch, but they could not be successfully raised in a brooder. (8) A trio, unless you can get eggs near home.

M. C. wants feed for yourget.

M. C. wants feed for young turkeys. Has had several successful hatches, raises the chicks all right for about a month, then they die off four or five every night; runs the brooder at seventy degrees. How stop that crowding at night and killing each other?

A.—April issue was devoted to chicks, so may help you. Did you read Fabragay augment?

Did you read February number? If o. It dealt with artificial brooding. L. E. B.—The request at the beginning of your letter will receive careful consideration later.

M. M.—Please read November and December of 1906.

Mrs. D. has turkeys with bowel complaint, and adds that their heads get black.

Mrs. D. has turkeys with bowel complaint, and adds that their heads get black.

A.—Your turkeys must be in a very bad condition; I fear almost hopeless. However, try what a small dose, say five drops of Jamaica ginger night and morning will do, for a few days. The easiest way to administer it is to moisten, a few bread crumbs with it, just sufficiently to roll into a pill. Feed them on well-steamed corn meal, bran and clover hay, chopped garlic added. Remove and burn all droppings under night roosts, and at once confine all affected birds in a small house, which can be cleaned thoroughly every day. Most turkey diseases are infectious, so be careful not to expose any of your other poultry to danger. Your description is so meager, that it is difficult to feel sure just what the trouble is, or what may have caused it. If your feed has been low, increase it; if, on the other hand, it has consisted of lots of whole corn, stop it at once. If, as I gather from your letter, the whole flock is affected, use a gill of Douglass mixture to every two quarts of water, twice a week for a few weeks. A table-spoonful should be added to each pint of water twice a week for a few weeks. A table-spoonful should be added to each pint of water twice a week for a few weeks. A table-spoonful should be added to each pint of water every day, for the really sick birds. The Douglass mixture is made by dissolving four ounces of sulphate of iron in two quarts of water. After the iron has dissolved, add one quarter of a fluid ounce of sulphuric acid; when clear it is ready for use.

A. J. D.—My little chicks have gapes again. I lose so many with gapes. Can you tell me

water. After the iron has dissolved, add one quarter of a fluid ounce of sulphuric acid; when clear it is ready for use.

A. J. D.—My little chicks have gapes again. I lose so many with gapes. Can you tell me what to do for them?

A.—Gapes is caused by a small worm which frequents the breeding place of poultry and birds. It is about five-sixteenths of an inch long, and about as thick as a fine sewing needle, and from all the information that can be gathered about it, it seems certain that, after entering the windpipe of a chick, it produces young, as bunches of little ones, not more than three-sixteenths of an inch long, have been found on making a post mortem examination, but only when an old and mature one was also present. In color they vary from pale gray, almost white, to dark red, according to the amount of blood they have taken. As it is only little chicks that are the victims, the older birds are probably able to eject these worms, or the windpipe of adults may be too hard for the parasites to fasten on. If you had any cases of gapes last year, find some new spot to place the coops, so that the little ones have fresh ground to run on. If that is not possible, sprinkle lime, and plough or dig under. The danger spots seems to be trodden-down, bare earth.

The trouble being in the windpipe of the bird makes it very difficult to treat. Every poultry supply store has for sale some worm extractor, twisted wire or horsehair arrangements. The home-made one is simple, and quite as good. Take a wing feather, and strip it of all except the extreme end; dip this in turpentine, push it down the bird's throat, give it a twirl, and draw it out quickly. If they are present, you will bring some worms with it. Another remedy which has been recommended as safe and sure, is to mix a teaspoonful of salt and water, pour it down the afflicted bird's throat, and quickly turn its head down. The chick will gasp, sputter, and eject the intruders.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Good health is the greatest of all blessings, but for some reason we are not allowed to enjoy it, in this life. Let us so live, that after death, we may enter that land of rest, where sorrow

There's a smile for ever- sigh For every wound a balm, A joy for every moistened eye, For every storm a caim.

Each tear is sent, a smile to light, Each wound in mercy given; Each tear-filled eye will yet be bright, Each storm subside—in Heaven."

Will someone send in for publication, the poems entitled, "We Don't Say Good By in Heaven," "Oh! Why Should the Spirit of a Mortal be Proud?" "The Romance of a Rose," I do not remember the author of either.

MRS. W. F. HAMPTON, Sites, Colusa Co., California

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:
I live in sunny Kansas, right in the oil and gas belt, and I have all the gas I want, it is just fine. I wish all the sisters could have it. Did any of you ever see a burning gas well? It is a grand sight to see the flames leaping a hundred or more feet in the air. I live all alone on a little farm. My children are all warried or a save from head. see the flames leaping a hundred or more feet in the air. I live all alone on a little farm. My children are all married or are away from home, you may ask me if I ever get lonely. No, I do not very often for I am one that believes in being cheerful and looking on the bright side, for there is always a bright side if we will only look for it, I just drive the blues away and will not let them come around me. I do fancy work, visit my neighbors, visit the sick, and help others bear their burdens. There are so many to encourage and help carry their load of care that one never need to sit down and complain. You may think I have never had any trouble myself, but if you do you will be mistaken, for I have had my share, but God is good and will bear all our burdens if we will let Him. I do feel sorry for all the shut-ins, and wish I could talk personally with each one.

Mrs. Hiram A. Purdy. I would like to visit the Falls with you, but I can almost do so by your description of them.

Lizzie Barnhart. All honor to the bachelor girl; it's better that way than a loveless marriage or to just marry for a home.

just marry for a home.
Sister Maomi McMichel. You will think of this some day perhaps. The only ones of our children we keep are the ones that are with Jesus. He is keeping them for us, and they will always be our dear little children.

Mrs. Orra Laurence. I sympathize with you, but to not lose your faith in God. If you will write me will answer your letter. May God keep you in His oving care.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Extracts

Get three fresh vanilla beans of a druggist, break in small pieces and put them into half a pint of alcohol. It will be fit for use in a few days.

To make lemon extract grate the rind of three lemons with half a pint of alcohol. In four days pour into a bottle and add one ounce of oil of lemon. This makes a strong flavor at less than half price. Orange extract may be prepared in the same way.

FANNIE W. KEYES.

Currant Pie

Put on the stove to boil one and one half pounds of currants, with enough water to cover well, let boil till water has all boiled off; fill your pie tins with the currants, add one cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of apple jelly, sprinkle with cianamon, bake with two crusts; this makes two pies. Mrs. Wm. Willdung.

A Toothsome Pie

To enough stewed pieplant, or rhubarb, for one pie add the yolks of two eggs and one cup of sugar. Bake with one crust and beat the whites, add one tablespoonful of sugar, spread over the top and brown the same as for lemon pie.

When baking never use soft butter or lard for piecrust, butter should be washed in cold water before used in this way. For all loaf cakes, eggs, butter, etc., should be kept in a cold place until ready for use. Fruit to be added to loaf cake should first be rubbed well with flour, this will prevent it from settling to the bottom. When your stove burns the bread on top, put some cold water in the top part of the oven, this will prevent bread or pastry from burning.

Beef Tea

Take one pound of beef (weighed without fat, bone or skin), one pint of water. Mince the beef and place it in a jar with the water. Stand the jar, covered closely, in the oven, which must not be too hot, or into a pot of cold water, which should be gradually brought to a simmer round the jar, from two to four hours. The beef tea must never boi. An egg, or milk, or strong gruel added to beef tea makes it nourishing, as the plain beef tea is only a stimulant.

M. C. Borgerding, Carntown, Ky.

Ambrosia

One pineapple chopped fine, half a box of straw-berries (or red raspberries), six bananas sliced and the slices quartered, six oranges sliced and the slices quartered, one lemon cut fine. Sweeten to

Angel Cake to go with Ambrosia

Whites of six eggs beaten stiff, three quarters of a cup of granulated sugar (sifted twice). Stir into eggs very slowly, adding a small quantity at a time, then one half cup of flour with half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar mixed with hit and sifted six times with the flour, add a little at a time to the sugar and eggs, pinch of salt, a few drops of flavoring (some do not care for any). Bake in an unbuttered tin, when done turn the pan bottom up and leave the cake to fall out itself. Put a pint dish of hot water in the oven while baking, as the cake scorches very easily.

Canned Rhubarb

Peel the fruit, cut up in small pleces, fill jars, shaking down well, fill to the brim with ice cold water, seal at once, and place on cellar bottom in dark corner.

Daisy Wine

To one quart of daisy blossoms add one quart of boiling water, let stand forty-eight hours, then press and strain; to each quart of liquid allow one third of a pound of sugar. Let stand in keg until cold weather, keep filling jug as it works from a keg or jug of the same liquid that must be kept for that purpose, with the same amount of sugar in it, as that in the keg. When stopped working, bung up tightly. In the spring pour off carefully without shaking keg, and bottle.

Dandetion Wine

Dandetion Wine

One gallon dandelion blossoms picked when the sun is shining, pour over them one gallon of boiling water, let stand in cool place for three days, put into porcelain-lined kettle, with the rind of three oranges and one lemon cut fine, boil fifteen minutes, then stir. Add three pounds of sugar (white), and the pulp of three oranges and lemons; when lukewarm add half of a Fleischman's yeast cake, stand in a warm place for a week, strain again, and let stand until it stops working, then bottle. This is fine for anyone suffering from tuberculosis.

J. A. D. (Mrs. Van Dyke.)

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:
I want to thank Mrs. Alice Day for the Mexican vines which arrived safely. I lost her address still I would like her to know I received them, and that at the present time, Dec. 9, they are sprouting and I will soon have to plant them.

M.3s. J. B. Mansfield, Lakeside, Cal.

A.3s. J. B. MANSFIELD, Lakeside, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:
I wish to thank all the kind sisters who remembered me by letters, scraps of silk, etc. I am not as well as when I wrote before. I lie in bed most of the time. I want all the dear sisters who read this to know that from my heart I thank you for your kindness to me and ask you still to write as it gives one so much pleasure to be remembered in any way. We shut-ins can't help getting lonely sometimes, it is hard to be brave and patient all the time. God bless you all is the wish of your sister,

MRS. ELIZABETH MEEK, Vandalia, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I want to thank you each and all for writing me. Comfort brings its readers into a close bond of sympathy. I would gladly write you all, but it is impossible for my hands are so crippled it is hard for me to write. I am a whole lot better than I was last summer, but cannot walk yet. Let us strive to be patient with our afflictions, trusting that God be patient with our afflictions, trusting that God knows best and His purpose is in all that comes in-to our lives.

May God bless you all dear shut-in sisters.

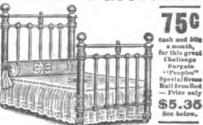
Mrs. J. E. Johnson, Pingree, N. ARS. J. E. JOHNSON, Pingree, N. Dak. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Cure for Liquor and Tobacco.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add. with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Sociy, 78 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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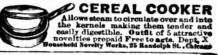
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Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

"You smeared it with blood from the musket wound," said Clarke suspiciously.

"John shot it—here," said the Indian, pointing out the place where his arrow had struck and penetrated the deer.

"Zounds!" said the lawyer, chop-fallen. "I don't know but you did have a share in it—but don't you see that wound would never have killed the deer? You would have lost it after all, if my musket ball hadn't come in to finish the work."

John, who understood the drift of the remark evidently did not assent to the lawyer's view, but still insisted that the deer was his

own.

Dick Clarke had no especial use for the deer. It had no value to him beyond furnishing an evidence of his success as a sportsman. It was only natural for him to be, proud of his first game, and he had imagined for himself quite a triumph in carrying it into the village. But John's claim interfered fatally with his intention. Though he might plume himself on killing the deer, there was no especial glory in being its joint slayer, especially when, as John contended, it had already been brought to the ground when he fired at it. To urge a claim under such circumstances, if known, would only subject him to ridicule, as he could very well imagine. In this state of things it occurred to him to effect a compromise with the Indian, which he thought he might readily do by the judicious use of a little money.

he thought he might readily do by the judicious use of a little money.

So he broached the subject by saying, "Come, John, you don't want this deer."

The Indian asserted doggedly that it was rightfully his, and that he would have it.

"But," urged the wily lawyer, "if you will let me have it, and I admit that it is yours, I will give you some silver which will be worth

let me have it, and I admit that it is yours, I will give you some silver which will be worth a great deal more to you than the deer."

This was an argument the Indian understood. He had already learned the great value of money by his intercourse with the whites. He knew that his favorite drink could be obtained on more favorable terms for this than in the way of barter, and as this was the intended destination of the deer had was the intended destination of the deer, he might as well accept the white man's proffer.

"How much?" he asked sententiously.

The lawyer brought forth his wallet, and opening it, drew out a silver dollar.

This he held up in his hand, and turning to John, said: "You shall have this if you

will let me have the deer and say nothing of having shot it. Do you agree?" But the lawyer had, in his eagerness, com-

mitted an error from which the caution taught him in his profession ought to have saved

In opening his pocketbook he incautiously displayed a part of the contents. These included a number of gold pieces that were plainly revealed to the Indian.

plainly revealed to the Indian.

Now John was so far versed in the usages of the whites as to be aware of the greatly superior value of gold to silver. Here was a strong temptation for him. He knew that the gold he saw would buy him many gallons of rum. It might keep him supplied for months. Besides this, it would buy him a lodging or a dinner whenever he chose. It need hardly be said that he was little bound by moral considerations touching the abstract rectifude or

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

Forty-three years in bed! Think of that, and never able to be out in the beautiful world, but forever chained to that terrible mattress. It is hard enough, goodness knows, to exist under such conditions when you have plenty of money, and every luxury and help that can kill time and alleviate suffering, but to be chained to a mattress and have to earn your living as this moor soul has to do showe

shortcomings, please.

was rapidly making up his mind what to do. By a sudden, and on the lawyer's part wholly unforeseen movement, he snatched the pocketbook from his grasp, pinioned Clarke's arms with one of his own, and drawing forth a strong cord, preceeded to tie him hand and

foot.

Of course this was not effected without resistance. But the lawyer was no match in strength for the athletic young Indian. Besides he was taken suddenly, and at a disadvantage. There was one weapon of offense which he freely used, however, and that was his tongue. He berated the Indian in the most forcible terms which his vocabulary could supply him, and among these were some which it may be advisable not to transfer to these it may be advisable not to transfer to thes

pages.
But for words the Indian cared not. He proceeded swiftly and dextrously in his task, and in the space of a minute the lawyer was lying bound hand and foot side by side with the quarry which he coveted.

Having possessed himself of the pocket-

book, John paid no regard to the deer, but went on his way, leaving the lawyer filled with

went on his way, leaving the lawyer filled with rage and vexation.

"What a confounded fool I was to show him the pocketbook!" he muttered, vexed with his own imprudence. "I deserve all this. There were over a hundred dollars in that pocketbook, and, good Heavens!"—the lawyer started in affright as this new misfortune flashed upon him—"good Heavens! only this morning I put into it that fatal letter. If by chance it should fall into the hands of the Parkhursts or young Davenport, my fortune is lost beyond redemption! I could shoot that Indian with a good relish. If I could only free myself from these cords!"

The lawyer little suspected to what angel of consolation he was to be indebted for his

of consolation he was to be indebted for his release from bonds.

In snatching the lawyer's pocketbook, Indian John had acted from a sudden impulse. He understood that this daring outrage would compel him to leave the neighborhood, but for this he cared little. In fact, that was a step on which he had already determined and which would require no sacrifice on his part. It would be disagreeable after his formal expulsion to meet the members of his own tribe, as he must do if he continued to roam these woods.

When he had placed a half-mile between himself and his victim, who lay writhing in his bonds, he proceeded to open the pocket-book, and with some curiosity began to examine the contents.

These consisted of the gold already mentioned, a small sum in silver, and various

Among these was the note that conveyed the valuable information relating to the hidden

John took out the gold and silver and deposited it in his own pouch. The papers he evidently held of little account, for with a contemptuous gesture he took them out, and threw them upon the ground. His attire not supplying him with that convenient receptacle, a pocket, he threw down the pocketbook, also, and then, with a self-satisfied look, he turned his face to the north.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

be said that he was little bound by moral considerations touching the abstract rectitude or iniquity of the act by which, if at all, he must become possessed of the object which he interest of the boys and girls as well as those of older years. If not a subscriber send 15 cents before the price advances. Read the next chapter, "A Boy and Bear," thereby keeping the thread of the story without a break.

Needs clothing and cheer. Mrs. Kate Blade (72), Hebron, Ohio. Old, crippled, poor and friendless. Send her books, and anything else you can spare. That will keep you busy

for awhile.

Seven 15-cent subscriptions will get you Uncle Charlie's poems, an elegant book, bound in silk cloth. I want every League Now be good, member to work for this book. Now be good, until we meet for a fire-cracker time on the Glorious Fourth. Lovingly yours,

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ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

great patience, she worked on assiduously, and early in summer her book was finished and placed in the publisher's hands.

In the midst of her anxiety concerning its reception, a new and terrible apprehension took possession of her, for it became painfully evident that Fellx, whose health had never been good, was slowly but steadily declining.

Mrs. Andrews and Edna took him to Sharon, to Saratoga, and to various resorts for invalids, but with no visible results that were at all encouraging, and at last they came home almost disheartened. Dr. Howell finally prescribed a sea-voyage, and a sojourn of some weeks at Eaux Bonne in the Pyrenees, as those waters had effected some remarkable cures.

As the doctor quitted the parlor, where he held a conference with Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, the latter turned to her hubband, sayin Felix under the state of the state

yourself."

They went upstairs together, and paused on the threshold of Felix's room to observe what was passing within.

The boy was propped by pillows into an upright position on the sofa, and was looking curiously into a small basket which Edna held on her lan

riously into a small country in the lap.

She was reading to him a touching little letter just received from an invalid child, who had never walked, who was confined always to the house, and wrote to thank her, in sweet, childish style, for a story which she had read in the Magazine, and which made her very hanny.

nette, pansies, and geranium leaves, which she sent with her scrawling letter.

In conclusion, the child asked that the woman whom, without having seen, she yet loved, would be so kind as to give her a list of such books as a little girl ought to study, and to write her "just a few lines" that she could keep under her pillow, to look at now and then. As Edna finished reading the note, Felix took it, to examine the small, indistinct characters, and

"Oh, mamma! come smell this mignonnette. Why can't we grow some in boxes in our windows?"

Mr. Andrews leaned over his son's pillow, softly put his hand on the boy's forehead, and

softly put his hand on the boy's forehead, and said:
"My son, Miss Earl professes to love you very much, but I doubt whether she really means all she says; and I am determined to satisfy myself fully. Just now I cannot leave my business, but mamma intends to take you to Europe next week, and I want to know whether Miss Earl will leave all her admirers here, and go with you and help mamma to nurse you. Do you think she will?"

Mrs. Andrews stood with her hand resting on the shoulder of the governess, watching the varying expression of her child's countenance.
"I think, papa—I hope she will; I believe she—"

He paused, and, struggling up from his pillows, he stretched out his poor little arms, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Edna! you will go with me? You promised you would never forsake me! Tell papa you will go."

His head was on her shoulder, his arms were clasped tightly around her neck. She hid her face on his, and was silent.

Mr. Andrews placed his hand on the orphan's bowed head.

"Miss Earl, you must let me tell you that I look upon you as a member of my family; that my wife and I love you almost as well as if you were one of our children; and I hope you will not refuse to accompany Kate on the tour she contemplates. Let me take your own father's place; and I shall regard it as a great favor to me and mine if you will consent to go, and allow me to treat you always as I do my Hattie. I have no doubt you will derive as much benefit from traveling, as I certainly hope for Felix."

"Thank you, Mr. Andrews, I appreciate your generosity, and I prize the affection and confidence which you and your wife have shown me. I came, an utter stranger, into your house, and you kindly made me one of the family circle. I am alone in the world, and have become strongly attached to your children. Felix is not merely my dear pupil, he is my brother, my companion, my little darling! I cannot be separated from him. Next to his mother he belongs to me. Oh! I will travel with him anywhere that you and Mrs. Andrews think it best he should go. I will never, never leave him!"

She disengaged the boy's arms, laid him back on his pillows, and went to her own room.

In the midst of prompt preparations for departure, Edna's new novel appeared. She had christened it "Shinno Theorem On Fage 12)

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the blue skies among the flowers, remember the suffering ones on their beds of pain and misery, shut out from God's beautiful world the suffering ones on their beds of pain and misery, shut out from God's beautiful world forever:

Caroline Maclain, Fisk, Mo. Send her silk pieces, pictures and books. Mrs. Phoebe
Anthony, West Kingston, R. F. D., 1, Rhode, Island, Wants, cheery, letters. .Comfort's League of Cousins For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Comfort, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

Comfort's League of Cousins

Anthony, West Kingston, R. F. D., 1, Rhode Island. Wants cheery letters. Mrs. Frank Reynolds, Oxford, R. F. D., 4, Iowa. Sick for three years. In great need. Ernest Newman, Watkins, R. F. D., 1, Minn. Wants interesting story books. Mrs. George Hugunin, Box 21, Comanche, Iowa. Wants cheery letters and silk pieces. Mrs. Ole Cable, Essex, Ark. Wants cheery letters. Ole Cable, Essex, Ark. Wants cheery letters. Nora Lawrence, Wolcott, R. F. D., 2, Vt. Wants cheery letters. Arthur H. Page, the blind boy, of Milo, R. F. D., 1, Maine. Sells fine pictures of his faithful dog and self for thirty cents. Thomas P. Day, Fauval, Quebec, Can. Wants cheery letters and assist

Wants cheery letters and silk pieces. Mrs. Ole Cable, Essex, Ark. Wants cheery letters. Mrs. Nora Lawrence, Wolcott, R. F. D., 2, Vt. Wants cheery letters. Arthur H. Page, the blind boy, of Milo, R. F. D., 1, Maine. Sells fine pictures of his faithful dog and self for thirty cents. Thomas P. Day, Fauval, Quebec, Can. Wants cheery letters and assistance. Jennie Moon, Cody, Va. Helpless for sixteen years. Sells handkerchiefs for fifteen cents, sofa pillow tops for forty cents. S. M. Pledger, West, Texas. Wants cheer. His last appeal brought \$3\$, for which he is extremely grateful. William H. Reynolds, an accident; fine writer, send fifty cents for his book. Rebecca Whitfield, Finleyson, R. F. D., 2. Ga. Chronic invalid. Remember her, please. John T. Laompson, 512 Atlantic St., Marietta Ga. Helpless nineteen years: tied in knots with rheumatism. Wants old and rare stamps, and arrowheads. Mary Ellen Willis, Yatesville, R. F. D., 2. Ga. Wants silk pieces, stamps, and stationery. Relies upon the gifts of the charitable for her support. Send a dime for her picture. Mrs. Anna Teague, Mannington, Christian Co., Ky.

first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comporata immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of Comporat's family, ouly, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to Comport for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

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How to become a Member How to become a Member

How to become a Member

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cents in all, and say that you wish to join Compour's League of Cousins.

The Great Chicago Mystery

The Man With Many Aliases

By Rosser W. Cobbe

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Crit Truman and his assistant, Raiph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the United Police, to assist in suppressing crime. The leader is variously described, recall the recapture of "The Man with Many Allases," Jim Hollis, Jim Holmes, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, and which, when healed, might pass for a harelly. "How is our work?" asks Crit. There are several cases in our line. There's a missing girl and a lewelry robbetry on Time. There's a missing girl and a lewelry robbetry on tells Raiph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general pian.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathle Mandeville, confides to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage engaged to Sylvia. While Crit and Raiph are on the way to Chicago, the former has a telegram. "Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon a month previous. As they emerge from Che Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon a month previous. As they emerge from the late of the salous and the salous a

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE REVELATION.

LONELY, distracted, despairing girliay sobbing on a dingy bed in a most objectionable room, right in the midst of the Chicago Ghetto, feeling that life was surely not worth the living. Vainly she regretted the impulse which had prompted her to run away from the lover who adored her, because of the mystery which she had imagined lay about her birth which she sobbed, but now she felt it was too late. With Crit Truman dead, she had nothing to hope, for in spite of her assumed confidence in the young detective who had visited, she felt that if his chief had been killed, he would not be able to help her.

"I wonder if it would be wicked to kill myself," she thought, then tried to dismiss the thought.

As she lay there, utterly exhausted by the various exciting events of the day, she heard the door open, and saw someone enter her room. Starting to her feet, she was stopped by a low voice saying:

"Walt Miss Lyster, I am a friend."

Bending closer, she saw what she thought was Ferris's evil face, but there was a difference. The eyes looking into her own were not the strangely contracted ones of the opium fiend, but clear, honest ones, in which she read truth and sincerity.

"Who are you?" she breathed.

"One of Crit Truman's men," was the reassuring reply.

"Is he still alive?" she asked eagerly.

"Indeed he is." Peter said decidedly, for it was he in his superb disguise as Ferris.

"But I was told he was dead," she faltered. Peter laughed a little scornfully:

"The man doesn't live who can outwith him.

The lad took the stam to stop?" aked the chief.

Laking a day off. or something of that sert. Hatck of hot water. I suppose the junitor. "Lack of hot water. I suppose the junitor. Take had yoff. Or sometim and absorver it was discovered that the chief.

"Lack of hot water. I suppose the junitor. "Lack of ho LONELY, distracted, despairing girl lay sobbing on a dingy bed in a most objectionable room, right in the midst of the Chicago Ghetto, feeling that life was surely not worth the living. Vainly she regretted the impulse which had prompted her to run away from the lover who adored her, because of the mystery which she had imagined lay about her birth.

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"But I was told he was dead," she faltered.
Peter laughed a little scornfully:

"The man doesn't live who can outwit him, and certainly not Jim Hollis. What I wanted to tell you is to be of good heart. Take this, and defend yourself if necessary," pressing into her hot hand an automatic Colt's. The fingers of the little hand clasped the weapon, and she cried gratefully:

"I'm sure I can never repay you noble men for helping me as you have. Yes, I can use it. Mr. Lyster taught me how."

"Say your father." Peter said quietly.

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes, you need have no further fear. You are his daughter," and then Peter left her. happy in the thought that she was worthy to become the wife of Custer Quex, and grateful

beyond words to the detectives who were freeing her from the tangled web which had been thrown about her.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME VERY CLEVER WORK.

"Are you sure?"
"Perfectly Mr. Golder. I think my credentials ought to convince you."
"Sure thing, but it seems a funny thing to do."
"Mr. Golder, I insist," chimed another voice, and the chief of police looked a little dangerous.
"Of course chief, you know best, and I don't want to get stuckup, but it sounds fishy."
The chief of police looked his anger. For months he had been working loyally and thoroughly; he had put aside his professional pride and summoned Crit Truman, and now, when victory was in sight, to be disturbed by this man.

man.
With sternness, and something like a threat in his voice, he said severely:
"I tell you, you must agree to the plan presented by these gentlemen," indicating Crit and

with sternness, and something like a threat in his voice, he said severely:

"I tell you, you must agree to the plan presented by these gentlemen," indicating Crit and Raiph.

The man, the proprietor of a small saloon, looked undecided, and then Crit stepped into the breach.

"Suppose, chief, my assistant and I makeup as we propose, and then Mr. Golder can see that we are not talking through our tiles as it were."

"Yes," assented the saloonkeeper. "If you two can make good on the matter of disguise, I'll do as you say. I don't believe you can, though," he added doubtfully.

"Wait." Crit smiled, and Ralph threw back his head and laughed.

"Give us an inner room," Crit said, and once inside it, he stood the proprietor up before him, while Ralph did the same for the barkeeper. Business was slack, and the assistant had not gone home, so he was left in charge. To see, however, that nothing underhand was done, the chief sat where he was hidden, and yet could see the whole room.

The two detectives worked rapidly, then Crit said pleasantly:

"Give me your collar, necktie, coat and vest, Mr. Golder, thanks."

Ralph had donned the white jacket of the barkeeper, and tied his apron about his waist, and the faces of the two men were studies as they gazed upon the altered ones of the detectives. Mr. Golder grew pale as death when he saw how entirely Crit had been able to copy his rather peculiar face, while the barkeeper was willing to swear that there was magic in the transformation. The proprietor had no more objections to make. A man who could work such a wonderful change was to be trusted.

Crit then unfolded his pian more fully. The proprietor and his barkeeper were to keep in an upper room, while Crit and Ralph returned to the saloon, and stood becitives returned to the saloon, and stood being utterly fooled by their clever disguises, and said:

"No, I cannot do it, it is too great a risk."

"But I tell you I won't have it otherwise," the detectives returned to the saloon, and stood being utterly fooled by their clev

"Oh, chief, don't, we are bowed down with your praises already!" Crit said in his own

The chief stared for a moment, then burst into a storm of laughter, clapping each on his back.
"This is the best ever!" he exclaimed in his

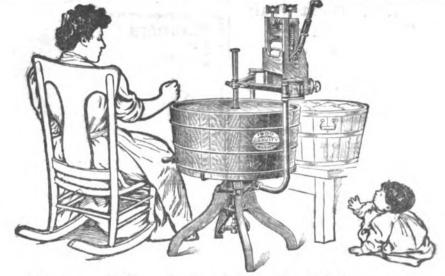
"This is the best ever!" he exclaimed in his delight.

"I've heard of you two, but this is too much," and again he had to stop.

After the chief was fully restored, he requested a full account of their adventures, but Crit asked to be excused until the next day, although he did explain about his confinement in the Turkish bathroom, and his sensational escane.

in the Turkish catalogue scape.

What caused the steam to stop?" asked the



Easy Washing in 6 Minutes

HERE'S a washer that washes a tubful of dirty clothes clean in six minutes. And all you need do is sit beside the washer and help it along with little pushes and pulls that take hardly any effort at all.

This 1900 Gravity Washer is so made that the weight of the tub and the little patent links under the tub do all the real work of the washing.

They keep the tub swinging back and forth and

They keep the tub swinging back and forth and up and down with a "tip-turning"—or "oscillating" motion. ing" motion.

And this sends the hot, soapy water in the tub swirling over, and under, and round the clothes until all the dirt is washed out.

The clothes are held still—so they can't possibly be injured.

The clothes are held still—so they can't possibly be injured.

There is nothing to pull and haul them about—nothing to best nor pound them—nothing to wear nor tear them.

You can wash laces in a 1900 Gravity Washer and never injure a mesh.

And you can even wash rugs and carpets without tiring yourself.

The 1900 Gravity Washer washes so quickly—so easily—and so thoroughly that any ordinary wash will be on the line by nine o'clock wash-day morning.

And you won't be "all best out" when the washing is finished. For there isn't enough work to tire even a very delicate woman.

You won't be "steam soaked." For the steam is kept in the washer to help wash the clothes clean. Thus your health is protected and kept from exposure.

Of course, the savings effected by a 1900 Gravity Washer—savings of time and strength and wear on clothes—are worth a lot to you.

And the 1900 Gravity Washer is the only washer that will effect such savings, because these savings are all due to the working parts of the washer, which make it wash quickly and easily, while the clothes are held still.

The working parts of the 1900 Gravity Washer cannot be imitated. Because they are patented. Therefore only the looks of my 1960 Gravity Washer can be imitated.

I have sold tens and tens of thousands of my washers during the past few years.
Thousands upon thousands of pleased women users can tell you how my washers save.
But I don't ask you to take even the testimony of actual users of my washers.
I say "Prove a 1800 Gravity Washer for yourself and—at my expense."
I'll send a washer to any responsible party and prepay the freight.
I'll ship you a washer promptly so you can have it at once. And you don't have to send me a copper in advance.

prepay the freight.

I'll ship you a washer promptly so you can have it at once. And you don't have to send me a copper in advance.

All you do is take the washer and use it a month. Do four weeks' washings with it.

And if you don't find the 1900 Gravity Washer all I claim—if it deesn't save exactly as I say—if it doesn't wash quicker, and easier, and cheaper, and more economically than you have ever washed before—don't keep the washer.

Just tell me you don't want it, and that will settle the matter.

Just tell me you don't want it, and that will settle the matter.

I offer to leave the decision to you.

And the test shan't cost you a penny.

The month's use of the washer is—FREE.

If you want to keep my washer—if you are pleused and satisfied—if you see where my washer will save time and strength and clothes—and, in that way, save money enough to pay for itself in a few months—why, I'll let you Pay for the Washer as it saves for You.

Pay by the week—or by the month—suit yourself. This way you really Let the Washer Pay for Itself Out of What It Saves.

Could I do better than this for you?

Send today for my New Illustrated Washer Book. It is FREE.

Your name and address on a post-card mailed at once brings the Book by return mail, postpaid. I want you to have my Washer Book whether you want a washer now or not, so I'll send it gladly anyway.

Write now. Find out all there is to know about the only washer that saves your time, strength and clothes—protects your health and your pocketbook—and Pays for Itself by its Saving.

Write now. Find out all there is to know about the only washer that saves your time, strength and clothes—protects your health and your pocketbook—and Pays for Itself by its Saving.

Write now. Find out all there is to know about the only washer that anyes your free the find and your pocketbook—and Pays for Itself by its Saving.

Write to me. Address R. F. Bieber. Managet 1900 Washer Co., '2 25 Yonge St. Toronto, Outorto.

The young man was game, and did not falter, although he turned white as death.

Scarcely had Crit time to place himself where he commanded the room, although he was apparently leaning over one of the men sitting drinking, when the door again opened and four men, masked, stepped into the room, with drawn revolvers.

parently leaning over one of the men sitting drinking, when the door again opened and four men, masked, stepped into the room, with drawn revolvers.

"Hands up!" said the well-known voice of Jim Hollis.

Instantly Ralph raised his hands and all the men in the room followed suit, including Crit.

It was an exciting moment. Above, Crit could hear the heavy breathing of the three who were watching, but hoped no one else could. The dozen men in the room were panic-stricken, and helpless under four revolvers.

"I'm done with saleons from now on," one said with shivering teeth.

"I wonder if we live in the wild and woolly West," sneered another.

However, talk as they might, all kept hands above heads, while rage surged within.

Systematically the holdup men went through the crowd, clearing out everything. One man's neck was slightly gashed by a knife in the hands of one of the crooks, as he slashed out a diamond collar button, but otherwise no injury was done. At last the men approached rit and Ralph.

"Fake" Pete, covered by the revolver in the hands of Hollis, who did none of the work himself, but covered the others, started to rob the till, his back being turned towards Ralph.

The latter allowed him to take out the money, then, at a signal from Crit, he clutched the crook by the back of the neck, and tumbled with him to the floor behind the bar, and at the same instant Crit felled "Snowthake" with one blow from his powerful right. Hollis gave a yell, and his finger fell upon the trigger, but no explosion followed, and as he sprung forward, his arm was caught by one of his confederates.

"Curse you! Ferris," he cried, "let go!" and he aimed at the head of the man who held him.

A laugh came from under the black mask which was utterly unlike that belonging to the young crook, and Hollis realized that once again he had met his match.

"Another spy," he shouted, tearing the mask from the man's face. To his astonishment, he saw Ferris's face, then he realized that he was not looking into the opium contracted pupils o

person, a person with hands of iron, and fingers of steel.

"The Trumans," he muttered under his breath, and commenced to struggle.

Peter is a fine athletic, but Hollis was a powerful man, and the young detective had more than he could manage. Crit was fully occupied with "Snowflake" who was no mean fighter, while Raiph was bumping about among the various bottles and kegs behind the bar with "Fake" Pete who refused to be conquered or handcuffed.

"Fake" Pete who remark thandcuffed.

The gallant young detective hung on for dear life, but Hollis knew how to defend himself, and he delivered as good as he got. Of course by this time the chief and the proprietor and his man were in the room, but on account of the crowd surging about, no one saw Peter's dire neril.

rown surging about, no one saw reter's dire peril.

It was a wild scene. The holdup men, their black masks torn from their faces, struggling with the officers of the law; the money and valuables collected by these desperadoes lying in a heap, and each man trying to regain possession of his property; the money from the till lying on the counter behind which were issuing such cries of terror, but not from Ralph. At last the latter emerged triumphant, dragging with him a very bloody, exhausted crook, hand-cuffed hands and feet, and just as he did so, Crit decorated his man in a similar manner, an both scrambled to Peter's aid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "A Race for a Human Life," when Crit Truman succeeds in delivering "The Man with Many Aliases" to the proper authorities. Watch the coits as they slowly tighten around the guilty, bringing them to speedy and just punishment. If not a subscriber send 15 cents and read this story to the end.



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DEEP your body clean!

Most people are very neat and clean in their outward appearance, but how about the inside?

Are you clean inside?

And if not, how can you face the world with clean thoughts, clear intelligence, a fair, just, bright mind and get your full share of capacity for work and enjoyment?

Neglect of exercise, rich over-feeding and carelessness about stools, often leave the delicate internal mechanism in a nasty mess.

The small intestine is compelled to absorb the poison of decaying matter instead of wholesome nourishment.

The liver gets inactive; the bile doesn't "work off"; the eyes get yellow; the skin gets dead like putty and pale like dough, disfigured with boils, pimples, blackheads and liver-spots.

There's only one solution to the problem: Keep clean inside all the time. That's the answer.

If you can not diet, or keep your mechanism going by proper exercise, take Cascarets, the sweet, fragrant, harmless little vegetable tablets, that "act like exercise" on your bowels, and gently but powerfully clean out and disinfect the whole digestive canal.

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If you have been neglecting yourself for some time, take a Cascaret night and morning and break up the "constipated habit" without acquiring a "cathartic habit."

Cascarets are sold by all druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c. The 10c size trial box is a neat fit for the vest pocket or lady's purse.

Be sure to get the genuine with the "long-tailed C" on the box and the letters "CCC" on each tablet. They are never sold in bulk.

\$8 Paid Fer 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c. stamp. A. W. SCOTT, COHOES, N.Y.

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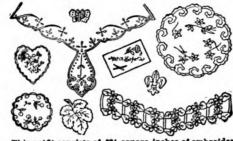
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all quessions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

Marie, Lodi, Wis.—It is not necessary for two persons to speak to each other if the man raises his hat in passing. The bow is sufficient. If they stop to speak to each other it depends upon what they have to talk about what they shall say. (2) The young man who winks at the young lady should be slapped in the face, not by the lady, but by some man who can siap good and hard. (3) A brother's rights at a dance are not held to be very binding, and his sister can dance with as many young men as she pleases. However, she should consult her brother and not slight him. A bow and a smile are enough answer to thanks for a dance, unless the girl wants to say more.

C. W., Norman, Ill.—In our judgment, the young lady is merely testing you to see whether or not you will keep guessing what she means. If you will continue guessing she will in time let you call on her, and maybe you will think enough of each other to enter into more permanent arrangements. We do not admire that style of young woman, but possibly you do. If you do, go right ahead doing as you now are, and we think you will get her by and by.

Comfort Girlie, Waterville, Kans.—You may use depilatories or not as you please, but they

and we think you will get her by and by.

Comfort Girlie, Waterville, Kans.—You may use depilatories or not as you please, but they are not permanent. Electrolysis, done by specialists, is the only thing that will remove hair permanently. The recipes you mention are as good as any, and harmless as any. No depilatory is entirely harmless, we think buttermilk will not make the hair grow on the face to an alarming extent. If you find it good for tan and freckles, go on using it. Better use cold cream, or some of the many complexion preparations to be had at all drug stores. Most of them are harmless. Plenty of hot water, pure soap, simple food and healthy exercise are the best remedies for poor complexions. See answers in Family Doctor column on the subject of depilatories.

Ignorant, Winston, Mont.—We believe in just

of depilatories.

Ignorant, Winston, Mont.—We believe in just as little mourning wear as possible, especially for young people. The custom is, we believe, to wear black for two years for parents. Don't do it. Neither go gayly decked, as if you were glad they were gone, but dress soberly and becomingly. As to social matters, usually several months may elapse before they are resumed at all, but the mourner need not stay away from small affairs. The formal and public things are prohibited until the following season.

(2) Woman has as many ribs as man.

L. N., Galva, Ill.—When the man takes you to a restaurant either may suggest the time to go away, though the lady usually does. But not by rule. She does it because she cannot stay out so late as the man can. (2) Boiled eggs are served in the shell. Isn't that the custom in Galva? (3) Hard cheeses may be eaten from the fingers, but scarcely the soft varieties.

Beginner, Childers, Tex.—You don't want any set rule to ask a girl to go to church with you, or any other place. Simply ask her if you can go with her, and tell her how glad it will make you if she will. That's enough. The most gracefully polite people in the world are those who do it naturally and sincerely.

M. C. M., Marcus, Ia.—You can thin your eyebrows by brushing them with a stiff brush and thinning them out simply by dragging them from their roots. Better not try any other treatment, or you won't have any brows at all. A fine tooth comb will answer the purpose of the brush. brush.

September, Santa Barbara, Cal.—The right sort of a man hasn't a very high opinion of the girl who permits herself to be kissed by him or any other man promiscuously. Promiscuous familiarities of that sort are very cheap and vulgar. Nice girls do not permit it. (2) Don't speak to the man who hasn't manners enough to respond by tipping his hat. Men's manners at their best are none too good.

Sweet William Ironstone Tenn—A girl of six-

Sweet William, Ironstone, Tenn.—A girl of sixteen may be escorted home by a boy if her parents do not object. And she may go to a party with another girl and her brother, even though the brother does not ask her. He leaves that to his sister, and it's all right.

Peggy, Niles, Ill.—Don't let your twelve-year-old sister get into the habit of letting men kiss her because she is a "kid." Now is the time to

teach her the proprieties. The men themselves ought to know better.

Orphan Girl, Talladega, Ala.—We haven't space to give you details of a home wedding. Talladega has plenty of fine women in it who know just what is right, and they will tell you. (2) Maybe some Comport reader can tell you where you can get a silk patchwork quilt made. We cannot. Isn't there anybody in your neighborhood who can do it?

J. Jones, Mich.—Thank the person who brings you the message from the absent friend, and say something nice to be conveyed back again. Say anything you please that is pleasant.

Sweet Sixteen, Laton, Cal.—Change your manner to other men, and this one you want may change his manner to you. Evidently you have a nasty disposition, and how can a man like that? If you are going to get along in the world happily, you will have to give and take and scatter smiles as you go. The older you grow the harder you will find it to improve your temper, and now is the time to begin.

Brown-eyed Nellie, Cannonsburg, Pa.—Read in Family Doctor column what we have to say on the subject of hair.

on the subject of hair.

Blue Eyes, Yorktown, Texas.—Be a little cool to the young man who neglects you for another girl. He has no right to set you aside when a new girl appears. And he has no business to pay attention to an engaged girl. We think if you have any other young man in sight, you would do well to drop this one. He'll be treating you a good deal worse if he marries you. (2) If you know who the young man is and all about him, it does not make so much difference about having met him only a few times. But do not be too free to accept attentions from men you don't know about.

Country Belle, Christine, N. D.—Experience

do not be too free to accept attentions from men you don't know about.

Country Belle, Christine, N. D.—Experience is against your renewing the plumpness, though you may improve it by proper exercise. Try chest expansion and deep breathing. Throw the shoulders back as far as possible and repeat it twenty-five or thirty times every night and morning. This will harden the muscles. Stand before an open window and take twenty breaths as deep as you can, breathing in at the nose and out of the mouth. Begin with taking about six to ten, unless you can do more. Usually more than ten will make one dizzy. (2) What is known as cosmetic glove paste, which will whiten the hands is made as follows: Powdered myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rose water, six ounces; glycerine, half ounce. Melt the wax in double boiler, and add myrrh while hot, beat thoroughly and stir in honey and rose water. Add the glycerine little by little to make the paste. Rub over the hands and wear loose gloves.

Brown Eyes, Concord, Tenn.—Tell the boy that you are in school and do not have time to bother with boys. No girl should "keep company with boys" till she is out of school.

Cora, Clatshanie, Ore.—We do not know the address. Ask your druggist.

Cora, Clatshanie, Ore.—We do not know the address. Ask your druggist.

Comfort Reader, Havelock, Neb.—Better let well enough alone. The more doctoring you do to your good looks the worse for you.

to your good looks the worse for you.

Lonely Lamb, Fairdale, N. D.—Proud child, you should tell your troubles to somebody near home. Your wild and beating heart cannot be stilled at the distance of a thousand miles. You are but seventeen short summers now, and the fateful day is yet far off. Suppose you wait till you are twenty-one and then ask us again. By that time you will know ever so much more. And do not be so cruel as to take all the girls' beaus away from them as you say you are now doing. It is not only cruel, but bad form. (2) The hair is June blonde in color.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

L. N., Galva, III.—When the man takes you to a restaurant either may suggest the time to go away, though the lady usually does. But not by rule. She does it because she cannot stay out so late as the man can. Ce. But not by rule. She does it because she cannot stay out so late as the man can. Ce. But not by rule. She does it because she cannot stay out so late as the man can. Ce. But not by rule. She does it because she cannot stay out so late as the man can. Ce. But not by rule. She does it because she cannot stay out so late as the man can. Ce. But not stay out so late as the man can. Ce. But not stay out stay in the stay of the stay of the hearththrone who had reigned wisely and stone; April, diamond; hay, emerald; June, agate; July, ruby; Aug., moonstone; Sept., sapphire; Oct., opal; Nov., topaz; Dec., turquolse. (2) If your absent sweetheart does not object to your having beaus, you can have them, but accept no presents from them.

Brandon Starr, Emerson, N. C.—Certainly it is no disgrace for a lady to pluy a violin, at the stay of the stay

pleading 'My son!' of Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus, that saved Rome."
To discontented spinsters, who traveled like Pandora over the land, haranguing audiences that secretly laughed at and despised them, to these unfortunate women, clamoring for power and influence in the national councils, she pointed out that quiet, happy home at "Barley Wood," whence immortal Hannah More sent forth those writings which did more to tranquilize England, and bar the hearts of its yeomanry against the temptations of red republicanism than all the temptations of red republicanism than all the temptations of red republicanism than all the sent of Parliament.

Some errors of style, which had been pointed out by critics as marring her earlier writings, Edna had endeavored to avoid in this book, which she humbly offered to her countrywomen as the best of which she was capable.

From the day of its appearance it was a success; and she had the gratification of hearing that some of the seed she had sown broadcast in the land fell upon good ground, and promised an abundant harvest.

Many who called to bid her good by on the day before the steamer sailed, found it impossible to disguise their apprehension that she would the rever return; and some who looked tearfully into her face and whispered "God-speed!" thought they saw the dread signet of death set on her white brow.

To Edna it was inexpressibly painful to cross the Atlantic while Mr. Hammond's health was so feeble; and over the long farewell letter which she sent him, with a copy of her new book, the old man wept. Mrs. Murray had seemed entirely estranged since that last day spent at Le Bocage, and had not written a line since the orphan's return to New York. But when she received the new novel, and the affectionate, mournful, meek note that accompanied it, Mrs. mournful, meek note that accompanied it, Mrs.

Murray laid her head on her son's bosom and

sobbed aloud.

Dr. Howell and Mr. Manning went with Edna aboard the steamer, and both laughed heartily at her efforts to disengage herself from a pertinacious young book-vender, who, with his arms full of sopies of her own book, stopped her on deck, and volubly extolled its merits, insisting that she should buy one to while away the tedium of the voyage.

Dr. Howell gave final directions concerning the treatment of Felix, and then came to speak to the governess:

Dr. Howell gave final directions concerning the treatment of Felix, and then came to speak to the governess:

"Even now, sadly as you have abused your constitution, I shall have some hope of seeing gray hairs about your temples, if you will give yourself unreservedly to relaxation of mind. You have already accomplished so much that you can certainly afford to rest for some months at least. Read nothing, write nothing (except long letters to me), study nothing but the aspects of nature in European scenery, and you will come back improved to the country that is so justly proud of you. Disobey my injunctions, and I shall soon be called to mourn over the announcement that you have found an early grave, far from your native land, and among total strangers. God bless you, dear child! and bring you safely back to us."

As he turned away, Mr. Manning took her hand and said:

"I hope to meet you in Rome early in February. If I should never see you again in this world is there anything that you wish to say to me now?"

"Yes, Mr. Manning. If I should die in Europe, have my body brought back to America and carried to the South—my own dear South, that I love so well—and bury me close to Grandpa, where I can sleep quietly in the cool shadow of old Lookout; and be sure, please be sure, to have my name carved just below Grandpa's, on his monument. I want that one marble to stand for us both."

"I will. Is there nothing else?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

ELEGANT LACE AND EMBROID-ERY TRIMMED WHITE WAIST

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WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR

GREAT FREE

As a special adv. for our great ladies clothing dept, we will sell 6,000 of these slegast regular \$2.00 lace and embroidery trimmed white lawn Shirt Waists at 94c-less than 4 regular price. This superb-jety lijes short sleeve shirt waist is elegantly made of choice white lawn valen-ciennes lace insertion and lovely embroidery. The beas-titul circular yoke is a dainty panel of lawn at neck and two rows of ext.

FASHION CATALOG

sertion and a profusion of charming fine tucks. Back topening is harmoniously trimmed on sides with lovely tucks. Attached collar and cuffs are an exquisite combination of fine lawn and valenciennes lace insertion. It's a dainty, superbly stylish and bewitchingly chio shirt waist, and you will fall in low with it he minute you see it.

Send us 94c and 6c extra for postage (\$1.00 in shirt waist, and you will stylish and bewitchingly chio gant lace and embroidery trimmed white lawn shirt waist, and you approval. If you like it and think it equals any \$2.00 shirt waist you have ever seen, and is as prestly and stylish as any shirt waist you ever saw at any price, keep it. If not, send it right back and we will promptly return your \$1.00 and you will not be out one penny. Order the waist to-day or write for our \$16, FREE, SPECIAL FASHION BOOK, which shows over a thousand elegant plotures of rure and beautiful spring and summer styles of shirt waists, tailor-made suits, jackets, capes, skirts, petticoats and immense assortments of dainty muslin underwear and children's and infants' garments, millinery, shoes, and boys' clothing, at startlingly low prices. FASHION CATALOG JOHN M. SMYTH CO. Madison Street CHICAGO

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work and your earning power is only limited by your ambition.

The work is really not toil, but is more play than anything else. All that is necessary for you to do is cut out the coupon printed below, send it to me and I will send you back the plan of making a living that will last as long as you want it to.

We want every man and woman to write for this plan. Thousands are doing this work all over the land, and earning a lot of money thereby.

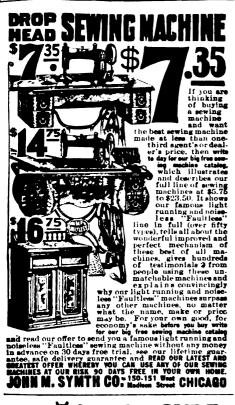
I am a thoroughly responsible man, with twenty years of experience along the line of work I want you to undertake. A company rated at over \$200,000 by R. G. Dun & Co., stands back of everything I say or do. I refer to the Commercial National Bank, Detroit, Mich., and scores of prominent men and women everywhere.

Write today for this plan.

FREE COUPON

Fill in your name and address and mail to General Manager, Royal Mfg. Co., Box 775, Detroit, Mich. Dear Sir: Please send me Free, all charges pre-paid, your plan for making me a good income in my

Address.



d wan nachin



\$4 a day SURE

Easy work with horse and buggy right where you live in handling our froning and fluting machine. One agent says: "Made \$50 in 8% days." We pay \$75 a month and expenses; or commission. PRASE MPG. CO., Dept. 42 Cincinneti, Ohio.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

FREE Send two-cent stamp with birth dute and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death as indicated by astrology. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the world's great-



An Embroidered Hat



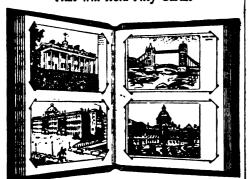
You may have wanted an Embroidered Hat before this but now you manage nave one, as tney are
to be worn exclusively this summer;
everywhere. No matter where you may
reside, you will find
the better dressed
ladies and misses
wearing a White
Lingerie Hat.
Our illustrations
show the STAMPED

Lingerie Hat.
Our illustrations
show the STAMPED
DESIGN, also the
finished Hat with a
suggestion of ribbon
and flower trimming,
although it is not
necessary to do more
than embroider the
design to have a very
handsome, styllish, cool White
Summer Hat. We
furnish the perforated pattern on the
design stamped on
linen lawn, all you
have to do is the
needlework.
In order that you
may embroider a
Hat at home we have

arranged two outfits, as follows:

For a club of 4 yearly subscribers to this magazine we will send you this Hat Design stamped on white linen lawn with enough embroidery floss to work out the pattern; or for I yearly subscription at 15 cents, and 5 cents additional, 20 cents in all, we will send a perforated pattern of this Hat from which you may take impressions only you can material your own material.
COMPORT, Augusta, Maine.

Post Card Album That Will Hold Fifty Cards.



Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent er distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who end; looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Charles Offer For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to the content of the content of the paper at 15 cents cach, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards alling the Album. Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the mar-



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT on aid in uphathing and uphathing the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to discover. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is evertome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fincen (18) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which one subscribers emjoy including a copy of the majaxine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such awive, addressing the same to "THE EDIFOR, COMFORTS HOME LAWFER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be pub

Mrs. J. C.—We are of the opinion, that the property of your husband sold after his death to pay claims does not form any part of his estate and that his heirs or next of kin have no claim upon the property so sold, unless there was some fraud in connection with the sale, or unless the property was bought in by the administrator, executor or trustee of the estate, in which event their fiduciary capacity might preclude them from making such purchase.

K. M. C.-We think that you might be able to prove th K. M. C.—We think that you might be able to prove the marriage you mention by some witness, who was present at the ceremony, or by the minister who performed it, or, in case he is not living, some member of his family may have some record kept by him. If the ceremony was performed in a city or municipality, the board of health should have a record of marriages. Possibly, if all the records have been lost or destroyed, it may be possible to other witnesses since the ceremony was performed.

Mrs. B. H. F. We think that you should sue the young

other witnesses since the ceremony was performed.

Mrs. R. H. F.—We think that you should sue the young man who owes you the money and have your claim reduced to judgment and keep the judgment alive, so as to prevent it from becoming outlawed. In that way you could have an execution issued against his property in case he should acquire any. Of course, if he has no property now, it would be possible for him to go through bankruptey and have your claim discharged, in which event you would lose your money; but we think he would hardly do that, unless his debts amount to more than your claim against him.

C. G.—We are of the opinion, that the facts you state

C. G.—We are of the opinion, that the facts you state would in no wise invalidate a marriage, and that, if the marriage was in all other respects regular, it would be a valid one.

H. R.—We are of the opinion, that the original term of copyright runs for twenty-eight years, and that within six months before the end of that time the author or designer, or his widow, or children, may secure a renewal for the further term of fourteen years, making forty-two in all. The remedy in case of infringement we think would be by an injunction suit to prevent such infringement, or by an action for damages.

ment, or by an action for damages.

Mrs. F. G. P.—We are of the opinion, that the man you mention should have given his own name, but we do not, however, think that his neglect to do so would of itself invalidate the marriage. We think he has simply made himself liable to punishment for using an assumed name. At some future time their might be some question as to the identity of the man who got married.

M. O.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State you mention, women become of age when they reach the age of consent when they are eighteen years old. In other words they can marry without their parents' or guardians' consent at eighteen, but cannot transact business or control their property until they are twenty-one. Subscriber.—Under the laws of the State you mention,

ness or control their property until they are twenty-one. Subscriber.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of the husband, leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, the community property, both real and personal would be divided one half to his widow and one half to his father, mother, brothers, sisters or the descendant or descendants of a brother or sister, but that, if he leaves only a widow and no father, mother, brother, sister nor any descendant of a brother or sister, then the whole property would go to the widow.

C. I. H. —Under the laws of the State you mention, we

sister nor any descendant of a brother or sister, then the whole property would go to the widow.

C. L. H.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion, that, when any person dies intestate (without a will), his property, except the homestead and certain personal property, after payment of debts and expenses of administration, unless limited by marriage contract, is visitributed as follows:—if the decedent leaves a surviving husband or wife, and only one child, in equal shares to each; if more than one child, one third goes to the surviving husband or wife, and the remainder goes to the children in equal shares. We think that the appraisal should have been accurate, but that the fact that it was not, does not relieve the administrator, as the true test is the amount he receives upon the bale of the assets of the estate and that is the amount he must account for, and each heir's share is determined according to the law as above stated upon this basis; the only way the appraisal, at a lower value than the true value, would affect this is that it will be necessary for him to realize at least the appraised value upon the sale, and in case he should be dishonent he might sell the assets of the estate at the appraised value, or very little above, and in that way the estate and the heirs would be the sufferers. In case the widow dies without a will, her estate will be distributed as above, any child or children she may have by her second marriage sharing equally from her estate with the child or children of her first marriage. Her share of her husband's estate does not revert to her husband's estate. We think it will be necessary for the minor heirs to have a general guardian of their property. In most States, we think, a minor has the right of selection of their own guardian after they arrive at some fixed age of discretion, which age in some States is fixed at fourteen, and such a guardian would be appointed by the Court upon their petition. We think that the necessary expenses of attending school

K. F. M.—We are of the opinion that, unless the young lady you mention has given the furniture to her parents, she is the owner of it. We think that a parent is entitled to the wages of a minor son or daughter, but if he neglects to take them as they are earned, we do not think he is entitled to their savings.

Mrs. M. E. W.—Upon your statements to ua, we are of the opinion that, unless the man you mention should dispose of his property by will, his children by his first marriage would, upon his death, be entitled to their share in his estate. The children of both marriages would have equal rights in his estate.

would have equal rights in his estate.

Mrs. G. B.—We are of the opinion that the use of fictitious names is illegal. We do not think that it would be illegal to receive and receipt for a registered letter addressed to another, provided the person doing so was properly authorised, but we think that to withhold the same from the person to whom it belonged would be a punishable offence, unless the person doing so was properly authorized.

L. I. T. Under the lews of the State was mention.

properly authorized.

L. J. T.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that, if your grandfather left no will, his property would be divided as follows:—his real estate, subject to a right of dower of his widow (a one third interest for her life), would go in equal shares to his children and the lawful issue of any deceased child; and his personal property, after certain provisions for his widow's support and the support of his union children, would be distributed under the same rule, except that the widow would share equally with the children, she taking the same share as a child. You should bring the proper proceeding in the County Court of the County where he died to enforce your rights in his estate, first making sure he left no will cutting you off from any interest in his estate.

A. B. W.—Under the laws of the State you? mention we

we are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Obst Offers For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Oscape We will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filing the Album.

Address COMFORT, Box 716, Augusta, Maime.

at solutely the same share as a child. She could dispose of by her will or otherwise her share of the personal property received from her husband's estate, but her dower in the real estate would die with her.

Mrs. M. A. Y.—We think that marriage between first cousins are prohibited in the State of Illinois.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Notice

Mrs. J. A. Shipard, Box 28, Short Beach, Conn., asks that recipients of packages from her, mail the postal which they find inclosed, so she will know of the safe arrival of the packages.

Requests from Shut-ins

Requests from Shut-ins

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson:

First let me thank you for all the enjoyment I get from our Sisters' Corner. I have been reading your pleasant and helpful letters for a long time. I am nearly a shut-in, not quite. I am able to get about without crutches, but no more. I would like the sisters who have any flower seeds, or bulbs of any kind, no matter what as they come from dear old America, and any reading matter, papers or magazines you have, send to me. I will gladly send the postage back.

I love my flowers so please send me some. Our spring is in September, December is in summertime, and autumn begins the last of March.

Mrs. Alice Day. Could you send me a piece of the Mexican Vine, and would Jenny Huff send a couple of California Beer seeds.

I cannot send stamps for anything as our stamps are no good to you, but I have a lot of canceled Australian stamps which I could send if anyone wants them.

I long for Comport to come, it is the best maga-

wants them.

I long for Comport to come, it is the best magazine in the world. God bless our corner, our editor and each sister.

Mrs. M. Lawrence, Harrowly Farm, Broke via Whittingham, New South Wales, Australia.

DEAR SISTERS:
I requested reading matter sometime ago and quite a number responded. My health will not permit me to answer each personally. I wish to thank you each through Comport, I certainly appreciated every kindness. Your shut-in sister, Mrs. Mollie Roth, Burkett, Miss.

Will all of you who can, please remember my invalid mother, Mrs. Annie M. Parker, Whitford, Chester Co., Pa. with postals. Mrs. S. Buller.

Mrs. R. Espy, Hunting, Tenn., who has been sufferer for the past four years, would enjoy bright, cheery letters, or pieces for patchwork.

Miss May Holbert, 427 Main St., Los Angeles, Cal. an eighteen-year-old invalid, requests canceled postage stamps.

Mrs. Faunie Boyd, Buens Vista, Tenn., a lonely shut-in, requests reading matter and pieces for quilts.

Mrs. Dora L. Harris, Box 9, Barnesville, R. F. D., 3, Ga., is a great sufferer from stomach trouble. Letters, reading matter, silk or satin pieces will be appreciated.

Mertie Huff, Bremen, R. F. D., 3, Ga., a little five-year-old sufferer from spinal trouble, a child who will probably never walk, asks the sisters to remember her in any way possible.

Will you kindly remember my mother-in-law, Mrs. Edua A. Kane, Box 43, Charlevoix, B. F. D., 3, Mich., with pieces and reading matter. A SISTER. Miss Florence Merk, Wilton, N. Y., an invalid for the past four years, asks for letters and reading matter.

Miscellaneous Requests

I would like to obtain the words and music of the two songs entitled "Sweetest Girl in Dixie," and "The Sentinel Asleep."
MATILDA ATTEBERRY, Densmore, R. F. D., 1, Kans.

I would like seashells, cloth-bound books, flowering bulbs and sheet music. I will return all favors.

MRS. J. B. McCOWBLL, Netarts, Ore.

Can anyone send me the novel entitled, "The Stolen Name of Wife." I will return the favor in any way I can. Bernice L. Bryan, Catharine Lake, E. F. D., 1, N. C.

I would very much like to obtain an old novel, "Written in Snow." I will return favor to the best of my ability. Mrs. Edna Peters, Jewell, Kans.

of my ability. Mrs. Edna Peters, Jewell, Kans.

Can one tell me what to do for swollen glands.

My little girl of six years had diphtheria and two
months afterwards the glands under her jaw began
to swell. We had an operation for them on one
side, but they are badly swollen on the other side.
I would be very glad to hear of any remedy which
would effect a cure.

Mrs. Gus. Leff, Box 400, Geneva, Ill.

Mrs. J. A. Perry, Box 129, Williamstown, Vt. Lawn or sheer linen squares from five to eleven inches in size, also pieces of lace insertion one and one quarter yards long, one half inch wide. Favors all returned.

Will someone who can, tell me where I can get he poem, "If Christ Should Come Today?" by C. L.

Clarke. I will return favor.
ALBERT LARSON, Oakland, Neb.
Mrs. Mae Hoe. Willits, Cal. Silk, satin and velvet pieces, also books and papers.

Mrs. M. T. Walker, Russellville, Ark. Silk, satin

I would like to receive any kind of house plants, especially ferns. I will return all favors.

MRS. PEARL LEE McCOWELL, Netarts, Oregon.

I should like to secure the book, "Dred" by Mrs. Stowe, also a "Fatal Marriage." I would like to receive letters, especially from flower lovers.

Mrs. Heney Mueller, Box 143, Tilden, Neb.

Ada-Besaw, Mossleigh, Alberta, Northwest Ter., anada. Quilt pieces of cloth. Favors returned. Miss Mary Fowler, Allensville, Ky. Crary-work blocks, twelve by twelve inches, with name and address of sender worked on each.

Man Mattie Alger Newberg Or mars. Mattle Alger, Arework, Oregon. Size tiocks, twelve by twelve inches, with name and seams worked in silk. I will return all favors.

Bessie McAdams, Bylie, Texas. Silk, satin, or velvet for patchwork. Mrs. J. E. Miller, Box 14, Richmond, Ps. Calico blocks of any design for a Compost quilt.

Will some farmer's wife or daughter living in Northwestern Texas, or Northern New Mexico, please write to me, and I will answer. MBB. N. J. Marston, Box 34, Verndale, R. F. D., 3,

Minn Miss Clara Street, Cedar Grove, Shannon Co., Mo.

desires Comport for July 1906, and November and December 1908. I will return favors.

Correspondents Wanted

N. H. Lee, Box 10, Four Oaks, R. F. D., 2, W. C., voung people. Annie G. Boyd, 514 Grant St., Evansville, Ind., young people. Miss Hattie Lowe, 37 First St., Saratoga, N. Y., young folks near Lakewood, N. J., please write. Ida V. Smith, Box 38, Piney Creek, R. F. D., 1, N. C., June 2, 1907. Mrs. Hattie Adams, Huntingtown, Md. L. E. Vogel, Latty, Ohio, young people. Ruth Irene Stocking, 630 Main St., Johnstown, Pa., young people. Miss E. F. Koonce, Richlands, N. C., Universalists especially. Miss Mary A. Preston, D. P. Preston, C. J. Preston, Arthur Preston, F. M. Childree, Midland City, Ala., Ed. Preston, Esto, Fla. Miss Sadie Battrell, Odin Mo., young people in Ill., Ind., Cal., Ark. and Mo. preferred. Mrs. Lena Griffin, Salesville, Montana, May 20, 1907. Miss R. L. McKlnney, Pink, Ala. Mrs. S. R. Reed, Nesco, N. Y. Mr. F. L. Calvine, Box 3, Moores Hill, R. F. D., 2, Ind. Malcolm Abkinson, Kirksville, R. F. D., 6, Mo. Miss Jennie Slaven, Cool Creek, Iowa. Miss Ross Garrison, Antigo, R. F. D., 5, Wis, especially those by the name of Ward or Willis. Mrs. Peter Neelsen, Baden, R. F. D., 1, Wards Co., N. D. Mrs. Laura N. H. Lee, Box 10, Four Oaks, R. F. D., 2, N. C.

Erickson, 1807 Byron St., McKeesport, Pa. Fourth of July letter party. Nora E. Darbro, Hominy, Okla. Miss Etta Kingery, Montrose, Ill., young people. Rosie F. Sybra, Russels Mills, Dartmouth, Mass., young people. Miss L. H. Bhodes and Abbott Rhodes, James River, Va., young people. Mrs. Minne Mercer, Hansonville, Va. Mrs. M. A. Reese, Perry, Fla. Joe Smith, South Hill, Va., young people. Mrs. C. C. Leonard, Penrith, Wash. Letter party on June 26 or later. Mr. Verbo Hays, Cameron, Mo. Mrs. Clara Lindsey, Winfred, S. D. Margaret Harper, Box 166, Crosswell, Mich. Miss Johnnie Gault, Copperas Cove, Texas, young people. Miss May Roney, Gibsonville, R. F. D. 2, N. C. C. Raymond Wheeler, Stonington, Conn. G. A. Ellingson, Tatoosh, Wash. Miss Lucille Johnson, Silver City, Miss., letters on her 13th birthday, June 29, 1907.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free
This exchanging of Post Gards has become a great fast alsower the world and we are now helping our readers get themands of postals without toot.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your
name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a peation to return the fawer to all who see your name in
the last and send you cards. The Publishers simply ask
the slight service from you of getting up these amail elebe.
We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three,
or twelve for a club of five. In sending in your stud, say
whether you want them from an perticular city or just asseried up.

We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three,
or twelve for a club of five. In sending in your stud, say
whether you want them from an perticular city or just asseried up.

The following persons wish to reacive Souvenir Postals and
agree to return all favers. Postituely requests will not be
inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is
sent with the name. The publisher will then send you as
assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Calden Keyes, Jr., Box 141, Wareham, Mass. Miss

calden Keyes, Jr., Box 141, Wareham, Mass. Miss Myrtle Saxe, Baraboo, R. F. D., 1, Wis. Mr. James Pye, Paso Robles, Cal. Mrs. Wm. Schreck, 476 Exchange St., Geneva, N. Y. Mrs. Flora King, Andyville, Ky. Elva M. Fleming, Castalia, R. F. D., 2, Ohio. Miss Hattie E. Downing, Silver Creek, Miss. Martha Elliott, 26 Union St., Newark, Ohio. Miss Regina E. O'Driscoll, 103 3rd St., East Savannah, Ga. Frederick L. Whalley, Jewett City, Conn. John Robertson, Millikens Bend, La. R. E. Marshall, Millikens Bend, La. Mr. Carl F. Wietzke, 436 Grover St., Owasso, Mich. Mrs. Frank Ragsdale, 100 East Wallace St., Joliet, Ill. Lorena Studdreker, 537 Allyn St., Akron, Ohio. Harry T. Wilcox, Box 7, Jewett City, Conn. Miss Emma Grothe, 1145 Spring St., Burlington, Iowa.

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We now sell the famous KIM-BALL ORGANS direct to reliable people at factory prices on easy payments—\$2.50 monthly and upwards, if desired.

If you want an organ at all you want a good one,a mere pretty case with no music in it will not do. Secure at once the old reliable Kimball Organ at Factory Prices and pay on convenient terms.

Send Today for Our Money-Saving Plan and Free Catalogue The most inexperienced buyer, a thousand or more miles away,can deal with us as wisely as the shrewdest trader,or as though you were here in person, for your organ will be sel by an expert. Write TODAY for Free Catalogue.

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Allacasons, if you use IN DIAN FISH BAIT
Best bait ever invented. Full size box 500
baits sent postpani 25c silver. Write for
the Thinkfer's and book let. *Best to Galant
fore Thinkfer's And book let. *Best to Galant

HANDSOME POST CARDS FREE Art. Combo. Views and Novelty subjects, all new, no two silts, and all beautifully printed in solves. Fall set of . 6 cents one two strengths and rest of the membership in our POST. Art, Comic. Views and Nevelty mbjects, all new, no two allke, and all beautifully printed in solver. Full nest of .6 seeds must free if CARD FR SCHAM TEN Secure for membership in sew POST Buckets of the Scham S



POST CARDS

Send dime for 5 Colored Views & 5 Comies. Por addresses of 10 friends with order we send 5 Extra Cards.

Ralph P. Robinson & Co., bat. 8, Augusta, Maine.

AGENTS WAYTED in every county to sell the Good commis- Trensparent Headle son paid.

Write for terms. Revelly Cutlery Co., So. 76, Bar St., Canica, Q.

10 LOVELY POSTALS 20c. Frosted, Love COLORED POSTALS Scenes, Illuminated, Perfuned Satin Florals, Lincoln's Log Cabins, Lincky Birthstones & Toddy Bears. American Art Co., West Haven, Conn.

3000 Money Making FORMULAS: A single tion might make your fortune; Simply attpendous; write for free descriptive booklet. B DRAWER 249, Denton, Md.

Post Cards Five splendid samples beautifully tinselled, 10c; usual store price, 5 cts. each. Illustrated List Free. B. M. BEECHER, 668-6th Avc., New York.

POST CARDS 18 FOR 10 C, REAUTIFUL PROTO
PROBLEM Price List all propole for coarly four flow cords real ast for 5c. FRANK V. DRAPER CO., 54 Fack Avc., DES MOINES, IA.

Evelyn Neshit Post Cards & 22 others & magazine 1 year, loc. Burges Pub. Co., X.C., Grand Rapids, Mich.

OPIUM MORPHINE, WHISKEY habits cured. Cure absolutely guaranteed. Treatment given in our beautiful country sanitarium, or by mail. Write today. THE BERNAM CO., Statiss 111, Richmond, ind.



Agent's Outfit Free. -Delight, Biscult, Cake Darticles in one. Sells on sight. Large Catalog free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. C, BATH, N.Y.

20 POUNDS GRANULATED SUGAR 50e. with order. Other goods equally as chesp and we pay freight, east of Rockies. Grocery department, DEERING MERCANTILE CO., CHICAGO.

WARTS AND MOLES REMOVED without pain or scar. Satisfaction guaranteed. We tell how. Write us. SPECIALISTS LABORATORY & SUPPLY CS., Duct. 8, Rechester, S. V.



SONG POEMS WANTED, also Musical Compositions. We pay the Compose and Arrange melody Free of charge. GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO. 124 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

STICKS AS FIRMLY AS GIBRALTAR. Guaranteed to mend China, Glass, Earthernware, Stone, wivel. Send 15c. for sample mailed with agency proposi-tion. A. M. CLARK, 90 C John St., New York City.

MUSIC LESSONS AT YOUR HOME FREE It tells how to learn to play any instrument, Plano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, etc. Write American School of Music, 211 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

GOLD TEETH THE EATEST PAP
GOLD TEETH A SILL your own tests
that fire any teeth. Builty salignated; removed as
that Looks like reprise destines; work. Project the
all. Over two million and. Everybody wasts a gold tests.
Builty 20 control seeth, of the 25 control. H for 60 control
C, Y, FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.



Visiting Cards send 30 cts. for 100 fine cards. Com-

POEMS for songs bought. Spot cash. Mannhardt & Co., Chicago. MONEY Made quickly by smart men. F. Gem Co., 317 Nassau St., N. Y

C. S. A. MONEY Agents wanted. Circulars free.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED ALIVE, WITH HEAD GUAL TREE. BOOKLET FREE

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED

Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich AGENCY 54, Bridgeport, Ct.

Young Couple in South Texas want a settled white wom a comfortable home. Mrs. B. H. Barnes, Victoria, Texas

\$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAVELLE CO., Dept. 17, Parsons, Kansas.

RUGS 30x60 in. for 25c. Write with stamp for particulars.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plas-ter or oils. Send for Free Treatise. Add. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

DETECTIVES Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality, to act under orders; no experience necessary. Write H. C. Webster, Indianapolis, Ind.

SPECTACLES at wholesale, Send wanted. COULTER OPTICAL CO. Chicago, III.

Your Fortune; send you Life Reading, also Photo' your future Hasband or Wife, with True Luck Charm and Wedding Ring. All for 10 CTS, and your birthdate. LOOK BOX 100, DEP. F PALATINE, ILL.

AGENTS CREDIT. Perfumes, Flavors, etc Big Profits. Expr. Pd. Terms free Herbene Agency Co., Box 254, Station L. New York

AGENTS WANTED Sell \$1 bottle Sarsaparilla for 35c best seller; 200 per cent profit. Write today for terms. F. R. GREENE, 39 Lake St., CHICAGO. WRITE A for us today. It may be worth SONG THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS Hayes Music Co., 39 Star Bidg., Chicago.

MEN WANTED everywhere to distribute cir-culars, adv. matter, tack signs, etc. National Distributing Bureau. 214 Oakland Bank Bidg., Chicago, III.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered a this column, no cousin must ask more than aree questions in one Month,

HE first month of summer when the June roses blow and the whole world is filled with color and fragrance. Isn't it lovely to think how sweet the world is in June? Poets sing it and painters paint it, but, my dears, unless you let it get into your hearts and your lives it might as well be weeds and cloudy weather. Outside nature is happy and bright in June, and inside nature should be like it. Look into your hearts and into the faces of the flowers, and make them smile at each other and all the world. Even work is pleasant then, so believing that you will do as I say, let us go to work. HE first month of summer when the

The first letter is from a Sad School Girl of Cumberland City, Tenn., who is in a peck of trouble because she refused to walk with the cousin of the man she loved, and now both of them are "mad at" her. That's what comes of school girls bothering with beaus instead of books. Books don't do that way, so I beseech this sad cousin to devote herself to her books and let the beaus scratch their mad places, as my mamma used so say to me. My, my, what a painful and awful thing young love is.

Lonely Star. Lamar. Ind.—Among refined peo-

Lonely Star, Lamar, Ind.—Among refined people it is the custom when an engagement is broken for both parties to return all presents. Certainly one would scarcely want what could be reminders only of what is unpleasant and to be forgotten. be forgotten.

be forgotten.

Blue Belle, Atlanta, Ga.—It is not wise for a girl of fifteen to go with a man of thirty or at any other age, unless she goes with him as she would go with her fatner or brother. (2) Why trust a person a second time? Isn't once enough? Do you like to be deceived? (3) Don't visit the young man at his place of business. You interfere with his work, and make yourself conspicuous besides, which is worse.

Pearl, Muskegon, Mich.—If you know music well enough to teach it, your public school education in other branches is quite enough.

Jo and Teddy, Lincoln, Ark.—It is not exactly immodest to try to have the young man like you, or to find out f'om someone if he does, but it is a waste of time. If he likes you he will let you know, be sure of that. If he does not, nothing on earth can make him. He couldn't do it himself if he didn't want to. (2) Wear your dresses as do other girls in your community, and wear your hair in the most becoming way, whatever the prevailing style is.

Blue Eyes, North, Miss.—If you love each other and there are no objections to your marry.

Blue Eyes, North, Miss.—If you love each other and there are no objections to your marrying, then, of course, marry and be happy. No matter if he did have another sweetheart—you are the one he wants to marry. Isn't that enough?

are the one he wants to marry. Isn't that enough?

Broken Heart, Renick, Mo.—My, but you are a silly girl. You fall in love with a fellow you know nothing about, and when he shows you that he does not care for you, you still go on loving him and wanting him as your very own. Now wouldn't he make home happy for you? And you say he flirts with all the girls. And you say you are so unhappy that you want to die. My, my, go jump into the river. But not where it is over your head. When you have waded out and see him on the bank laughing at you all wet and draggly maybe you won't love him so passionately. Try it, anyway.

Troubled Darling, Dempster, S. D.—Write the man a nice letter like the one you have written to me and all will be forgiven.

P. M. B., Bellingham, Wash.—It may be quite proper to accept the tip, as a waitress, but do not let your acquaintance go farther with the tipper. No exchanging of names and addresses. Men of that kind are not to be trusted at all. (2) A little bit of slang like that will not do any harm. But the less slang the better.

Hyacinth, Franklin, Neb.—Tell the young man you think it is time to break the engagement. If he permits it to be broken, you may know very surely that he does not want to marry you. That being true, you don't want to marry lim, do you?

Mayflower, Avon, S. D.—Possibly not, for one time, but it will if you permit it to continue.

Mayflower, Avon, S. D.—Possibly not, for one ime, but it will if you permit it to continue.

Beatrice and Valentine, Greeley, Kans.—I won't scold at your silly questions, if you will agree not to ask any more, and put your whole minds on your studies. You need to think more about being women, than cowboys.

being women, than cowboys.

White Rose, Chandler, S. C.—The matter is one that can only be settled by yourself. If you do not believe the stories told against the man and he is all right, you should marry him. Nobody can tell how it will turn out until you have tried it. You are not running as great a risk as if you had never heard the stories.

Broken-hearted Louise, Merriles, Wis.—If the young man is all right and quite able to support you and give you the same social position you have always had, I don't see why you shouldn't marry him, even though your mother isn't very favorably disposed. (2) No objection to a photograph on a postal, or to small presents.

Bridle Wreath, Ryde, Cal.—You had better wait till you are thirty and he is sixty. Fifteen is too young to marry. P. S. I have followed your spelling, but why "Bridle"? Is it a wreath on a head-stall?

Belfe of Arizona, Hillside, Ariz.—If he thought

Belle of Arizona, Hillside, Ariz.—If he thought as much of you as he says, he would write to you when he goes away off to Texas. You write to him and ask him what is the matter. If he cannot tell you straight and honest, don't have anything more to do with him. It may hurt to give him up, but not anything like as much as to have to live with him and suffer for years and years. (2) You can visit your sweetheart's mother, if she asks you to do so.

mother, if she asks you to do so.

P. H. N., Grayson, Ky.—When a girl marries she should remember that her husband's people become her people, and if they are not the kind she has been accustomed to, she will not find it easy to accommodate herself to her new kin. It takes a lot of love to smooth out such rough places, and unless you have that sort of love you should not marry into his family. At the same time, it is not to be forgotten that so called "nice" people are not always nice to get along with. Marriage is a risk any way you take it.

Rock Hill Girl, Green Top, Mo.—If he wants you to marry him, marry bim, if you love him, even if you do think you are not so superior as he is. The "superior" women are not the most lovable, nor are they always the best wives. (2) The words are German, and besides the first one, which I fail to make out, mean Work and Love and Home. That is very nice.

Perplexed Cousin, Clayton, Ill.—You did quite right in leading your bashful cousin to the pew, and you should be glad that you had the chance to teach him. Now be a real lady and continue to teach him till he knows what to do and how to do it. It is part of a woman's mission to make gentlemen of ordinary men: You also ought to teach a little good manners to the young chaps who make fun of your cousin. (2) Ask the backward young man that likes you to call on you. Be nice to him, and he'll tell you what he thinks.

Farmer's Daughter, Rutledge, Tenn.—Keep on not answering his letters. He'll learn by and by that you do not want to write to him. It takes some people a long time to learn anything.

some people a long time to learn anything.

R. L. K., Cincinnati, O.—Just at this time in your courtship, a year's separation would be of benefit to both of you. In that time he would be able to establish himself in his new home, and you would have time to think whether or not you should go to his home and become part of it. If you love each other right, the year will not be long, and will only make you understand how much you are to each other.

A. D. Crete. Ill.—It seems to me that be-

A. D., Crete, Ill.—It seems to me that between you and your sister you should be able to suppress your brother-in-law. I have no patience with a man of his kind, and you should make him keep his place even if you have to stop visiting your sister. (2) what you are doing for the shut-ins is very kind, but don't let yourself get too much interested in the letters to the men. Exchanging photographs is not necessary.

Alverta, Ashland, Pa.—You did quite right in staying away from the dance on account of your cousin's death, even if you did not know her personally. (2)1 don't think luck has anything to do with it, but the finger of the glove is always cut so the bride can put the ring on her bare finger. (2) You are foolish to think friends come to see you because you have nice things in your house or do not. Real friends like you, not your house furnishings. Ask them to come in, and if you think your house is not as nice as it should be, try to make it so. A little taste and work and less money will make a cozy corner of a barn.

A. B. C. Prayne, Okla.—Wait until you are

a cozy corner of a barn.

A. B. C., Prague, Okla.—Wait until you are twenty-one, and see what you think of marrying a man twenty years older than you are. Certainly you shouldn't marry at fifteen. (2) The only way to cure a flirting man is to be a flirt yourself, as far as he is concerned.

Sweet Rose, Fulton, Ill.—Yes, the young man can help the girl put on her coat, but he needn't put his arms around her at the same time. And it means just the same if he squeezes her hand. Don't let him do it.

Don't let him do it.

There, dears, all your questions are duly taken care of, and to your advantage, I hope. One or two young men have written to me, but I have turned their letters over to the Etiquette Editor, as I only talk to the girls. May all the joys of summer-time be with you till we meet again. By, by,

COUSIN MARION.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

"Thank you, my dear, good, kind friend! Nothing else."
"Edna, promise me that you will take care of your precious life."
"I will try, Mr. Manning."
Ile looked down into her worn, weary face and sighed, then for the first time he took both her hands, kissed them and left her.
Swiftly the steamer took its way seaward: through the Narrows, past the lighthouse; and the wind sang through the rigging, and the purple hills of Jersey faded from view, proving Neversink a misnomer.

As the cripple sat looking over the solemn, moaning ocean, awed by its brooding gloom, did he catch in the silvery starlight a second glimpse of the rose-colored veils, and snowy vittæ, and purple-edged robes of the Parcæ, spinning and singing as they followed the ship across the sobbing sea? He shivered, and clasping tightly the hand of the governess, said:
"Edna, we shall never see the Neversink again."
"God only knows, dear Felix. His will be

again."
"God only knows, dear Felix. His will be

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna Earl, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses alt dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the July number of COM-FORT. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. The price will soon be advanced. Back numbers of COMFORT cannot be furnished. Read our offer below.

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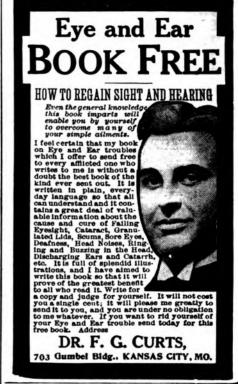
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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

M. M. G. K., Altamont, Ill.—The over-development of the right side is not unusual, and the cause as a rule is, that the right side is more frequently used. You can assist the development of the left side by exercising, or better still, by massaging, which is exercise in a more direct form. Constant massage of any undeveloped part will increase its size. Get a book on physical culture, which devotes itself especially to the subject of muscle development, and read it. However, if the development, and read it. However, if the development of the two sides are not very different, and there is no inconvenience arising, you had better let it go as it is. (2) Freckles, unless they are sun freckles, which will disappear of themselves, are best let alone, or treated simply, that is by the usual face powders, which will conceal them. As to the pimples and blackheads, press them free of matter and apply a lotion made as follows: Boracic acid, one dram; alcohol, one ounce; rose water, two ounces. Wash the face morning and night with hot water and Castile soap, rinsing it with cold water. Cleanliness is necessary. Use the lotion after washing the face, and press the blackheads out before washing. Eat simple food, with little or no grease, and drink no coffee.

Golden Lock, Auburndale, Wis.—Get from the druggist any good hair tonic that he will recom-

and drink no coffee.

Golden Lock, Auburndale, Wis.—Get from the druggist any good hair tonic that he will recommend. Use it according to directions, and while you are using, thoroughly massage the scalp night and morning. Knead the skin as if it were a batch of bread you were making. That will make the blood circulate about the roots of the hair and give it life. The tonic will be merely additional stimulant. Continue the massaging after you have used up one bottle of tonic. A little vaseline rubbed into the roots once or twice a week will be helpful to the massaging.

T. R. H., Stamford, N. Y.—Don't sleep on your

T. R. H., Stamford, N. Y.—Don't sleep on your back and don't go to bed until you have taken at least a dozen deep breaths of fresh air, breathing in through the nose and out of the mouth. Keep good company and plenty of it, and don't think about yourself. There is nothing the matter with you, but thinking something is the matter. That is very nearly a disease with some people.

with some people.

T. D., Charlotteville, N. Y.—You cannot remove freekles permanently, except so called sunfreckles, unless you submit to expensive treatment by a specialist. A freckle lotion is made as follows: Corrosive sublimate, two grains; powdered borax, half dram; lemon juice, one ounce; rose water, four ounces. Apply twice a day on absorbent cotton. Label poison, and keep away from children.

keep away from children.

A. J., Bird Island, Minn.—Wear a shoe that won't press on the nail. To stop the ingrowing, cut a notch in the top center of the nail, and another on the side of the ingrowing. Then run a ditch down the nail from the top, cutting in as deep as you can without touching the quick. This will relieve the pressure from the sides and make the nail grow towards the center. Cotton may be used under the sides of the nail, first prying it away from the flesh and cutting it clear. Better go to a chiropodist if there is one handy. After that you can take care of it yourself.

T. A. G. Plainview, Minn. The contraction of the sides and make the nail.

T. A. G., Plainview, Minn.—To reduce your weight eat no foods containing sugar or fats, or starch. Eat brown, or gluten, bread, drink very little water and take plenty of exercise. Lean meat may be eaten, and most of the vegetables except potatoes.

Inquirer, Sandpoint, Idaho.—Our advice is that you consult a physician, even if you do not have the \$2 to pay him. Ask him to wait. We do not understand the symptoms you give and cannot account for your condition in the morning. It may be only catarrhal, but you had better find out definitely, before it is too late.

M. M. Dolph, Owe "The heir restrees you

M. M., Dolph, Ore.—The hair restorers you mention are as far as we know about as good as any. Better than any of them is massaging. On this subject see above answer to "Golden Lock." And stop worrying. Worrying is sure to make the hair fall out.

to make the hair fall out.

Young Man, Platteville, Wis.—Don't go South for catarrh, but to the dry, cold air of Colorado, or the dry, hot air of Arizona. Dryness is what you need. A year or two in either of those localities would put you all right, and probably in that time you would have made business arrangements to stay there permanently. Climate usually has more to do with catarrh than any other one cause. You might not have a touch of it out West, for years, and a few weeks or months in the old place would bring it back.

E. A. K., Earl Grey, Can.—It is neuralgia,

months in the old place would bring it back.

E. A. K., Earl Grey, Can.—It is neuralgia, not toothache, that is troubling you, and about the only thing you can do for it is local applications of some warming sort. Chloroform liniment, which you get at any drug store, is about the best. Wet a piece of fiannel with it, and hold it tight over the part affected. Keep your hand well covered with additional cloth, so as to confine the fumes of the liniment and keep the air from the skin. It will blister, if you are not careful, but as soon as it gets thoroughly hot, remove the flannel and let the air get to it.

Miss W. G., Atkinson, Neb.—See answers

Miss W. G., Atkinson, Neb.—See above to "Golden Lock," and to "M. M. use any more salt water on your hair.

F. J. C., Washingtonville, O.—You haven't paralysis, you only think you have, and as long as you keep on thinking so you will keep on sitting in that chair, and all the doctors on earth can't cure you. They can't cure you, because

there is nothing the matter with you. Healthy boys of seventeen don't have paralysis, but they have queer notions sometimes, just as you are having now. Don't you know if there were a sudden fire break out under your chair, you'd jump and run for the open? Of course you would. You see you would forget to think you had paralysis and you'd be all right. Now take this from us; forget it. Brace up and walk. You may be a bit wobbly at first, but walk, walk. Simply say you will walk, and you will walk, that's all. Ask any Christian scientist in your town if that isn't so. Or ask the regular doctors. Really, you ought to be ashamed of yourself sitting there like an old man when you ought to be out banging around with the other boys.

Troubled, Maineville, O.—Don't worry about

Troubled, Maineville, O.—Don't worry about the blush feeling in your face, unless you feel ill afterwards, or it has some serious effect upon you. You'll outgrow it by and by. If it leaves any physical effect, however, you should consult a physician.

a physician.

M. C., Raleigh, N. C.—There are many depilatories, none permanent in their effects, or much better than the old-fashioned razor. Here is one: Orpiment, one part; starch and quicklime, ten parts each. Powder the orpiment thoroughly, mix with the starch, and add the lime. Use a little to make a paste with water; spread on the hairy part, let it remain two or three minutes and remove with a blunt knife. Wash with hot water and apply cold cream. This must be repeated whenever the hair grows again, as it will do.

L. A. Alexander, N. C.—There is no desired.

L. A., Alexander, N. C.—There is no depilatory that will remove the hair permanently. It may be done only by very expensive specialists. See answer above to "M. C."



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 26th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

G. E. S., Lineboro, Md.—If the publishers cannot give you the information you want, we cannot, because we get ours from them. Our advice is for you not to seek farther, but get newer and better novels.

E. P., N. Baltimore, O.—Before thinking so riously of becoming a trained nurse have a tal with some physician who will tell you whethe you are fitted for the profession or not. Mos young women are not, and it is wasted time t try to be what you cannot be.

A. B., Albany, Ind.—We cannot answer you questions, because they are such that only an intimate personal knowledge with business firms all over the country would make us capable You might get it by writing to the firms them salvas. selves

D. G., Sumner, III.—Write to the Scott S. & C. Co., 18 East 23rd St., New York City. We are not experts in that line. (2) The Scottish-American is published in New York City. The Scottish Review, we think, in Edinboro, Scotland. The Scottish American people can tell you, and also give you prices of subscription.

J. C. A., Lisbon, Fla.—To sell a patent is about as difficult a job as we know of. You can only get at possible purchasers by advertising what you have for sale. Write to A. G. Spaulding & Bro., 29 West 42nd Street, New York.

York.
G. D., Webster, W. Va.—Nobody on earth knows what publisher will buy what the writer may submit. You must find that out by submitting what you have written. Try any of the magazines, or Sunday newspapers, inclosing stamped envelope for return if not available. All writers have to do that, for publishers only buy what they may be wanting at the time.

Southern Girl, Lynchburg, Va.—The name is Lyndhurst, but that is not the name of the post-office. (2) Kissing for engaged couples is customary and permissible. There is such a thing as being too particular.

Mrs. George Clansen, Box 30, Penryn, R. F. D.

Mrs. George Clausen, Box 30, Penryn, R. F. D., Cal., would like to know from COMFORT readers how to kill the garden moles that are ruining all her plants. Will somebody please give her a fatal recipe?

Mrs. M. P., East Bernstadt, Ky.—A turpentine distillery will cost a lot of money, and besides, the Kentucky pine does not seem to be the kind that produces enough sap to be worth handling. At least there is no turpentine made in the state.

in the state.

A. W., Conestota, S. D.—Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill., can supply you. Write to them for prices. Ask for the cheaper editions, unless you want to pay high prices.

Mrs. C. A. C., Paradise, Mass.—Inquire of any merchant in your own locality, or write to any of the Boston department stores. They will also tell you about the alrohol irons, and the book you want, if it is still in print. How far is Boston from Paradise?

D. B., New York, N. Y.—"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," is from Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Mrs. C. H. Southern, Boyd, Oregon, wants to know where she can get the old book "Look Out," by Virginia F. Townsend.

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Town June '07.

County State

R. L. B., Hamburg, Pa.—We haven't space to bublish such a list. Nor would we say which was best, because opinions differ too greatly.

was best, because opinions differ too greatly.

Subscriber, Pleasant Hope, Mo.—See answer above to "G. D., Webster, W. Va."

Mrs. M. P., E. Clallam, Wash.—If you cannot find a dealer in Spokane or Seattle, write to L. Shaw, 54 West 14th St., New York City. If it is good quality set a good price on it.

F. W. S., Parma, Mich.—If we remember correctly, our information on the subject of widow's pensions was not definite, except that a widow could get a pension, and we referred the inquirer to the Pension Office for detailed information. If our advice were followed everything was all right in the end. We are not infallible, and are glad you called our attention to the disand are glad you called our attention to the discrepancy.

W Mc. L., Council Bluffs, Ia.—You can get more definite and better information right in Omaha than we can give you. As an expert you ought to be posted anyhow.

C. M., W. Willington, Conn.—Write to Pitt compson Co., 56th St., and 8th Avenue, New Thompson York City.

J. R., Scottsburg, Ind.—You ought to know much better than we do, as you live in Indiana. We confess that we do not know. Try Indianapolis.

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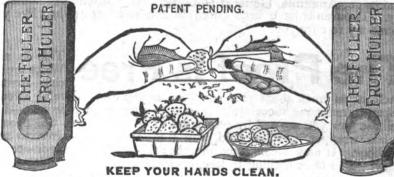
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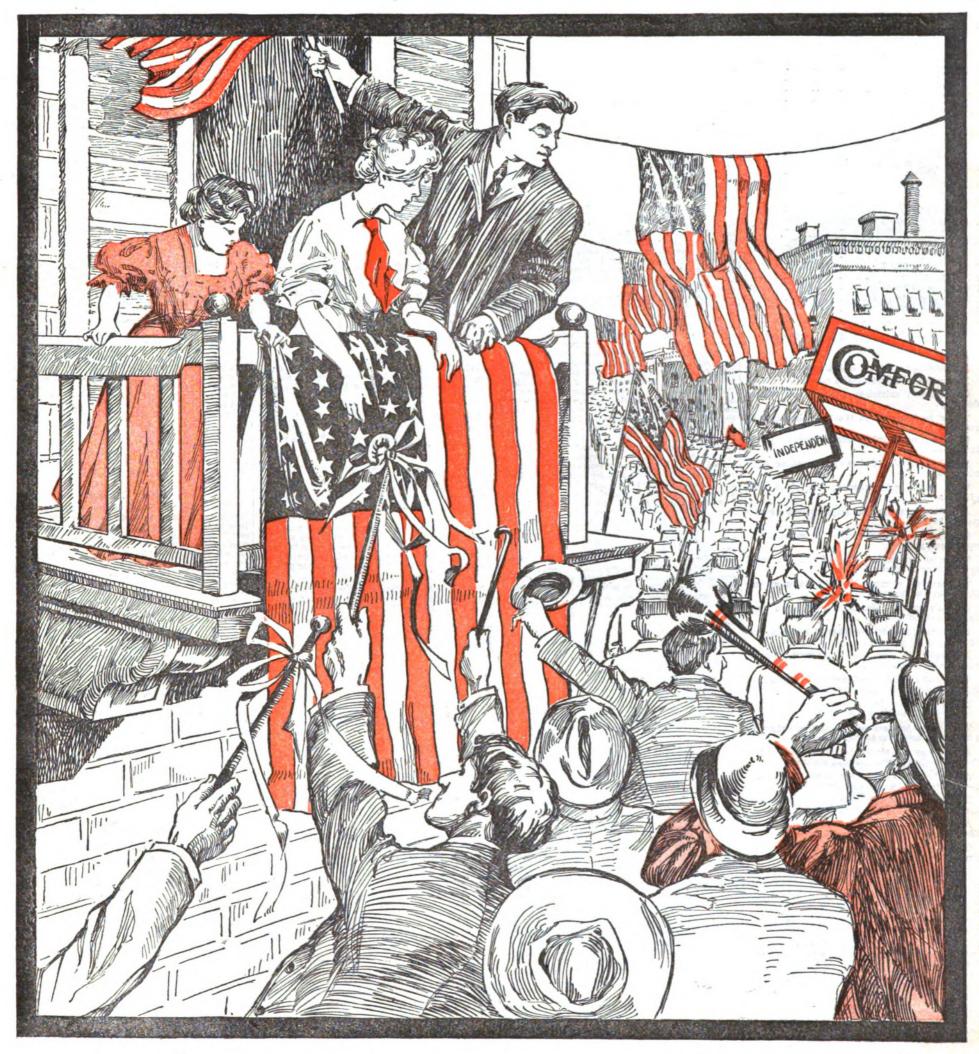


DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

July 1907

No 9"#



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July, 1907

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Crumbs of Comfort

Manners are minor morals.

Little things are great to little men. Methods are the masters of masters.

Counsel and criticism require the utmost

There is beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Wise men never talk to make time; they talk

In old age life's shadows are meeting eter-

Wits make opportunities; the want of it

A mob is the scum that rises upmost when s

nation boils. The sure way to miss success is to miss the

opportunity. The most insignificant people are the most

apt to sneer at others. The happiest women, like the happiest na-

tions, have no history. A man's venom poisons himself more than those he vents it upon.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty; inaccuracy of dishonesty.

Adversity is the diamond dust Heaven

polishes its jewels with. The mind should sometimes be diverted that

it may return to better thinking. Policy consists in serving God in such a

manner as not to offend the devil. The deepest tenderness a woman can show to

a man is to help him to do his duty. Action may not always bring happiness, but

there is no happiness without action.

Agriculture not only gives riches to a nation.

Money is a bottomless sea in which honor. conscience and truth may be drowned.

Afflictions are not sent in vain from the good God who chastens those that He loves

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than admiration for the beautiful.

The affections are like lightning-you cannot tell where they will strike till they have fallen.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason

Parents wonder why the stream is bitter,

when they themselves have poisoned the source A man never sees all that his mother has

been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.

The best woman has always something of a man's strength, and the noblest man of a woman's gentleness.

There are four varieties in society—the lovers, the ambitious, the observers and the fools. The fools are the happiest.

This is true philanthropy that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its human hospital in the human heart.

Rear to the skies the ladder of life;
Each noble deed is a golden round,
Lifting the soul to a higher ground,
To be victor-crowned in every strife.

—H. D. Gould.

A Few Words by the Editor

member the words of the immortal Lincoln: "This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and government of the people, for the people, by the people shall not perish from the earth!" Does our government, and does this nation yet fully attain the ideal Lincoln predicted for it? If not, let us all strive to make that ideal the goal of our national ambition. It will be attained only by hard work, and that eternal vigilance which is ever the price of liberty and independence, and the work must begin in the individual, before it can show its full effect in our institutions and our national life. and our national life.

The Jamestown fair, though not the greatest Exposition of its kind, which has been held in this country, is still, doubtless the most unique, and most interesting, both from the events it commemorates, and the picturesqueness of its location on the historic James River. It was on May 13th, 1607, that the good ships, Discovery, God Speed, and Susan Constant, of England, sailed thirty miles up the James River and tethered their boats to the trees on its banks. Here the first settlement of the Anglo Saxon race on this continent took root. A rude log fort was built. It had no sooner been finished than the Algonquin Indians attacked it. One settler was killed and eleven wounded. More ship loads of immigrants arrived from the old country, and the thin settlement spread up the James River. Cold, hunger and pestilence decimated their ranks, while the red skins, under their Chief Powhatan ravaged the settlement constantly. In the winter of 1609-10, the little community suffered from starvation and pestilence to such an extent, that only sixty out of five hundred survived. In 1619 there were one thousand white persons in Virginia. This number was increased later, by immigration to 3,000, but in three years only 1,200 remained, and most of these were later swept away in the great massacre by the Indians. It was out of these terrible disasters, hardships, bloodshed, and suffering, that English civilization on this conrible disasters, hardships, bloodshed, and suffering, that English civilization on this continent first came. It had been a century and more since Columbus had first seen the shores of the New World. The Spaniards had a foothold in Florida, while the French were spreading close the state of the St. Lawrence in ing along the banks of the St. Lawrence in Canada, but Jamestown is really the cradle of American civilization, for it was not until 1620, thirteen years later, that the famous landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock, Massa-

chusetts, took place.

In the church which the settlers built in 1614, John Rolfe and Pocahontas were married. Next to Captain John Smith, who was the leading spirit of the community, and whose magnificent bravery and resourcefulness alone kept the settlers from being wiped out of existence, Rolfe and Pocahontas were the most important figures. The Indian maiden was the friend of the settlers, and saved their leader from death at the hands of her father, Chief Powhatan and his braves. After the marriage of Pocahontas and Rolfe, peace was established, and maintained until 1617, when the good Pocahontas died in England. The lust of gold, which the settlers expected to find in abundance, was the magnet which drew most of these adventurous Englishmen to these shores. Gold was not found and some industry was needed to maintain the settlement, and tobacco culture was introduced by John Rolfe. This article became the staple product, and the whole industrial and social life in the South was determined by it. As it required much room for cultivation, large estates naturally resulted. In 1619, twenty negro slaves who had been stolen from Spanish plantations in the West Indies, were brought to Jamestown and sold. This was the beginning of the Afro-American race on this continent. Cheap labor was needed on the tobacco plantations, and the negro fitted into the industrial scheme admirably. The first representative assembly which chusetts, took place. In the church which the settlers built in 1614, negro fitted into the industrial scheme admirably. The first representative assembly which ever gathered in this country met in the church which had witpessed the wedding of Rolfe and Pocahontas. So political liberty, religion and civilization, all had their birth in Jamestown. Lord Delaware came in 1610, and yamestown. Lord Delaware came in 1010, and the first rude church which was then in ruins, was substantially rebuilt by him. A brick church, the ruins of which remain, was begun in 1639, but the location of Jamestown was a bad one, owing to the malarial swamps which exist in its neighborhood. Disastrous fires, too, ravaged the place and finally in 1698 the seat of government was changed to Williams-burg.

Jamestown since then has been but a memory; its ruined tower alone marking the place, which all Americans will ever hold sacred, as it gave us civilization and religion, and was the foundation of those liberties and blessings which we enjoy today.

Your editor would like to impress upon parents the necessity of teaching their children how to behave in regard to the many poor crippled and deformed persons, that are seen on our public streets. Directly a poor hunchback or other afflicted soul enters a street car in one of our pities all even prest one throat in back or other afflicted soul enters a street car in one of our cities, all eyes are at once turned to him. In country districts, the deformed have even a harder time. Some children make it a practice to call after them in derision, nicknames that hurt the poor cripple worse than a blow. The writer has seen children following a deformed person for nearly a mile, jeering, calling nicknames, and in more than one case, throwing stones, until the tormentors were driven away and made to desist by physical force. It is the little things of life that make life bearable, or unbearable. In our religion, and our daily conduct we are continually straining at gnats and swallowing camels. We will exhaust ourselves in trying to enforce some trifling rule of conduct on children that does not amount to anything, and permit them does not amount to anything, and permit them to act as veritable little savages in regard to other things. People should remember that the crippled and deformed did not voluntarily assume their misshapen bodies. The poor stunted hunchback, would, if he could, be a lusty giant, with erect bearing, broad shoulders, and a muscular, well-formed body. No-

HE "Glorious Fourth" of July is with low beings. Mothers and fathers, if there are us once again. Parents, watch your children on this day, for remember gunpowder and firecrackers are dangerous things for the little ones to handle. Amid the roar of cannon, the crash of martial music, and the waving of banners, remember the words of the immortal Lincoln: withis nation, under God, shall have a new kindness, and when possible way to show kindness, and when possible by word and deed. neighborhood, instruct your children never to stare at them, or to be rude to them. Tell them how they ought to thank God they have healthy strong well-formed limbs and have no physical afflictions to bear. Tell them they should endeavor in every possible way to show kindness, and when possible by word and deed, convey sympathy and aid to the unfortunate. The only thing that lifts a man above his fellows is breeding and refinement. When a man has these qualities he is a gentleman; if a woman has them, she is a gentlewoman. These are the true aristrocrats of the world. The monarch, and the nobleman and the president are the true aristrocrats of the world. The monarch, and the nobleman and the president of the United States can claim no higher title than gentleman. When the world becomes thoroughly civilized, it will be when all men and women are refined and gentle, that is gentlemen, and gentlewomen. There will be heaven upon this earth as well as in another world when all people are refined and gentle. Christ was the first true gentleman, pattern your children after Him, and teach them to do unto others as they would have others to do to them.

Bachelors are likely to have a hard time of it, if all men have the same views upon celibacy as those held by the Mayor of Detroit, who has served notice that he will permit only married men to hold office in his municipality. The bachelor tax which has been proposed by many of our law makers will never make a confirmed celibate take unto himself a wife. Ten or twenty dollars a year, your bachelor will cheerfully pay, and remain obstinately single, but a very different condition of things will confront him if he finds all avenues of employment closed to single men. In Detroit, we understand, all to single men. In Detroit, we understand, all unmarried candidates for office, are hunting up the eligible ladies of their acquaintance, with a

the eligible ladies of their acquaintance, with a view to matrimony. The man who is not married is only half a man, for not until a man has a wife, home and family, does he entirely fill the highest ideals of manhood and citizenship. The bachelor is a product of our modern civilization, and the way to bring the selfish creature to his senses, is to close all avenues of employment to him, until he takes a wife. This will bring him to reason as nothing else will. Bravo, then for the Mayor of Detroit, and we earnestly trust that every other official in this country will follow his example, until there is not a bachelor of marriageable age in the land.

Your friend, Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Andrew Carnegie will extend his gifts, and erect at Berlin, Germany, a library to which his first donation will be \$1,000,000.

Mrs. William Astor, who for many years was the undisputed leader of New York and New-port society, is declared to be dying.

Tablets to three women, Maria Mitchell, Emma Willard and Mary Lyon, were unveiled in the Hall of Fame in New York on Memorial

June 16th was the three hundredth anniversary of the first communion at Jamestown, Va., in 1607. It was generally observed in all Episcopal churches in America.

It is announced that President Hadley of Yale University will go to Berlin next October to fill the Theodore Roesevelt professorship of American History and Institutions at the University of Berlin.

When the crews of the Japanese warships which lately visited New York were allowed shore liberty they had their choice between visiting Grant's tomb or spending the day on the Bowery. They went to the former place.

Viscount Aoki, Japanese Ambassador to the United States will be recalled at once and succeeded by Baron Kaneko. Marquis Ito and Viscount Aoki are bitter enemies and it was upon the recommendation of Ito that Aoki will be retired from his diplomatic position at Washington.

It has been stated that Japan will be among the competitors for the Nobel Prize for Literature to be awarded next year. The Empress of Japan is mentioned as one of the candidates. She is said to possess pronounced poetic talent and has contributed largely to the phenomenal use of modern Japan in the literary world.

To Miss Margaret Hanna belongs the dis-To miss margaret Hanna belongs the distinction of being the only woman attache present at the Second International Peace Conference to be held at The Hague this summer. Miss Hanna is one of the best stenographers in the Government service. She is well posted on international law and customs and practices.

Mrs. Ida McKinley, widow of the late President McKinley died at Canton, Ohio, May 26th in the 60th year of her life. She was the daughter of James A. Saxton, and was married to Mr. McKinley in 1871. Early in her married life she lost two little children and never recovered from the double grief. For more than a quarter of a century she was an invalid, yet she never allowed her infirmity to interfere with her social duties incident to her husband's career, and after his assassination lived in retirement, her prayer day by day being that she might join him.

To a happy speech he made in the presence of Theodore Roosevel, Judge U. M. Rose of Little Rock, Ark., owes the signal honor of being selected as one of the United States delegates to the World Peace Congress soon to assemble for the second time at The Hague. The occasion was a luncheon given to the President at Little Rock, when the President made his last visit to the Southwest in 1965. The Arkansan is nearly 80 years old and has been president of the National Bar Association, but never an office-seeker. When the time came to select the delegates to The Hague conference body knows the mental torture these poor souls suffer. God knows they are heavily handicapped in life's struggle without any extra annoyances from their more fortunate fel-which he did.



King Cotton

"Cotton is still king," said a man with a Southern accent, "and the land of Dixie is its kingdom. His Royal Highness will celebrate kingdom. His Royal Highness will celebrate his 300th anniversary at Jamestown, Va., this summer, and he will have a great celebration. In 1800 we produced only 155,500 bales of cotton, and in 1904-5 the crop reached 13,557,000 bales, the banner crop, that of 1905-6 falling to 12 millions and odd. In 1860 we raised 4,669,000 bales with slave labor. The Civil War knocked the crop down one half. After the war it rallied slowly under the conditions, but it rallied and in 1898-9 it was over 11 million bales. Since that time it has never fallen below ten million bales. Manufacturing in the South since that time it has never fallen below ten million bales. Manufacturing in the South came on very slowly, as late as 1870 only 80,000 bales being manufactured there, to 770,000 bales in the North. Up to 1890 the North led, by a million or more bales, but in 1904 the South caught up, and since that time each section manufactures about two million bales. So much for the progress of the South in manufacturing, which she did not try to learn for a hundred years after the North had been doing it. We produce three quarters of the cotton. it. We produce three quarters of the cotton crop of the world, and there is no likelihood that any other country will ever approach us on that line. The throne of King Cotton is firmly fixed in Dixie."

Horse and Horseless

"Last year," said the man with goggles on.
"the value of horse-drawn vehicles manufactured in this country amounted to 116 million dollars, while the horseless, or autos, was 100 millions, showing that the auto will put the horse out if it keeps going. The auto is now used in the cities for all kinds of heavy the horse out if it keeps going. The auto is now used in the cities for all kinds of heavy hauling, the government uses it in the mall service, hospitals have auto ambulances, Cleveland, O., has eight autos in its city service and Marion County, Indiana has bought a \$3,000 machine to use in hauling material for road building. In the Northwest the farmers are beginning to use them, and the latest is a carcosting as low as \$225 for use by rural mail route carriers. It is estimated that 550,000 autos have been manufactured since 1836, when the auto first got its start, with a value of over a billion dollars. Until a year ago, France led in manufacture, but last year the United States took first place with 60,000 cars as the year's output, to 55,000 for France. England made 28,000, Germany, 22,000, Italy, 19,000, and Belgium, 12,000. In 1901 we made only 314 cars to start we are now ahead of all. Bad roads was what held us back. European roads are vastly superior to ours. For example the autois can ride over fine roads from Madrid to Norway, a distance of 2,600 miles while he can't find a hundred miles of continuous good roads in this whole country. But the auto is bringing us good roads, and it it did no more than that it would be worth all it has cost. No country can be the right kind of a country when it has bad roads. It's like a man with bad blood in can be the right kind of a country when it has bad roads. It's like a man with bad blood in his veins. We imported 1,175 cars last year and exported 173, the American car not being as popular with foreigners as theirs are with us, except our small cars. They don't make that kind abroad. An auto has made the fastest kind abroad. An auto has made the fastest time ever done on wheels by any sort of vehicle—one mile in 28 2-5 seconds. Is it any wonder it is getting there so fast?"

Cheas Living

"One of the real faults of the American who is without means is that he does not know how to live on nothing a week and find himself," said the man who had traveled. "I don't believe in too close economy, but I believe it is safer in the final adjustment than our extravagence among all classes the year in don't believe in too close economy, but I believe it is safer in the final adjustment than our extravagance among all classes, the poor in proportion to their possessions being worse than the rich, for the rich do save enough to keep the wolf from the door, no matter how much they spend. How many of our moneyless people, our working people, have enough laid by to carry them over a spell of hard timee? Not one in a hundred—not one in a thousand, possibly. I don't recommend the style of the French peasants to our American citizens, but they do know how to live behind their incomes. For instance, a peasant with his wife and three children will live on four cents a day. They have a breakfast of bread with a prepared salt fish to spread on it. For dinner, stock fish with vegetable soup or salad. For supper, lentils, beans and other vegetables, with bread always. Most foreigners are great bread eaters. Now and then the peasant indulges in wine at his meal, but water is the chief drink. Meat is very seldom had, but rabbit is sometimes put into the vegetable stew, but only as a luxury. Then they dress poorly, but it is a rare one who hasn't a bank account and is to that extent independent. We do not want a peasant class in America, but we do need more thrift, more eggs in the nest than we est every day." class in America, but we do need more thrift, more eggs in the nest than we eat every day."

Lumber Consumption

"Most people," said the man with a tooth-pick in his mouth, "think that weather-board-ing, flooring and building material generally are what is consuming our lumber so rapidly. True, they do take a lot of it, but think of the are what is consuming our lumber so rapidly. True, they do take a lot of it, but think of the thousands of feet that go into toothpicks like this I am using. Lynn goes to them, and there is not a great deal of lynn in the woods. Fine ladders take the fir, handles and spokes take the hickory, last-blocks use up the rock-maple, paper pulp uses up millions of feet of spruce and poplar, pencils call for red cedar, spools take white birch, and there is the box trade eating into white pine. In New England alone there are 344 box factories, and last year they used six million feet, nearly all white pine. And it is practically wasted, too, for when the boxes have been used once they usually go for kindling wood. Millions of feet of ash and oak go into barrels and other millions go to other uses in comparatively small quantities to each. Wood seems to be of universal use and the time is rapidly coming when we won't have it. Then we have got to hustle for a substitute. We'll get it, of course, just as man gets everything he goes after, but just what it will be nobody knows yet. We do know though that in fencing, barbed wire has saved millions. Waste is the king evil of our, methods of living."

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st; roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; *stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting
k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow
2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog.
together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate rpetition.

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double kno; pkt. picot and knot together. *indicates a re; etition.

Below we publish a list of the prize awards for Fancy Work, as was announced in the February issue. In addition several specially good articles were awarded prizes of one dollar.

Prize Awards for Fancy Work

First Prize, \$5.00 Mrs. C. A. Parsons, St. Joseph, Mo.
Second Prize, \$3.00 Mrs. Laura McKenzie,

Third Prize, \$2.00 Mrs. Emma Garibaldi,
Mendocino, Cal.
Fourth Prize, \$1.00 Mrs. F. A. Runyan,
Dayton, Pa.

Special prizes of \$1.00 each were also awarded to Pattie Odum, Funn, N. C., Mrs. Lee Christian, Omega, Ohio Clara M. Baker, Erieville, N. Y. Annie Wand, Elizabeth, Ill. Mrs. W. F. Smith, Farrall, Wyo. Mrs. Lydia L. Eckle, Lincoln, Neb. Lincoln, Neb.

Wallachian Embroidery

HIS season brings among other things, a new method of ornamenting waists, centerpieces, pillows, in fact, articles of all sorts, which can be decorated by embroiders.

centerpieces, pillows, in tace, of all sorts, which can be decorated by embroidery.

The statement that there is "nothing new under the sun," seems especially true in regard to this latest novelty in fancy work, Wallachian embroidery. For it is really nothing but a new way of using the ordinary old buttonhole stitch as one will readily see by the illustrations here given to show the manner in

show the manner in which the work is done

A rather heavy suster cotton makes the work most effective. Use a medium-sized needle, and punch a hole with a stiletto in the center of all circles, this prevents tearing the cloth, makes the work more even, as STITCHES TAKEN FROM

each stitch is taken each stitch is taken from the center out, and also gives a little variety to the work. After each circle or center is finished also use the stiletto, as this will even up the hole.

In Fig. 1 the stitches of the leaves are taken

THE CENTER. FIG 1,

from the center or tward toward the edge and on a slight slant which is increased somewhat on all curves. In Fig. 2 all stems should be in outline.

This embroidery is especially well adapted for decorating lingerie, as the work can be rapidly done, is solid ornamental and will wear well.

Patterns can also be easily worked up by almost anyone who is accustomed to fancy work. Our large illustration shows a corset cover worked in Wallachian embroidery, and although we cannot supply patterns for the design used, Fig 3 which gives half the front and Fig. 4 half the back, illustrates it so plainly that one would have little difficulty in copying it. The scallops around the neck and armhole are padded and buttonhole stitched and the holes to run ribbon through are worked like eyelets. One yard of goods is needed for this pattern and four skeins

tern and four skeins of luster cotton.

This design was sent in by Mrs. C. A. Parsons, to wom was awarded the irst prize.

Cuffs and cellar worked in shades of tan and browr or ecru linen are a very desirable addition to

desirable action to a tailored coat.

Center leces in this new work are well liked, as are also Scia Pillows SLANT. FIG. 2. done in white, or stamped on ecru or Bulgarian linen worker a colored threads; whotevers here

or Bulgarian linen and worked in colored threads; photograph frames may be cone in this way. Shir: waists done in Wallachian embroid-

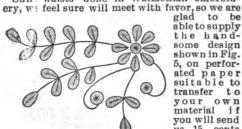
able to supply

the hand-some design shown in Fig.

5, on perforated paper suitable to

transfer to your own material if

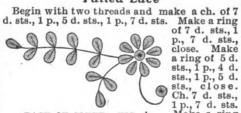
you will send us 15 cents for a year's



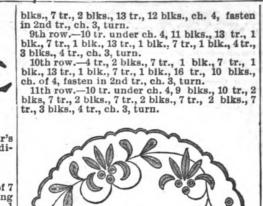
DESIGN OF FRONT OF COVER.

material if you will send 15 cents for a year's subscription to COMFORT with 5 cents additional for mailing expense.

Tatted Lace



p., 7 d. sts., close. Make a ring of 5 d. sts., 1 p., 2 d. sts., 1 p., 5 d. sts., 4 p. separated by 2 d. sts., 4 d. sts., close Make a ring of 4 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., 6 p. separated by 2 d. sts., 4 d. sts., close Make a ring of 4 d. sts., fasten to last p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., 4 p. separated by 2 d. sts., 4 d. sts., fasten to last p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., 4 p. separated by 2 d. sts., 4 d. sts., fasten to last p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., 5 d. sts., 6 sten to last p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., 1 p., 5 d. sts., close. Ch. 7 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 4 d. sts., 1 p., 5 d. sts., close. Make a ring of 7 d. sts., fasten to last p. of first ch., 5 d. sts., 1 p., 7 d. sts., fasten to last p. of first ch., 5 d. sts., 1 p., 7 d. sts., fasten to last p. of first ch., 5 d. sts., 1 p., 5 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 7 d. sts., close. Make a ring of 5 d. sts., fasten in p. of last ring, 7 d. sts., close. Make a ring of 5 d. sts., fasten in p. of last ring, 7 d. sts., close. Make a ring of 5 d. sts., fasten in p. of last ring, 7 d. sts., close. Make a ring of 5 d. sts., fasten in p. of last ring, 7 d. sts., 1 p., 5 d. sts., 1 p., 5 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 7 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 7 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 7 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 7 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. sts., fasten to p. o



LINGERIE HAT. FIG. 6.

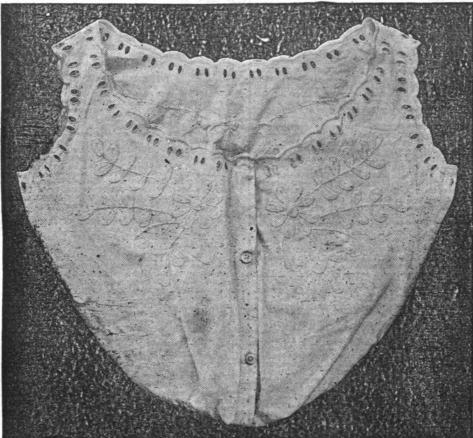
12th row.—4 tr., 2 blks., 19 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 13 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 4 tr., 10 blks., cb. 4, fasten in 2nd tr., ch. 3, turn.

13th row.—10 tr. under ch. 4, 9 blks., 7 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 13 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 16 tr., 3 blks., 4 tr., ch. 3, turn.

14th row.—4 tr., 2 blks., 10 tr., 2 blks., 7 tr., 10 blks., ch. 4, fasten in 2nd tr., ch. 3, turn.

15th row.—10 tr. under ch. 4, 9 blks., 19 tr., 1 18th row.—4 tr., 2 blks., 4 tr., 1 blk., 13 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 13 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 4 blks., ch. 4, fasten in 2nd tr., ch. 3, turn.

19th row.—10 tr. under ch. 4, 3 blks., 7 tr., 4



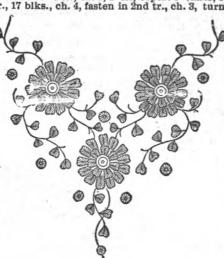
CORSET COVER IN WALLACHIAN EMBROIDERY.

to the last ring made like this, 2 d. sts., 1 p., 5 d. sts., close. Repeat from *.

MRS. C. A. PARSONS.

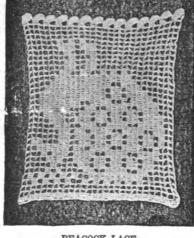
Peacock Lace

1st row.—Ch. 97, turn.
2nd row.—4 tr. in first 4 sts., ch. 2, 1 tr., ch. 2, 1 tr., repeat making 31 blks. in all, ch. 4, fasten in the left at the 2 tr., 2 blks., 7 tr., 1 blk., 13 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 13 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 13 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 2 blks., 7 tr., 3 blks., 4 tr., ch. 3, turn. 1st row.—Ch. 97, turn.
2nd row.—4 tr. in first 4 sts., ch. 2, 1 tr., ch. 2,
1. tr., repeat making 31 blks. in all, ch. 4, fasten
in the last st., ch. 3, turn.
3rd row.—10 tr. under ch. 4, ch. 2, 1 tr., repeat making 31 blks., 4 tr. on 4 tr., ch. 3, turn.
4th row.—4 tr., ch. 2, 1 tr., repeat 8 times, 16
tr., 17 blks., ch. 4, fasten in 2nd tr., ch. 3, turn.



SHIRT-WAIST FRONT. FIG. 5.

5th row.—10 tr. under ch. 4, 15 blks., 16 tr., 2 blks., 7 tr., 7 blks., 4 tr., ch. 3, turn.
6th row.—4 tr., 5 blks, 10 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 16 tr., 14 blks., ch. 4, fasten in 2nd tr., ch. 3 turn.



PEACOCK LACE.

blks., 16 tr., 2 blks., 31 tr., 5 blks., 4 tr., ch. 3,

20th row.—4 tr., 3 blks., 4 tr., 2 blks., 10 tr., 1 blk., 7 tr., 1 blk., 4 tr., 2 blks., 16 tr., 10 blks., 6. 4, fasten in 2nd tr., ch. 3, turn.
24st row.—10 tr. under ch. 4, 3 blks., 19 tr., 1 blk., 16 tr., 13 blks., 4 tr., 2 blks., 4 tr., ch. 3, turn.

24th row.—4 tr., 3 blks., 4 tr., 1 blk., 16 tr., 3 blks., 27 tr., 10 blks., ch., 4, fasten in 2nd tr., ch. 3, turn.

25th row .- 10 tr. under ch. 4, 11 blks., 20 tr., 4



BACK OF CORSET COVER.

blks., 4 tr., 1 blk., 4 tr., 1 blk., 4 tr., 1 blk., 4 tr., 2 blks., 4 tr., ch. 3, turn. 26th row.—4 tr., 3 blks., 4 tr., 3 blks., 8 tr., 5 blks., 16 tr., 12 blks., ch., 4, fasten to 2nd tr., ch. 3, turn.

27th row.—10 tr., 13 blks., 12 tr., 5 blks., 8 tr., 27th row.—10 tr., 13 blks., 12 tr., 5 blks., 8 tr., 5 blks., 4 tr., 2 blks., 4 tr., ch. 3, turn.
28th row.—4 tr., 3 blks., 4 tr., 5 blks., 4 tr., 21 blks., ch. 4, fasten in 2nd tr., ch. 3, turn.
29th row.—10 tr. under ch. 4, 31 blks., 4 tr., ch. 3, turn.
Repeat last row 3 times and then begin at 18th row again.

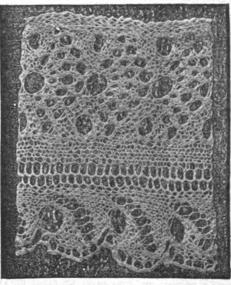
MRS. ARTHUR MAGILL.

18th row again.

Ameera Knitted Lace

Cast on thirty-two stitches and knit two rows plain.

1st row.—K. 11, o. 2, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2, o., n., o. 2, n., o. 2, p. 2 tog.



AMEERA KNITTED LACE.

2nd row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 1, make 6 sts. of the o. 2, k. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 11, make 6 sts. of the o. 2, k. 11. 3rd row.—K. 3, sl. and b., k. 18, n., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, o., n., k. 6, o. 2, p. 2 tog. 4th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 11, o. 2, p. 2 tog.,

k. 26.
5th row.—K. 3, sl. and b., k. 5 (o., k. 1, 5 times), o., k. 6, n., k. 3, o., 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o., n., k. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 11, o. 2, p. 2 tog., 6th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 11, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4, n., o. 2, n., k. 14, n., o. 2, n., k. 4.
7th row.—K. 3, sl. and b., k. 1, p. 1, k. 16, k. 1, p. 1, n., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 5, o., n., k. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog.
8th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 11, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 28.

8. 28. 9th row.—K. 3, sl. and b., k. 3 (o., n., 6 times), o., k. 3, n., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 6, o., n., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., loth row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 11, o. 2, p. 2 tog.,

11th row.—K. 3, sl. and b., k. 17, n., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 7, o., n., k. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog.
12th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 11, o. 2, p. 2 tog.,

k. 25.
13th row.—K. 3, sl. and b. (o., n., 7 times),
o., k. 3 tog., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 8, o., n., k. 1,
o. 2, p. 2 tog.
14th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 11, o. 2, p. 2 tog.,

k. 23. 15th row.—K. 3, p. 2 tog., k. 18, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 9, o., n., o. 2, p. 2 tog. 16th row.—O. 2, p. 2 tog., b. off 6, k. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 22. E. A. WAYLAND.

Tatted Beading

No, 16 cotton thread was used for this beading and it is wide enough for No. 2 ribbon, a finer or coarser thread would make it narrower or wider. If it was wanted the same width more or less stitches should be made.

Make a ring of 9 d. sts., 1 p., 9 d. sts., fasten spool thread

just like you would fasten the p. of anthe p. of an other ring, 9 d. sts., 1 2., 3 d. sts. and close. Leave about one third inch thread and make another



TATTED BEADING

ring of 9 d. sts., fasten to p. of last ring, 9 d. sts., fasten to spool thread 9 d. sts., 1 p., 9 d. sts., close. Repeat until you have it as long as wanted. It can be used to great advantage in trimming children's dresses. MRS C. A. PARSONS.

Maple Leaf Collar

The collar pattern is drawn out upon linen or lawn, the proper size and is securely basted on



MAPLE LEAF COLLAR.

DESIGN OF FRONT OF COVER.

FIG. 3.

To a year's subscription to Comfort and 5 cents additional for mailing expense.

A very handsome design for a lingerie for a lingerie hat, is shown in Fig. 6, which we can supply in that, is shown in Fig. 6, which we can supply in the form of a perforated paper pattern by which the form of a perforated to any suitable the outlines can be transferred to any suitable that the form of a perforated to any suitable the form of a perforated paper pattern by which the collar is then but to a piece of fine net. The tracing is then but to a



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leav space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in-stead of including them in the letters.

atead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar re-

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have e piled with the conditions which entitle you such a notice. See offer.

such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and homesurroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if a drest you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to MES. WHEELEE WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR SISTERS:

Mrs. Ida Rounds. Much as we would like to help you and also others, if you will carefully read above rules which govern these columns you will understand why it is your letter can-

not appear.

Mrs. H. E. Field, San Jose, Cal. Send me
the pattern of the invalid nightgown, and we
will give directions and illustrate in our fancy
work department; this will be the best way to
benefit a number and also save you much unnecessary work. necessary work.

necessary work.

Our first letter is from Mrs. N. R. Cole, Chapel Hill, N. C., a new subscriber, who lives in the foothills of N. C., but who is anxious to make herself known. From her letter we quote the following:

"My husband and I are both especially interested in this corner of Comfort, I am new at housekeeping and I find all the hints valuable. We have one little baby boy seventeen months old. No one knows what pleasure and company a sweet little baby is until they themselves, become a mother.

I am interested in chickens and consider the White Plymouth Rocks to be the best layers. We also have our own cows and hogs.

I like the idea that Mrs. Prudence Morast brought to our minds about heading the letters which we write to Comfort, with some comforting verse from the Bible. But as I forgot it until now, will close with this verse, which I find very helpful: "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord and He will bring it to pass."

I hope many of the Comfort mothers will respond to this appeal by sending whatever their own babies have outgrown. Letters will also be welcomed as Mrs. Reard is a stranger in a strange place. She says: "I hope some of the sisters will be able to help me just a little, as we are expecting a little newcomer very soon. I have been ill and had a train of misfortunes, making it impossible to get the necessary articles. Anything will be welcomed and appreciated. I cannot promise to return the favor immediately, but will be glad to do so when I can. I am very sad and miserable at times, but try to keep up the best I can for the sake of my family whom I dearly love.

I wonder if many of you know that to chew kernels of corn will cure heart burn.

Thanking you all in advance for any kindness, I remain, a sister in need.

Mrs. T. J. Beand, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Mrs. O. Grover, Box 67, Bangor, R. F. D., 2,

MRS. T. J. BEARD, Cedar Rapids, Iowal.

Mrs. O. Grover, Box 67, Bangor, R. F. D., 2,
Pa., writes that it is useless for any more of
the sisters to write her for plants, at present,
as her supply is exhausted. She also requests
the invalid who wrote from Trent, Texas, to send
a postal, as she was unable to make out the
name; others who have received no reply, have
failed to hear because they did not inclose a
stamp.

stamp.

This is an important item to remember, sisters, when addressing a stranger, for Comfort's family is large, and as the letters are liable to rain in, in response to any announcement, it is only fair that each should bear the expense of postage on the reply which is expected. That is, I mean, if you are asking a favor, of course, if you simply write a sister for the sake of securing a correspondence, then each should pay the postage on their own letters.

Next comes a request from S. D. Can any f the sisters supply the old-fashioned remedy or purifying the blood, which is made of sulpur, syrup and cream of tartar, if so, kindly end direct to Mrs. Rena B. Shaw, Madison, S. I., giving the proper proportions.

Our next writer represents Oregon, and her letter is in part, as follows:

As I live in Oregon and so many want to know about the grand old State, I shall be pleased to tell them of this part of Columbia County. It is about forty-five miles northwest of Portland, two miles of deep water harbor on Columbia river, A. C. R. railroad, running through the town. The annual output of logs and piling is 65,000,000 feet. Fertille farmlands cheap. It is a good fruit, dairying and sheep country. We live seventy-two miles from the Columbia river and the town Rainier, which has about 2,000 inhabitants. Those wanting to know more please send writing material and stamp, and I will gladly answer all questions.

I should like to know how to make wax flowers, also crystalized grasses. I make paper flowers to look quite natural.

Mrs. Amy Kilby, Rainier, Ore.

Little Miss Fannie Allison, Troutmans, R. F.

9, 1905. "Only those who have had loved ones taken in a similar manner know what a shock that was to us. He had railroaded all over the West and was superintendent of a R. R. camp near Mayhill, N. M., and I know was for a time at Cloudcroft, N. M., and Needles, Cal. I would be especially glad to hear from anyone living at the above named places."

From Georgia comes this request, and also a suggestion for making a home-made rug. Mrs. H. says:

From Georgia comes this request, and also a suggestion for making a home-made rug. Mrs. H. says:

"I am not a shut-in or invalid, but I fear that I am rapidly losing my sight, and I had much rather have some other affliction, but we cannot choose, can we, dear patient sufferers? I just want to tell the sisters how I have utilized corn sacks for rugs. First dye some two colors, then cut into strips, eight inches wide, ravel out all excepting a couple of inches in the center. Make the middle of the rug of one color, and use the other for a border, or one can work out an intricate design by working in stars, circles, diamonds or squares. For the foundation use a plece of ticking, canvas or a sack, cut it the size you wish, then sew one strip on through the center, fold the fringes together, and placing another piece on flat, stitch this through the center, having it as near the first piece as possible. This gives one a thick, durable fringe rug, which will wear and look well. I have one favor to ask. Will the sisters kindly send me seeds of the most popular variety, which grows in your locality, or any old-fashioned flowers, such as our grandmothers loved? I will try to return all favors.

May God bless our editor and each member of this band, is the wish of your sister,

MRS. E. F. HUTCHINSON, Norristown, R. F. D., 1, Ga.

The next who knocks for admittance is a Texas sister; she comes with a few simple home

The next who knocks for admittance is a Texas sister; she comes with a few simple home

Texas sister; she comes with a lew simple non-remedies.

For the mumps take plug tobacco, cut it very fine, and put over the fire with water, a little sait, and thicken with meal. Then place on the swollen parts, and it will give almost imme-diate relief.

For chapped hands, or lips, or fever sores use a mixture of one part castor-oil and one part camphor.

mphor.

If baby suffers with colic apply a spice
ultice—using care not to have it too hot.

Make little girls' dresses with guimpes, then
hen the hot weather comes the guimpes can be

Make little girls' dresses with guimpes, then when the hot weather comes the guimpes can be omitted.

Now I will close by giving my pen picture and asking the sisters to write. I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, have dark eyes, reddish brown curly hair and fair complexion. I have been married seven years last January to another one of the best men in the world.

Mas. M. E. Carleton, Box 46, Appleby, R. F. D., 1, Texas.

DEAR COMPORT SISTERS:

I have never written before, but I assure you I have been a constant reader of Comfort for over a year, and don't see how I could get along

ithout it.

I live on a small farm in Western III., four I live on a small farm in Western Ill., four miles from the famous "Father of Waters"; the Mississippi River. Oquawka, our trading place, is situated on the banks of the river. In the summer-time, boats can be seen coming and going every day. The land in this section of the country is very rich, and corn is grown extensively. Cattle raising is also one of the chief occupations.

country is very rich, and contry is very rich, and country is very rich, and coupations.

Mrs. Estelle Poynter. There is some profit in Angora goats. A great many people want them for pets, others for the meat. You must have high netting wire all around their field if you do not want them to kill every tree and shrub on the place. I could tell you more about them, but it will take too much space. For more particulars, write me, inclosing a two-cent stamp. I can certainly tell you something about them, as my father has the care of two hundred. Then too, we have one for a pet. But you should see our trees. A nuisance? I believe you would too, we have one for a pet. But you should see our trees. A nulsance? I believe you would find poultry a great deal more profitable. Elizabeth C. Henry. Your poem, "Comfort,"

find poultry a great deal more profitable.

Elizabeth C. Henry. Your poem, "Comfort," was fine.

Mrs. Carrie Atherton. How can you get dirt to stick on cabbages? I should think worms would stay on the underside of the heads.

Winnie Shewmake. I agree with you. I don't see how I could enjoy life in a city.

Mrs. Wm. L. Brown. I wonder what our answer would be if we had our choice between sickness and wealth or poverty and health? I choose the latter.

Miss Jennie Markey and Retta Sweeney. It is hard to believe there are ghosts, yet I have heard of several incidences which were certainly very remarkable.

Mrs. Ida Burris. I, too, love to piece quilts, and I would also like a slip of one of those green roses: Can anyone tell me where I could procure one. I am piecing a quilt now, which I call the monkey-wrench quilt. I will be glad to send anyone a sample block, who will send a two-cent stamp for postage. I would also be pleased to receive letters and souvenir post cards. I will try and answer all. I intend to remember the shut-ins whenever I can.

Miss Edna Peterson, Biggsville, R. F. D., 2, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS:

As I have never read any letters from this part of the country, and I would like to see it represented in such an interesting circle, thought I would send in a few lines.

I am a widow. My husband died six years ago, and at times, I, too, feel lonely.

We live on a small farm, about four and one half miles east of Pittsboro, the county seat of Calboun. This is a fine, well-timbered country, pine, hickory and white oaks abound, besides plenty of other kinds. But it is being rapidly worked up by the sawmills.

A railroad entered the county about two years ago, and is likely to be built on across it. At present, Vardaman is the only railroad station in the county. It is about eight miles southeast of us.

Lillian Rutledge. I quite agree with you in thinking it is not fair for one to pay the postage both ways, except when writing to invalids and shut-ins. You said you were expecting to move to Misciscioni.

both ways, except when writing to invalids and shut-ins. You said you were expecting to move to Missistippi. Perhaps you may move near us.

Mrs. E. J. Phillips. I can certainly vouch for your "Earache Remedy." I have never known

it to fail.

This is a good farming country, and this year we are hoping for better luck, as the crops of 1906 were considerably damaged by the two weeks' rain, the last of September, and the storm of the 27th.

I hope to hear from some of you.

MRS. NELLIE WITT, Loyd, Miss.

DEAR SISTERS:
Won't you let me in? I am living in Olympia, a small city surrounded by forest, overlooking a charming bay with odorous mud flats according to the salt tide's eccentric ebb and flow. There is a restful quietness in the streets—although this is our beautiful capitol city.

Our next writer represents Oregon, and her letter is in part, as follows:

As I live in Oregon and so many want to know about the grand old State, I shall be pleased to tell them of this part of Columbia for Portland, two miles of deep water harbor on Columbia river, A. C. R. railroad, running through the town. The annual output of logs and piling is 65,000,000 feet. Fertile farmlands cheap. It is a good fruit, dairying and sheep country. We live seventy-two miles from the Columbia river and the town Railner, which has about 2,000 inhabitants. Those wanting to know more please send writing material and stamp, and I will gladiy answer all questions.

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Little Miss Fanne Allison, Troutmans, R. F. D., 1, N. C., writes that she is lonesome and would pith to the properties of the collidren of whom four only are living, and adds that her oldest brother, a conductor on the Southern Railroad, was killed by a train at Spartanburg, S. C., Sept.

for two or three hours, then dawn steals softly in. There is something in the beautiful, dim silence of the Western forest that is like holiness, nothing to make one afraid, such as poisonous insects, or snakes. Would that all shut-ins could join with me, those from the Atlantic coast, from the sunny South, the cheery North and the glowing East, could see and join in washington during the winter months—but there is much to be thankful for. My health is poor—we are ofttimes told that poverty is sweet, but there is also gall in it, just the same. To lend-a-hand to a weaker brother, or protect a fallen sister, or feed a little child will bring a greater joy than to conquer all the kingdoms of the earth. I would like to correspond with those who care to hear from me.

Mrs. M. E. Oades, 422 3rd Ave., Olympia, Wash.

Mrs. M. sends this message: "Comfort is

Mas. M. E. Oades, 422 3rd Ave., Olympia, Wash.

Mrs. M. sends this message: "Comfort is great. Some time ago I asked for a recipe for canning tomatoes. How the letters came in. I tried two of the recipes, Mrs. Charles Woodin's and Mrs. Peter Conrad's. We canned about twenty quarts, they kept and when opened were almost like fresh tomatoes. Thank you all, dear sisters. This year I am going to test some of the other recipes; all were welcome, and I think will prove equally good.

Miss F. Martin, New Athens, Ill.

Indianapolis is represented by Mrs. King, a fifty-year-old sister, who is still young at heart and full of love and sympathy for all God's poor. She says of Indianapolis:

"Ours is a well-governed city. I don't believe any city does more for its poor. In the summer we have a fresh-air mission that does much for the poor sick children. We also have a number of homes of one kind and another for poor unfortunates; this seems good and only right, where there is so much sickness, sorrow and suffering, and is sort of a balance to the numberless beautiful private homes.

"I thoroughly enjoy Comfort and one reason is because it is doing loving work for the shutins. I would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters at any time."

Mrs. Geo. King, 1309 Nordyke Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana.

From the land of the Sighing Pines comes a letter which contains a few helpful and timely

From the land of the Sighing Pines comes a tter which contains a few helpful and timely

hints.

Sisters, I have plenty of pine needles to stuff my sofa pillows and lots to spare. I don't know what I should do should we move where there were no pines, as I have lived all my life among them. We are surrounded by great pine forests, some of the trees are so tall their tops seem close to the sky; the cones are used for making ornaments, picture frames and baskets. I wonder how many of the sisters have to get along without ice. One can very nicely, if they only know how.

For cool drinking water, wrap around a bottle of water an old woolen sleeve or pantaloon leg.

For cool drinking water, wrap around a bottle of water an old woolen sleeve or pantaloon leg, or a newspaper, and tie it in place. Soak the covering well and set the bottle in a saucer or bowl of water, in a draft or breeze if you can find one. The porous cover of the bottle will suck up water from the saucer, which should be kept part full, and in a little while the water will be cool.

For a cheap refrigerator, half fill a milk pan

kept part full, and in a little while the water will be cool.

For a cheap refrigerator, half fill a milk pan with water. Set a flower pot saucer or a soup plate bottom side up, a flat stone, anything heavy enough not to float in the middle of the pan for a floor of your refrigerator above the water level. Set your milk jar, butter, meat, whatever is to be kept cool, on the floor or shelf you have built. Wet a large flower pot and turn it upside down over your provisions. They will keep all right for a day or two.

Butter, or anything which easily takes the flavor of its surroundings, should be wrapped in parafine paper before set into such a refrigerator, or it will get the taste of the clay.

Another way to keep butter without ice is to wrap in paper and then completely cover with flour. This method is used by cowboys, I hear, with great success.

I would like to hear from some of the young mothers, as I have two wee ones.

Miss. M. H. Mckenzie, Webster Ranch, Yellow Pine, La.

From a new subscriber, a sister of ninety-

From a new subscriber, a sister of ninetyone, comes a most remarkable letter, which I
would be glad to give complete if space would
allow, however, I hope you will all remember
her and help to make Aug. 26th a red letter day.
She writes: "I subscribed for Comport because
I wanted a certain premium. I thought the
paper would be worthless, but now I consider
it indispensable. I enjoy every letter and get
much valuable advice. St. Elmo is fine, certainly worth far more than the subscription
price.

tainly worth far more than the subscription price.

"I do sympathize with the dear shut ins and afflicted ones. To all such I can only say, put your trust in Jesus, He is able and willing to comfort at all times. Now, dear sisters, will you give me a letter party, Aug. 26. I am ninety-one years old, but will try to answer all letters. I should also be glad of any little remembrances and also bleached muslin squares, twelve by twelve inches, with name and address of sender worked with washable silk, any color preferred."

MRS. MATTIE GILBERT, BOX 22, Marques, R. F. D., 3, Texas.

F. D., 3, Texas.

Next Mrs. Victor comes.
I extend my sympathy to all the sufferers. I am sorry there are so many of this band who do not enjoy good health. I will try to remember some of them and do my part, although it may not be much in bringing a ray of sunshine in some darkened life.

Dear Mrs. Don Allen, Elwood, Mo. I think you show a very cheerful spirit indeed. "Tis hard sometimes to say, "Thy will be done," but we must. Have you ever tried some of the many cures sent to COMFORT? In January issue Eula Flinn, Mount Pleasant, Texas, sends a simple and easy-to-make remedy.

Arthur Wyatt. I think you must be a fine good girl if you do wear a boy's name.

Will Miss Carrie Van Wie, San Francisco, Cal., please write me.

Mrs. T. J. Kinsella, Orienta, Wis. Your recipes for Chocolate Pie and Boiled Icing in March issue were splendid. I tried them; send others. I inclose a few blinds.

issue were splendid. I tried them; send others. I inclose a few hints.

To remove corns bind on a fresh piece of lemon, and in a few days remove and the corn will come out with it.

Anything, no matter how yellow with age may be bleached snowy white by putting it in soapsuds and laying in the sun; continue each day until results are reached. I would be pleased to receive letters from any who care to write. I will answer all

MRS. ANNIE VICTOR, 319 N. Maple St., Centralia, Ill.

Polk-berry for Rheumatism

being reserved to bathe with and to moisten poultice when dry.

Ginseng weed and Mullein leaves dried and smoked in a pipe are splendid for Asthma.

H. F. Church, Box 62, Colonial Beach, Va.

DEAR SISTERS:

DEAR SISTERS:

I have a little suggestion to make; as we are Germans we have a number of German papers and magazines we could send to shut-ins, if we knew who would enjoy them, so would it not be well to mention one's nationality when making requests. I would like to help a little, but Comforts is our only English paper.

As some of you have mentioned the trips taken in home seeking, let me tell you briefly of our travels. We sailed from Germany to South America, six weeks on the way, during which time my brother aged three and the baby nine months old, died and were buried at sea. We only stayed in St. Paul, South America, two years, there my twin sister and brother were lorm, and on the trip from Rio De Janeiro to New York, my twin brother died, making the third to be buried at sea. My twin sister is still living, and I also have another sister from here.

here.
So you see, we, too, have had our sunshine and shadow, dark days and bright, and can readily appreciate the feelings of those who have recently been bereaved. To all such and the dear shut-ins I extend my sympathy, and if any, who are intellectual in German literature will send me a card, I will mail them some reading matter.

ter. Miss Rosa Litke, Box 77, Munson Station. Pa.

This is a good idea, so in the future, sisters, just remember to mention your native land.

——EDITOR.

This is a good idea, so in the future, sisters, just remember to mention your native land.

—EDITOR.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I enjoy the letters from our sisters and feel that I must thank them, one and all, for their dear little chats.

I am a Mississippian. Our corn is all planted, oats are nearly knee high, and you should just see my garden! I have been eating turnips, lettuce, radishes and onlons for two weeks from it, and it will soon have peas and beans.

I went fishing yesterday. The river woods are so beautiful, they are Nature's palette whereon she spreads her colors of every imaginable shade. Tall, dark green magnolias form a background against which snowy banks of dogwood stand out in relief. Every shade of green is to be seen from the most delicate apple green to the glossy purplish green of the pines. Feathery bunches of wild honeysuckle swing to and fro on their coral stems, perfumings the breeze with their delicous odor. To sit on the mossy bank, with your line going "swish" in the cool water, and watch the ferns wave their graceful fronds on the opposite bank, is a paradise for the "dreamer." How many of you are dreamer? I confess I do a lot of dreaming. I love music, flowers and children, and am a veritable "book-worm."

Miss. Don Allen. Accept my sympathy. I am sending you all some of my choice recipes and hope some will try them.

To the dear shut-ins, who have requested scraps, I will try to mail you all a package. Gou bless each one of you, and help you to bear your burdens.

I will be glad to hear from all who care to write to this Dixle girl.

Mas. Ruby Parker, Sandersville, Miss.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Sisteres:

Here I am again—I promised to tell you how

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Here I am again—I promised to tell you how
the city managed to get along during the trying
days after the earthquake and fire of April 18,
1906. I doubt if it will ever be crased from our
memories

1806. I doubt if it will ever be crased from our memorles.

The night of April 17 was warm and sultry, no one dreaming that by Wednesday morning the fair city would be a mass of dirt, smoke and confusion. A little after five o'clock P. M. my clock stopped from the shock that seemed to have no special direction; it lasted several seconds, and being so early in the morning, not many people were stirring outdoors, and as I look back I sometimes feel it was a lucky incident, for the loss of life would have been terrible had it happened a few hours later, when working people were on the way to their day's labor.

My present home is in the western part of the at present nome is in the western part of the city. We suffered out here mostly from the shock, walls and tall chimneys were down, a few houses collapsed, and every place filled with plaster and soot.

My present home is in the western part of the city. We suffered out here mostly from the shock, walls and tall chimneys were down, a few houses collapsed, and every place filled with several days on the vacant lots near by, as they effered better protection than home, and half scared to death, not knowing when another shock might come and take the remaining population that were fortunate enough to escape earlier in the day.

I don't how to begin describing the sad scenes; of what happened to those fleeing for safety as the fire started to burn in several parts of the city. The homeless trying to save what they could, everything that had a wheel was put to work, people dragging trunks behind them as express wagons and automobiles were all carrying the wounded as fast as broken streets and debris would permit, all doctors volunteered their services, and every place was turned into a hospital. Everybody seemed willing to help, rich and poor alike dragging baggage from place to place as the fire drove them forward until they finally reached the district around my home. Others camped further out on the beach, all worn out with their exertions.

Friday morning the water front was ablase, and the wind blew hard from the north, sending sparks and fire high above the smoke, and from my stand on Mt. Lome of the same of the district around my them of the supply of water, so we had to trust to reservoirs and private wells in the neighborhood. The people owning the wells were very kind and allowed us to use it as long at it was not wasted. Finally the city sent out its water wagons and supplied the need, but as time went by it wasn't much good for drinking purposes, so we depended mostly on the reservoir in I. O. O. F. Cemetery and the private wells.

When the rews of the disaster became known, supplies began to pour into the city as fast as trains could carry the food, taking away all th

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfeld aaks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this i am to be separated from the object of an visited the form to be separated from the object of an visited the form of the service of the control of the form of the service of the control of the form of t

CHAPTER IX. (CONTINUED.) OMEONE, I forget who, but it was one who knew, who had a capacity for understanding, has designated a

baby:

"A tiny feather plucked from the wing of Love and dropped into the sacred lap of Motherhood."

Sewers also has called it: Someone else has called it:

nt from No Man's + Raldhonde Gene on his own account added softly under

his breath:
"A roseleaf wafted from the shores of Para-

In a glow of ecstacy he walked about and viewed him from every point, at last coming close and shaking a forefinger at him.

"You couldn't now, I suppose, call a fellow

'dadda' could you?"
The nurse burst out in laughter. What a funny man you are, Mr. War-

It didn't strike Gene that there was any It didn't strike Gene that there was anything funny in his remark. At that moment it would not have surprised him in the least could those baby lips have unclosed and given him that magic title "dadda."

As the little eyes opened and stared vacantly up at him Gene made a discovery.

"His eyes are blue," he said, "that ought to please Victoria."

Suddanly the baby puckered up his face

Suddenly the baby puckered up his face and began to cry, and much alarmed, Gene demanded to know the reason for this extraor-

manded to know the reason for this extraor-dinary performance.
"He's hungry, that's what's the matter," the nurse replied, laconically.
"Of course, and he wants his mother. We

will go at once and see if our gracious queen is ready to receive her youthful subject." As Gene left the room the nurse looked after him with nitying eyes.

"If Mr. Warfield has anything of that sort in mind I'm afraid he will be disappointed. These society women aren't like ordinary mothers. There, precious," to the crying baby, "we won't let you starve," And with a gentleness quite out of keeping with her former words, she soothed the child tenderly.

Very sweet and beautiful looked Victoria, Gene hent over her and pressed a kiss on and a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes a reckless light in her eyes as Gene enand a reckless light in her eyes a reckless light in her eyes

as Gene bent over her and pressed a kiss on

as Gene bent over her and pressed a kiss on her pale cheek.
"Dearest," he said softly, "are you awake?"
She unclosed her eyes and looked up at him, a frown on her brow.
Gene was not to be repulsed by this very unpromising beginning, and possessing himself of her little hand that lay nearest him he softly expressed it on he said.

self of her little hand that lay nearest him he softly caressed it, as he said:
"Do you know, dear, that baby has your beautiful blue eyes? Such a lovely little fellow—not a blemish on him. He is crying for you. Shall I bring him?"
She half turned, in her eyes the hard glitter Gene had learned to dread.
"What for?" she demanded.

At her words a heartfelt feeling crept over him. All his hopes for domestic happiness had been based upon the child, and now he felt that those hopes were doomed to be shattered.

It was at this point the other nurse, a sour-faced woman with thin lips saw fit to inter-

faced woman with thin lips saw it to interfere.
"Mr. Warfield," she said sternly, "if you excite our patient any further you will bring on a fever, and I cannot answer for the consequences. If you have any consideration whatever, you will kindly leave the room."

With a feeling that he was an insensible brute and that Victoria was a much abused woman. Gone went away, and after vainly

woman Gene went away, and after vainly wandering about the splendid rooms he finally

returned to the nursery.

As he opened the door the little nurse held

up a warning finger.

"Careful, Mr. Warfield, he is going to sleep, but come over here if you want to see him

eat."
Thus admonished, Gene tiptoed over to the

bassinet, where the baby was lying, blinking sleepily and pulling lustily at a bottle.
"I am assured on one point at any rate," said Gene smiling. "By the rapid rate at which that milk is disappearing I take it he which that milk is disappearing I take it he isn't in any immediate danger of starvation." Then he added in a lower tone: "Such a beautiful child—how could any mother—yes darling," bending lower, "your dadda loves you and your mother will in time." And with a kiss so slight it was like a touch of thistledow, on the tiny head, he turned and softly left the room.

left the room.

"It was just as I expected," the little nurse looked after him, tears standing in her pretty eyes. "Poor man, how I pity him. And you, dear little helpless baby," the tears overflowing and running down her cheeks, "somebody has got to mother you, and if your own mother won't, I will."

The little notice came out in the morning paper and Gene was congratulated by his colleagues.

Coreoran, sitting in his luxurious library read the news with a shrug of his great shoul-

ders.
"She is beautiful as an angel, or rather as those mythical beings are supposed to be. I can't seem to understand Warfield lately. He still does my bidding, but he does it under protest. If he dares to go back on me—damn these conscientious people anyway—you never know what minute they'll flunk and chase off after their conscience."

In the months that followed Gene tried to arrive at a better understanding with his wife but finally gave up in despair letting her go whither she would, and took to spending all his spare hours in the nursery, finding there

one little oasis of joy in the dreary desert of his domestic life.

He never forgot the first time his baby smiled at him. There is something so fetching about a baby's smile, even the most callous heart finds it hard to resist, and Gene in his heart wished that Victoria might have been present that she, too, might have felt that softening influence.

The little rosy-checked nurse had been retained, and under her loving care he grew and throve till Gene laughingly declared that like Bashan of old he "waxed fat and kicked."

Victoria rarely came near the nursery except for the purpose of giving some peremptory order and at these times her presence never

failed to introduce a disturbing element.

It was after one of these rare visitations that Gene entered to find the nurse in tears and the baby screaming with all the force of his little lungs.

Gene demanded the cause and the nurse

gulping back the tears came out with the

Baby has been suffering with colic," said, "and Mrs. Warfield was disturbed by its crying and ordered me to give it laudanum. I told her I wouldn't without the doctor's orders and she said I'd have to. I fired up at that and was saucy to her," she said, sob-"and she told me to pack my things

bing, "and she told me to pack my things and get out."

"Well. I wouldn't cry if I were you," said Gene. "I know you are doing the very best you can for baby, and I am going now to ask Mrs. Warfield to reverse her decision. I'm sorry, though, that you were saucy to her."

The nurse dashed away her tears with a defiant toss of her head:

"Well, I'm not, Mr. Warfield. I haven't said anything about it to you, but this isn't the first time she has been in here bossing me around and making me do things that aren't

she burst out sobbing afresh.

Gene did not wait to hear any more, but went straight to his wife's room, a tense,

Victoria was inditing something at her escritoire, but she pushed the paper hastily into a drawer and turned, a flush on her face, and a reckless light in her eyes as Gene entered, noisily stumbling over the head of a tiger-skin rug.

CHAPTER X.

ALONE WITH BABY.

"Victoria, I have come to ask you to re tain that little nurse. Baby is thriving under her care, and I'm afraid a change of nurses at this time may be detrimental to him?"

nurses at this time may be detrimental to him."

She burst cut angrily:

"I will not keep that saucy minx a minute longer. She actually told me she knew more about the management of babies than I did—I—his own mother. She is spoiling the child cuddling him, and by all the rules of modern child culture, cuddling is the very worst thing that could happen to a baby."

"Then, dear," said Gene smiling, "I'm afraid I'll have to plend guilty to cuddling him, too. And do you know when I was holeing him the other night he spoke a word, the first he has uttered, and that word was 'mamma'—the sweetest word in the world. I was disappointed, for I confess I wanted him to say 'dadda', but I'm sure if you had been there, Victoria, you would have loved him. Won't you try the cuddling process for a little while and see if it isn't the most enjoyable thing in all the world?" Gene paused looking at her pleadingly.

Was there for a perceptible instant a sign of seftening on Victoria's face? If so, it

Was there for a perceptible instant a sign of softening on Victoria's face? If so, it vanished as she caught sight of a name written on a tiny corner of paper that was sticking out of the drawer, and a fierce look came into here face as the transfer of the came. into her face as she turned back to her hus-

"It isn't to cuddle baby you go there," she said coarsely. "Do you think I am blind, Warfield? You are flirting with that little nurse—that's why you go there."

"Victoria!" Gene uttered, but the one word,

yet the pain of his tone woud have melted a heart of stone. Attempting no justification—his conduct needed none—and fearing one of those wordy outbursts which had become all too common of late, Gene left the room. On his return several hours later he found the little nurse gone, and the sour-faced woman who had attended Victoria in her illness in-

who had attended Victoria in her illness installed in her place.

This was the hour at which Gene and his boy usually had their romps, and could Victoria ha looked in at these times she might have had good cause to be scandalized at the lack of modern methods employed, yet they formed a pleasing group—the rosy, laughing baby lying on a bearskin rug in front of the fire, and Gene on his knees beside him playing peek-a-boo behind the shelter of a fire screen.

Contrary to his expectation Gene found the child asleep. It was breathing heavily, and there was a strange pinched look about the little lips. He, however, noticed nothing unusual, and as the nurse gave him no encouragement to remain, he turned away heartsick, feeling that the last refuge had been denied him.

denied him.

denied him.

From that hour the little one began to droop. At such times as Warfield had leisure to visit the nursery it happened that he could rarely find the child awake. At first the change was so gradual he scarcely noticed it, but when at length the painful truth broke upon him, and he could no longer disguise from himself the fact that baby was slowly but surely mining away it came upon him.

but surely pining away, it came upon him with the suddenness of a blow.

He consulted physician after physician, but to no avail. Something seemed to be slowly sapping its vitality and within a few months,

sapping its vitality and within a few months, from being a happy prattling baby, it faded into a sunken, piteous, appealing infant.

At the close of the Congressional session the Warfields spent the summer at a fashionable watering-place where Victria was the cynosure of all eyes, the most admired woman is all the group consultant.

cynosure of all eyes, the most admired woman in all the gay assemblage.

Corcoran was there also. He seemed to have abandoned all things else in his pursuit of Victoria, leaving political affairs to the control of his henchman in the West.

Society looked on and shrugged its shoulders

ders.
"What does it matter?" it said. "We have our own affairs, love and otherwise to attend

Gene was wholly unconscious of the whispered inuendoes concerning his wife and the boss, and caring little for society he devoted his time wholly to the welfare of his child. A down in the morning sunlight with the wailing infant in his arms, and people passing by

ing infant in his arms, and people passing by stopped for a second look at the carnest deepset gray eyes, the clean-cut firm jaw, and the tender mobile lips, with their apparent blend of austerity and underlying romance.

Although he was wholly unaware of any change within himself, a new man was awakening. His baby's hands frail and weak though they might be, were plucking down the altar of worldliness and the idol Warfield had erected there. Ambition, was fottering to its rected there, Ambition, was tottering to its

He had no belief in prayer; he had felt for years that all the prayers ever uttered could not make one raindrop fall the less or more, yet now as he looked into the tiny face growing more wan and transparent day by day a deep sorrow took possession of him, and he would stretch out his hands and plend for strength, for assistance. The first time the thought came to him to do this he was out in the open air. The baby was lying on his breast, and the deathlike look on its tiny face tugged hard at his heart. A thrush was the first time she has been in here bossing me around and making me do things that aren't good for baby. It's only because I've grown so fond of the darling that I've staid this long. I'm glad he isn't old enough to miss me any. If I thought he would wake up in the night and stretch out his little arms in the darkness and cry because he couldn't find me, singing in the bushes, and the sound of bees

was in the air as he prayed in a low soft voice with a little break in it:
"If it must be, give me strength to bear it."

It was a rainy night several days after the return of the family to Washington, and Victoria, who had been kept indoors by a slight Victoria, who had been kept indoors by a signt indisposition, was annoyed almost to the point of distraction by the incessant wailing of the infant. At length, she opened the door of her room, which adjoined, and eagerly demanded of the nurse:

"Can't you stop that noise? I tell you, give him a dose of laudanum at once."

The nurse turned about from stirring something over a gas flame, and replied gravely:

"Mr. Warfield gave strict orders that no more laudanum was to be administered."

"Who cares what he says? Do as I tell you—get the bottle—quick."

"There isn't any," said the nurse, trying to gain time by temporizing. But Victoria was not to be turned from her purpose.

"There is some on my dressing-table—no—wait—you stupid—Ill get it myself." And leaving the room she presently returned bearing the bottle in her hand.

Fearing to disobey, the nurse produced the indisposition, was annoyed almost to the point

.

Fearing to disobey, the nurse produced the

spoon.

Victoria, with nerves strung to their highest Victoria, with nerves strung to their highest tension, poured out a liberal dose of the narcotic, and bending over the child, attempted to place the spoon in its mouth, but at the first taste of the liquid it closed its lips and refused to swallow, the spoon being forced out of the mother's hand.

"Mamma, mamma," gasped the little one. This word, born perhaps of some need dimly felt in its infant and was the only one it had

felt in its infant soul, was the only one it had ever uttered, but angered beyond endurance by its resistance, Victoria in a sudden access of fury, lifted her hand to strike the helpless little

But the blow did not fall, and the cruel hand upraised to strike was seized in a firm grasp, and she found herself whirled com-pletely around.

grasp, and she found herself whirled completely around.

"What is this?" cried Gene, snatching the bottle from her hand, then reading the label he dashed it to the floor, where it broke, filling the air with a sickening odor.

"You devil!" she shricked, and freeing herself with a sudden movement Victoria struck him full upon the mouth, the diamond on her finger cutting a gash in his lip. It was not until she saw the blood trickling down upon his white shirt that she realized what she had done, then flinging herself on a couch she burst into a passion of angry sobs.

In dumb-stricken silence Gene gathered the wailing infant to his breast and without a word or glance at his wife passed out of the room to his study.

"Mamma, mamma," wailed the baby.

room to his study.

"Mamma, mamma," wailed the baby.

"No, darling," he said sadly, "you have no mamma—there is nobody but dadda." Then gently, tenderly, he soothed it until the wailing ceased and it sank into repose. Pillowing the little head on his shoulder he became conscious of the cut on his lip as he saw a stain of blood on his baby's robe. Staying it with the handkerchief he drew a chair in front of his desk. A pile of unopened letters lay there, and searching through these a light came into his sad eyes as he caught sight of a well-known sad eyes as he caught sight of a well-known

chirography.

"From mother," he thought, "a letter from her is like a breath from the hills."

"My Dear Son:
We are all very anxious to know how the baby is progressing, so hasten to reply to yours which reached me this afternoon. On the way home from the village I stopped to see old Mrs. Warren and she seemed very pleased at the mention you made of her, said she didn't suppose you would have remembered an old lady like her now that you have become such a great man!"

Gene stopped to wipe away the blood that was dropping down his chin.

"If she could see me now, would she think me a great man?" he thought bitterly.

me a great man? he thought bitterly.

"'And laddle,' the letter went on, 'she came out with that story of how you helped her boy—he died with consumption a week ago, poor fellow—how you helped him out of that scrape he got into at school. You never told me about that, Gene. You hid your light under a bushel, and your mother never found out half your good deeds till after you went away. Still, Gene, she never will call you a great man, no matter what others call you, so long as she hears of your supporting such bills as have passed the House of Representatives this year."

An exclamation of self breathing broke from

him:

"You are right, you honest little mother.
Your son is not great—he is a damnable scoundrel."

Somewhere in the distance a door slammed. "Victoria has stopped crying," he thought, then went on with the reading:

then went on with the reading:

"A good many of the old people have died lately. Mrs. Elwell has got a new boy. As this makes the sixth the father is not unduly elated. Your Uncle John is well. He says tell you he raised three hundred bushels of oats and they sold for seventy cents a bushel. He is vastly proud of his herd of Holsteins which took the first prize at the Cattle Fair this year. He gave Theta her choice of the yearlings last year, and she picked out the best one in the lot. He said it was a shame as he wanted to keep that one for himself, but I noticed he took more care of it than any of the rest and was real tickled when it won the blue ribbon. He said that heifer and Theta were good matches, meaning I suppose, that both were blue ribbon girls. Those two are sitting over there by the fire now. Uncle John is eating apples. He eats about nine every night before he goes to bed, says they make him sleep better. He claims his eyesight is failing him, which is just a pretence to get Theta to read to him. He loves the sound of her sweet, low voice as much as I do. She is reading Ingersoll's beautiful Oration at his brother's grave."

He named in sheer astonishment "The pattern and it be possible?" he thought. "But I might have known the constant association with one as broad minded as Uncle John—" he picked up the letter and went on:

letter and went on:

"I am afraid, Gene, that Uncle John is spoiling Theta the same as he spoiled you. The old ways seem best to me, and I don't wish to have Theta changed. Do you know, my boy, I am frightened nearly to death for fear I shall lose the dear girl. After you went away, she came into my lonely life and filled it with joy. She didn't take your place—no one could do that—but she filled what was equally good, a daughter's place. There is a young doctor who has lately come to town—I forget whether I told you old Doctor Deane is dead—and he comes up here too often to suit me. Not that Theta treats him with more than simple friendliness as yet, but it is plain to be seen he is very much

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPHIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with squire Parkhurst Going in search of a lost own fe finds hoot prints. He bears an old sound, and shore, burst a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions lerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York Cily. A crydoca not know how long he work of the years; he is stilled and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When he goes back to New York e will look into the mater for him. Jerry does back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When he goes back to New York he will look into the mater for him. Jerry does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity and the present of the control of the con

CHAPTER XXI.

A BOY AND A BEAR.

N the same day that Richard Clarke fell afoul of Indian John in the woods, Jerry obtained permission to go fishing at Lake Cassalet, four miles distant from the Parkhurst

At this lake the boy felt he would make a much larger hall than from the pond near

the house, and he was, consequently, much elated over the prospect.

"I'll bring you some big fish this time, Mehitable," he said, while preparing his lines and

"You take care that you don't fall into the

"You take care that you don't fall into the hands of some of the good-for-nothing Indians," returned the spinster.
"Humph! de you think I am afraid of the Indians?" retorted Jerry.
"Well, you had better be. They are not always so peaceable as you think they are."
"I don't believe the Indians would dare to touch me, Hitty. They know well enough that if they did all the settlers would be up in arms against them."
"Do you think the settlers are going to put themselves out for you?" she asked tartly.
"Don't you think they'd do something if the Indians captured you?" asked Jerry.
"Well, that's a different thing."
"I don't see it."
"They always try to protect a young lady,

They always try to protect a young lady.

Jerry Blue."
At this Jerry gave a low whistle.
"Say, Hetty, how would you like to have a tall, nice-looking Indian run off with you?" he went on presently.
"Ugh! Don't mention it."
"You'd make a fine some don't from think

"You'd make a fine squaw, don't you think so?"
"No, I don't."

Contract to the state of the state of

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

"And think of living in a wigwam these hot nights. Wouldn't it be fine!"

"Jerry Blue, you are nothing but a born tease. Now clear out with you, or I'll douse you with hot water."

"Then you wouldn't marry an Indian? Too bad. I heard two of the chiefs were after you. One of 'em is rich. He's got three wives already."

"If you don't go, you'll get that water sure!" and Mehitable reached for the dipper, and as the pot of boiling water was conveniently close, Jerry disappeared immediately.

It was an ideal day for any sort of sport, and Jerry was as full of good humor as the lawyer had been when starting out for the deer. He knew the trail well and did not hesitate once while making his way to the distant lake. Only once did he stop while on his journey—to watch the antics of several chipmunks. He tried to bring one down with a stone, but the shot was unsuccessful.

"In on landing it did not take him long to don his clothes. He examined the fish, to find that three had been eaten.

"It's not so bad as it might have been," he reasoned. "But, oh, if only I had had a gun and had hit him in the ear with a bullet instead of that stone! It would have been better. than bringing down that deer I was after the day I peppered that lawyer's hat."

Jerry did not mean to let the bear deprive him of his fish, and so threw in his line once more. For a while he got no bite, but presently he drew up a fish, and four others followed in rapid succession.

"There, that makes up for what I lost," he told himself. "Now it's time I got home, or else they won't let me come this far again. There are a pile of chores to be done before sundown."

With his catch in one hand and his fishing outfit in the other, he turned back toward the larkburst house. As he advanced deeper and

only once did he stop while on his journey—to watch the antics of several chipmunks. He tried to bring one down with a stone, but the shot was unsuccessful.

His path lay within half a mile of the Indian village where the trial at archery had occurred. On several occasions the boy had stopped at the village, once on an errand for Mr. Parkhurst, and then again to buy some fancy feathers for Mabel, but never had the red men offered him any harm. It was a period when the Indians and whites were at perfect peace.

At last the distant lake was reached, and finding a spot he knew was good for fishing, Jerry settled down to the spot in earnest. He had brought along what he considered was the best bait for his purpose, and soon his catch justified his judgment.

"Wish Mr. Davenport was along," he mused, after he had brought in his fifth fish. He knew that Henry Davenport enjoyed fishing very much. The two had gone out frequently but now Mabel claimed all of the

He knew that Henry Davenport enjoyed fishing very much. The two had gone out frequently, but now Mabel claimed all of the young man's spare time.

Since the talk with Mabel, Jerry had heard nothing further concerning Dick Clarke or the missing money. The boy had expected to learn something about the girl's visit to the tavern but Mabel remained silent.

"I hope she doesn't change her mind and marry that man, anyway," thought Jerry. "If she does that, what will Mr. Davenport do? I'm half of a mind to tell him what's in the wind. Perhaps he can get hold of this lawyer and make him tell where the box of gold is."

But the boy had given his promise to Mabel, and it was not in his make-up to break his word.

and it was not in his make-up to break his word.

Fishing was so good that in less than two hours Jerry had as much of a mess as he cared to carry home. He strung them all on a forked tree twig, and put them on some bushes out of the sun.

Jerry had brought a lunch with him and now he devoted his attention to the bread, meat, and doughnuts, with an avidity that proved his appetite had lost none of its vigor. As he ate he looked over the lake and toward a little island not over two hundred feet from the shore.

"Wonder what's on the island?" he asked himself. "Perhaps there are some fine birds' nests there. Guess I'll swim over and take a The swim was indul ed in immediately after

The swim was indul ed in immediately after the last of the doughnuts had disappeared.

Jerry felt perfectly at home in the water, and the fact that the lake was very deep in certain spots did not disturb him. He took a plunge and swam around a bit near shore, and then struck out boldly for the island.

The island was less than three hundred feet square, so it did not take the boy long to walk around and over it. It was covered with a scanty growth of bushes and trees and in some places the rocks were so sharp he had to be careful for fear of cutting his feet. He found only two nests and both of these were empty. Birds were there in plenty, but they took good care to keep out of his reach.

Coming to the shore of the island, Jerry sat down to rest before returning to the mainland. He had scarcely seated himself when he let out a low cry of astonishment and leaped up again.

he let out a low cry of astonishment and leaped up again.

On the shore beyond stood a big black bear. The bear had been sniffing at his clothing, which lay in a heap on the grass. Now bruin was turning his attention to the string of fish resting on the bushes.

"Well, I declare!" murmured Jerry, with his eyes as big as saucers. "A bear! Oh, my! and I haven't even a pistol, much less a gun!"

For fully a minute the bear sniffed at the fish, and then bit into the largest of the catch. It was evidently to his taste, and soon he was feeding as contentedly as if the haul was

his own.

"That's what I call ill manners," said Jerry to himself. "He's going to rob me of my fish, and for all I know he'll rob me of my clothes, too. Wonder what I had best do?"

fish, and for all I know he'll fold me of my clothes, too. Wonder what I had best do?"

Jerry knew that bears do not care to swim if they can help it, and he contemplated the stretch of water between himself and the animal with great satisfaction. Then he picked up a sharp stone, took careful aim, and let

As we already know, Jerry was not usually a good marksman. But the object aimed at was large, and now good fortune attended his move. The bear received the stone directly in the left ear. The animal let out a roar of pain and rage and dropped the fish instantly.

"Hi! drop those fish!" roared Jerry, and let fly another stone. This struck the bear in the back, and with a snort the beast turned and went crashing into the forest and out of

CHAPTER XXII.

JERRY MAKES A FIND.

Jerry was naturally a cautious boy, and Jerry was naturally a cautious boy, and he did not at once return to the mainland. "That bear may be in hiding, ready to pounce on me the minute I land," he thought. "Just guess I'll rest here a bit and see if he comes back."

Jerry waited for half an hour, and then, seeing or hearing nothing further of the animal, swam cautiously across the water once only half of his father's property and that

With his catch in one hand and his asning outfit in the other, he turned back toward the Yarkhurst house. As he advanced deeper and deeper into the woods he kept a keen lookout for the bear. But the animal did not show himself, preferring, doubtless, to keep out of the way of one who could give him as much pain in the ear as he was now suffering.

There were two routes to and from the lake, and in returning home. Jerry took that which

pain in the ear as he was now suffering.

There were two routes to and from the lake, and in returning home Jerry took that which was different from the one first pursued. By this means, unknown to himself, he crossed the trail of Indian John, at the exact spot where the worthless red man had confiscated the money in Dick Clarke's pocketbook.

As Jerry strode forward, a shaft of light, striking through the tree, illuminated the spot where the pocketbook rested, so the boy could not but see the article in question.

"A pocketbook!" he exclaimed. "Well, I'm in luck this time for sure. I wonder whether there's much in it?"

Dropping his outfit and his fish, he seized the pocketbook and turned it open.

"Plague take it, just my luck!" he exclaimed, in chagrin. "Not a penny in it!" He turned the object over. "Wonder who it belongs to? Hullo, here's a name, Richard Clarke. So it belongs to the lawyer who is trying to make Miss Mabel and her father so much trouble. Now, did he throw it away, or did somebody rob him of it?"

At his point Jerry espied the papers and letters on the ground, and picked them up one after another. His curiosity was aroused, and he read everything with great care.

letters on the ground, and picked them up one after another. His curiosity was aroused, and he read everything with great care.

The majority of the documents were of small importance but the last paper he perused interested him beyond measure. It was the document left by Mabel's grandfather regarding the hidden box of gold.

"Hurrah! here's the bottom of that mystery!" he cried joyfully. "This is the secret that Mr. Richard Clarke was keeping from Miss Mabel and the squire. Said he must

that Mr. Richard Clarke was keeping from Miss Mabel and the squire. Said he must either be allowed to marry Mabel or else he'd keep the money for himself, did he? Well, I guess he'll do nothing of the kind now. He's a rascal if ever there was one, and I'd like

a rascal if ever there was one, and I'd like nothing better than to outwit him, and that's just what I am going to do, too!"

Jerry was reading the letter over a second time when, on looking along the trail, he saw Henry Davenport approaching on horseback.

"Hullo! Mr. Davenport," he murmured.

"Wonder if I hadn't better tell him about this? Miss Mabel wanted me to keep mum, but Mr. Davenport ought to know what a rascal Richard Clarke is. Perhaps I had better sound him first."

"Well, Jerry, how are you today?" said Henry Davenport, coming closer. "Been fishing, I see. A nice mess truly."

"How do you do, Mr. Davenport?" returned the boy. "Say, have you seen that man from the tavern around here, that Mr. Richard Clarke?"

"No, I have not. Jerry, what do you thank of him?" questioned the young man in return.
"I think he's a rascal," was the prompt an-

"I think he's a rascal," was the prompt anser.
"You do?"
"Yes, I do."
"What do you know about him?" asked Henry Davenport, a little surprised that Mabel should have made a confidant of the youth before him.
Thinking there might be something which he did not know, and desirous of verifying the truth or falsity of this suspicion, Jerry began to show reserve, and thrusting the important paper slyly into his breast pocket, answered:
"Well, I don't know as I know all that's going on, but I know something that you and Miss Mabel and the squire too would be glad to know."

to know."
"Indeed!" said Henry Davenport eagerly.
"What is it? Tell me at once."
But Jerry was too old a bird to be so

tell whether you will care much for it unless I know the circumstances about this fellow over to the tavern."

"Pshaw, Jerry!" said Davenport, impatiently, "it wouldn't interest you much. Just tell me what it is that you have found out."

"I guess," said Jerry shrewdly, "that what I've found out, wouldn't interest you much, so I guess I won't say anything about it."

"I see," said the young man, "that you are a sharp boy, and I must give up to you. You must know then, that Mabel and myself have made up our minds to—to—"

made up our minds to—to——"
"Hitch teams," suggested Jerry, with an intelligent nod.
"Well, perhaps that will express it," said

"Well, perhaps that will express it," said the young man, smiling, "but unfortunately for our purpose this lawyer has the presumption to aspire to Mabel's hand also."

"Why don't she tell him to clear out and go about his business?"

"Unfortunately he has in his possession a secret of a most important character which he uses to influence the mind of Mr. Parkhurst, who is so discomposed thereby that Mabel is also made unhappy."

"You don't happen to know what the secret is about?" said Jerry, in a very suggestive tone.

tone.

"I see, my boy, you will allow no half-way confidences," said Davenport, laughing. "I might as well be frank and tell you the whole.

half, as you know, he lost through his misfortunes in business."

"What became of the rest?" questioned Jerry, who of course knew all about it, but for certain reasons of his own desired to learn how much the young man knew about it.

"That is just what we don't know and this fellow does. We only know that Mr. Parkhurst's father was afraid his property would be taken away from him during the war, and accordingly converted half of his wealth into gold, and concealed it. He left a letter behind, disclosing the place of concealment, but this letter his son never received or ever saw. By some unlucky accident it fell into the hands of this fellow Clarke, who keeps it to himself, and uses it with Mr. Parkhurst as a means of obtaining his consent to wed Mabel."

"How much money was there?" asked Jerry.

"Elifty thousand dollars!"

"How much more, ""
Jerry.

"Fifty thousand dollars!"

"Crackey! That would make a pile, wouldn't it? I say, it would be worth something to get hold of that letter."

"Yes, I would give something if I could once set eyes on it."

"You would?"

"Of course I would. But how queerly you

"Of course I would. But how queerly you act this morning. What have you been tak-

"A little exercise," said Jerry demurely.
"But, I say, how much would you give?"
"Five hundred dollars!" said the young man, more for the sake of satisfying Jerry with an answer than from any other reason.
"Then, Mr. Davenport, I guess I'll take it now," said the boy, pulling out the paper from its place of concealment.
"What's that?" demanded Henry Davenport in surprise.

what's that, demanded recary Davids port in surprise.

"Just read it, and I guess you'll find it all right," said Jerry.

It was read with emotions of joyful surprise.

It was read with emotions of joyful surprise.

"Jerry, you're an angel of good tidings!" the young man exclaimed, clasping the boy's hand warmly in his.

"Thank you for your favorable opinion," said Jerry, his eyes sparkling with merriment. "I'm rather badly off for wings, considering I'm an angel, and I guess you had better let me have the money, so that I can buy a new pair."

His companion laughed. "I won't forget you, Jerry." he said, "but let us go to the house, and tell Mabel and her father of this welcome discovery."

welcome discovery.

CHAPTER XXIIL

THE FAIR DELIVERER.

Nothing could well be imagined more agravating than the lawyer's situation. To lie upon the ground in a cramped position, with one's limbs confined by a strong cord, can hardly be considered agreeable. But when you add to this that the prospect of deliverance is very uncertain, and that, while so confined, future plans of advantage are in imminent danger of being knocked on the head, it may well be conceived that there are other situations which may be considered preferable.

Such as I have described was the position of the lawyer.

Such as I have described was the position or the lawyer.

"That confounded Indian!" he exclaimed, smarting with the pain of the cord. "I could shot him with a good relish. If he had only left me the paper, I would not have minded the money so much, but it is torture to lie here, not knowing how much mischief he may do." do.

here, not knowing how much mischief he may do."

After a time he became less desponding, and reflected that, after all, things were not quite as bad as they might have been. The mere possession of the paper was nothing to him. It was only important that it should not fall into the hands of others who might make use of it, and especially of those to whom it rightfully belonged. Now, the presumption was that John, who did not know how to read, would destroy the papers contained in the pocketbook as of no value to himself, and as likely, if discovered in his possession, to bring him into trouble. If he destroyed them, well and good. No evil would result to the lawyer, and the secret would still be his.

Dick Clarke, who was of a sanguine temperament, gradually worked himself into the conviction that this was what was most likely to happen. Thus his trouble of mind was somewhat diminished, although his bodily discomfort remained. But his deliverer, although he knew it not, was even now at hand. Mehitable had come out into the woods in search of some peculiar kind of herb which was a sovereign remedy for rheumatism, from the ruthless attacks of which she sometimes suffered.

She had from the first been favorably im-

She had from the first been favorably im-

pressed with the lawyer's appearance, and had indulged a hope that his opinion of herself quickly caught.

"Af er all," he said meditatively, "I can't tell whether you will care much for it unless Mabel was the object of his attentions. Besides she knew that an attachment existed between Henry Davenport and her young mistress, a. 1 this was sufficient to prevent her imagining that the lawyer's stay in the village had anything to do with Mabel.

This delusion of hers was encouraged by Jerry, who in the spirit of roguery enjoyed the affected bashfulness and confusion assumed by Mehitable when spoken to on the spirits.

by Mehitable when spoken to on the subject. By his continual teasing he had done much to keep alive in her the hope that her destiny was at hand, and that erelong she would return to New York with the lawyer as his bride.

In fact, it was with this pleasing subject that Mehitable's thoughts were occupied when chance led her to the immediate neighborhood of the prisoner.

of the prisoner.

His quick eyes detected her approach, and recognizing her at once, he called out loudly.

"Who calls me?" asked Mehitable, in a voice tremulous with affright, for it was the fear of her life that the Indians would some day carry her off, though it vould be hard to tell what object they could have in the abduction.

Afraid that she would leave him in her present

Afraid that she would leave him in ner alarm, and so deprive him of the present chance of escape, the lawyer cried: "Don't be afraid. It is only I, Richard Clarke, the lawyer. Surely you know me!"

For the first time discovering her supposed (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11) 10022200



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag. 20 cents, Join at once. Everybody welcome

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

WISH you all a glorious Fourth, Toby | has invested in a thirty-cent skyrocket a mile long, and at 9 P. M. on the night of has invested in a thirty-cent skylocket a mile long, and at 9 P. M. on the night of Independence Day he will attach it to William's tail, and if you keep a good sharp lookout on the sky, you will see Billy sailing starwards through the Heavens, like a fiery comet, with a trail of sparks at his tail. Toby has been greatly interested in the Thaw trial, and says Billy the Goat has Dementia Americana, while Billy says Toby's brain storms give him a pain in the technique. I am sorry to say Billy has been violently sick again. Toby gave him a newspaper containing an account of the Thaw trial, and Billy, who cannot read, owing to a neglected education, due to his mother being too poor to send him to the Goat School, ate the newspaper, without knowing its deadly nature. Billy was immediately seized with what Toby calls potmaine poisoning, and only the most strenuous efforts of six goat doctors saved his life. Billy says he can swallow carbolic acid, and enjoy it, but when it comes to trying to digest the filthy and disgusting details of the Thaw case, his cast-iron stomach revolts, for that stuff, he says, would poison all the goats that ever munched bottles and chewed cans.

A great number of the cousins have neglected to renew their subscriptions, and I am getting out a blacklist of those who are failing in their duty in this regard, and I'm going to spank everyone who does not pony up. I am also going to spank those who send fubscriptions to our grand secretary, and double spank those who send in five cents and ask for membership in this League. Twenty cents absolutely must accompany each request

gubscriptions to our grand secretary, and double spank those who send in five cents and ask for membership in this League. Twenty cents absolutely must accompany each request for admission to our magic circle. For this you get card, badge and a year's subscription to COMFORT. For seven subscriptions you can also get Uncle Charlie's Book of poems. The Fort Worth Gazette (Texas) says, "No cheerier, brighter humor has ever been put into rhyme than is to be found in this volume." And you can earn it by an hour's easy work. You will be delighted to know that Lawrence Bird of Dalton, Ga., for whom I made an appeal in our December issue, has gotten that cow he so sorely needed at last, thanks to your efforts. That is a feather in your caps, is it not? That is practical Christianity, the only kind that cuts any figure in heaven. We are doing a good work, let's keep it up, for there are many sufferers yet, who need our aid.

Since writing the above I've got word from Wm. T. Harrah, whose letters and picture of himself and family appeared in our Nov. issue. William received \$47 in cash, many useful articles, and hundreds of cheery letters. Had it not been for this assistance, for which he is profoundly grateful, he does not know how he would have survived the hardships of the long winter through which we have lately passed. Once more, bravo for the C. L. O. C.

the long winter through which we have lately passed. Once more, bravo for the C. L. O. C. Now for the letters.

A letter dated from a Boston cousin will now delight us.

96 HAMMOND ST., ROXBURY, MASS., Mar. 25, 1907.

now delight us.

96 Hammond St., Roxbury, Mass., Mar. 25, 1907.

Dear Uncle Charle:

I am sad, always have been sad, and never believed in laughter, never saw anything or heard anything to laugh at until I read your answers to those letter-writers in Comfort: then my sides shook until they stopped shaking.

Augusta must be a pretty little city, with pine trees on each side of its streets. I have often wondered how you get the paper to build Comport with. You must get it cheaply, or for nothing, in order to make a magazine for fifteen cents a year. Perhaps you have permission to cut down a tree and grind it to pulp, and spread it on the ground while you are waiting to go to press. Excuse my ignorance of country ways, but I am anxious to know, so when I buy a farm I can run a magazine just for an occupation, and not for profit. I presume you have to live cheaply down there on your small income; don't have much meat except caribou and hen; send all your eggs to Boston eh? You probably use pine knots for illuminating purposes. Haven't heard of electric light, gas and kerosene, yet, I suppose? Well, you'll get the improvements later on. You don't know how to live yet.

I wonder if you were ever in Boston. It is a big city, and a lonely place for a stranger. You had better let me know when you are coming, so you won't get buncoed, or scared by an automobile. Ever see one? People bump you on the street, and even tread on your toes, but they never stop to beg your pardon. You turn around a corner just as a fellow runs against you. He drives a lighted cigar in your eye, and only says, "oh?" and keeps on. A fellow with a cane under his arm turns around quickly and tears off your watch-chain. Away goes your watch with a dozen boot-blacks after it. A man with an umbrella knocks off your hat in the mud, and a horse's foot puts a crease in it. In trying to run across the street you see too late that a care under his arm turns around quickly and tears off your watch-chain. Away goes your watch with a dozen boot-blacks after i

citizens. Chin whiskers are wagging pretty strenuously right now, as we've just got the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, and there is great excitement, and Washington is likely to get all the votes, if he should run again for President on the Republican ticket. You ask if we use pine knots for illuminating purposes? No, we do not: we carry daylight around in bags, as we are in the Arctic Circle, and have six months day, and six months night. During the six months night we sleep, and it takes us the next six months to wake and it takes us the next six months to wake up. Some of us never wake up. Licutenant Peary in his efforts to discover the North Pole. Lieutenant got within nearly two hundred miles of us, when he quit and had to go home. You speak of Electric Light, Kerosene, Gas and Automobiles. What you mean by these terms we do not know What you mean by these terms we do not know. Our oldest men and city fathers have tried to discover what these strange terms imply, but have given it up in despair. I presume they are the names of some distinguished foreigners who are now visiting the great baked bean metropolis, excuse me, I mean bcanopolis, as I believe you are all vegetarians in the Hub, and yours is not a meatropolis. You are quite right in imagining that I live on earibou. My method of securing my daily rations is this: I wait until Carrie Boo comes down the street, then I say "Good morning. Carrie," and she replies, "Boo!" Then I carry Carrie Boo home, and dissect her for culinary purposes. You ask if I was ever in Boston? No, George, I have never been in Boston. Uncle Charlie and the President are compelled to live in the United States, and are not permitted to visit foreign cities, and as I only speak Augusta, I wouldn't be understood by the Bostonese, and the other wild inhabitants of Beanopolis. As soon as a hen lays an egg in this section the City Fathers declare a general holiday, there is a big street parade, with music, and the egg is escorted in state to the depot, where it is at once sent South over the ice floes to your city. On the return of the messenger with the price of the egg—five cents—all business is suspended while the town spends the money. Comfort is printed thus: We get all our wood pulp free. We use sections of the North Pole and convert it into wood pulp. We let the wood pulp run all over the back yard, and freeze to the proper inconsistency, and then we have a hose, and spray the type on to the frozen pulp. Wouldn't that pulp you? Our method of distribution is quite simple. When our whisker crop goes South, we wrap an edition of Comfort round each can. Comfort's price is small, because we want to put Comfort within reach of the humblest home, and not make it the exclusive possession of the millionaire. Though our price is small, our advertisine Our oldest men and city fathers have tried to discover what these strange terms imply in reach of the humblest home, and not make it the exclusive possession of the millionaire. Though our price is small, our advertising rate is five dollars per line; wouldn't that illuminate you? George, in your remarks about Boston, you speak of seeing a car coming both ways at once. From this I infer that you are in the habit of occasionally seeing double at times. From this I also infer that Boston is not in a prohibition state, for when a man can see one solitary street car coming from two different directions at the same time, it's up to him to interview Carrie Nation, and get on the water wagon. George, I thank you for your bouquets, and for your lovely letter, and trust you will keep out of the way of the double street cars, as they are dangerous things to monkey with.

I will now introduce you to a blind cousin, in reach of the humblest home, and not make

I will now introduce you to a blind cousin, who has written the best and most remarkable letter ever printed in the League corner.

BOGGS, KY., March 5, 1907. DEAR COMPORT RHADERS:

who will not the probability of the control of the street of the street

endeavoring to do something in the world. But in spite of all this, the Lord has been very good to me, and I am filling my small corner as well as many, perhaps, who are in better circumstances. Before closing I must tell about the glorious victory we temperance people had in my county. I attended and participated in one raily. The women and children marched the streets with flags and banners, stopping to sing in front of the village stores. The recitations, music and addresses were excellent and the county went "dry" by a vote of nine hundred and twenty-three majority. This makes ninety-six dry counties in Kentucky, out of one hundred and nineteen in the state. Let the good work go on. Farewell, with best wishes for all.

Thank you Omer no braver nobler enistle

Thank you, Omar, no braver, nobler epistle was ever penned by mortal hand. Blind though you are, God has lit a light in your Thank you, Omar, no braver, nobler epistle was ever penned by mortal hand. Blind though you are, God has lit a light in your soul that illumines your pathway and gives you a deeper insight into this and the future lifthan is possessed by any of your neighbors. Millions of people who have eyes are yet only able to see one hundredth part of the good and beautiful in this world. Moral and mental blindness has been the curse of the ages, and many a man has passed Omar Boggs, and said pityingly "He is blind"—whereas it was Omar who was saying "God pity them, for they think they see and don't, they are far more blind than I." Omar Boggs would not exchange his mental vision for good eyesight and mental darkness. I wish you could see the exquisitely neat letter before me. It is typewritten, and only two mistakes in some sixty lines, and those, trifling mechanical ones that the best of typewriters are liable to make. I know lots of typists with good eyesight who could not type a letter as neatly as this to save their necks. Blindness is a terrible affliction, but a blind man can, with education and training do almost everything but paint a picture. A Comfort cousin is Secretary to the President of the New York Association for the Blind (this is your friend Dolores that I once told you about), and she tells me much that is wonderful about the blind. Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind is probably the most wonderful woman in the world today. She has conquered her afflictions, and is one of the best educated, brightest, and most intellectual women living. The blind do not want pity, they want opportunities, and a chance to earn a living. Give it to them whenever you can. Let rum drinking, blaspheming, cigarette-smoking boys and men, and the disheartened and discontented of both sexes ponder over this wonderful letter, and learn the lesson that is written here for you, there is a blindness sheat vary avas and a darkness. learn the lesson it teaches. If you cannot see learn the lesson it teaches. It you cannot see the lesson that is written here for you, there is a blindness about your eyes, and a darkness about your mind far more terrible than that which shuts out the beauties of nature from Omar Boggs, for remember: "None so blind as those who will not see". Omar, I would rather grasp your hand than President [Roosevelt's. Roosevelt's.

A little Arkansawyer will now entertain us.

Roosevelt's.

A little Arkansawyer will now entertain us.

Brownsville, Ark., Jan. 17, 1907.

Dear Uncle Charlele:

I am sorry that I did not get to write to you before, but I was picking cotton and did not have time to write. Did you ever pick cotton? If you did, I guess you know what side rows are. I picked three weeks, and picked side rows with my sweetheart one week, and I can pick one hundred pounds a day. Oh. Uncle, if you could only have seen us. There were sixteen girls and boys, and when some of us went to the house, there were just two rooms—the kitchen and bedroom. There were three beds in the room. We are our supper and then went in the other room, by the fireplace, so that we could hardly get in the room. Now you must not laugh at me, dear Uncle, for it was the first time I had ever picked cotton, for I was a Northern girl, and had not seen cotton before.

Well, I was looking around and wondering where Mrs. Hall was going to have us all to sleep just on three beds. I thought that Mr. Hall and his wife and the two girls on the other bed, and then I knew that six great big boys could not sleep in one bed. But she piled down some feather beds and us girls got in bed on the steads, and the boys got in bed on them on the floor, and none of us took off our clothes, we just pulled off our shoes and piled in.

Uncle Charlie, did you ever go to a candy drawing? I went to my first the other night, and I had so much fun. We played all kinds of games, and it was about ten o'clock when we began to draw candy. They took all the men and boys' names, then one of the women took the pan of candy and tied a cloth over the top, then they called a boy or man, and he would choose a giri or woman, the girl would reach in the pan and get a plece, then the boy would get a plece. The one that had the pan would ske both pieces and see if they were alike, and if they word one new League member, his name is Mr. Jack Pool. You will find inclosed twenty cents for the paper, card and button. Uncle Charlie, you taught me a lesson.

Aletha, your letter is certainly entertaining; but I deeply regret that Mrs. Hall's sleeping accommodations were so limited, though she certainly did remarkably well considering the limited space at her disposal. I should have thought she might have put a bed in the cook stove, and have let the boys sleep in the oven. That reminds me of the time I tried to run a hotel. It was a big hotel with two bedrooms. I used to sleep in the office downto run a notel. It was a big notel with two bedrooms. I used to sleep in the office down-stairs, so as to prevent anyone from stealing the hotel. I had two beds in the hotel, but after a week of bad business, one of the beds was seized for debt. During the first week, I only had one guest, and after he had had his first ment that energy gressed he wouldn't stay. first meal, that guest guessed he wouldn't stay. Ruin stared me in the face, when to my joy an excursion party of two hundred people struck the town. The only other hotel in the place was the town. The only other hotel in the place was full, so full, in fact, it had been arrested and put in jail, and so they all piled down to the Star View Hotel, which I was running (Toby says it was the Starveyou Hotel, but he is always sarcastic.) Well, here was my chance to make some good money. People were offering all sorts of prices for a bed, but two hundred people could not sleep in one bed, at least not in that section though it might be least not in that section, though it might be managed in Brownsville, Ark. Well, I made all the folks register, and pay me in advance. It was a cold night, so I let them hold their hands over the register, while they registered

and get warm. Then I showed the first two guests upstairs, and they hadn't been in that room five minutes before they were both snor-ing. I opened the door with a pass key, and carried first one and then the other down back stairs, and laid them in the cellar. T carried first one and then the other down the back stairs, and laid them in the cellar. Then I rushed into the office and took two more up, and waited outside until I heard them snoring, and then down the back stairs they went on the double quick. I kept this up, until I had the mob fast asleep in the cellar. They had been on that train forty-eight hours, and were so dead tired you could have run a freight train over them without waking them. One old man weighed three hundred and eighty pounds, and I let him fall downstairs. He landed on his cocoanut, and all he said was "Mandy, quit giving me them love pats." I'll bet he had often been soaked with a club. I got two hundred out of one bed in one night, and that's what I call business, but the trouble is, you can't stay and do business of that kind right along, you have to run, after the first haul. One man, one bed, is the vital principle for which Washington and our forefathers fought and bled, and when you start putting two hundred people into one bed in one night, you're butting into trouble. Aletha, you can tell this story to your friend, and the next time she puts six boys into one bed, tell her to wait until they are asleep, and dump them in the back yard.

I'm so glad, dear, that your spelling has improved, and that you can write heart with an E in it, without having heart trouble. I am

proved, and that you can write heart with an E in it, without having heart trouble. I am glad Arthur Pool has come into the League, but League members must not visit Arthur while he is in his room, as I cannot allow any of the League members to go into a Pool-

The next song will be a dance by a little

SIGEL, R. F. D., 2, ILL., May 19, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHABLE AND COUSINS:

I have received my card and button and am perfectly delighted with them. I have inclosed seven "subs" for book of Uncle Charlie's poems, which I am sure I shall be delighted with.

I will now give my height, style, and weight. I am five feet two inches tall, have brown hair, dark blue eyes, and am sixteen years old. I can play the bace fiddle, piano, oregon, guitar, zither.

No, Uncle, I will not be angry if I do not see this in print, for I understand how impossible it is to print all the letters that come into your

it is to print an task them.

I see Billy the Goat coming, so I will take a back seat. All the cousins write to me, please; all letters will be answered.

Your loving niece and cousin,

GRACE EASTON (NO. 18,935).

Grace Easton, what a pretty name! Grace hasn't written a particularly long or interesting letter, but still Gracie shall go in print, and attain immortality, owing to her marvelous accomplishments. Grace says she can play the "bace" fiddle! I don't doubt it, but for Heaven's sake, what is a bace fiddle? Can anyone guess? But think of it! Grace positively declares she can play the Oregon. Think lof it, one little girl, extracting music from an anyone guess? But think of it! Grace positively declares she can play the Oregon. Think of it, one little girl, extracting music from an entire state. I tried to play Oregon once, but they wouldn't stand for my game, but Grace can play Oregon, and doubtless any other state if she had the mind to. What a majestic instrument! The United States converted into one huge pipe organ, and Gracie giving a grand performance monthly every day. Oregon ought to produce some fine music, if you punched the keys down hard, and banged both feet on the loud pedal. Gracie, you are the official organist of the C. L. O. C., but how can you play on Oregon, and live in Illinois? Don't you think the people of Oregon will be Ill O'noise too, if you give them too much of your music. I am very fond of music, dear, especially the Juice harp—that is liquid music and it is very refreshing. I like to hear a baby sing when it has the colic—there is something very soothing in music of that kind, reminds one of Wagner at his best. I love to hear songouds gurgling in a sink, a there is something very soothing in music of that kind, reminds one of Wagner at his best. I love to hear soapsuds gurgling in a sink, a cyclone breathing out its young soul in a storm sewer, and little Willie extracting a nocturne from a washboiler with a fence rail, or an arpergio from an egg box with a healthy club. Some people may say that my musical tastes are deprayed, but, Gracie, if it came to a show down as to whether I had to sit through the periodical attacks of a young lady with acute pianoitis, or take in the weird cacophony of sound outlined above, I think, dear, without wishing to cast the least reflection on the musical ability of budding youth, that I'd rather hear a four-legged gentleman with bristles offering up his melodic protest at being converted into pork by the sanguinary executioner of the hog shambles, than hear the average young lady scale the piano. This is no reflection on your musical ability, but simply a confession of depraved tastes. If you'd come into my coop and make a noise like a five dollar bill, you'd have me hypnotized with delight, but if you have no objection, you can keep the piano locked up for a little while longer—say a couple of hundred years—until I am old enough to appreciate real genuine, healthy, unadulternted up for a little while longer—say a couple of hundred years—until I am old enough to appreciate real genuine, healthy, unadulterated music, of the kind you turn out so exquisitely. I will kiss you good by.

Here is a letter from one of your afflicted

refer is a letter from one of your amicted brothers.

Home, R. F. D., 2, Pa., Jan. 10, 1907.

Dear Uncle and Cousins:

When I joined your C. L. O. C. one year ago, I sent you a letter which never appeared, so I will try again, hoping for better success this time. How many of us have been successful in doing or accomplishing the object of our heart's greatest desire? I know many of us have met with bitter disappointment, which turned the currents of our lives entirely.

For almost nine years I have been lying helpless with rheumatism, and have only my right eye and left hand left me now to use. I have been on the train four times and enjoyed the trips very much, although I had to ride in the baggage car, lying on a spring cot, which they placed near the open door, so that I might so out. I am an old "bach" of twenty-eight, without parents, means or home.

Giving all my love and best wishes, I am, ever your true shut in cousin,

WM. V. Kinter.

Thank you, William, for the way you've penned your letter. I wish all the cousins who have health and strength wrote as nearly as you do, and yet, you have only your left hand and one eye to aid you, while they have their hands and faculties unimpaired. Will, you've had a rough time of it, but I'm glad you are keeping a stiff upper lip, and are facing your troubles bravely. I wish Mrs. Sage's millions could reach cases like yours, but they won't. The country shut-ins have no friends, no one to plead their cause. Those in the city have The country snurins in the city have to plead their cause. Those in the city have a chance to reach charitable organizations occasionally, but the help they get is triding, and does not last long. The helpless shuting, and does not last long. The helples: (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Ban Earl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Ednas, The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Ednas, The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, the women, the home of the home of Aaron Hunt, des and the home of Aaron Hunt, des and denly, and for weeks Edna retains a vage or membrance man and organ to work in the factory, and boards the train at Corgia to work in the factory, and boards the train at Corgia to work in the factory, and boards the train at Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, everacy injured, is carried to the business. St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval, and in his voice, recognizes the man who cursed her grandfather. She falls dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He seltes the dog and commands the grandfather. She falls dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He seltes the dog and commands the grandfather. She falls dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He seltes the dog and commands the grandfather. On a slab is a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo and the still the still the she had been done to the still the she had been done to the she had good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trait. Gordon Leight suides with Edna, and together had been done to the still the she had good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trait. Gordon Leight saider. She goes to the interny. But she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trait. Gordon Leight suides with Edna, and together had she had the she had tion. He replies with undisguised impatience, and realizes his marriage is a mistake. Edna attends church and sees St. Elmo and the suffering shadows of deep contrition resting on his face. She returna to Felix. Mr. Manning calls and pleads for the ruins of her heart—the right to save her from toil. Doctor Howell prescribes a sea voyage for Felix. It is useless unless Edna goes. Her new novel appears. As they go through the Narrows-Felix declares, "We shall never see the Neversink again."

CHAPTER XXXV. THERE IS NO PARDON FOR DESECRATED IDEALS.

THERE IS NO PARDON FOR DESECRATED IDEALS.

ORTHY? No, No! Unworthy! most worthy! But was Thomas worthy to tend the wandering sheep of Him, whom face to face he doubted? Was Peter worthy to preach the Gospel of Him, whom he had thrice indignantly denied? Was Paul worthy to become the Apostle of the Gentlies, teaching the doctrine of Him whose disciples he had persecuted and slaughtered? If the repentance of Peter and Paul availed to purify their hands and hearts, and sanctify them to the service of Christ, ah! God knows my contrition has been bitter and lasting enough to fit me for future usefulness. Eight months ago, when the desire to become a minister seized me so tenaciously, I wrested with it, tried to crush it; arguing that the knowledge of my past life of sinfulness would prevent the world from trusting my professions. But those who even slightly understand my character, must know that I have always been too utterly indifferent to, too unfortunately contemptuous of public opinion, to stoop to any deception in order to conciliate it. Moreover, the world will realize that in a mere worldly point of view, I can possibly hope to gain nothing by this step.

If I were poor, I might be accused of wanting the loaves and fishes of the profession; if unknown and ambitious, of seeking eminence and popularity. But when a man of my wealth and social position, after spending half of his life in luxurious ease and sinful indulgence, voluntarily subjects himself to the rigid abstemiousness and self-sacrificing requirements of a ministerial career, he cannot be suspected of hypocrisy. After all, sir, I care not for the discussion, the nine days' gossip and wonder, the gibes and comments my course may occasion. I am hearkening to the counsel of my conscience; I am obeying the dictates of my heart. Feeling that my God accepts me, it matters little that men may reject me. My remorse, my repentance, has been inexpressibly bitter; but the darkness has passed away, and today, thank God! I can pray with all the fervor and faith of my boyhood, when I knew that I was at peace with my Maker. Oblivion of the past I do not expect, and perhaps should not desire. I shall always wear my melancholy memories of sin, as Mussulmen wear their turban or pall—as a continual memento of death. Recause I have proved so fully the inadequacy of earthly encounted the world over and over; I have sought it everywhere else, and now, thank God! I feel that it is descending slowly, slowly, but surely, upon my lonely, long-tortured heart. Thank God! I feel that it is descending slowly, slowly, but surely, upon my lonely, long-tortured heart. Thank God! I feel that it is descending slowly, slowly, but surely, upon my lonely, long-tortured heart. Thank God! I feel that it is descending slowly, slowly, but surely, upon my lonely, long-tortured heart. Thank God! Thave found peace after much strife and great wearlness—"

Mr. Murray could no longer control his voice; and as he stood leaning against the mantelpiece and an end fell on the lator, when the fall on the latory of

Mr. Murray could no longer control his voice; and as he stood leaning against the mantelpiece at the parsonage, he dropped his head on his

Ar. Mirray could no longer control his voice, and as he stood leaning against the mantelpiece at the parsonage, he dropped his head on his hand.

"St. Elmo, the purity of your motives will never be questioned, for none who knows you could believe you capable of dissembling in this matter; and my heart can scarcely contain its joy when I look forward to your future, so bright with promise, so full of usefulness. The marked change in your manner during the past two years has prepared this community for the important step you are to take today, and your influence with young men will be incalculable. Once your stern bitterness rendered you an object of dread; now I find that you are respected, and people here watch your conduct with interest, and even with anxiety. Ah, St. Elmo! I never imagined earth held as much pure happiness as is my portion today. To see you one of God's anointed! To see you ministering in the temple! Oh! to know that when I am gone to rest you will take my place, guard my flock, do your own work and poor Murray's, and finish mine! This, this is indeed the crowning blessing of my old age."

For some minutes, Mr. Hammond sobbed; and, lifting his face, Mr. Murray answered:

"As I think of the coming years consecrated to Christ, passed peacefully in endeavoring to atome for the injury and suffering I have inflicted on my fellow-creatures; oh! as the picture of a calm, useful, holy future rises before me, I feel indeed that I am unworthy most unworthy of my peace; but, thank God!

'Oh! I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;

knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you alway."

And all hearts and lips present whispered "Amen!" and the organ and the choir broke forth in a grand "Gloria in excelsia."

Standing there at the chancel, purified, conscrated henceforth unreservedly to Christ, Mr. Murray looked so happy, so noble, so worthy of his high calling, that his proud, fond mother thought his face was lit for an archangel's wings. Many persons who had known him in his boyhood, came up with tears in their eyes, and wrung his hand silently. At last Huldah pointed to the white pigeon, that was now beating its wings against the gilded pipes of the organ, and said in that singularly sweet, solemn, hesitating tone, with which children approach sacred things:

"Oh, Mr. Murray! winen it fell on the pulpit, it nearly took my breath away, for I almost thought it was the Holy Ghost."

Tears, which till then he had bravely kept back, dripped over his face, as he stooped and whispered to the little orphan:
"Huldah, the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, came indeed; but it was not visible, it is here in my heart."

The congregation dispersed. Mr. Murray and the preacher and Huldah went to the carriage; and, leaning on Mr. Murray's arm, Mr. Hammond turned to follow, but observing that the church was empty, the former said:

"After a little, I will come."

The old man walked on, and Mr. Murray went back and knelt, resting his head against the beautiful giltering balustrade, within which he holyed to officiate through the remaining years of his earthly career.
Once the sexton, who was waiting to lock up the church, looked in, saw the man praying alone there at the altar, and softly stole away.

When St. Elmo came out, the churchyard seemed deserted; but as he crossed it, going homeward, a woman rose from one of the tombstones and stood before him—the yellow-haired Jezebel, with sapphire eyes and soft, treacherous red lips, who h

"As I think of the coming years consecrated on the content and person and more than the content of the content

when my faith, hope, charity were all strangled in an instant by the velvet hand I had kissed in my doting fondness—the only queen my heart has acknowledged since then, is one who, in her purity soars like an angel above you and me, and her dear name is—Edna Earl."

"Edna Earl!—a puritanical fanatic! Nay, a Pharisee! A cold prude, a heartless blue! A woman with some brain and no feeling, who loves nothing but her own fame, and has no sympathy with your nature. St. Elmo, are you insane! Did you not see that letter from Estelle to your mother, stating that she, Edna, would certainly be married in February to the celebrated Mr. Manning, who was then on his way to Rome to meet her? Did you see that letter?"

"I did."

"And discredit it? Blindness, madness, equal

letter?'
"And discredit it? Blindness, madness, equal to my own in the days gone by: Edna Earl comy own in the days gone by: Edna Earl comy own in the days gone by: Edna Earl components of the components of the

CHAPTER AXXVI. "LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

"How lovely! Oh! I did not think there was any place half so beautiful this side of heaven!" With his head on his mother's bosom, Felix lay near the window of an upper room, looking

With his head on his mother's bosom, reix lay near the window of an upper room, looking out over the Gulf of Genoa.

"Lift me up, mamma! higher, higher yet. I want to see the sun. There! it has gone—gone down into the sea. I can't bear to see it set today. It seemed to say good by to me just then. Oh, mamma, mamma! I don't want to die. The world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet up here in the sunshine and the starlight, and it is so cold and dark down there in the grave. Oh!where is Edna? Tell her to come quick and sing something to me."

The cripple shuddered and shut his eyes. He had wasted away, until he looked a mere shadow of humanity, and his governess stooped and took him from his mother's arms, as if he were a baby.

"Edna, talk to me! Oh! don't let me get afraid to die. I——"

She laid her lips on his, and after a moment she began to repeat the apocalyptic vision of

she began to repeat the search is search.

"And there shall be no night there; and they need no cradle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

"But, Edna, the light does not shine down there in the grave. If you could go with me—."

"A better and kinder Friend will go with you, dear Felix."
She sang with strange pathos "The Lord is my Shepherd."
As she reached that part where the words.

Shepherd."

As she reached that part where the words, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," are repeated, the weak, quavering voice of the sick boy joined hers; and, when she ceased, the great dread had passed away forever.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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For the Boys

HE letter which heads "Correspondence" is my excuse for deserting the poultry-yard this month, and as mothers, whose boys take up useful occupations during the long summer holidays will be spared a lot of small worries, I feel sure of being forgiven.

One of the good points about pigeon raising, for boys who have to be away at school is that

for boys who have to be away at school, is that food can be left before them all the time. They won't overeat, as chickens do. Another advantage is that the old birds take all the

advantage is that the old birds take all the trouble and responsibility of the young ones. One of the chief dangers to which pigeons are subject is rats. To insure safety from these vicious pests it is best to get four strong cedar posts, four feet long, sink them two feet into the ground, and stand the coops on them like a corn crib. When the inside of your coop is fitted up, you will know how many birds it will accommodate, for each pair must have a box two feet long, one foot deep, and the same high, with a partition through the middle, making two compartments, each a foot square, with a six-inch platform projecting in front. middle, making two compartments, each a foot

These boxes can be fitted in tiers. from These boxes can be utted in tiers, from floor to roof, all around the coop or house used for the pigeons. Empty egg-crates are just about the size, and have the partitions already in them. If you can possibly afford

just about the size, and have the partitions already in them. If you can possibly afford it, get earthenware nests; they cost only fifteen cents each, and are better than anything else, being just the right size and shape, and can be quickly and thoroughly cleaned by washing in boiling water. If you can't afford them, make boxes eight inches square and three inches deep.

When all the carpentering is done, give the inside of the coop, boxes and nests (unless the later are earthenware), a coat of thick whitewash; cover the floor with sand; get a box six inches square, make a lid of a piece of wire netting and fill with coarse, sharp grit, standing it in one corner. Pigeons, like all birds, depend on grit to grind their food, having no teeth. The wire cover is to prevent the birds from getting into the box and scattering the contents on the floor. A box for feed should be fixed in the same way.

A drinking fountain is another requisite for the coop. Zinc ones can be bought for thirty-five cents, or you can make quite a good one. Take a strong tin such as fundates.

A drinking fountain is another requisite for the coop. Zinc ones can be bought for thirty-five cents, or you can make quite a good one. Take a strong tin, such as tomatoes come in. Stand it out end down on the stove, until the heat loosens the solder, when you can push off the end rim, leaving a smooth edge, from which measure half an inch, and there make a hole, the size of a pea. Then get a pie plate, half an inch larger all round than the can: fill it with water, put the plate on top, hold it firmly pressed, then turn it quickly upside down, and you will have a self-feeding drinking fountain as serviceable as any that can be bought.

Hang up a bundle of hay or straw in a corner for the birds to use in nest building. Another old pan should contain old mortar, or air-slacked lime and rock salt broken up and

air-slacked lime and rock salt broken up and

air-slacked lime and rock salt broken up and mixed.

The yard for, say, five pairs, should be twenty-five feet long and ten feet wide. Such a coop as we have been making will probably stand, when on the posts, about ten feet high, so, if you fasten a pole to each front corner, three feet higher t an the roof of the coop, and to all the posts around the yard eight feet above the ground, the roof will be inclosed. This makes a fine resting and sunning place for the birds. Of course the yard must be wire-netted all round, over the top as well as at the sides. One roll of two-inch mesh netting, forty-eight inches wide, costing about \$4, will cut to the best advantage for a yard of the above dimensions.

When you buy your stock, get good, pure Homers in pairs, ready mated. Pigeons are very faithful, remaining paired for years. If accident separates them, it's often impossible to get either of them to accept strange mates that season. Avoid having odd birds; it causes fights which destroy the nesting.

If you should have to pair birds yourself, put them in a two-compartment cage.

If you should have to pair birds yourself, put them in a two-compartment cage. If you haven't one, make a division with wire netting, through the middle of a case, three feet long, with a netting door to cover the whole front. Put a bird in each compartment, and when they kiss and con through the netting when they kiss and coo through the netting, they can be put together for two or three days; after which it will be safe to put them in the breeding-house. They will soon com-mence to build their nests by carrying a few bits of hay, or whatever the nesting material may be, into one of the earthenware or wooden

The hen bird lays two eggs, with one day between. Sixteen to eighteen days are required to hatch. Both the old birds have the power to create a digested food, almost as liquid, called by fanciers "pigeons' milk", with which they feed the young for four or five days. Then they are gradually accustomed to grain and grit.

About the fifteenth day the nest in the second content of the second

and compartment is built, and again the mother bird lays two eggs and proceeds to incubate them, leaving the first pair of babies principally to the care of the male, until, at the end of thirty days, you relieve him, by

the end of thirty days, you relieve him by taking them for market.

This double family continues all through the year with good Homers, well cared for, excepting when they are moulting.

Red wheat and cracked corn mixed is the best food to keep permanently before pigeons. Twice or thrice a week give a special feed as a treat, of Canada peas, hemp-seed, stale bread, Kaffir corn. When there are squab in the nest, crack the peas, or the old ones might give the babies more of the whole ones than they could digest.

Rabbits

The hutch should be two and a half feet long, two feet wide, and a foot and a half high. Make a frame of shingle slabs just the size of the front, and cover with one-inch wire netting; attach to one end a big hinge, top and bottom; at the other, catch a wire to act as a fastener. This is the most convenient kind of a door, because it leaves the whole front open for cleaning.

whole front open for cleaning.

In the doe's hutch, another box, a foot square, the top hinged like a lid, and in front an arched hole six inches high and five wide, must be cut, so Bunny can go in and out to make her nest, and attend to her babies. Two

small butter crocks, at five cents each, make the best feed and water dishes.

Mr. Bunny must have a house all to himself, because he is always very cross to the little ones. When they are six weeks old, the mother can be allowed to visit him for a they have the belief must be proved to the terms. day, and then the babies must be put into another hutch, or sold, and the mother's quarters thoroughly whitewashed all through,

The floor of the hutch should have a thick The noor of the nutch should have a thick layer of sawdust, or common bedding hay, whichever is the easier to procure. No matter which is used, it must all be cleared out twice a week, and fresh bedding supplied, for rabbits must be kept clean. In fact, there is the secret of success with all animals.

is the secret of success with all animals.

Mrs. Bunny must have an extra supply of bedding, because she carries it in her mouth to the nest box until she fills it; then she makes a hole, about four inches in circumference, right in the center. This she lines with hair that she plucks from her own breast, and sides, to make the nesting-place for her babies soft and warm—very necessary in th.s case, for it is nine days before they get their coats. or open their eyes; and during that and sides, to make the nesting-place for her babies soft and warm—very necessary in this case, for it is nine days before they get their coats, or open their eyes; and during that time, not a hint does she give you of their existence. She even closes the opening to the hole with hay, and pretends to have no interest in it at all. About the tenth day you will get glimpses of little staggering bodies, running to hide in their nest when you go to feed them. They are about 'fteen days old before they really play about the hutch, and have courage enough to be looked at.

Food for old ones can be grass, plantain, dandelion, oak leaves, lettuce, and almost all green garden stuffs, as long as they last, and a small handful of oats once a day.

In the winter, Lay, oats and corn mixed, apple, carrot, tops of celery, etc. Avoid turnips and cabbage, because they make the odor from the hutches very strong; and cabbage is most dangerous for young ones, giving them what is called "pot-belly". The rule about all vegetable food is to watch the droppings, which should be round, dry pellets; if they are soft or run together, stop greens and grass, feeding only hay or oats, and weak, cold tea to drink. A piece of stale bread, or dry toast, is also good.

Mamma Bunny should have a little bread and milk every day, from the time she builds her nest until the babies are three weeks old. Carrot is good for her, too. About a week before you take the little ones away, give her a sprig of parsley every other day.

When the young ones are ten days old, put a flat dish on the floor of the hutch filled with rolled oats; the entire rough grain with the hard on is good to is an experience of them.

with rolled oats; the entire rough grain with the hulls on is too coarse for them. Occasionally, to supply pieces of hickory or oak with the bark on is good; so is an acorn a natural tonic. Once a week the drinking water needs a pinch of salt, or the oats can be steeped in salt and water for twelve hours, strained, spread out, dried, then used.

If you follow this method of feeding, you will have lots of young ones for sale, and no deaths to mourn over. Remember, too, the old-time idea that rabbits don't want water is cruelty to animals; they are thirsty little people as you will find.

Correspondence

A Farm Boy.—I am eleven years old, and want to make some money of my own. Mother says I can have a little house and shed that is near the barn, and I want to sell squabs and white rabbits. Could you please tell me how to raise them. I can sell all I can raise in the town. Another boy, who is nine, will go in with me. You once wrote a plece about a boy who made a lot with chickens, but father won't have any more chickens on our place. I hope you will answer this soon, as we are in a hurry to know, and another boy wants to know, too. A.—I am very glad to help you. The "Poultry Farming For Women" shall be all pigeons and rabbits for boys, this month, so turn to the beginning, read all through, and I think you will know how to raise and care for them. Write me again if you want any more help.

F. M.—I bought a pair of pheasants last fall, and the hen has commenced to lay. I am going to set the eggs under a bantam hen. Please tell me how long they take to hatch, and how the little ones should be fed. (2) Can I hatch geese eggs in the same incubator as the hens eggs? and if not, why? (3) When the young pheasants get old enough to leave the hen can they be put into the same yard as the old birds?

A.—Pheasants' commenced.

pheasants get oid enough to leave the hen can they be put into the same yard as the old birds?

A.—Pheasants' eggs take from twenty-five to twenty-six days to hatch. Feed nothing for twenty-four hours; then, boiled custard (beat one egg, and add it to a pint of milk, just as it comes to the boiling point. Stir over the fire until it thickens. Stand aside to cool.) Mix one tablespoonful with the same quantity of the following ingredients: Crushed mustard seed, crushed hulled oats, one teaspoonful of maw seed (poppy seed), same of chopped green onlon tops. Feed every two hours, between 5.30 A. M. and 4.30 P. M., for the first week; after which, pot cheese, pinhead oatmeal, crushed wheat, coarse corn meal well steamed, finely chopped lettuce or onlons and boiled liver can be gradually added to the bill of fare, and the custard dropped out. Meat, vegetables, and fruits are all necessary, as they grow older. Ant eggs, tent caterpillars, and all small plant insects are enjoyed, and should be fed whenever they can be found. (2) No, you can't successfully hatch geese and hens' eggs at the same time in an incubator. I can't give you all the reasons in this column, but the principal ones are as follows: Geese eggs need more moisture and take longer to incubate. It would be impossible to maintain the correct degree of heat in the machine, when the hen chicks were removed. (3) The half-grown pheasants will do better in an inclosure alone. Keep the hen with the little ones as long as she will stay. The wire round the yard for young pheasants must not be more than half-inch mesh, or they will get out.

W. J. M.—Is there anyway to prevent hens fighting on the nest? I have had two sets of

W. J. M.—Is there anyway to prevent hens fighting on the nest? I have had two sets of eggs broken. My neighbor says that if I remove the hen to another place, she will stop wanting to set.

A.—If hens are allowed to set in the chicken house, I know of no way to prevent other hens

trying to get into the nest to lay, which is nsually the cause of fights and broken legs; but I don't agree with your neighbor, for we always move broody hens, after dark, and set them in a small house kept especially for their occupation, giving them china eggs at first, until sure that they really mean business, then changing them for the real eggs; and seldom find that it makes any difference to a good setter. And any other sort is better found out at once, for a flighty hen will make a bad mother, even if she hatches the eggs.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED PROM PAGE 4.)

a place of pleasure. Those who are too poor to pay rent are housed on the race track at ingleside or the Speedway of Golden Gate Park, the prettlest park of the city, and I hope in time it will be once more the same beautiful place of trees and flowers.

Now, dear sisters, I think I have said more than I should, many thanks for kind attention, as I feel I have taken advantages, so will close with kindest regards and success to Comfort and the sisters, I remain, a loving niece of Uncle Charlie's.

Miss Carrie Van Wie, 111 Collins St., San Francisco, California.

Estelle P.—Don't blame J. A. D. for not say

Estelle P.—Don't blame J. A. D. for not answering you before. She did her part, but this is the first opportunity we have had to use her letter, our columns have been so crowded.

Estelle P.—Pont Diame J. A. D. for not answering you before. She did her part, but this is the first opportunity we have had to use her letter, our columns have been so crowded.

MY DEARS:

Estelle Poynter wishes that someone would write up an article on goats, and bees, two very interesting and profitable animals to keep, and by women too. First there are many different kinds of goats, among them being, the Syrian, Angora and Cashmere, all remarkable for the greater length and fineness of their hair. The Angora can be and are kept extensively in our own country; they can be clipped annually, the hair being used for knife handles, and the fat is said to be superior to that of the ox for candies.

MY DEARS:

The common domestic goet is not to be despised by any means, they can endure both heat and cold, and are not subject to so many diseases as the sheep. The fiesh of the goat is good, that of the kid deemed a great delicacy in some sections, and the milk is very rich and nutritious, more easy of digestion than that of the cow, and is often useful to consumptive patients; some goats yield as much as four quarts of milk dally, though the average quantity is more nearly two. Both cheese and butter are made of goats milk; they have a peculiar, though not disagreeable flavor. And didyou know that the belligerent Billy Goat is good, that of the kind deemed hydrous and their skins are valuable for making gloves and th

a higi shelf at present, and we do not pose as bee experts.

There are many ways a woman can make a living in the country, and men to, and how much better off they and their families would be, working out in the pure, sweet air than shut up in the germ-ladened, foul atmosphere of some city tenement house. "Women and children have to work so hard in the country." so they do, but what is the difference, they are being slowly reurdered in the cities, by the above conditions; they seldom own the roof over their heads, which is one satisfaction in the country. Homes are cheap enough now in many sections of our dear, old New England states, where there are so many old and abandoned farms, which after resting for so long are as good as new. What crops can be raised on some of those farms that have lain idle for years. Like peoole, land needs a rest, and these places have had it, and now could be made to bloom like a rose. Many men or women, working on a small salary, with crops can be raised on some of those farms that have lain lide for years. Like peoole, land needs a rest, and these places have had it, and now could be made to bloom like a rose. Many men or women, working on a small salary, with practically no home, could, with a little head and bodily work, own their own place, a little house and a few acres of land, on which could be raised berries, nearly all kinds, rhubarb and vegetables; the first year set out a few good fruit trees, get a few hens and start a small poultry plant. A man could have a strong pair of horses, and neither he nor the horses need be idle if the near-by farmer knew they could work. Only think of having real cream milk, and all the sweet golden butter one could use, hot biscuits for tea with some pure comb honey, that one's very own bees had made, and if there are maple trees on the place (as is the case nearly all over New England), what lovely maple syrup can be manufactured, right at home, which does not cost anything but the labor. John, after reading this put on your thinking cap, and think real hard.

Florence. I wish all my girls and boys could read all of your letter, but I am going to let them see part of it. "We have been married just a little over a year (W C and I), and we have a homestead, twenty acres cleared, we have built about a mile of fence, made fifty-two hundred pallings, have about two acres of land for a potato patch. I help him, and he helps me. I helped him saw nearly all the logs for our cabin, and also helped him draw the logs up on the wails of the cabin." What a pity that more of our young people just starting out do not emulate this young couple.

Thereas Blashke's address is Beeville, Texas. Carrie. Yours received, but my correspondence is way behind, owing to my illness, so I cannot write for a time. I am glad you and baby are better. Let us live on fruit, and our good fresh vegetables, instead of heavy greasy meats this warm weather. Get up early and do all we can



Amatite is built of materials that have been tried and tested under every possible weather condition:—each part is tested—the whole is tested before it goes to you.

Is that done with shingles, tin or ordinary ready roofings? How many bad shingles do you find in a bundle? How often do you have to paint or coat the smooth ready roofings to keep them tight? Think about these things—and when you need a new roof, you'll buy Amatite—the roofing with a real mineral surface, which does away with painting and repairs. Any one can lay it—no skilled labor required.

FREE SAMPLE

Let us send you a Free Sample and you'll see at once how much better it is than the ordinary roofing. A postal card will bring it.

bring it.
Address nearest office BARRETT MANU-FACTURING CO., New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Boston, Minneapolis, Kansas City, St. Louis, New Orleans, Allegheny, London, Eng.

in the cool of the day, resting during the intense heat. Let us take COMFORT, read St. Elmo, and D." (MRS. VAN DYKE), R. F. D., 1, 'J. A. D." Orange, Mass.

Miscellaneous Requests

Will some of the sisters send me the September and October numbers of Comport for 1906. I will return favor in any way I can.

Mamie Potts, Austin, Lander Co., Nev.

Can anyone send me the recitation "Convict's Soliloquy." I will return favor in some way.

MRS. VINA SILLMAN, Box 72, Fowler, B. F. D., 82, Mich.

Mrs. Emma Nigg, Box 78, Mt. Vernon, R. F. D., 12, Ind. Blocks ten by ten inches, with name, and address of senders on cards.

Bertha Orris, Millerstown, Pa. Silk, satin or vel-vet pieces, and also patterns for making stuffed

Jennie Campbell, Plumsteadville, Pa. Bleached muslin, one and one half inches wide by twelve inches long, with name, address and age of senders written in pencil.

written in pencil.

Ida V. Smith, Box 36, Piney Creek, B. F. D., 1, N. C. Pieces of ribbon one yard long and three inches wide, any color. Favors returned.

Mrs. Harlow Carter, Box 21, Grant, B. F. D., 1, Va. Silk, satin or velvet pieces.

Mrs. Wm. Roeger, 1018 Elmwood Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind. Pieces of silk ribbon, with name and address of senders worked on each, for a friendship quilt.

Mrs. Effic Ballard, Keller, Ind. Ter. Pieces of any kind for patchwork.

I would like to receive letters from some of the sisters in Oklahoma, California, and New Mexico.
Mrs. Ora B. Terple, Box 33, Crocker, Missouri. Miss Emma Caldwell, Grand Chain, Ill., would like to hear from someone living on Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Miss Alice Blackburn, Schofield, Wis. Pieces of silk, or velvet for a log cabin quilt.

E. Chisholm, Zion City, Ill. I hardly think your proposition would be a paying one.

Mrs. Rosie Rine, 1419 Neva Road, Antigo, Wis., states that she has a few Job's tears which she will send as long as they last, to anyone send-ing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Miss Tillie Link, 6704 Clayton Rd., St. Louis, Mo., kindly offers to send flower seeds to all who send a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Miss Ida Jerome, 820 29th St., Oakland, Cal., makes this request:

Can any one of the sisters let me have COMFORTS from last June till the ending of the story named, "The Stress of Circumstances." I will take good care of them and return as safe as I receive them, and pay all postage.

Miss Ida Pounds, I recreat I am unable to in-

Miss Ida Rounds. I regret I am unable to insert your request. Look at the rules given above, governing these columnss.

Will some sisters please send me a root of hops. I will return all favors.

MRS. MARY REDERS, Bay City, Sta. A., R. F. D., 4, Michigan.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)









We start you, furnishing complete small capital. outfile and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. THE FIRLD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theater and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue fully explains special offer. Sent Free, O PROJECTINO CO., 225 Dearborn St., Bept. 186, Chicago



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MEAD OYOLE GO. Dept. K-3 CHICAGO

Comfort's League of Cousins

the incurables, are the most forlorn of all God's creatures. All the hospitals in New York and Brooklyn have this sentence printed on their circulars: "No chronic cases taken." You must die or get well. If you can't do either of these you are hustled 'o the poorhouse, which is always crowded, and probably you are compelled to lie on a mattress on the floor, and the orderlies don't forget to remind you that you are a pauper, and your associates are the dregs of humanity. Shut-ins—poor souls—struggle desperately to keep out of these homes as long as they possibly can, and nearly all have to earn their living by hook or by crook. I know one woman in Pennsylvania who hasn't had a new mattress in ten years, and the one she has is a cheap affair that is as hard as iron, and full of cruel ridges—a veritable bed of torture, and on this she lies and suffers year in and year out. Will Kinter tries to help himself all he possibly can, poor boy, he is worthy of your help and loving sympathy. Send ten cents for his art booklet. I have one, and it is a pretty artistic affair, though he can't profit much by its sale. Do what you can for him, and for the others whose names are listed below, and God won't forget, you, for this is God's work.

How to become a full-fiedged League member and produre to acken.

In order to become a full-fiedged League member apaid are card and button, you must become a full-fiedged League member apaid produre come for her subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now ourself, or renew your own subscriptions of trenew your own subscriptions fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions of the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions of yourself, or renew your own subscriptions of the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions of the subscriptions of the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own name and member-ship number. All previous League of Cousins. York and Brooklyn have this sentence printed on their circulars: "No chronic cases taken." You must die or get well. If you can't do either of these you are hustled to the poorhouse, which is always crowded, and probably you are compelled to lie on a mattress on the floor, and the orderlies don't forget to remind you that you are a pauper, and your associates are the dregs of humanity. Shut-ins—poor souls—struggle desperately to keep out of these homes as long as they possibly can, and nearly all have to earn their living by hook or by crook. I know one woman in Pennsylvania who hasn't had a new mattress in ten years, and the one she has is a cheap affair that is as hard as iron, and full of cruel ridges—a veritable bed of torture, and on this she lies and suffers year in and year out. Will Kinter tries to help himself all he possibly can, poor boy, he is worthy of your help and loving sympathy. Send ten cents for his art booklet. I have one, and it is a pretty artistic affair, though he can't profit much by its sale. Do what you can for him, and for the others whose names are listed below, and God won't forget, you, for this is God's work.

A cousin from North Carolina, having made

A cousin from North Carolina, having made an ethnological discovery wishes to tell us

LOCUST. N. C., March 20, 1907.

LOCUST, N. C., March 20, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am fourteen, have dark hair, blue eyes and am five feet tall, have a smiling face, and always ready for a joke.

Uncle Charlie, this is certainly a beautifully country. It is generally level with the exception of some hills.

We raise cotton, corn, wheat, potatoes and different varieties of fine fruits. Some of the largest strawberries in the world are grown in Eastern N. C. Our home is located in the southwestern part of N. C.

I have one sister and two brothers. My farther is a merchant.

Where the present town of Whitney now stands, two years ago there was nothing save the heavy timbered hills, known as the Yadkin banks. Whitney now has a population of two thousand or more, consisting of almost every nationality, such as Chines, Russians, Japanese, Europeans, and Italians, etc. Whitney has one of the largest electric plants of its kind in the Union.

The Gylipsie contracting company is to cut a

Union.

The Gyllpsie contracting company is to cut a canal and to build the dam across the river for the sum of \$7,500,000. The dam is three hundred yards long, seventy-five feet thick at the bottom, and twenty-five at the top. The first rock that was laid in constructing the dam weighed twenty tons. The canal is three miles long and walled with granife. There are several large steam shovels used that fill a car with one shovel full. Three miles down the river from the dam is a five hundred thousand horse power power house. This building is forty by eighty feet, two stories high; the walls are four feet in thickness.

two stories high; the waits are thickness.

Uncle Charlie, come down and bring the cousins, and we will go fishing on the Swanee river. There is most every kind of fish you can think of, from tadpoles up to alligators.

I must close, as it is now ten o'clock, and all is silent except the cry of the whippoorwill and the low chirrup of the Southern mocking-bird.

I remain your loving nephew and cousin.

DANIEL D. TEETER (NO. 15,662).

Daniel D. Teeter (No. 15,662).

Dan, you've written a very good letter, though I had to do quite a little fixing before it could go to print. For instance, you said you had blue eyes five feet tall, but Toby who went by special train to Locust, reported that your eyes only measured three feet from basement to roof, so I edited your letter, and made it read somewhat as I believe you intended it to. You say yours is a "beautifully" country. One more like that, and you'll have us in the Willie House. I am glad your country is on the level, and I'm surprised the hills are not level also, but such things will happen. You say your "farther" is a merchant. That is the first time I ever knew an adjective could go into business. Toby says you mean father, and are referring to a paradjective could go into business. Tooy says you mean father, and are referring to a parent, and not a distance, and a parent'ly he is correct. Now about the inhabitants of Whitney. Who in the name of all that's wonderful are the Chines. Where do they come from, and what are they like? Your fortune is made if you can catch a real live (hine and get him are the Chines. What are they like? Your fortune is made if you can catch a real live Chine and get him to the Jintown Exposition. I note you don't class Italians as Europeans, and the Black Hand Society are vowing vengeance for the way you're slighted them. Dan, you'd better get in that half a million horse power power house and hide behind those forty-eight inch walls, or you'll be dangling on the point of a stiletto. I am so busy, Dan, I can't accept your invitation to fish for fish, but Billy the Goat will come and inspect your dam site. Billy wants to see that steam shovel at work, as he'd like to make a deal with the dam contractor, and shovel those twenty tons of rocks into his interior for a couple of hours before breakfast every morning. He thinks with a foundation like that he could enjoyhis meals so much better. Maria is busy fixing Billy's supper of goat stew. It consists of shredded cans, boiled rocks, pickled glass, fried nails, hashed wire, minced rails, warmed over and served with goat butter. It is a lovely dish, and to hear it rattling against Billy's ribs as monkey want to chew his own tail off.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Comports, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comports's the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comports's begin to one time of the provided provided the provided prov are the Chines. Where do they come from, and what are they like? Your fortune is made if you can catch a real live Chine and get him to the Jintown Exposition. I note you don't class Italians as Europeans, and the Black Hand Society are vowing vengeance for the way you've slighted them. Dan, you'd better get in that half a million horse power power house and hide behind those forty-eight inch walls, or you'll be dangling on the point of a stiletto. I am so busy, Dan, I can't accept your invitation to fish for fish, but Billy the Goat will come and inspect your dam site. Billy wants to see that steam shovel at work, as he'd like to make a deal with the dam contractor, and shovel those twenty tons of rocks into his interior for a couple of hours before breakfast every morning. He thinks with a foundation like that he could enjoy his meals so much better. Maria is busy fixing Billy's supper of goat stew. It consists of shredded cans, boiled rocks, pickled glass, fried nails, hashed wire, minced rails, warmed over and served with goat butter. It is a lovely dish, and to hear it rattling against Billy's ribs as he shovels it into his tank, would make a brass monkey went to obey his own tail off

How to become a Member

League Sunshine and Work of Mercy for July

Eva L. Stevens, Greenville, Ala. Poor colored girl, shut-in, will be grateful for letters and cheer. Bennett Van Fossan (22), Cove, Ohio, is a terrible sufferer from heart and kidney trouble, and without means. The League has helped him a little, but further aid and kidney trouble, and without means. The League has helped him a little, but further aid is urgently needed, so he can have treatment. Elton Andrews of Circleville, Ohio, the poor boy who lost his leg, is delighted with the letters and help he has ceived from COMFORT. The nurse of the institution has banked the money sent 'im, and his prospects of getting that artificial limb are excellent. Lulu Thornburgh, Patterson, Mo., is ever so grateful for the cheer and comfort sent her. Her birthday was June 7th—better call it July 7th, and give you a chance to remember her, as I forgot it. Walter New, Webb, Miss., little boy of eight, hasn't walked in a year, would like picture postals. Miss. zubah Lee, Dunn, R. F. D., 2, N. C., is a great sufferer. Oranges are the only fruit she can eat. She will gladly pay freight if they can be sent to her in quantities. They are too expensive in her section for her to buy. Remember her. Fred W. Bizell, Newton Grove, N. C. Fred and ris uncle, Hector Bizell are both helpless from rheumatism. Help them forget their troubles. Louise J. Wise, Dillon. What is your State, you did not give it? Josie Sullivan and Carlton Honey, both sixteen, and living at Ravenden, Ark., are helpless from rheumatism. Josie has no father, brother or sisters. Both would like letters, and cheer of any kind. Mae Brown (25), Clinton, Ark. Shut-in, refined, educated girl, wants someone to help her take up a timber claim. The timber is very valuable, and it will mean independence and happiness, everything, in fact, that makes life worth living for her.

There's the list, and the rest is up to you. Do your best, angels can do no more.

Lovingly yours.



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Anxious to divert his thoughts, she put into his hand a bunch of orange flowers and violets, which had been sent to her that day by Mr. Manning; and taking a book from the bed, she resumed the reading of "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," to which the invalid had never wearied of listening.

While she was standing before a table, preparing some nourishment to be given to him during the night, Mrs. Andrews came close to her, and whispered:

"Do you see much change? Is he really worse, or do my fears magnify every bad symptom?"

Comfort's League of Cousins.

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Combort, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Combort's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinhing and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of Combort's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to transcribing the older folks are admitted, the youn folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and uncle charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to Combort for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing and the Comport to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, alse Comport for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

shut your eyes; you need rest to compose you." She knelt down, kissed him repeatedly, and laid her face close to his on the pillow; and he tried to turn and put his emaclated arm around her neet

tried to turn and put his emaclated arm around her neck.

"Edna, I have been a trouble to you for a long time, but you will miss me when I am gone, and you will have nothing to love. If you live long, marry Mr. Manning, and let him take care of you. Don't work so hard, dear Edna; only rest, and let him make you happy. Before I knew you I was always wishing to die; but now I hate to leave you all alone, my own dear, pale Edna."

"Oh Felix darling! hush! Go to sleep You."

Oh, Felix, darling! hush! Go to sleep. You

"Oh, Felix, darling! hush! Go to sleep. You wring my heart!"
Her sobs distressed him, and, feebly patting her cheek, he said:
"Perhaps if you will sing me something low, I may go to sleep, and I want to hear your voice once more. Sing me that song about the child and the rose-bush, that Hattle likes so much."
"Not that! anything but that! It is too sad, my precious little darling."
"But I want to hear it; please, Edna."
Tears rolled over her face as she chanted the verses; and when she concluded, he repeated very faintly:
"Sweetly it rests. and on dream-wings flies.

"Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies, To play with the angels in paradise!"

He nestled his lips to hers, and, after a little

He nestled his lips to hers, and, after a little while, murmured:

"Good night, Edna!"

"Good night, my darling!"

She gave him a stimulating potion, and arranged his head comfortably. Ere long his heavy breathing told her that he slept, and, stealing from his side, she sat down in a large chair near the head of his bed, and watched him. For many months he had been failing, and they had traveled from place to place, hoping against hope that each change would certainly be beneficial.

Day and night Edna had nursed him, had de-

For many months he had been failing, and they had traveled from place to place, hoping against hope that each change would certainly be beneficial.

Day and night Edna had nursed him, had devoted every thought, almost every prayer to him; and now her heart seemed centered in him. She had ceased to study aught but his comfort and happiness, had written nothing save letters to friends; and notwithstanding her anxiety concerning the cripple, the frequent change of air had surprisingly improved her own health. For six months she had escaped the attacks so much dreaded, and began to believe her restoration complete, though the long banished color obstinately refused to return to her face, which seemed unable to recover its rounded outline.

She knew that his life was flickering out gently but surely; and now, as she watched the pale, pinched features, her own quivered, and she classed her hands and wept, and stifled a groan. She had prayed so passionately and continually that he might be spared to her; but it seemed that whenever her heart-strings wrapped themselves around an idol, a jealous God tore them loose, and snatched away the dear object, and left the heart to bleed. If that boy died, how utterly desolate and lonely she would be; nothing left to care for and to cling to, nothing to claim as her own, and anoint with the tender love of her warm heart.

She had been so intensely interested in the expansion of his mind, had striven so tirelessly to stimulate his brain, and soften and purify his heart; she had been so proud of his rapid progress, and so ambitious for his future, and now the mildew of death was falling on her fond hopes. Ah! she had been so proud of his rapid progress, and so ambitious for his future, and now the mildew of death was falling on her fond hopes. Ah! she had berne patiently many trials, but this appeared unendurable. She had set all her earthly happiness on a little thing—the life of a helpless cripple; and as she gazed through her tears at that shrunken, sallow face, and the render p

those bread-riots of the heart are fearful things, and crucified consciences too often mark their track.

The little figure on the bed was so motionless that Edna crept nearer and leaned down to listen to the breathing; and her tears fell on his thick, curling hair, and upon the orangeblossoms and violets.

Standing there she threw up her clenched hands and prayed sobbingly:

"My father! spare the boy to me! I will dedicate anew my life and his to thy work! I will make him a minister of thy word, and he shall save precious souls. Oh! do not take him away! If not for a lifetime, at least spare him a few years! Even one more year, O my God!"

She walked to the window, rested her forehead against the stone facing, and looked out; and the wonderful witchery of the solemn night wove its spell around her. Great, golden stars clustered in the clear heavens, and were reflected in the caim, blue pavement of the Mediterranean, where not a ripple shivered their shining images.

From some lofty campanile, in a distant section of the silent city, sounded the angelus bell; and from the deep shadow of olive, vine, and myrtie that clothed the amphitheatre of hills, the convent bells caught and reechoed it.

"Nsture comes sometimes,
And says, 'I am ambassador for God!"

"Nature comes sometimes, And says, 'I am ambassador for God;'"

But though the large, black eyes opened when she raised his head, there was no recognition in their fixed gaze; for the soul was preparing for its final flight, and was too busy to look out of

she raised his head, there was no recognition in their fixed gaze; for the soul was preparing for its final flight, and was too busy to look out of its windows.

In vain they resorted to the most powerful restoratives; he remained in the heavy stupor, with no sign of animation, save the low irregular breath, and the weak flutter of the thread-like pulse.

Mrs. Andrews wept aloud and wrung her hands, and Hattle cried passionately, as she stood at the side of her brother's bed; but there were no tears on Edna's cold, gray face. She had spent them all at the foot of God's throne; and now that He had seen fit to deny her petition, she silently looked with dry eyes at the heavy rod that smote her.

The night waned, the life with it; now and then the breathing seemed to cease, but after a few seconds a faint gasp told that the clay would not yet forego its hold on the soul that struggled to be free.

The poor mother seemed almost beside herself, as she called on her child to speak to her once more.

"Sing something, Edna; oh! perhaps he will hear! It might rouse him!"

The orphan shook her head, and dropped her face on his.

"He would not hear me; no, no! He is listening to the song of those, whose golden harps ring in the New Jerusalem."

Out of the whitening east rose the new day, radiant in bridal garments, wearing a star on its pearly brow; and the sky flushed, and the sea glowed, while silvery mists rolled up from the purple mountain gorges, and rested awhile on the summits of the Apennines, and sunshine streamed over the world once more.

The first rays flashed into the room, kissing the withered flowers on the bosom of the cripple, and falling warm and bright on the cold eyellds and the pulseless temples. Edna's hand was pressed to his heart, and she knew that it had given its last weary throb; knew that Felix Andrews had crossed the sea of glaas, and in the dawn of the Eternal day wore the promised morning-star, and stood in peace before the Sun of Righteousness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna Earl, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the August number of COMFORT. If you are not a regular subscriber at or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. The price will soon be advanced.

Back numbers of COMFORT cannot be furnished.

"ST. ELMO" IN BOOK FORM

So many have expressed a wish to possess a copy of the famous story "ST. ELMO." In book form to preserve, or for the library, that we secured a trial thousand copies to give away as premiums, of an excellent 565-page, 37-chapter edition, printed on extra quality book paper from new, clear type, bound in cloth, with a very attractive halfone cover portrait of both St. Elmo and Edna, with embossed title. This is a suitable presentation or library edition worthy of any home. For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, we will send you a copy of this beautiful book at our expense.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Miscellaneous Requests

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Mattle A. Warren, formerly of Portage, Minn., please write me. Vella P. Hall, Golden City, R. F. D., 2, Mo.

Carrie Harsell, Palmyra, R. F. D., 4, Mo., would like cast-off hair ribbons, laces, beads, etc. Favors returned if possible.

Miss Carrie A. Nunn, 818 Franklin Ave., Bay City, Mich., would like to receive the old song entitled, "The Whippoorwill is Calling."

Will some of the sisters kindly send me pat-terns of drawnwork and beadwork; will return favor.

MRS. REBECCA TALLMAN, Paso Robles, California.

Can anyone send me a pattern of the Old Homestead Quilt block and also recipe for Rail-road Yeast.
MRS. JOSEPH CRONIN, Lake City, Minn.

I would like to hear from some sister who has I'eterson's Magazine for the year 1874-5, or offere that time; will return favors.

MRS. INDIA W. LUNSFORD, Box 18, Lexington, R. F. D., 1, Miss.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



THIS KNIFE FREE
It has 2½ inch blade. Stud to the name of 5 boys
and we will send you this leafs and our
outsig of nevelice for your brain. Badies 10 to pay protup. 6*Consul-Grass
A K 255 S. Merafrield Ava., Chicago.

And says, 'I am ambassador for God;'"
and the splendor of the Italian night spoke to Edna's soul, as the glory of the sunset had done some years before, when she sati the dust in the pine glades at Le Bocage; and she grew calm once more, while out of the blue depths of the starlit sea came a sacred voice, that said to her aching heart:

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

The cup was not passing away; but courage to drain it was given by Him who never calls his faithful children into the gloom of Gethsemane without having first stationed close at hand some strengthening angel.

After another hour she saw that a change was stealing over the boy's countenance, and his pulse fluttered more feebly against her cold fingers. She sprang into the next room, shook his mother, and hastened back, trying to rouse the dying child, and give him some stimulants.

At your home. For a limited time we will give free, for advertising and time we will give free, for advertising we will give free, for advertising we will give free, for advertising time to the given to the color of the sumset had done strengthening angel.

After another hour she saw that a change was stealing over the boy's countenance, and his pulse fluttered more feebly against her cold fingers. She sprang into the next room, shook his mother, and hastened back, trying to rouse the dying child, and give him some stimulants.

MUSIC LESONS FREE at your home. For a limited time we will give free, for advertising purposes, 96 music lessons for beginners or advanced pupils on either Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitan, expense will only be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small). We teach by mail only and guarantee success. Established seven years. Hundreds write: "Wish I had heard of your school before." Write to-day for booklet, testimonials and free tuition blank. Address: U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 12F, 225 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



The Great Chicago Mystery

The Man With Many Aliases

By Rosser W. Cobbe

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

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CHAPTER XVI. (CONTINUED.) HE brave young fellow had battled against fearful odds. He had unloaded the revolver before they had started so he knew that Hollis could not shoot him, but he knew the crook was struggling to draw a knife, and was obliged to be constantly on the dee.

was struggling to draw a knile, and fensive.

At last with a terrible oath, the crook managed to wrest himself free, and throwing the whole weight of his body against Peter, threw him to the floor, then with a leap that was astounding, he went through the door and into the street, closely followed by Crit.

Ralph felt that Crit was capable of taking care of Hollis, and so he bent over Peter. For an instant the boy was stunned, then he leaped to his feet, looking wildly about.

"Is he gone?" the lad asked, his lips quivering.

ing. "Crit went right after him," Ralph said

"Crit went right after him," Ralph said consolingly.

Peter looked as though he had been detected in the commission of a crime, although he knew he had done all that was possible, and slowly turned toward the handcuffed prisoners.

"The other fellow, Ferris is not here, he is over on State street," giving the number of the hotel in which he was incarcerated, and upon the request of the chief, Peter took a couple of officers with him and went after the crook. It was not difficult to induce the clerk to open the door with his duplicate key, for he was terrified at the sight of the officers, and when they entered the room, they found Ferris sleeping, his face red, his breathing stentorious, his appearance repulsive.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the cler.

"What's the matter water and clera.

"Nothing but a little morphine," Peter said abruptly, snapping on the handcuffs.

When he returned with his prisoner, he found a wagon before the door, filled with officers and the two crooks who had been captured. To them Ferris was added, and then the chief said

slowly:
"This has been wonderful work, but I am sorry 'Four-time' escaped."
"Oh, he hasn't." Ralph said cheerfully. "Mr. Truman was at his heels, and he won't come back without his man."

back without his man."

"Sure?"

"Absolutely sure," was Ralph's quick reply.

"He may escape."

"Not this time," and the chief shaking his head in admiration felt that there was not much chance for the crook, although he realized what a desperate man he was.

"Better guard these men pretty well," Ralph advised, and the chief said savagely:

"Don't fear. We've had just about as much as we can stand from these men. I can't see though how it is that my men never came within smelling distance of them, and Mr. Truman routed them at once. Wonderful man that!" and as the chief left them, Ralph and Peter agreed to his statement, but they wished with all their hearts they knew where Crit was and how he was faring.

"It isn't as though he knew the town," Peter grumbled.

grumbled.
"Crit knows every town he gets into by instinct," Ralph said reassuringly.
"I hope so, but I'd like to be by his side,"
Peter said remorsefully.
"Wouldn't 1?" Ralph returned sharply, as they entered their headquarters.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RACE FOR A HUMAN LIFE. The Man with Many Aliases darted away into

The Man with Many Aliases darted away into the night.

Crit followed, his quick ear distinguishing the footsteps of the crook from those of the other passerby. Not every man, even along Twenty-second street, has worn irons and learned to walk lock step. Hollis had done both, and to an experienced man like Crit, these facts were plainly distinguishing marks.

The man ran as though on a mile track, doubling, dodging, using all the feints his long criminal life had taught him, but in vain. On his track was one who was relentless as a bloodhound: as faithful as one of those animals and as hard to deceive.

The pace was telling upon the crook, and on Crit as well, for although the detective was usually good for almost any length of time, he had passed through so much since he had stepped from the Pullman that morning, that any other man would have been exhausted, without further effort.

At last, panting like some wild animal, Hollis darted into a little cellarway, down a pair of rotten stairs, and Crit, never pausing, followed him.

As Crit entered the room, a door just swing-

rotten stairs, and Crit, never pausing, followed him.

As Crit entered the room, a door just swinging to showed the direction he had taken. Crit passed through it into one of those opium dens so numerous on South Clark street. Hollis looked back, and seeing Crit, made a spring forward. The two men collided, Crit gave a stinging blow, and received one, and both men let go their holds, the next minute Hollis darted again into the street, with Crit a close second. The proprietor of the opium den gazed after them, then shaking his head, picked up a handkerchief Crit had dropped as well as a roll of bills lost by the crook, and with a smile on his stolid face, resumed his work of sorting laundry in front.

People turned and stared after the two men, but no one interfered. The district was too unsavory for anyone to care to get between desperate men. No one seeing the two could doubt that.

The Wentworth avenue cars clanged by, and

doubt that.

The Wentworth avenue cars clanged by, and some of the passengers saw two men, both bareheaded dash along, and wondered, and forgot. Such strange things happen on South Clark

such strange things happen on south clark street.

Suddenly, Hollis grabbed a passing car, and stumbled on it. He was half a dozen rods ahead of Crit. The latter saw his man thus escaping, and gathering all his strength spurted ahead, took a flying leap, and landed on the coupling gear, from which he leaped to the platform.

Hollis, who had dropped, utterly spent, into a

coupling gear, from which he leaped to the platform.

Hollis, who had dropped, utterly spent, into a seat, saw him. He did not stop to ask his intentions, but bolted through the car, and leaped off the platform, out into the night, closely followed by Crit, and the two men were swallowed up in the surrounding darkness, for lamp posts were few and dimly burning.

While this exciting chase was going on, Percy Mandeville was vainly endeavoring to explain how it was that he was to be found in the retreat of the gang in the Ghetto, to which Peter had directed the chief and his men.

The young man who had once enjoyed the confidence of his employers, and been a welcome addition to many brilliant social events, had at last to confess that he was guilty of many thefts, and was held by the chief, pending the arrival of the proper officer with necessary papers.

"If the Trumans would only stay here a short time longer," the chief thought to himself, "Chicago would be the Garden Spot of the World. They'd sweep it clean of every crook;

but then New York isn't swept clean, and they live there," and this consoled him a little.

No, the Trumans cannot purge any place of criminals, but they do their part, that is cer-

No, the Trumans cannot purge any place of criminals, but they do their part, that is certain.

Sylvia Lyster was taken from the terrible place in which she had been lodged by Hollis, and restored to Mrs. Haddam, by whom she was guarded until once again she was in her father's arms, and by him told the true story of her birth. After she knew that she was really Sylvia Lyster, she was very glad to turn to the man who loved her, and of whom she had thought so long and tenderly, while in captivity. In the meanwhile Ralph and Peter waited and agonized. Ralph whiled away some of the time by making a careful report of the case in his notebook, but Peter could not keep quiet. At last he said hastily:

"Ralph, let's go out on a still hunt."

"Crit may turn up," Ralph objected.

"We can leave a note for him," Peter declared, and at last Ralph assented, for he was very uneasy. They both knew how exhausted Crit was with his terrible experiences, and feared for him.

"I know that guy's strength," Peter said ruefully. There was a lump on the back of his head as large as a small egg, which was very painful.

They had no idea where to search, but they

head as large as a small egg, which was very painful.

They had no idea where to search, but they kept a sharp lookout for signs. Suddenly Ralph gave a cry. On the corner of a building was a small mark. The detective recognized it.

After that, here and there they found one of these marks, very far apart and badly made when seen, as though by one in passing.

"Crit's been running," Ralph said decidedly, and Peter nodded sagely.

Their pursuit led them into strange places. They searched the opium den, thoroughly scaring the proprietor out of his wits, for he was afraid that they had come after the bills and handkerchief.

When he found it was two men they were after, he actually became communicative, and nodded vigorously when Ralph asked:

"Did you see two men tonight chasing each other?"

"Where are they?" was the next question.

"Where are they?" was the next question.
"Me no know." Peter cried threateningly.
"No no, me no know," the fellow repeated.
"Where did they go?" kalpla asked, having convinced himself that neither Crit nor Hollis were there.

"Me no know. Man' mi n. Nother man lun in. Two man dightee. Two man lun out. Me me tives could not induce him to budge.
"Intelligent," Peter grumbled, but Ralph sald nothing.

Just after they left the den, they came across another mark, and following this stini another. For some time.

When Crit bounded from the moving car after the man he was chasing, a singular thing happened. As the car was moving, he had been-carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook in order to counter a carried ahead of the crook. In order to counter a carried ahead of the crook in order to counter a carried ahead of the crook in order to counter a carried ahead of the crook in order to counter a carried ahead of the crook in order to counter a carried ahead of the crook in order to counter a carried and survey and the crook in order to counter a carried and survey and the crook in order to counter a carried and survey and the crook in the crook in a carried and swayed, neither strength. The crook order and swayed, neither strength. The crook order and swayed, neither strength. The crook of the crook in the crook in a crook of th

Hollis showed the yellow streak and screamed

Hollis showed the yellow streak and screamed like a woman.

"Stop kicking, and I will try and save us both." Crit said grimly, knowing that now, if never before, was the time to exert that marvelous strength of his.

When the elevator had reached the top of the wall, the other side had gone down, and before it reached the ground, Ralph and Peter sprung on it, crying:

"Holst us, quick!"

As Crit hung there in his perilous position, their heads just showed above the wall, and they were frantically beseeching the man operating the elevators to hurry.

Concentrating all of his strength and his mind upon his task Crit Truman performed his most wonderful feat, for through sheer muscular strength, he slowly, yet steadily muscled out the dangling man, and with that arm held rigid, drew himself upward.

The work had all stopped, and the men were gazing breathless, on what was the most wonderful thing they had ever witnessed.

With his muscles standing out like great cables, Crit held his arm steady, and drew himself up, until, wonderful as this may seem, he was able to sit upon the broad cross beam, and just at that moment, a pair of strong hands supported him, while another pair relieved his arm of its awful strain. Crit smiled as he looked into the faces of his assistants, then he said:

"No, don't unlock those bracelets. Hollis has fainted, but I want to keep him close to me until I deliver him to the proper authorities."

Jim Hollis, The Man with Many Aliases has paid his debt to society, and Crit no longer feels any effect of the terrible strain he placed upon himself, but the chief of police still faces many problems in his effort to clear out the Levee, and drive from his city the many criminals which congregate in the notorious districts of that metropolis.

EPILOGUE.

"And you could think, darling, that my love would be influenced by any such trifling thing?" cried a manly voice, as a pair of strong arms closed about Sylvia Lyster.

"The terrible, bitter shame!" Sylvia sobbed, her head lying against his bosom.

"My precious little one! It is terrible, but all is over now," and Custer Quex pressed his lips to those of the woman he loved so tenderly. "Yes, all over, and yet I cannot help remembering," and she shuddered.

"Marry me, swectheart, right away, and I'll try and drive all recollections from your dear heart," came the tender whisper, and blushing divinely, Sylvia consented.

As she sat, her lover's arm about her, planning a happy future, she suddenly cried:

"But Custer, we mustn't forget Kathie," and he replied with a tender kiss:

"No, sweetheart, we will not forget Kathie or anyone whom you love."

THE END.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

lover and his situation, Mehitable clasped her han's, and feeling that the words would be excused in her surprise, exclaimed, "Dear, dear Mr. Clarke, how came you so cruelly tied?"

"It was that rascally Indian," said the

"It was that rascally Indian," said the lawyer suddenly.
"Is the Indian here?" asked Mehitable, showing a disposition to fly. "I don't dare to stay. I shall be carried off and made to marry one of the copper-colored wretches. Oh, oh, I know I shall."

"I don't think you need be alarmed on that score," said Clarke, a little dryly. "Besides there are none near. It was only one that overpowered me, and he would not have succeeded if he had not taken me unexpectedly. It was the rascal who goes by the name of It was the rascal who goes by the name of Indian John."
"I'd like to tear his eyes out," said Mehita-

ble, with proper indignation.
"You had better untie these cords," said the lawyer, not appreciating her warm advocacy of his cause.

cacy of his cause.

Mehitable stooped down, and with the coy

Mehitable stooped down, and with the coy look of a young girl essayed to unloose the fastenings. But on a sudden, when she had about half completed her task, she stopped short, and looked unutterably bashful. "What's the matter? Can't you untie it?" asked Clarke.

"It wasn't that," said Mehitable.

"What was it, then? I wish you'd be kind enough to make haste, for it is rather painful, feeling the strain of these cords."

"I—I was thinking that we are alone," said Mehitable, bashfully.

"I—I was thinking that we are alone," said Mehitable, bashfully.

"And suppose we are—what then?" inquired Clarke, in great surprise.

"I was thinking that if I untied you—you might go and—and—being a great deal stronger than I am—might go and kiss me, and I couldn't help myself."

"Can anything exceed the folly of this ridiculous old maid?" thought Clarke, impatiently. "I must even humor her folly."

"But I promise you on my honor," he said emphatically, "that you have nothing to fear from me."

Mehitable would have been better pleased

Mehitable would have been better pleased with some gallant demonstration, but was determined not to yield the point yet.

"And you'll excuse me for calling you dear Mr. Clarke?" she said, veiling her face with her handkerchief.

"I didn't hear you call me so."

"But I did," said Mehitable candidly. "It was in the surprise of first beholding you in this distressed condition that I addressed you

was in the surprise of first beholding you in this distressed condition that I addressed you in that manner—you won't take advantage of it, will you, Mr. Clarke?"

The lawyer assured her very emphatically that she had nothing whatever to fear from him, and urged her to complete the work of his deliverence.

his deliverance. This she at length did, but while doing so favored him with some reminiscences of the lover whom she had rejected, and who in consequence, as she darkly intimated, had found existence to grine or the state of the existence too grievous a burden to bear.

"Then why didn't you marry him?" Clarke, bluntly. "Because I could not give him the trusting affections of my young and unsophisticated heart," said Mehitable sentimentally. "I have since seen one—who I think I might learn to love."

'Indeed, who is it?" "Indeed, who is it?"
"Do not ask me, Mr. Clarke. It is a secret
which I can never speak to the ear of anyone
—least of all to you."
"And why not to me?" demanded the law-

"And why not to me?" demanded the law-yer.
"Because—oh, Mr. Clarke, do not ask me any more questions, for I might reveal the state of my heart, and indeed I must not."
"Zounds, if I don't believe she's in love with me," said Clarke to himself. "In that case I certainly won't press the old girl to make what might prove to be rather an awkward reve-lation."

"Won't you come to the house?" asked

Mehitable.

"Won't you come to the house?" asked Mehitable.

"Thank you," said Clarke, "I shall not trouble to do so just now. I must follow on the track of the confounded Indian who has served me such a miserable trick."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Mehitable, clasping her hands. "For my sake. don't! He will kill and scalp you, and I—we all should miss you so much."

"Thank you," said Clarke, slightly smiling, "but I apprehend no danger—I shall now be on my guard. I am much obliged to you for acting as my deliverer, and must now bid you good morning."

"I wonder if he loves me!" thought the spinster. "What a beautiful man he is! I don't know but it is my duty to marry him if he asks me. If I can see that it is my duty, I will submit without a murmur."

Meanwhile Dick Clarke searched until he found the pocketbook laying in the path. There were no papers to be seen, Jerry having carried away the whole.

"The Indian has undoubtedly destroyed them," thought Clarke. "In that case, matters are not so bad as they might be."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This story, full of exciting incidents, of a boy, young in years, yet mature in judgment, will hold the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of older years. If not a subscriber send 15 cents before the price advances. Read the next chapter, "Mabel and Her Father," thereby keeping the thread of the story without a break.





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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month,

UNE has gone, my dears, and July is with us. June wasn't altogether the month of roses, but I guess none of you froze to death. But the summer is with us, and whether cold or warm, it is the sunny time of the year, and we must shine with the sun and not let the frost get into our systems and chill the good that is in us. I hope those of you who can go away for into our systems and chill the good that is in us. I hope those of you who can go away for the summer will have a lovely time, and that those who have to stay will not be very unhappy. Just now here is work to do, though, and I mustn't be talking to you, even though it is to wish you every blessing.

it is to wish you every blessing.

The first letter I open is from Worryful Heart, Scribner, Neb., and she asks the old, old question of what to do to make the man care for her who does not care. Isn't it strange that girls never will learn that such efforts are useless? Love goeth where it listeth, and no earthly power can make it go elsewhere. If he doesn't care for you, dear, he cannot, and you might as well find someone who can. There is no other way, and you waste time looking for one. You blush when his name is spoken because you are in love with him. Why should you let yourself be, when he doesn't want you? Orange Blooms, Greenville, Ala.—Marry the man who loves you and wants you to be his wife. Why do you want to be so silly as to wait for the man who doesn't love you to see if he won't by and by? Really, you don't deserve as good a man as the one who wants to marry you.

you.

Scarlet Rose, Medaryville, Ind.—Seeing that the young man to whom you were engaged went off and married another girl without a word to you about it, perhaps the best thing you could do with his presents and his letters would be to send them to the lady who is now his wife. This isn't quite the Christian way, but some men don't deserve Christian treatment.

don't deserve Christian treatment.

Blue-eyed Bertha, Mission City, Tex.—It is all right to write to "good old Tom" and straighten out any misunderstanding which may exist through some fault of yours. Silly girls don't settle their difficulties that way, but sweet and sensible ones do. And ask him to spend the day of your birthday with you, too. If he's all right, he'll do it.

day of your birthday with you, too. If he's all right, he'll do it.

Blue-eyed Belle, Lucien, Miss.—The first thing a girl of fifteen should do with reference to the young men is to obey her Larents. Any young man who attempts to persuade her otherwise does not care what harm happens to her.

Perplexed, Portage, O.—By all means advise your friend against the young man who treated you so meanly. He is dishonorable in his conduct and he lies to the girls to whom he is attentive. Maybe she won't believe you—girls are queer that way sometimes—but tell her anyhow. (2) Better wait two years instead of two months before permitting your friend's discarded sweetheart to make love to you. He would drop you in a minute at a sign from the old one. Would you like that? Reconcile them if you can. (3) If you think it is quite the proper thing to kiss the young man good night, go ahead. And, as it is the proper thing, why not tell everybody that you kiss him? Surely one should not be ashamed to tell of the proper things one does.

Puzzled Beauty, Farwell, Minn.—The engagement ring is given by the man to the maid, though there is no law against her giving him one if she wants to. Do as you talked to

one if she wants isn't the custom.

Blue Eyes, Farrier, Okla.—As you talked to the young man at the house of a friend, though you were not introduced, it would be quite proper to speak to him afterwards. At the same time, you need not unless you wished, and he has no right to be offended if you do not. But such formality is disagreeable. (2) Indeed, my dear, I don't know how a young man acts towards a young lady if he wishes to keep company with her. They all act so different. But it is very plain to the lady unless she is stupid, which you are not, I am sure, from your letter.

Ky. Maid, Denton, Ky.—Yes, I do think it wrong for second cousins to marry. Go out of the family to marry. (2) A paid companion may have various duties, depending entirely upon what her employer wishes her to do.

Sad Sweetheart, Marion, Ind.—He couldn't

upon what her employer wishes her to do.

Sad Sweetheart, Marion, Ind.—He couldn't have loved you very passionately or he would have sent you' a Christmas present when you had sent him one. (2) Jealousy is no sign of love. Not ugly jealousy, anyway. Better have no sweetheart than have one who is meanly jealous. (3) Kissing games are vulgar, and never seen in good society.

Three Sisters, Virgilina, Va.—She may visit the young man's home as the guest of his parents, or sisters, even though no young people are in the house. (2) Don't have a sweetheart who is jealous of his brother. That is a little too mean for anything. (3) The best way for a girl to attract the attention of men is not to try to.

Blue Eyes, Brinckerhoff, N. V.—For goodness.

Blue Eyes, Brinckerhoff, N. Y.—For goodness' sake don't part with a nice man like he is, just because your parents want you to. Wait until you are twenty-one and marry him. You'll be the better for the waiting and so will your parents, and everybody will be happy.

ents, and everybody will be happy.

Brownie, Blackburn, Ark.—Break the engagement and tell him why, because you will be as cowardly as he is if you do not. You cannot marry him feeling as you do, and you can't lie to him, can you? Have a talk with his mother.

N. T., Argentine, Kans.—As you were at fault in the beginning it is your place to make the first move towards a settlement. You were only careless, and he should forgive you.

Makel, Canton, O.—Of course he cares for

Mabel Canton, O.—Of course he cares for you. Why should he "seek you farther"? He has shown signs enough, now you show one by asking him to call on you and be as nice to him as you can without over-doing it. Why shouldn't you visit his sister? My, Mabel, but you are young in such matters.

Sad Girl, Spokane, Wash.—Ask your mother, A fifteen-year-old girl's best friend is her mother, or ought to be.

Anxious Jane, Ferndale, Tenn.—Treat him only as a friend, and if you see any other man who interests you accept his attention. This man evidently doesn't care to be more than friendly. As he has not shown any desire to be other than that, don't you.

Troubled Cousin, Noble, Ill.—If he will agree to kiss you not oftener than once a week, you might yield that much to this great love you have for him. But make him promise solemnly, and then see how quick he will break his promise after you have let him kiss you once. Go on, it's you he is kissing, not me.

Cheyenne, Paxton, Neb.—How could he care for you and pay all his attention to the other

and the court of the surprise that the

girl whenever she was around? (2) You wear an engagement ring as long as the engagement lasts, however long that may be.

all sats, however long that may be.

Troubled Heart, Mason, Tex.—You cannot win him. Read other answers in this column to others troubled as you are. Why, oh, why, do so many girls want the impossible?

Troubled Brown Eyes, Marshfield, Mo.—When you don't know which of two men you ought to marry, you ought not marry either. Better wait till you see if the astrologer wasn't right.

(2) Thank him and tell him pleasantly yes or no, when he asks you to go anywhere with him. The latest manner is the same as the old one.

(3) Ask him to call again. Don't wait for him to ask if he may. Your beau ought to come back without asking.

Blue-eyed Minnie, Albany, Ill.—I hardly

back without asking.

Blue-eyed Minnie, Albany, Ill.—I hardly think he could love you more than his life, and stop calling on you as soon as you had promised to be his wife. Something is wrong with him, and you should drop him, unless he can explain.

Anxious Darling, Farmington, Mo.—If he makes love to you and goes with another girl, it is time for you to send back his letters and presents and go with somebody else. No kissing until you are engaged.

Anxious Girl, Cloverport, Ky.—Don't, wait

Anxious Girl, Cloverport, Ky.—Don't wait till he has gone too far if you do not intend to accept him. It is not fair to either of you, and I do not think you are inclined to be a fiirt. As you are older than he is you should add that to the other excuse that you do not love him. At his age, he will outgrow the shock. If you love him, marry him.

P. E. W., Lascassas, Tenn.—Give him up. You are not suited to each other at all. (2) Yes, you may give small presents to your men friends. (3) Well, I am not sure, but perhaps you might kiss your sweetheart good by, when he is going away for a year, even though you are not engaged.

Rosa, Bevier, Mo.—You can't get him back if he doesn't want to come. (2) No. (3) Ask a caller to call again if you want him to call. And don't if you don't.

Anxious Girl, Faceville, Ga.—As he has proposed once, it seems to me that you could easily tell him that your feelings have changed and he should try again. Talk to him gently on the subject and see what he has to say.

on the subject and see what he has to say.

Little Rose, Starkville, Miss.—As it was not your fault at all, and he is to blame if anyone is, pay no more attention to the matter, or to him. Be polite to him and no more.

Blue-eyed Marie, Seaton, Ill.—Wait until he comes to see you. If he loves you still, he will tell you so and ask you the question you are waiting for. But he never will ask it, if you try to coax him to do so. Some men are very bashful about writing what they think. (2) Don't write with a pencil.

There, dears, your questions are answered, and let us all hope they are answers that will do the very greatest good. I even like to scold you when I think it will make better girls of you, and better women, by and by. Now may the good Lord watch over us all till we meet again. By, by, Cousin Marion.

The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

broken up on her, and I don't approve of it in the least. I had the scare of my life for fear I should lose her last summer. A famous prima donna spent the summer here recuperating. She heard Theta sing in the choir and went wild over her voice, said her lower notes were the sweetest she had ever heard, and tried every means of persuasion to induce Theta to study for an operatic career. To my relief Theta told her she was happy where she was, and that she had no craving for ambition's sake. The singer gave up at last and admitted it would be best for the little wild rose to remain in its woodland setting, that if transplanted to a hothouse it might lose its sweetness. I like the wild rose best. It is not so perfect in form and its perfume is not so intense, but it blooms on the desert's plain where the hothouse blossom would wither and die. The wild rose has all the strength of the wilderness. Am I a selfish old woman, laddie, to want to keep all its sweetness for myself? At least I don't want it transplanted to any doctor's office. Maggie is bringing in the popcorn, so refreshments are in order, and I will bring my letter to a close. Write by return post and let us know about the baby.

"With love and best wishes, your mother, "ELLEN WARFIELD."

As Gene reached the closing portion of the letter a keen pang shot through his heart. He had never thought of Theta as being anything but faithful to himself—(a man always likes to fancy a woman as cherishing his memory)—

but faithful to himself—(a man always likes to fancy a woman as cherishing his memory)— it was a rude shock to him that others should consider her in the light in which he had once

looked upon her.
"Could it have been only a hallucination "Could it have been only a hallucination conjured up by my fevered brain—my seeing her there in the waters at Niagara?" he thought. "So she would not study for a musical career—she cares nothing for ambition. Ah! little girl, you were wiser than I. O God—see what my insatiable ambition has brought to me! At home, they are happy—mother, Uncle John, Theta—they do not miss me—but I—I am desolate." A mist came over his eyes. The child sti. ed and wailed out its incessant cry: out its incessant cry:
"Mamma, mamma!"
Gene laid its little face to his.

"No, darling, you have no mamma—you precious, for in all the world he has no one but you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "The Awakening." Send 15 cents for a year's subscription, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Miscellaneous Requests

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

Can any sister send me the words to "Sweet Marie," also to a song. "Tell Them That You Saw Me Peeking Through the Door," and "Break MRS. H. S. FRINK, Clarks Corner, Conn. the News to Mother."

Mrs. W. H. Hardten. Will you kindly send me your address, as I have lost it. I should also like to hear from other sisters and receive cross-stitch and crochet patterns.

Mrs. L. H. Combs, Houlton, Ore.

I am a flower lover and would be pleased to receive seeds, bulbs, or cuttings, also reading matter; will try to return favors.

Miss Johnnie Gault, Copperas Cove, Texas.

Will someone kindly send me the song con-

1 v . L. L. 11 11 1 1 1 1

taining these words: "When the harvest moon is shining on the river." I will pay postage and return favor if possible.

MISS RACHEL JONES, Cherry Creek, Oneida Co., Idaho.

Co., Idaho.

Can any of the sisters send me any of these four books, "Her Only Sin," "Dora Thorne," "Wedded and Parted," "Mildred; or, the Child of Adoption," also pieces of ribbon, silk, satin and velvet for crazy-work. I will return postage and return favor in some way.

MARY E. RADER, Ashley, Okla.

To anyone who will be kind enough to send me choice plants, seeds or hardy bulbs, I will return favor and postage.

ESTELLA DAWSON, 524 Roselawn Ave., Portland, Ore.

Will some of the sisters kindly send me pat-terns of Hardanger embroidery, recipes how to make salt-rising bread, also give letter party, Aug. 1. Mrs. E. C. Sonne, Paso Robles, Cal.

Aug. 1. MRS. E. C. SÖNNE, Paso Robles, Cal.

Can any of you send me the song entitled "Riding on the Top of an Omnibus," also the song containing these words, "Those were the lips I first tenderly kissed;" they were both favorite songs of my husband, who is dead. I will return the favor in some way.

MRS. CLARENCE HARVEY, care of H. A. Harvey, East Las Vegas, New Mex.

Miss Lucy Ballew. Rushville III wicker to

Miss Lucy Ballew, Rushville, Ill., wishes to make a Comforr album, and requests photographs of any of its readers. Send name and address on back of photographs.

Requests from Shut-ins

Requests from Shares.

My father died when I was nine years old, leaving my mother with five small children besides myself, and all younger. When I was thirteen years old I was taken sick, and have not had a well day since. I am now twenty, but so drawn out of shape I am almost entirely helpless, but can use my arms and hands a little. I would like to receive letters, cards, stamps or anything to help pass the time.

HENRY COE, Elton, Ga.

DEAR SISTERS: I have been a shut-in for over a year and only God knows how I have suffered. I have an exophthalmic goitre, and also heart and nervous troubles

The doctor considers my goitre incurable, but aybe some sister may know of something

The doctor considers my goire incurable, our maybe some sister may know of something which might give me relief.

Those suffering with gallstones try taking a small wineglassful of olive oil twice a day. I would appreciate any kind of flower seeds as I would like to have a Comfort flower bed. I hope to hear from some of the sisters soon.

MISS PEARL BENIKA, 1204 Delmonte Ave., Summit Park, Louisville, Ky.

Summit Park, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. S. J. Eckels South Solon, R. F. D., 1,
Ohio, a deaf invalid who has recently broken
an arm, is in need of help and cheer, letters, or
in fact anything useful thankfully received.

Miss Doshia Hundley, Fayetteville, W. Va., a
rheumatic sufferer for nine years since she was
a child of six, would be pleased to be remembered in any way and would also like a letter
party, Aug. 17. Young people please write.
Mrs. Susie Nichols, Lewisville, R. F. D., 3,
Tex., a shut-in for the past ten years, asks to
be remembered with letters, reading matter,
pieces for patchwork, bulbs or anything useful.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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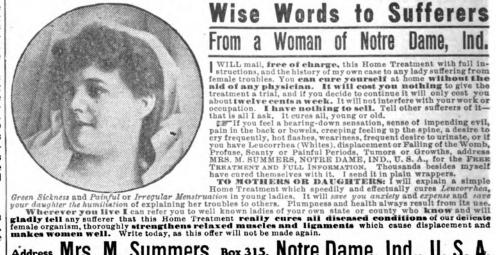
MARRY WEALTH - BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE TO ALL. Pay when money for particulars. Select Glub, Dept. 15, Tekonsha, Mich.

WANTED No cost to get job. High prices. Transportation paid on materials. Stamped addressed envelope. American Agron Co., 4504 Cottags Grow Am., Chicago.

LADIES wanted to sell dress goods, silks and waistings. No capital required. Large elaborate sample outfit FREE, Ideal Dreas Goods, Dept. C. T., 338 Brestwy, New York.



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Carambe-Units . . . durint in in.

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The beautiful cards we offer you are among the very finest ever produced. Not only are they fine specimens of the printer's art, but we have selected them from copyrighted subjects which are not easily obtained elsewhere. We have, however, made arrangements to supply our friends with a set of five. They will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, free to all who take advantage of our offer. We want to introduce our new paper THE AMERICAN FARM WORLD into homes where it is not now taken. THE AMERICAN FARM WORLD in a large monthly publication of from 20 to 32 large pages filled to overflowing with original matter that the Farmer, Gardener, Poultryman, and in fact any man or woman, even though he or she have but a small flower-garden, ought to know. It contains helpful departments for every member of the household. The regular subscription-price is only 15 cents a year, or five years for 50 cents. It is unusual for us to accept subscriptions for a shorter time than one year, but to give all the opportunity to get acquainted with it before subscribing for a longer time we make the following most liberal offer: Send us Ten Cents and we will send you THE AMERICAN FARM WORLD three months, together with Five Beautiful Post-Cards.

A POST-GARD ALBUM FREE If you will send us a club of ten trial three-month subscriptions at our trial-subscription-price of ten cents each, we will send you ten sets of Postal Cards, five cards in each set to deliver to each subscriber; and, to reward you for your time in securing the subscriptions, we will send to you, absolutely free and post-paid, by mail, a beautifully decorated Post-Card Album in cloth binding. It will hold one hundred cards.

THE WORLD AMERICAN FARM

AUGUSTA, MAINE, or CHICAGO, ILL.



In this department will be carefully any be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in sileer or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advices, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

W L. B.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of your wife, leaving no will, her estate, both real and personal, would descend in equal parise to her children, or their descendants, except that you would be entitled to a child's share in her personal property. If she held the property you mention as a trustee for you and was not its real owner, we think the only way for you to get title would be by bringing an equity action to establish your title to the property. Such an action would be quite expensive and might prove troublesome for you to substantiate in case any of your children should contest your right to the property. If your only desire is, as you state, to see that all of your children share equally, we fail to see the necessity of such an action, as you yourself are the only sufferer under the present conditions, but if there is danger that any of your children might try to make trouble for you in connection with the property, you should prosecute your action at once.

Mrs. A. C. E.—Under the laws of the State from which

should prosecute your action at once.

Mrs. A. C. E.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of your father, leaving no will, the homestead property would become the absolute property of his widow and children, one half in value to the widow and the other half to the children. We think, however, that before dividing his property you should ascertain to a certainty that he is dead. After you have obtained positive proof of this she can proceed to sell the property, all the heirs joining with her in the deed.

J. L. We are of the original that upon the property are the can be can proceed to sell the property.

J. L.—We are of the opinion, that a license is not neces-sary for you to sell the article you mention, in the manner you state.

J. 1.—We are of the opinion, that a license is not necessary for you to sell the article you mention, in the manner you state.

Mrs. G. R.—Under the laws of the State you mention we are of the opinion, that the property both real and personal of an intestate (person leaving no will) descends and is distributed as follows:—(1) to the children and their descendants equally, the children of a deceased child or grandchild taking the share of their parents in equal shares; (2) where there is no child, nor descendant of a child, and no widow or surviving husband, then to the parents, brothers and sisters and their descendants equally, when only one parent, he or she takes a 'double portion; and if there is no parent living, then to the brothers and sisters and their descendants; (3) when there is a widow or surviving husband, and no child or descendant of a child, one half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate goes to the widow or surviving husband absolutely, and the other half of the real estate descends as in other cases where there are no children or descendants of children; (4) where there is a widow or surviving husband, and also a child or descendants of a child, and no parent, brother, or sister, or descendant of a child, and no parent, brother, or sister, or descendant of a parent, brother or sister and no widow or surviving husband, the estate descends in equal parts to the next of kin in equal degree, there being no representative among collaterals, except with descendants of a brothers or sisters, and no distinction being made between kindred of the half and the whole blood; (6) in case of a widow or, surviving husband, and no kindred, the whole estate goes to the widow or surviving husband, and no kindred, the whole estate goes to the widow or surviving husband, and no kindred, the whole estate goes to the widow or surviving husband, and no kindred, the whole estate goes to the widow or surviving husband, the case of a widow or, surviving husband, or kindred, the conditions which might

M. E. G.—Communicate with the Bureau of free lands, Washington, D. C.

J. S.—Either there must be some error, or you in some way have failed to live up to your contract as the United States Government does not confiscate property except for just cause.

G. S.—The papers you send us show nothing except what the Company you mention represent in regard to their stock. An examination of the charter under which they operate would be necessary to show what they have power to do.

L. U. S.—We are of the opinion that a city government has power to condemn property for the purpose you mention. If your property was taken without due process of law, your remedy would be an action for damages against the City Government.

Mrs. J. O. S.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, that if a husband by his will deprives his wife of over one half of his property, she shall be allowed either to accept the conditions of the will or one half of the property, as she sees fit.

will or one half of the property, as she sees fit.

F. W.—We are of the opinion that, although under the laws of the State from which you write a seal is not absolutely essential to the validity, nevertheless one should be ptaced on the paper immediately after the signature of the testator. Such seals can be purchased at almost any stationery store. The will should be signed in your State by at least two witnesses. We think that if you are not familiar with the form and manner of execution of wills you would do well to have a lawyer draw and attend to the execution of your will, as it is rather technical work and you cannot be too careful in avoiding mistakes.

W. H. G.—We think you should write to the Superin-

W. H. G.—We think you should write to the Superintendent of Insurance of the State in which your policies were written. If you have fully complied with all the terms of your policy, and your loss was such a one as was covered by your insurance, we see no reason why you cannot enforce its payment, provided, of course, the company is solvent and you have not in any way waived the payment of your claim. We have no knowledge of the financial condition of the Company you mention.

W. R. B.—While, in our opinion, the law is not very well settled in the State you mention, in regard to the question you submit. we think you might be enjoined from committing the act you propose and sued for dam-ages, or proceeded against in some manner.

ages, or proceeded against in some manner.

M. E. L.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State from which you write, (1) if your mother died without leaving a will her real estate descended in equal shares to her children, subject, however, to the right of your father to dower of an estate for life in one third of all her real estate; that if the advances he made to your mother, with which to make improvements on the property, were presents to her he has no claim for the money, but that if he did not make her a present of the money his relimbursement should come by way of a claim against her estate; (2) the source from which he derived his income makes no difference; (3) that you-can take your own property away with you, if you so desire; (4) that at your age your father could not be held for your hydrician's bill unless he contracted for the services or agreed to pay for them.

G. F.—We are of the opinion, that the policy you mention

agreed to pay for them.

G. F.—We are of the opinion, that the policy you mention will be payable at maturity to the beneficiary as named therein, unless changed or assigned before maturity, in which event it will be paid as provided for by such change or assignment. The beneficiary as named in your statement to us seems to be very plain and we fail to see why you cannot understand it. You might communicate with the Company for information in regard to any changes.

M. T.—We do not think that, under the circumstances you mention, you can compel your father to support and educate you without giving yourself up to his custody; in the event of your doing this and if you are unable to support and educate yourself, you might be able to compel him to provide for you in a manner suitable to his means and station in life.

Miss M. S.—Under the laws of the State you mention.

we are of the opinion, that a wife may receive and use her own earnings free from the interference of her husband or his creditors, but that neither husband nor wife can recover compensation for any labor performed or any services rendered for the other; and that, if the property you mention belonged to the wife, she is entitled to the proceeds of the sale, but that if it was her husband's property, she is not entitled to any compensation for services rendered in regard to the same. (2) We think that a husband who (in your State) abandons or neglects to support his wife, without cause, is guilty of a misdemeanor and may be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both. prisonment, or both.

B. F. W., Jr.—You should make your complaint to the United States postal anthorities at Washington, D. C.

United States postal anthorities at Washington, D. C.
Mrs. J. A. S.—We are of the opinion, that, if your husband and his brother owe a debt to the man you mention and the debt is now due, the claimant can sue them and get judgment against them and enforce its payment from whatever property they may own. If the debt you mention is in its nature a mortgage upon the property, the holder of the mortgage can foreclose and have the property sold under foreclosure and your husband and his brother would lose the money they have expended in putting improvements on the land, unless it brought more than enough to satisfy the mortgage and the expenses of foreclosure, in which event they would be entitled to the surplus money.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Letters of Thanks

Dear Sisters and Friends:
I was very kindly remembered by my many pen friends whom I have never seen, yet learned to love, and my dear friends, if you do not hear from me as often as you would like to, it is because I am unable to write long letters often, much as I love to hear from you all.
Let us strive to scatter a little sunshine each day, and brighten the lives of those who are less fortunate then ourselves.

nate than ourselves.

With best wishes to all for health and prosperity,
MRS. D. DEPUE, Blissfield, Mich.

DEAR FRIENDS:

We want to express our thanks to all who have remembered our invalid child, Mildred Carpenter, and to tell you that the tokens of friendship and love to her raises a feeling of gratitude to you that words cannot express. We would like to answer each personally, but it is impossible, so we take this means of thanking all.

Mildred suffers from infantile paralysis, but is improving.

MR. AND MRS. CARPENTER, 621 Bird St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

My dear mother wishes me to thank you all for the great pleasure you have given her; she cannot answer all personally, but each favor is truly ap-preciated. SARAH E. HULL, Cloud Chief, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS: DEAR SISTERS:

I take this method in thanking all who wrote me or sent remembrances; you will think of me on my birthday July 15, I know. May God bless one and all is the prayer of MRS. C. J. HAGERTY, 303 3rd Ave., West, Cedar

Rapids, Iowa.

I wish to express my most heartfelt thanks to the dear editor for printing my request, and to all the dear sisters who responded. I answered all but one from Buffalo, N. Y. They gave no name.

MISS ANNA REHOR, Wilber, Neb. DEAR READERS :

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Orange Water Ice

Take a dozen fine oranges; squeeze the juice and pour a little boiling water on pulp to extract the juice; the juice of two lemons, and the grated rind of two oranges, and one and one half pounds of granulated sugar and a quart of water; strain and freeze. When about half frozen add the beaten whites of three eggs.

Lemon Water Ice

Half a pint of lemon juice, and the same of water, to which put one pint of syrup, the peel of six lemons rubbed off in sugar, strain, mix and freeze. Then mix up the whites of three eggs to a froth, with a little sugar; when the ice is beginning to set work this well into it and it will be very soft and delicious.

Pineapple Water Ice

Pare and slice two pineapples, and cover with sugar, and let stand over night as you would for sauce, in morning crush and strain, after straining pour over pineapples a pint more water, crush and strain again, sweeten to taste as you have already sweetened some. Make after the same form as Orange or Lemon Ice, only add the whipped whites of half dozen eggs.

Fruit Ice Cream

Make a custard with a quart of milk, five eggs, one and a half pounds of sugar, and a quart of cream. Scald milk and pour it hot upon the yolks of the eggs and sugar; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and stir in rest; return it to the custard kettle for a few minutes to thicken. When cold beat in the cream and add a pint of any kind of fruit cut up very small or mashed. Bananas, peaches, pineapple or berries of any kind may be used. Put it into the freezer and pack in salt and ice as for any kind of cream. The custard may be partly frozen before putting in the fruit, and it can then be placed in a mould and packed.

Tutti Fruitti Ice Cream

When a plain ice cream of any kind is partly frozen, crystalized fruit of any kind chopped fine may be added, having the same quantity of fruit as you have ice cream. Chopped citron, raisins, English currants, or any candied fruit may be used. Put into a mold and pack in ice and salt. It may be served with whipped cream around it.

MINNIE L. BUTTON, Henderson, Ill.

MINNIE I. BUTTON, Henderson, Ill.

Mustard Pickles

Take an equal quantity of small cucumbers, green tomatoes, sliced cauliflower, picked up small, small button onions. Mix together and cover with strongly salted water, a pint of coarse salt to six quarts boiling water, boiled. skimmed and cooled before using. After twenty-four hours, scald the brine and dissolve in it alum size of a nutmeg. Then pour boiling water over the pickles. When cold, drain very thoroughly, prepare enough vinegar to cover. To one quart of vinegar add one cupful brown sugar, one half cupful flour, one fourth pound ground mustard. Boil sugar and vinegar, mix flour and mustard, stir boiling vinegar into it, when smooth pour over pickles. Put small piece of horseradish in bottle to keep from molding. Melted paraffine may be poured over the top.

Mrs. Lydia L. Eckle.

Lemon Beer

Slice two good-sized lemons, put with o pound of sugar; over this pour one gallon boiling water, and when about milk warm a one third cup of yeast; let it stand over nigl and it is ready for use. L. A. BALLARD.

Mixed Pickles

One gallon each of green tomatoes (sliced), string beans, shelled beans, small cucumbers, one half gallon small onions, one and one half cups sugar, five cents' worth mixed spices, let cucumbers and tomatoes lie in one teacupful of salt over night, cook string beans fifteen minutes, shelled beans ten minutes, onions ten minutes, shelled beans ten minutes, onions ten minutes, let vinegar spices and sugar-come to a boil, add pickles etc., and just raise to a boil, then seal while hot in glass cans, use dwarf lima beans





for shelled ones, any thick, fleshy podded string beans, choosing them alike young and tender. Use the smallest of onlon sets. MISS CHRISTEL ALBRIGHT, Charleston, Ill.

Strawberry Filling for Cake or Shortcake

Beat white of one egg very stiff, add three quarters of a cup of powdered sugar, beat again, then add half a cup of fresh strawberries bruised to a pulp, beat all together till stiff; this is delicious on a one layer sponge cake, for dessert or tea.

Strawberry Snow

Cook in double boiler, two cups boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one cup of sugar, when thick remove from the fire, add the juice of two cups of strawberries, beat the whites of two eggs stiff, add a very little sugar, and pour over all.

Old-fashioned Strawberry Shortcake

Make a good rich biscuit crust, make in jelly cake tins, while it is baking, take about half of the berries you are going to use, and cut (do not mash) them up, and add sugar, letting them stand awhile, when the cake is baked, split open (it should be about two inches thick), butter, put on a layer of the whole berries, a liberal supply of sugar, and as much butter as you can afford, then put on the other piece of crust and butter-side up, and repeat the process, using up berries for the center and a row of whole berries around the edge, sprinkle on more sugar, dot with bits of butter and set in oven a few moments for the berries to warm through. Cut the cake as you would a pie in wedge-shaped pieces.

J. A. D. (MES. VAN DYKE.)

Correspondents Wanted

Mr. Grover C. Honeycut, Admar, Va. Miss Barry Neville, General Delivery, Greeley, Colo. Miss Sadie R. Salstrom, Orleans, Humboldt Co., Cal. Miss Iva King, Lexington, R. F. D., 1, Tenn., May 25, 1907. Minnie Doyle, Keefton, Ind. Ter., young people. Myrtle Viola Stephenson, 405 William St., Chattanooga, Minn., young people. July 28, or later. Mrs. Louise L. Kenneth, 420 West 8th St., Dixon, Ill., especially those surnamed Adams. Lena C. Kravik, Edinburg, N. D., young people. Mrs. Edw. Bergstresser, Topton, Pa., Aug. 7. Miss Anna Kruse, 349 E. 5th St., Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 26. Ida C. Smith, Lancaster, Wis. Thomas W. Hage, Box 78, Ravenna, R. F. D., 2, Mich., young people. Grace Santee, Reedy, R. F. D., 1, W. Va., young people. Miss N. Elizabeth Boyd, Pine Town, R. F. D., 2, N. C. Miss Viola Hiser, Petersburg, W. Va. Miss M. Mamie Beck, Melburn, Ohio, young people.

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the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs,
we will send an ascortment of aix cards for clubs of three,
or twelve for a club of five. In sending in your club, say
whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then
exchange with others as you see their souvenir Postals and
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Mrs. John Vivrett, 526 Mulberry St., Beaumont, Texas. John Romberger, 44 N. Locust St., Mt. Carmel, Pa. Dan'l V. Ghares, 244 S. Chestnut St., Mt. Carmel, Pa. Miss Edna Painter, 609 West Arch St., Pottsville, Pa. Mrs. Cener Robbins, Fayette-ville, Ark. Sam'l J. Eigsti, Flanagan, Ill. Miss Esther McLaughlin, Forks of Salmon, Siskiyon Co., Cal.

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Cures inflamed, grapulated lide plate and a property of the plate and th



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Club Offer For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine as a beginning towards filling the Album.

the Album. Address COMFORT, Box 716, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

M. L. S., Bainbridge, N. Y.—Touch the warts every day with lunar caustic, or nitric acid, or aromatic vinegar. Be careful not to get it on the skin beyond the warts. The caustic will turn them black, the acid, yellow, and the vinegar will discolor but slightly. It is not so powerful as the others.

gar will discolor but signty. It is not so powerful as the others.

Belle E. Clark, Wanconda, Ill., sends a remedy for malaria and its attendant ills which she says has for twenty years prevented malaria, bilious fever, headaches and rheumatism in her case. It is as follows: Cut up four lemons, rind, pulp and all and boil in half gallon of water—one lemon to the pint—till rind is soft and whole is boiled down to one quart. Dose, one teaspoonful before each meal. It is as well a fine spring tonic, acting directly upon the liver. Lemons should be boiled in covered granite dish or pot. K. T., Bakersfield, Cal.—Shampoo your hair with egg shampoo and apply the following tonic: Bay rum, ten ounces; resorcin, twenty grains; cantharides, three drams. Use the tonic every other day. Massage the scalp for ten minutes every day. Use the shampoo once in two weeks.

other day. Massage the scalp for ten minutes every day. Use the shampoo once in two weeks.

Miss D. D., Lacrosse, Wis.—Your blood is not necessarily thick to cause it to "rush to the head". You, should diet yourself and get your digesticn to working properly. If you will read a book—there are many of them—on physical culture, you will get advice there that if followed will put you in much better shape than medicine will, if you eat the proper food. (2) There are various reasons why your limbs should swell, but we can't offer advice without knowing something about the case. You may be dropsical. Have you ever consuited a physician in your own town? If not, why not?

E. S., Red Bluff, Cal.—Pimples, which are only another form of blackheads are normal at your age (14), and if you will use a little care in your diet, not eating too much fat or greasy food, and few sweets, with no coffee, you will find that they will disappear. It is well to press them out when it may be done without too much pressure. Here is a simple but efficacious lotion: Two ounces of green soap mixed with two ounces of liquid extract of witch-hazel. Bathe the face with this night and morning and wash off with hot water, then cold.

V. C. P., London, N. H.—A short visit to Colored would not be of any great benefit to

wash off with hot water, then cold.

V. C. P., London, N. H.—A short visit to Colorado would not be of any great benefit to your catarrh, but if you could remain there for several months you would get rid of it. Either there or in Arizona or New Mexico. Any part of Colorado is good, as it is high and dry. Catarrh of the stomach calls for special treatment in diet, and you must get your digestive organs into good working condition.

A. Z. New York, N. Y.—The best thing we

A. Z., New York, N. Y.—The best thing we know of for "a weak mind and a sensitive head" is to go somewhere where there is quiet and good company. If you wish to stay in New York, however, we advise that you try the Psychopathic Ward at Bellevue.

J. R. B., Pleasant Shade, Tenn.—We cannot go into details. Suppose you consult a physician in your own town. If he can do better than we can, he is the man you need. Our opinion of the advice we gave remains unchanged. Tell your doctor what we told you.

Subscriber, Grafton, Neb.—The flushes to the face that trouble you after eating are no doubt largely due to indigestion. Just what food you should eat we cannot tell you, but you can find out by trying the very simplest diet—rice, eggs, milk with crackers—until you have seen what the result is. Drink no coffee and only very weak tea, if any. Proper exercise would aid materially. Read some book on physical culture. Unless some thing is radically wrong with you, the trouble should be removed in a few weeks.

N. B. M. Pleasant Ridge. O The rate.

few weeks.

N. B. M., Pleasant Ridge, O.—The pain around your left chest may be muscular, and due to neuralgic affection, or it may be caused by indigestion which affects the heart, by gases forming and causing an upward pressure against that organ. If this is the case, your heart is all right, but your stomach is not. Diet yourself and get your digestion good, and see if the pain doesn't stop. An aid to digestion and to reducing this pressure is a half teaspoonful of ordinary cooking soda in a glass of water shortly after eating. Also when you go to bed at night. If it is neuralgic, try chloroform liniment on flannel held tightly over the pain point until you almost blister. Then let the air to it and try another spot near by. Neuralgia is one of the ills you have always, if it ever gets started.

Distressed Reader, Elmont, N. D.—Superflu-

the ills you have always, if it ever gets started. Distressed Reader, Elmont, N. D.—Superfluous hair can only be permanently removed by a specialist, and at a cost which puts it beyond the reach of most people. The ordinary depilatories are no better than a razor, if as safe. (2) You might whiten your neck with peroxide of hydrogen, which is a skin whitener, but a better plan is to take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda each morning in water. Ask your druggist about the peroxide before you use it. If you will let the sunshine and air get to your neck as often as possible you will be benefited. W. J., Iowa Falls, Ia.—Thick lips are of nature's own making, and they cannot be reduced to any appreciable extent. Better let them alone.

Worried Child, Carrolton, Me.—First tell your mother about the pain and let her take you to a physician. At your age you must be very careful, as neglect now may result seriously.

careful, as neglect now may result seriously.

A. H., Augusta, Ky.—We think you are wise to go to Colorado or Arizona for your catarrh, and to stay there. As you are a carpenter and willing to work at anything, you should have no trouble in finding plenty to do, but you will have to go after it yourself, unless you know someone living West who can find work for you. Summer rates for settlers in the West prevail now, and you can get to Colorado at small outlay. It would pay you to go to Cincinnati and make inquiries at railroad offices, as to rates and as to chances for work. They want men in the West, and if you can do the work you'll find it to do, all right.

E. F., Crystal, N. D.—For redness of the

E. F., Crystal, N. D.—For redness of the skin use once a day, applying on absorbent cotton: Muriate of ammonia, one dram, tannic acid, half dram; glycerine, two ounces; rose water, three ounces. You had better consult a physician who can examine you, as to the excessive heat from which you suffer.

M. M. Calmar, Iowa.—See answer above to

Blue Bell, Goodwater, Ala.—We will have to know more about the nature of the brown spots before we can venture any advice. Ordinarily they are due to liver disorders, and dieting will remove them remove them.

Country Girl, Strawn, Kans.—You can reduce our flesh only by eating plain food, no fat,

sweets, potatoes or white bread, very little water, and take vigorous exercise. Your hips may be made smaller by massaging them, night and morning. Hair that is not naturally curly cannot be made to curl except by mechanical means, curling irons or papers. You will find answers to your other questions to other inquirers in this column. Read it carefully. Reader, Arton, Wis.—You may relieve the gas in your stomach by drinking a half teaspoonful of cooking soda in a glass of hot water after meals. Your heavy headache comes from indigestion, as does the gas, and you must eat only such food as you can easily digest. You can best determine this yourself, by watching the effect your food has upon you.

Cure for Liquor and Tobacco. The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add. with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Soc'y, 78 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality, to act under orders; no experience necessary. Write H. C. Webster, Indianapolis, Ind.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plas-ter or oils. Send for Free Treatise. Add. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

MEN WANTED everywhere to distribute cif-culars, adv. matter, tack signs, etc. National Distributing Burcau. 214 Oakland Bank Bidg., Chicago, Ili.

\$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Chio.

OPIUM MORPHINE, WHISKEY habits cured. Cure absolutely guaranteed. Treatment given in our beautiful country sanitarium, or by mail. Write today. THE BENHAM CO., Station 111, Richmond, Ind.

WANTED: Local Managers, men, to post samples. Salary \$90 a month and additional commissions. SAUNDERS & CO., Depart. S Fifth Ave., Chicago.

GALL STONES ARY LIVER DISEASE.
Write me all about it. Will tell of a cure PREE. Address
R. COVEY, 370 E. Ohio St., Chicago, III.

SELL TOBACCO and CIGARS locally or traveling Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Steady work—good pay—promotion. Address Morotock TobaccoWorks, Box S 56, Danville, Va.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell the Good commis- Transparent Handle sion paid. Pocket Knife, From \$75 to \$300 & month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No 76 Bar St., Canton, O,



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YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE All Matters of Life, Friends, Business, Travel Change, Love, Marriage, Health, Plainly Told.

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200 Per Cent Profit. Sell our Big \$1.00 bottle Sarsaparilla for \$5 cts. Best Seller. Finest Medicine, Best Seller. Finest Medicine, Complies With Pure Drug Law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms F. R. GREENE. 39 Lake St., Chicago 39 Lake St., Chicago









Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

following month.

Subscriber, Milan, Mo.—We suppose you could get a "minute snail" under almost any stone or old log in Missouri, if it happened to be in a warm and shady place. (2) We haven't space to give you rules for playing tennis. The dealer who sold you the table tennis should be able to show you how to play the game. Are there no tennis players in Milan?

Subscriber, Sacramento, Cal.—The language of postage stamps has become obsolete, and we do not print it any more. (2) The man leads the way into restaurant, theater, etc.

Mrs. J. G. White, Weiser, Idaho, would like someone to send her music to "The Dying Californian," and "My Mother Was a Lady."

L. L. L., Wayne, Neb.—The Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. is the President of the National Red Cross Society, and a letter to him would no doubt bring you all the information you wished about hospitals. We have no data. A. F. B., Dulworth, Ky.—Write to The Thompson—Pitt Company, 947 Eighth Ave., New York City.

E. H. S., Weyburn, Sask.—Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, III.

E. M. J., Vancouver, Wash.—If the paper you mention is the Ulster County Gazette, it has no value, as reprints of the original were made and distributed by thousands all over the country.

distributed by thousands all over the country.

C. J. K., Schluersburg, Mo.—Leggat Bros., 81
Chambers Street, New York City. (2) We know of no paper for young art students, exclusively. Among art journals are The Studio, Art Amateur and Magazine of Art, New York City; Perry Magazine, Boston, Mass; American Illustrator, Scranton, Pa., and The Craftsman, Syracuse, N. Y.

W. O. Crosby, Shulenta, Route 2, Miss., would like to know where he can get the minstrel opera of "Old Uncle Josh." Can any COMFORT reader tell him?

reader tell him?

J. J. W., Buchanan, Tenn.—We do not know the book. Write to Brentano, Union Square, New York City.

Subscriber, Woodville, Wis.—Submit your samples of iron stone to the State Geologist at Madison and get his opinion of their value. If they are worth anything you will have no trouble in getting somebody to do the rest.

Mrs. M. N., Bellevue, Mich.—We believe the pape is no longer in existence. As we remember, it lasted only a short time.

W. H., Muskegon, Mich.—Before proceeding

W. H., Muskegon, Mich.—Before proceeding further in your inquiries, write to the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., asking for information on all the points you want covered.

Miss Mina E. Lybarger, 6 Greer Street, Mt. Vernon, O., would like to hear from "Subscriber, Fresno, Cal.," about song-writing.

Avel, Axton, Va.—You have a right to advertise and sell any work you do—advertising in newspaper or anywhere else where advertising is permitted.

Subscriber, San Antonio, Texas.—Write to S. F. McLean & Co., 430 Sixth Ave., or Henry Malkan, 1 William Street, New York City, giv-ing full description.

ing full description.

A. M. R., Hibbing, Minn.—Our Ambassadors abroad are Charles Francis, Austria; L. C. Griscom, Brazil; R. S. McCormick, France; Charlemagne Tower, Germany; Whitelaw Reid, Great Britian; Henry White, Italy; Luke E. Wright, Japan; D. E. Thompson, Mexico; G. V. L. Meyer, Russia; J. G. A. Leishman, Turkey.

M. A. K., Akron, O.—Suburban Life, Boston, Mass.; Country Life, Town and Country, Shoppell's Modern Houses, Scientific American Building Monthly, Architectural Record, New York City; House and Garden, Philadelphia, Pa; Inland Architect. Chicago, Ill.

F. W. L. W. Burlington, La—Yon may get

F. W. L., W. Burlington, Ia.—You may get what you want from the Howard Mnfg. and Nov. Co., 227 Canal Street, New York City, and if not, they will tell you where you can, if you will inclose postage. We rather think this article is patented, and only for sale by the patentees.

is patented, and only for sale by the patentees.

M. B., Thorp Spring, Tex.—Ask any preacher of any denomination in your neighborhood how to teach in a Sunday-school, and he will tell you. We cannot tell you in print, because it is one of those things that cannot be satisfactorily explained except by example. We are sorry you have asked us this question, because we thought there wasn't a man or woman in Texas who didn't know how to teach in a Sunday-school, even though they might not be teachers.

Eyla, R., Pocahontas. III.—There are art

Eyla, R., Pocahontas, III.—There are art schools both in St. Louis and Chicago. Make inquiries through Washington University, St. Louis, or Chicago University.

A. R. F., La Yalle, Wis.—Write to F. W. Law-rence, 41 Union Square, New York City, or to Tiffany & Co., New York City.

Tiffany & Co., New York City.

Mrs. Margaret McGarry, Shrewsbury, Mass., would like to hear from any Comfort reader wao has seen an advertisement for the heirs of Matthew Derry, which appeared in the newspapers within the last five years, or knows anybody who has, or even heard of Matthew Derry.

T. K., Youngstown, Wash.—Information concerning street and park licenses of the various cities can only be obtained by applying to the officials of those cities. Write to the Mayors of the cities you wish to know about.

Mrs. Dan, Farmersville, La.—Write to Editor, The Numistatist, Monroe, Mich.

E. S., Kyger, O.—Your question is not one to

The Numistatist, Monroe, Mich.

E. S., Kyger, O.—Your question is not one to be settled by a newspaper. You must submit it to your local debating society, or your Board of Education. It would make lively debating, and we suggest that you debate it to a finish.

Subscriber, Deerfield, N. H.—We have no personal acquaintance with the firm, but have never heard any complaint against it. The safe plan to pursue is not to put up your money until you now what you are going to get for it.

E. A. S., Bowling Green, Ky.—The infor-

now what you are going to get for it.

E. A. S., Bowling Green, Ky.—The information you want is chiefly of that kind possessed by specialists, and is their stock in trade and not obtainable. You may get somewhat near it by asking questions of the druggists in your town. It is safe to say that you cannot get the full strength of any root or herb by boiling it in water. Unless you know pretty well the ways of preparing medicines from herbs, we venture the opinion, that you cannot greatly improve upon the medicines you can buy already prepared. About the best way to use roots and herbs is to make "tea" of them by putting them in boiling water in closed vessels and letting them stak all their nittees out.

Mayday Katie, Bakersfield, Cal.—Tiberius was Roman Emperor and a very cruel and bad man, ne word has no especial meaning.

Watch Your Thirty Feet of Bowels!

OU have thirty feet of Intestines! What makes food travel through them?

A set of Muscles that line the walls of these Intestines or Bowels.

When a piece of Food rubs the walls of the Intestines these Muscles tighten behind it, and thus it starts a Muscle-wave which drives it through the whole length of the Bowels.

It should take about 12 hours to do this properly, so that nutritious parts of the food may have time to be digested and absorbed.

But, - if it takes twice or three times that period the food spoils in passing, and becomes as poisonous as if it had decayed before being eaten.

Now, the cause of delay (Constipation) is simply Weakness, or Laziness of the Bowel-Muscles.

Want of Exercise, Indoor Employment, weakens these Bowel-Muscles, just as it weakens Arm and Leg Muscles.

"Physic" like Salts, Calome, Jalap, Phosphate of Soda, Mineral Waters, simply flush-out the Bowels for the one occasion

They do not remove the Cause of Constipation.

But this is different with Cascarets.

Cascarets act on the Muscles of the Bowels and Intestines. They act just as Cold Water, or Exercise act on a Lazy man.

They act like exercise. A Cascaret produces the same sort of Natural result that a Six Mile walk in the

country would produce. The Vest Pocket Box is sold by all Druggists, at Ten Cents.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Co., and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

Money in the Bank?

Will any reader of this magazine who has money, from \$10.00 only upwards, in the savings bank drawing only 3 or 4 per cent interest, or stored away in some hiding place drawing no interest at all, please write me at once. I have something to tell you that I know will interest you. Address me personally and at once. L. N. Cushman, Pub., Clerk 6, Gilbert Pl., Boston, Mass. "Personal."

YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Palm in loft side, Dizziness, Falnting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have hear ttrouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. le and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing ith their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. C. insman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a better theart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charg nelose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by dela

An Embroidered Hat



You may have wanted an Embroid-ered Hat before this, but now you must have one, as they are hot now you must
have one, as they are
to be worn exclusively this s us may
reside, you will find
the better dressed
ladies and misses
wearing a White
Lingerie Hat.
Our illustrations
show the STAMPED
DESIGN, also the
finished Hat with a
suggestion of ribbon
and flower trimping,
although it is not
necessary to do more
design to have a very
handsome, stylish, cool White
Summer Hat. We
furnish the perfordesign stamped on
linen lawn, all you
have to do is the
needlework.
In order that you
have to do is the
needlework.
In order that you
have to this magazine we
scribers to this magazine we

Hat at home we have arranged two outfits, as follows:

For a club of 4 yearly subscribers to this magazine we will send you this Hat Design stamped on white linen lawn with enough embroidery floss to work out the pattern; or for 1 yearly subscription at 15 cents, and 5 cents additional, 20 cents in all, we will send a perforated pattern of this Hat from which you may take impressions rown material.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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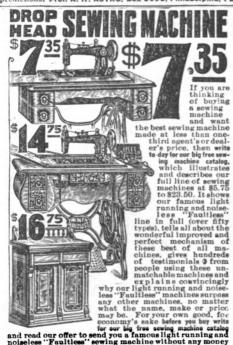
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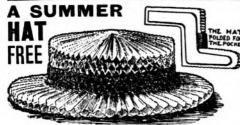
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FREE send two-cent stamp with birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death as indicated by astrology. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the world's greatest Astrologer. Patrons astonished and satisfied with my true ve, marriage and t Astrologer. Pat edictions









"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

Oklahoma Girl, Glencoe, Okla.—If it is the custom in your community to go bare-headed to church, then you may do so. Usually women go to church in hats or bonnets. (2) A girl cannot do society and school at the same time with any degree of success. Plenty of time for society after school has been finished. (3) It seems to be popular for young men to call girls by the pet name of "Kid", and the girls seem to like it—anyway as they grow older.

Triplets, Virgilina, Va.—It is generally understood when a girl is out of school—that is, has finished her school education—she is old enough for beaus, though she may be younger than seventeen. (2) We cannot tell you how the very tall boy is to take the very short girl's arm. If he can't-find a way he shouldn't take her arm.

arm. If her arm.

Lyla, Huntsville, Wash.—Introduce the sisters as you would introduce anybody else. In very formal introductions the eldest sister is Miss Smith, say, and the younger sisters are Miss Mary Smith, Miss Susan Smith and so on. (2) To small informal girls' parties a girl may go without a chaperon, as usually at such parties several older women look after all of ihem.

Golden Curl, Riverton, Ky.—This "girl friend" of yours appears to be anything but the kind of a friend a young man ought to have, as she has proved herself to be a tale-bearer and mischiefmaker. Your best plan is to have no more to do with her, and let the whole matter drop.

do with her, and let the whole matter drop.

Troubled Sixteen, Anaconda, Mont.—Don't worry about your excessive fatness—one hundred and forty pounds for a girl five feet five, is not so bad. Still, if you want to lose about ten or fifteen pounds, you might quit eating fats and sweets of all kinds, potatoes and bread, except tale. Take plenty of vigorous exercise. To remove the fatness about the eyes massage the face, rubbing gently but thoroughly, downward and toward the ears. Do it for five minutes, every night and morning.

Grav-eved Girl, Lakeside, Minn.—You may

Gray-eyed Girl, Lakeside, Minn.—You may improve the fullness of your neck by massaging night and morning, for five minutes, rubbing upward from the chest. You cannot make your face and hands white, if you are naturally of dark complexion. You might try a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in water every morning to clear the skin. (2) Don't use soap on a greasy nose. Cleanse it every night with the following team: Orange flower water, and almond oil, each, four cunces; white wax, two ounces, and remove at once with a soft towel. In the morning bathe in hot water, then cold. Then use a little toilet water of any sort, to be had at any drug store.

drug store.

R. L., Everett, Wash.—You may darken your eyebrows with the following: Gum arabic, four drams; India ink, seven drams; rose water, one pint. Have it prepared by your druggist, and be careful in applying it not to get too much

Blue-eyed Flossie, Moline, Kans.—In our opinion your "Phil" is a flirt, and he only cares for you when no other girl is in sight. You had better shake Phil, and shake him hard.

better shake Phil, and shake him hard.

Perplexed, Alpharetta, Ga.—If you really care for the young lady whose father objects to your writing to her, why not write a polite letter to the father asking his permission to continue the correspondence? Try it, and if it fails let us know and we will advise further.

Marguerite, Elwood, Neb.—The young man has a right to carry another girl's picture when he comes to see you, unless he is engaged to you. There is no good reason, however, why he should tell you about it, nor to tell you he doesn't care for her. (2) Keep the chap's arm from around your waist. That is not the place for it, unless you are engaged. (3) It does not follow because he is attentive to you that he wants to make you his wife. Men can be, and ought to be, very polite to women without wanting to marry them. Men are sometimes useful in other ways than as husbands.

Baby Rambler, Minneapolis, Minn.—Try Vau-

Here is a new idea folding Hat that will furnish fun in quantities for all. A new idea in headgear, practical and useful. If you are troubled with headaches during extremely hot weather, this light weight and comfortable Hat is suitable protection from the suns' hot rays, and serves nearly all purposes of the usual straw hat.

This is a useful and practical Hat, for any purpose or occasion, except in Alaska, being made of thousands of feet of paperet, woven and folded in the most ingenious manner. It is extremely light in weight and appearance. It conforms readily to your head and fits perfectly.

When not in use the Hat folds flat, as shown in the upper illustration, and can be carried in the pocket with no danger of injury. The flexible paper these Hats are made of is strong and durable; one Hat will wear a long time. They are made in a variety of colors, finished perfectly with colored band just like a regular straw hat. People who are outdoors in the summer-time, for labor or leasure, at the seashore or in the field, will find this unique Hat a perfect comfort and convenience. We have imported a whole quantity for our exclusive use, doubtful if you can find them elsewhere, so you should send to us now, as we have them ready to seen dby mail.

Hat Free. Paper Hats free if you will send usonly 10 cents for a three months' trial subscription to our big Farm paper. One of the oldest and best farm publications in the U. S.

Address NATIONAL FARMER, Box 751, Augusta, Maine.

cents for a three months trial subscription to our big arm paper. One of the oldest and best farm publications in the U.S.

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If you have not, you should at once send your subscription order to us so as to receive COMFORT each month this summer, or if your subscription is about to expire, remit but FIFTEEN CENTS for another year's subscription, and if you wish to take advantage of our agency proposition, earning for yourself many valuable premium articles, send for our outfit and propositions and devote your spare moments this summer to this light, pleasant and profitable employment. There are to be many attractive new articles in COMFORT this summer. In fact, we propose the best summer issues ever attempted by a popular-priced home monthly, so that COMFORT will be, as always, the best club paper to work for.

This convenient coupon below may be used to subscribe, or you may copy the form if you do not

care to cut your paper.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT for one full year. County State Town July '07.



perfectly that she is promised to another, and that they, as well as she, must respect the prior claims of the man who is not present to care claims of th for his own.

for his own.

Fire-Glory, Milaca, Minn.—There is no hope of winning him unless he wants to be won. Don't fall in love with him foolishly. (2) Books and beaus will not harmonize. Wait till you are out of school. (3) Ask your father about the hand squeezing.

Blue Bell, Defiance, O.—The lady may do as she pleases about rising when introductions take place. To meet another woman, a venerable man, or distinguished person, she should rise, we think. (2) One may do as she pleases about telling a person she has met that she has been pleased by the meeting. When gracefully done it adds to the general pleasure of the occasion. Rules in such cases depend largely upon circumstances. casion. Rules circumstances.

circumstances.

Sally, Vassar, Kans.—Really, Sally, we are almost ashamed of you to be asking what "Skidoo" means. We thought everybody knew that it meant "23" for yours". Of course it should be used in answer to "S. W. A. K."

C. C. B., Zion City, Ill.—The lady extends her hand if she wishes to shake upon introduction, and the man waits until she does. Otherwise there is no shake. (2) You are supposed to use a table napkin gracefully and efficiently, and not as if it were a towel or a handkerchief.

there is no shake. (2) You are supposed to use a table napkin gracefully and efficiently, and not as if it were a towel or a handkerchief. Lonely, Atherton, Ohio.—Notwithstanding your ambition, your education, your good manners and business qualifications, the girls don't like you, because they instinctively size you up as lacking in the attractive quality. There are plenty more just like you. Whatever that quality is it is born in people and cannot be perfectly acquired, but it may be approximated. Suppose you select some good woman who knows men and knows you and ask her to tell you frankly what the matter is and to show you how to remedy it as far as possible. Believe exactly what she tells you about yourself and follow her instructions to the letter. First of all you need broadening, even if it rips wide open many of your cherished notions. However, ask the woman to help you.

Backwoodsy, Mason, Texas.—It is somewhat uncertain as to when a woman is of age. In states where she can vote she must be twenty-one; in other states where she may be considered of age when she can contract marriage without consent of her parents, the time varies from eighteen to twenty-one, except in Delaware, District of Columbia, Idaho, Maryland, New York and Tennessee, where the age is sixteen, and in California and N. Dakota, where it is fifteen. Generally speaking, she is not of age until she is twenty-one. (2) Ordinary rules of letter-writing do not apply to postal cards, at least, the present picture post cards. They may be sent by anyone to anybody at any time from any place.

Miss H. L. N., Penn's Grove, N. J.—You may remedy the dark circles under your eyes by

Miss H. L. N., Penn's Grove, N. J.—You may remedy the dark circles under your eyes by massaging night and morning, very gently, so as not to roughen the skin. Rub deep, but easy, (2) Let the man go. He is not worth bothering your mind about.

J. H., Rockwell, Texas.—As the President has sanctioned the use of the word "bully." it cannot be considered vulgar. It is "up to" the lady to explain.

Mayflower, Escanaba, Mich.—A schoolgirl can wear her hair done up, or any other way, if her mother says it is the way she ought to wear it.

Perplexed Youth, Egypt, Wash.—In a "Ladies' Choice" dance, the lady may choose anyone she pleases. Her escort doesn't count, unless she pleases. Her wants him to.

Oxied Daisy, Eclectic, Ala.—Better wait until you are sure in your mind and heart that you love him enough to marry him.

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wrote to me. When you look around among When you look around among your acquaintances and can see those who are successful both in family matters and in business and money affairs, who you know are no smarter than you are yourself, don't you often think, well "That's their luck, but I have had bad luck" you say to yourself; now let me tell you something and there is no question about it, they are successful because they have been advised by some competent astrologer. This you can put down as certain.



HIRAM GUNTHER

hat a few of my Patrons

I followed the advice you gave me, and everything has turned out grandly. Charley and I are now married, and in our happiness we pray that you may live long to con-tinue your grand and noble calling. NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

Your wonderful power is beyond my understanding. You not only told me about affairs that I thought no one knew anything about, but all you predicted has come true.

MRS. LUCILE AINSLEE.

I bless the day when I wrote to you—it was the turning point in my life—both in family and money matters.

Following your advice about becoming an actress, I am now on the road to fame and fortune. My last season was a complete succes, and I now have many flattering offers from several managers, and just to think when I first wrote to you! was only a poor country girl with no future. I owe it all to you, dear Professor, how can I ever pay you?



STATE OF CONNECTICUT, COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD, 55.
BRIDGEPORT, July 15, 1905.
I do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copies of photographs and testimonials with the original photographs and testimonials and that the same are correct transcripts therefrom. ials and that the same are correct transcripts therefrom. In testimony whereof, I have here-unto set my hand and affixed my official seal.

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I have probably had more experience and more success than any living physician, but I don't ask you to believe that. I don't ask you to believe that my remedies are better than others. I don't ask you to take my word for anything. But I do ask you to give me a chance to prove my ability—to prove what my treatment will do for you—to prove that I can cure you—and to prove it at my own expense—to pay the cost, every penny of it myself. I ask permission to send you—to deliver into your hands—absolutely without cost to you a proof treatment that will convince you. Remedies that have cured thousands, remedies that I believe will cure you.

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This is all I ask. No money—No promises to buy—No papers. On the virtue of my treatment I base my reputation. On your gratitude and honesty I base my hope of reward. I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better," but cured to stay cured—restored to perfect health. Is the prospect of being hearty and strong and big and well worth a few minutes of your time and a two-cent stamp? That's all it costs. Don't let the opportunity pass.

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All afflictions that can be cured by medicine—many that others consider incurable—no matter how many remedies you have

vainly tried—no matter how many other doctors have failed. Curing desperate chronic cases is my specialty. Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, All Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh, Diseases of the Bladder and Prostate Gland, Nervousness, All Female Troubles, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Chronic Coughs, All Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Impure Blood, Partial Paralysis, Piles, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Anaemia, General Debility. All Chronic Ailments are being cured every day. Thousands have been cured in the past—many just like your case. Won't you let me try to cure you?

The Proof Is Free This is all you have to do—Write me a description of your case—write me fully and freely and freely and to make me successful. I want to succeed in your case—I want you to help me. Tell me how you are and by return mail I will send you the proof treatment, sealed in a plain wrapper, postage paid, and free—free to you—free to any afflicted friend or neighbor. It may mean long life, health—strength—vigor—to you, if you write me today. You have nothing to lose, everything to gain. Address

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DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

August 1907

No 10



Published at Augusta, Maine

God made the country, and man made the town; What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts That can alone make sweet the bitter draught That life holds out to all, should most abound, And least be threatened in the fields and groves?

—Cowper.

life, which they lived until the hand of the assassin parted them. Mrs. McKinley was an invalid for more then half of her life.

Presbyterian church, and young lawyer William McKinley Jr. was Superintendent of the First Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school. Ida

Saxton had many admirers and suitors, but it was the young soldier, who had distinguished himself in the Shenandoah Valley, and who had served with Grant and Sheridan who was the favored one. When her father gave his consent to the marriage, he said these words to her future husband: "You are the only man I have ever known to whom I would care to en-

consent to the marriage, he said these words to her future husband: "You are the only man I have ever known to whom I would care to entrust my daughter." Now both, who were so devoted in life, are sleeping side by side in the McKinley Mausoleum on Monument Hill, Canton, Ohio; their last resting-place is the gift of the nation and is to be dedicated September 30th next. Mrs. McKinley expressed a desire that she might witness its completion. This wish however was not gratified.

desire that she might witness its completion. This wish however was not gratified.

The married life of the late President Mc-Kinley and his wife was one from which all may learn a lesson. It was an ideal life, and the sickness of the wife only brought out, and accentuated the nobleness of the husband's character. It was "in sickness and in health until death do us part" for them. There were no scandals or clouds to mar the beauty and perfection of this union. In a divorce cursed country such as ours, the married life of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley stands out like a beautiful blossom in a miry morass. The sweetness of

blossom in a miry morass. The sweetness of their life and the lesson it teaches, should sink deep into the hearts of every true American man and woman, and inspire them to live right

and righteously, and to be true to those vows which only death should dissolve.

doubled in the twenty years from 1880 to 1900. It is also noticeable that there was a large in-

crease in the number of the married women acting as bread winners in 1900 over 1890. Out of the 303 occupations of which the Bureau has

record, women were represented in all but nine. Five women were employed as pilots; 10 as baggagemen; 31 as brakemen; 7 as conductors;

26 as switchmen; 45 as engineers and firemen; 43 as hackdrivers; 2 as roofers and slaters; 6 as ship carpenters; 508 as machinists; 185 black-smiths; 8 boilermakers; 31 charcoal, coke and

lime burners; 11 well borers; two women were acting as motormen, or motorwomen as they should more correctly be called. About one

should more correctly be called. About one fourth of the working women were employed as servants; 458,405 were farm laborers; 96 per cent. of the latter were employed in Southern States, and 361,804 of them were negroes. 338,-144 women supported themselves as dressmakers; 327,206 were teachers; 328,935 did laundry work; 307,706 were farmers; 231,458 were mill operatives and textile workers, and 146,929 were housekeepers and stewardesses. This is a remarkable showing, and may well give food for thought. Men are pretty well satisfied in their own minds about the inferiority of women, but when women stand shoulder

ity of women, but when women stand shoulder to shoulder with men, and do a man's work, and support themselves and those dependent upon them, the inferiority argument falls to the

upon them, the interiority argument rais to the ground. Women have shown their ability to do the work that men do, and they must be able to do it equally as well, or they would not be employed. The most skilful pilot on the Ohio River is a woman. Once there was a line

of industrial demarcation between the seven

but that line now is pretty well worked out. Women have not demanded equal rights with

A Few Words by the Editor

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Crumbs of Comfort

Fidelity is the sister of justice. Doubt is hell in the human soul. A flatterer is the shadow of a fool.

A God all mercy, were a God unjust.

Every man's task is his life preserver.

Make use of time if you love eternity.

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand. None think the great unhappy, but the great The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric. A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by

The more we know, the better we forgive;
Whose'er feels deeply feels for all that live.
—De Stael.

Every man is a book if you know how to

The wise man is never less alone than when he is alone. Man is only miserable so far as he thinks himself so.

A baby in the house is a well-spring of

Everything may be endured except continual prosperity. Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy

in misfortune. The use of money is all the advantage there

It is a kind of a good deed to say well, but words are no deeds.

be a hell for crimes. A spadeful of performance is worth a ten

acre field of promise. All men would be masters of others, and none is master of himself.

May we govern our passions with absolute sway And grow wiser and better as strength wears aw —Dr. Pop

The sufficiency of our merit is to know that our merit is not sufficient. Poetry is the music of thought conveyed to

us in the music of language. There is no fool equal to the sinner who

every moment ventures his soul. Measure not men by Sundays without regard to what they do all the week after.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites—they are the greatest dupes he has.

The saddest than that can befall a soul is when it loses faith in God and woman.

The call to religion is not to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself A word unspoken is a sword in a scabbard a word uttered is a sword in another's hand.

It makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man be behind it or not.

Count that day as lost
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done. -Staniford.

There is one kind of light employment that we can recommend that is very agreeable to women both little and big as well as boys and men—and that is getting subscriptions to COMFORT. You will notice that this is a fine issue to show up and get subscribers with. Surely with so many interesting stories and fine departments at the low price of 15 cents for 16 months everybody ought to take COMFORT this hot weather, so if you cannot get up a club yourself be sure and renew your own subscription and tell your friends about our liberal premium offers to club raisers.

Doctor Chalmers, medical officer of the City of Glasgow, Scotland, has been inquiring into

condemns the kissing of infants; this practice he alleges, being the cause of much infant mortality. The doctor is undoubtedly right in his surmises, and your editor trusts that those mothers and women generally who are in the habit of kissing infants upon the lips, immedi-HE passing of Mrs. Wm. McKinley, the wife of our late beloved president, recalls the sad tragedy of her husband's death and the ideal married

habit of kissing infants upon the lips, immedi-ately cease the practice, a practice exceedingly dangerous to their beloved babes. There are plenty of ways of showing your affection for a child without kissing it upon the lips. A baby is a poor helpless creature, unable to defend it-selt, and generally its lips when kissed are wide open, and the saliva of the adult goes right in-to the child's system. Many of those people who kiss babies are consumptives or have various forms of stomach trouble, and thus the germs of disease are conveyed to the helpless germs of disease are conveyed to the helpless babies, whose powers of resistence are slight. If the infant does not succumb to this adult

was an invalid for more then half of her life. She firmly believed in her husband's destiny, and it was she who encouraged him to go forward to the goal of his ambition—the presidency. His tender solicitude and devotion to her, were well known, and when he departed this life, his distracted widow prayed earnestly for death, so that she might join him beyond the grave. Mrs. McKinley would often say: "He is gone, and life is dark to me now." Her last words were: "Why should I linger, please God, if it is Thy will why defer it."

Ida Saxton McKinley was born in Canton, Ohio, June, 1847. Her father was a banker, and she was reared in a home of comfort and refinement. She taught Sunday-school in the Presbyterian church, and young lawyer Wilosculation, it contracts various aliments, which undermine its constitution, and make life a burden to it in after years. Fondly careas and love your baby to your heart's content, kiss its cheek and brow, but for Heaven's sake keep your lips from its mouth.

Your editor wishes to warn adults from prof-fering their lips to ailing or diseased persons. Far be it from the writer to attempt to inveigh Far be it from the writer to attempt to inveigh against kissing, when indulged in by healthy youths and maidens, during the period of love's young dream, but remember, microbes are no respecters of persons, and if an individual deposits the germs of disease upon your lips, they will be taken into your system, and as is their habit, they will increase and multiply and at once commence their work of destruction, possibly with fatal results to yourself.

Some people have constitutions that are

sibly with fatal results to yourself.

Some people have constitutions that are strong enough to combat and throw off the attacks of disease germs from without and within, but such is not the case with all of us, and even the strongest at times fall ready victims to these insidious foes of humanity. Many a man and woman, suffering from certain forms of disease have scattered death and destruction far and wide through the medium of osculation. Some cases of disease are far more deadly than bullets, and kill more surely.

tion. Some cases of disease are far more dead-ly than bullets, and kill more surely. It is a custom, and a very wise one, in some cities for the health officer to visit all families, where there is a case of tuberculosis. The of-ficer warns the members of these families, that ficer warns the members of these families, that kissing the afflicted consumptive is not only dangerous, but is liable to bring about the death of the person indulging in the practice. The kissing of young people and children by aged persons is also a great mistake, when the lips are the medium of this particular method of expressing affection. Indiscriminate kissing is sure to result in the contracting of some physical trouble, it may not be acute, but it will demonstrate itself in some form or other eventually. We would suggest to all except lovers (who are, of course, prepared to take risks, and the consequences of those risks), to receive a kiss either on the cheek or brow, and by averting the head it is easily possible to avoid being kissed upon the lips, and when form or necessity compels the bestowal of a caress by friend or relative, let that caress be bestowed upon brow or cheek, but never upon bestowed upon brow or cheek, but never upon the lips.

Your friend. Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

The Census Bureau has given us some interesting facts, and probably the most interesting is its latest returns concerning women workers. It appears that the total number of women workers 16 years of age and over in this country in 1900, was 23,485,559. Out of this total, 4,833,630 were employed at some kind of work. Most of the women workers were young; 68.4 per cent. being under 35 years of age; 44.2 per cent. under 25, and 25.6 per cent. under 21; 15.9 per cent. were married, 17.7 per cent. were widows, and 1.3 were divorced. Of the number of divorced women, 55 per cent. cent. were widows, and 1.3 were divorced. Of the number of divorced women, 55 per cent. were supporting themselves wholly or in part. Of those that work, 1,771,966 were born in the United States, their parents also being natives of this country; 1,080,744 of the women workers born in this country, were the daughters of immigrants; 840,011 white women workers were immigrants; 1,119,621 were negro women; 11,288 Indian and Mongolian women. The number of women that work has more than doubled in the twenty years from 1880 to 1900. Beth, Maine, celebrated August 5-10 the three hundredth anniversary of the launching of the first ship built in America.

John F. Stevens ex-chief engineer of the Panama canal has been appointed to the office of Vice-president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

An attempt on the life of the President of France was recently made while he was returning to the palace from Longchamps where he had reviewed the garrison of Paris in the presence of 250,000 enthusiastic people.

President Diaz is arranging to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the revolt against Spain which led ultimately to the independence of the republic.

The celebration will begin on September 15,

In the death of Angelo Heilpin the world has lost one of its most daring scientific explorers. The investigation of the eruption of Mont Peles, after the destruction of St. Pierre, Island of Martinique, is among his best remembered achievements. His ancestors for three cen-turies were famed as Jewish scholars.

A French engineer declares that the result of Peter Cooper Hewet's recent discovery will en-able one to cross the ocean from New York to Liverpool in sixty hours. The rough model 27 feet long has attained a speed of 38 miles an hour and he is satisfied that he can make one 209 feet long that will go 55 miles an hour.

Emperor William is leaving little undone to win American friendship. It is said that he is sending to Harvard and Columbia universities presents of three valuable works. One is a fine copy of the works of Frederick the Great, in 34 volumes; another is a copy of the works of Adolf Menzel, the painter, and the third the book on the uniforms of Frederick the Great's

men yet, but that they will ultimately do it is certain. In fact the industrial work which they have undertaken will compel them to do Work on the Campanile at Venice has been resumed after a year and the tower is now eight feet above the plaza of St. Mark. The work has se far cost about \$25,000. The greatest care is being taken to reproduce exactly the famous old bell tower which fell in 1902. Much of the old Campanile is being built into the new and the old angel will again be high on its top and the old bell from Crete hang on the summit.

German copper workers on strike have had a stroke of luck which rarely falls to any body of men in such circumstances. It is reported in Berlin that the banking house of Offenbach received from a person whose name is not to be divulged a check for \$250,000, with instructions that it was to be placed at the disposal of the the cause of a severe plague of spotted fever which has been ravaging that city. In his report he declares most emphatically, that there is death in kissing. The doctor particularly



Foreign Bodies

If a grain of sand, cinder or any foreign particle gets into the ear lie down and let someone syringe it out with warm water, unless the article is something which swells when wet. Never try to pick it out with a pin or other instrument. If it is not in far hop on one foot and box the other side of the head. If in the eye blink rapidly and refrain from rubbing it, letting the water which nature provides wash it out. This failing you may remove it by probing gently with the corner of a soft linen handkerchief. Lime is very dangerous to the eye and will cause a loss of sight unless quickly removed. Bathe with tepid water and vinegar and get the lime out without a second's delay. If a grain of sand, cinder or any foreign par-

Ostrich Farming

"Usually Americans think of the ostrich as a bird from some far-away desert land," said a man from the Southwest, "but the ostrich is getting to be as American as the turkey is. There are three ostrich farms in California, one There are three ostrich farms in California, one each in Arizona, Florida and Kansas, with about 6,000 of the big birds thriving as on their native heath. A full-sized bird is about 10 feet tall and weighs 350 pounds. They are picked every nine months, and the feathers undergo careful treatment before they can be worn on ladies' hats. The ostrich is a model husband. When he is about five years old, he chooses a mate and sticks by her till death does them part. The ostrich is good for eighty years. He makes the nest, helps sit on the eggs, and does most of the work. But he wants to kill the young ones. Forty days are required to hatch an ostrich egg. The shell is so thick, that when the youngster inside makes a noise, the shell must be broken by somebody on the outside of it to let him out."

Concerning Olives

"The average person in the country places," said the grocery drummer, "is not fond of olives. Indeed, olives are a cultivated taste. said the greery drummer, his hot fond of olives. Indeed, olives are a cultivated taste. But they are coming into more general use as the advertisers get their qualities before all kinds of eaters. A Detroit man told me the other day that the grocerymen in that city sold three times as many olives now than they did five years ago, and I suppose the increase, though not quite that large, perhaps, is pretty general over the whole country. Some people may think this increase due to the olive production of California, but it is not so as California olives decay when pickled, and are made into oil instead of pickles. Italian olives are so irregular in size and quality that they also go into oil. That leaves Spain as the olive supply of the world, practically. The U.S. gets most of its Spanish olives from a district within 100 miles of Seville. They are prepared in Spain for table use, stuffed or otherwise, and are shipped to this country in 200 gallon barare shipped to this country in 200 gallon bar-rels, and here they are bottled for the retail trade. You may not like an olive at first, but the taste grows on you and you can eat them after a while in any quantity because they are easily digestible and very healthy."

The Automobile Business

"There's never happened anything in this country with such a growth as the automobile business," said the man who looked grimy and smelled of gasolene. "Seven or eight years ago smelled of gasolene. "Seven or eight years ago an auto was a rare curiosity that was found only in circus parades. Today it is a great business in which hundreds of millions are invested. In 1900 there were only about a hundred cars in this country. In 1906 there were 24,274 cars sold, representing a value of over fifty millions of dollars. The average price of a car in 1908 was \$1,170, and in 1906 it was \$2,087. This is the average of all makes. American cars are much lower priced, the average being \$1,429, while the average price of the foreign car was \$6,710. We imported over 1,300 cars, valued at about five million dollars, to which must be added 45 per cent. of duty, 1,300 cars, valued at about five million dollars, to which must be added 45 per cent. of duty, making it over seven millions. At the last auto show in New York City, the cost of the decorations of the show hall were \$75,000, the place was crowded for a week, 124,000 persons being in attendance and it is estimated that cars were sold to the value of ten million dollars. It is the greatest fad in history, but it will be a permanent thing by and by, for the whiz wagon has come to stay."

Caring for Immigrants

"An excellent thing," said the thrifty-looking man, "is the Industral Removal Office in New York city which distributes over the country Jewish immigrants, and every religcountry Jewish immigrants, and every religious organization ought to have one, or more like it. The Office has been in existence for six years and during that time it has sent out of New York city 29,413 persons, nearly all, fresh arrivals from Russia. The Office selects the best specimens it can find among the new-comers and sends them to points where there is a demand for them. Some become farmers, many are mechanics and others are traders and plain laborers. To show how much better it is many are mechanics and others are traders and plain laborers. To show how much better it is for them to get out of the big city and into the smaller places I will cite a few instances. Men sent to Toledo are receiving from \$16 to \$18 a week, and to Omaha from \$15 to \$25 a week. Six men sent to Columbus, O., have \$900 in bank; of nine sent to Nashville, Tenn., three now own their own stores; two carpenters sent to Minneapolis, have \$1,500 in bank, and one shoemaker has his own house; 29 sent to Rochester, N. Y., have money and property valued at \$8,008. Of the 200 sent to South Bend, Ind., mostly on farms, all are at work, and satisfied and are saving money. None of these had employment in New York, and none of them had any money to speak of. They of them had any money to speak of. They could work and were willing to, which explains their success. It is estimated that the yearly earnings of the immigrants distributed over the country by the Office are in the neighborhood of eight million of dollars. There is plenty of room and opportunity for the industrious and thrifty in every state and the authorities ought to wake up and secure the right kind of fresh people."

SPECKLED BIRD

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CHAPTER I.

REMORSE WILL DRIVE YOU TO DESPAIR. RANDMA, who named me Eglah?"

"My cousin, Bishop Vivian,

"My cousin, Bishop Vivian, when he baptized you."
"Do you think he had any right to put such a label on me?"
"Certainly, because your father selected your name, and the bishop had no choice."
"It is so ugly, I never can like it, and a little baby that can't speak her mind ought not to be tied to something she must drag all her life and hate forever and ever."
"Eat your breakfast, and try to be a good, quiet child, then your name will not trouble you so much."

quiet child, then your name will not trouble you so much."

"I never shall like it, any more than you do, and you know, grandma, when you call me your mouth twists like you had toothache."

"I was not consulted about your name. It belonged to your New England Grandmother Kent, and as it appears you belong only to your father, you were called after his mother. I heard him tell you it was the name of a queen—one of David's wives."

"Yes, but I found out she was not the head

queen—one of David's wives.

"Yes, but I found out she was not the head queen—just a sort of step-wife queen. Now if I could only be the pet queen, Sheba, I should not fret at all."

"The Queen of Sheba was not David's

"The Queen of Sheba was not David's wife."

"You are all wrong about your Bible, grandma, because you are only a Methodist. David's Sheba was nicknamed Bath Sheba, for the reason that he saw her going to her bath-house, and she looked so pretty. I saw her picture in father's 'Piscopal Bible."

"There there! Be quiet. Drink your milk." Mrs. Maurice leaned back in her chair and sighed as she looked down at the fragile child beside her. The tall, silver coffee urn showed in repousse on one side the flight of Europa, on the other Dirce dragged to death. Eglah could never understand how the strands of the victim's hair supported the weight of her form, and wondered why they did not give way and set the prisoner free. Today she eyed it askance, then surveyed her own fair image reflected in the polished, smooth surface below the band of figures.

"Grandma, don't you think horses are much nicer for ladies to ride than oxen?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Then why did you buy ox riders?" one small finger pointed to the heirloom fetich.

"I did not buy the urn. It has belonged to your grandfather Maurice's family for one hundred and fifty years, and was brought from Old England. Eliza, take her away. If she cannot be silent, sae must go back and have her meals with you. It seems impossible to teach her that in the presence of grown people children are expected to listen."

Mrs. Mitchell came forward from a side table, lifted the little girl from her chair, and untied the ruffled bib that protected her with and untied the ruffled bib that protected her with and until the product her will let you sit at

untied the ruffled bid that protected dimity dress.

"Now tell grandmother you are sorry you annoyed her, and if she will let you sit at her table you will be as quiet as she wishes."

"Ma-Lila, don't make me tell stories; she doesn't believe them, and I am so tired saying things I don't mean. I want to go back to the side table, where you are not always scolding me. Grandma, it will be peacefuller if I stay with Ma-Lila—"

me. Grandma, it will be peacefuller if I stay with Ma-Lila—"
"Hush! Come here."
Mrs. Maurice lifted the little one's dimpled chin and studied the fair face that had bloomed seven years in her lonely home: a winsome face cut like a gem, velvety-brown eyes, long-lashed, and the pure, pale oval set in a shining bronze frame of curling hair, all chestnut in shade, braided with gold when sunshine hid among the ripples.

all chestnut in shade, braided with gold when sunshine hid among the ripples.

"Kent: Kent—even her ears small as any other rogue's. She is her father's child."

"Is that a sin, grandma?"

Mrs. Maurice swiftly laid her hand over the uplifted, upbraiding eyes, to veil something in their depths that often disquieted her, and sought refuge in her habitual command:

"Take her away, Eliza."

Ringing the small bell close to the breakfast tray, the mistress took a spray of starry jasmine from the vase in the center of the table, and as she turned away said to the gray-haired butler:

butler:

"Aaron, you will put a plate and chair for Miss Eglah at the side table until further orders. Tell Oliver I shall not want the carriage until four o'clock."

I nusually tall and very handsome was this stately widow of a Confederate general who had been slain during one of the fierce conflicts around beleaguered Richmond. No white hairs marred the glossy blackness of the thick flicts around beleaguered Richmond. No white hairs marred the glossy blackness of the thick coil half hidden under a snowy crepe cap, and the brilliant blue eyes were undimmed by tearful years of widowhood—a widowhood involving for her the full, sad significance of the sacred and melancholy term, an inability to forget, a despair of any earthly consolation, and a jealous reticence that denied all discus-sion of her sorrow, as she would have defended her dead from an alien's rude touch. To her, time had brought neither oblivion nor allevia-tion only a sharroned sense of irreparable tion, only a sharpened sense of irreparable bereavement; and as one standing in an un-ending and hopeless eclipse, she accepted the gloom with a stern and silent rejection of all other lights when the sun of her life

went down.

Anniversaries are electric batteries that Anniversaries are electric patteries that thrill the domain of emotions, and one day out of every three hundred and sixty-five the strings of memory are keyed to their utmost tension, vibrating with an intolerable intensity that reddens the lips of old wounds and

sity that reddens the lips of old wounds and quickens dull aches to stinging torture.

This memorial morning Mrs. Maurice crossed the wide, vaulted hall, and passing through the long, pillared drawing-room, opened a locked door and shut herself in a darkened chamber to keep tryst with the sacred souvenirs that represented all she held dear. Raising the window, she turned the blinds to allow sunlight entrance into this silent reliquary filled with mementos jealously guarded "in solemn salvatory": a heavy,

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

with baby blankets, rose bordered; a velvet easy-chair, where a gentleman's quilted silk easy-chair, where a gentleman's quilted silk dessing-gown hung over the carved back, and his slippers lay beneath; a table heaped with a child's toys, books and daguerreotypes of various sizes. On a leathern couch lay a folded Confederate uniform, and a man's straw hat, cane, spurs, and riding whip had been placed beside the faded gray coat. Over the old-fashioned, high marble mantel hung a portrait of General Egbert Maurice, clad in uniform, wearing three stars and a wreath on his collar, and holding his plumed hat in his right hand. At one corner of the mantel a furled Confederate flag leaned until it touched the frame of the picture, and from the marble shelf, where lay the general's sash and sword, hung the stained and torn guidon of his favorite regiment. On the wall opposite the firely lace the portrait of a lovely girl with an at a furled confederate flag leaned until it touched the frame of the picture, and from the marble shelf, where lay the general's sash and sword, hung the stained and torn guidon of his favorite regiment. On the wall opposite the firely lace the portrait of a lovely girl with an at a pron full of roses seemed to fill the room with radiance and color.

With a slow, caressing movement, Mrs. Maurice's slim white hand passed over the forn tof the smoking-gown, and fastened in a button hole the syray of fragrant, satingle cost, she held it to her heart in a tight, straining clasp, as she seated herself on the couch, and her fingers lingered on tarnished gilt buttons and braid. Inside the uniform was pinned a parcel wrapped in tissue paper, from which she took out a mass of yellowed lace, and as the filmy folds of an infant's christening robe swept across her lap, a subtle perfume of wither ered flowers like the breath of a rose jar stole over the room.

With dry eyes she looked long at one portrait, then at the other: the husband of her good night, and on the pillow found a farewell note, praying fo

long called her home. Loving Marcia very warmly, she had attempted to intercede with the indignant mother, and one of her letters had enclosed an appeal from the erring daughter. It was returned unopened, and accompanied by a very positive assurance that any future repetition would not be forgiven. Old friends gathered to greet the returned traveler, yet all intuitively avoided allusion to the domestic cancer that, despite her proud, silent composure, was eating the heart barred against sympathy. She learned from the newspapers that under the new Federal regime Judge Kent was temporarily Senator, and that after a season in Washington he and Marcia were living at a hotel in her own neighboring city; but as the latter had followed her husband into the Episcopal Church, no meeting occurred between parent and child. So complete was the estrangement, and so unapproachable the stern, silent attitude of the mother, that when Dr. Eggleston, the family physician, and Bishop Vivian, the favorite cousin, called early one morning on an urgent errand, both realized that they championed a forlorn and desperate cause in battling with this old lioness robbed of her young.

Instinctively she divined their mission as her eyes fell upon a letter lying on the bishop's knee, and her lips narrowed and tightened.

Instinctively she divined their mission as her eyes fell upon a letter lying on the bishop's knee, and her lips narrowed and tightened. Standing on the hearth with her arms folded, she listened quietly to her cousin's impassioned pleading for forgiveness and to the doctor's distressing presentation of Marcia's alarming condition, which he felt constrained to pronounce hopeless.

"Madem, if you deny her dying prayer, remorse will drive you to despair."

"She has been dead to me since the hour she deliberately deceived and forsook me. Kent's wife ceased to be my child when she insulted, disgraced, her father's name."

"Oh, Patricia, how can you hope or claim God's mercy for yourself if you refuse pardon to your repentant and unhappy daughter?"

A spark leaped into the cold clear eyes.

"For mercy I think I shall never need to plead, and when my God grants me justice I will try to be satisfied."

"Will you not at least read the few lines the

"Will you not at least read the few lines the poor child wrote while we held her hand and guided the pen? Oh, cousin, if you could see her now!" The bishop held out the letter.

"Because you are the bearer I cannot refuse you the courtery."

fuse you the courtesy."
She walked to the window and, holding the curtain aside, read the brief petition:

curtain aside, read the brief petition:

"MY Own MOTHER:

"Let me come home to die. It will not be so hard if I can look into your face once more, and know that your dear hand will close my eyes as I go down into my grave. I shall see father soon, and if he could come now to my help, you know he would take me in his arms and lay me in my mother's lap. Be merciful to your poor, dying

"MARCIA."

Leaning eagerly forward, the two gray-haired men watched and listened for some re-lenting token; but after a few moments she turned toward a desk, and with no change in the frozen calm of her handsome face, she merely traced a word at the bottom of the page, handed it to the bishop, and left the room. "Come."

page, handed it to the bishop, and left the room. "Come."

That night a cold waxen image of a boy whose soul refused to enter its clay tabernacle was laid for a moment in Eliza Mitchell's arms, to be kissed as only young mothers can kiss their dead first-born. The following day the hospital ambulance brought back on a stretcher the wan form of the erring daughter, who fainted from exhaustion as the bearers carried her into the home of her fathers. Three days later she died in her mother's arms, whispering with icy lips: "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake— for my sake."

So little Eglah Kent was given, when three hours old, to the care of the young fostermother Eliza, and slept upon the heart that mourned for the lost baby boy. Since then seven years had passed, and today, as Mrs. Maurice caressed Marcia's lace christening robe, she put aside all that pertained to the girl's disobedience and elopement, and memory dwelt only upon the sunny time when her husband and daughter made home a heaven. Into the quiet room crept the whine of a dog scratching at the door. As she opened it, a feeble brown creature crossed the floor, crouched before the hearth, and, raising soft, tender eyes to the portrait of the general, barked once and beat the carpet with his tail, as if in salute; her husband's favorite pointer Hector, failing fast, but loyal and true as the as if in salute; her husband's favorite pointer Hector, failing fast, but loyal and true as the heart of his widow.



SHE HAD LAID ONE HAND ON THE CONFEDERATE UNIFORM FOLDED ON THE COUCH

clash jarred the perfect harmony. As the dead years babbled, she listened now to echoes of manly tones, and now to a baby's prattling lisp, still dividing as of yore her heart's homage. When war robbed her of the husband who had never ceased to be tender lover, her only hold on life centered in their beautiful daughter Marcia, and the struggle to guard her and defend from confiscation and ruin the fine and defend from confiscation and ruin the fine landed estate and large fortune left by General Maurice had served, in some degree, to lessen the tendency to morbid brooding.

To the truly typical Southern woman who survived the loss of family idols and of her country's freedom, for which she had sur-

country's treedom, for which she had sur-rendered them, "reconstruction," political and social, was no more possible than the physi-cal resurrection and return of slain thousands lying in Confederate graves all over the tram-pled and ruined South.

pled and ruined South.

No mourning Southern matron indulged more intensely an inexorable, passionate hatred of Northern invaders than did Mrs. Maurice, who refused to accept the inevitable, and shut her doors against agents of "union and reconstruction" as promptly as she would have barred out leprosy or smallpox.

Proud of the social prestige with which her Brahmin birth and stainless family record had dowered her, she wielded her influence in uncompromising hostility to all who advocated a tacit acceptance of the new conditions called "peace." The loss of negroes that abandoned several plantations would have materially impaired the Maurice fortune, had not the prevision of the general's commission merchant in a distant seaport induced the precautionary course of sending a portion of his crop of cotin a distant seaport induced the precautionary course of sending a portion of his crop of cotton to Liverpool early in the first year of the war, thus securing a large amount of treasure under the British flag, where (as the cotton factor wrote Mrs. Maurice a few years later) "Union" thieves could not steal, nor 'reconstruction' moths and rust feed upon it." blinds to allow sunlight entrance into this silent reliquary filled with mementos jealously guarded "in solemn salvatory"; a heavy, square bedstead with twisted columns that upheld a red-lined tester whence embroidered draperies fell; a gilded swinging wicker crib,

"Miss Marcia has left me to marry a man who cannot enter my house. Take this note to Mr. Whitfield's residence at once; not to his office, to his house. Minerva, you will finish packing Miss Marcia's trunk, which must be sent to her. I shall make no change in my plans, except to take the noon train instead of the one at midnight. Ask me no questions. Send Mitchell and Eliza to me."

When her attorney, Mr. Whitfield, appalled by the stony white face that showed no hint of tears, no more trace of grief than the marble figure that supported the mantel at her side, essayed a few words of sympathy, she put out her hands with an imperious gesture.

out her hands

put out her hands with an imperious gesture.

"There is no comfort possible, and I need your help only in writing a new will. I start to New York at noon, so you have little time."

A few hours later, having seen only her pastor and her lawyer, she left her rifled home, by a route that enabled her to avoid the town designated as a place of meeting. Across the girl's farewell letter, which was returned to "Marcia Maurice," she had written: "My only hope is that God will take me out of this world before I see again the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Eighteen months had been spent in Europe, whence she was most reluctantly recalled by

Eighteen months had been spent in Europe, whence she was most reluctantly recalled by the death of Robert Mitchell, the overseer and business manager of one of her plantations, who was killed by the explosion of a mill engine. His young widow, Eliza, had been sheltered and guarded in Mrs. Maurice's home when orphaned by the death of her father, a Methodist chaplain attached to General Maurice's command and the intimacy of years Methodist chapiain attached to General Maurice's command, and the intimacy of years was marked by unfailing kindness and confidence on the part of the benefactress, by profound affection and ardent gratitude on that of the destitute girl. The peculiarly harrowing circumstantes attending her husband's loss had so severely shocked Eliza that Mrs. Maurice promptly removed her from the

CHAPTER II.

"IT IS LIKE HAVING TWO GODS."

Sharing in some degree that infallible instinct whereby lower animals interpret the character of their owners, young children are often as wise and wary as dogs and cats, and before Eglah could walk without clinging to Eliza's finger, she knew intuitively that her silent, watchful grandmother eyed her suspiciously, and that warm caresses could be expected only from her father and her young foster-mother. Profound and regretful compassion rather than tenderness filled Mrs. Maurice's heart, and she faithfully ministered to the infant's needs, as she would have pityingly warmed and fed some bleating lamb bereft of its dam by March snows. Since the little girl showed, except in form, no faintest trace of Maurice blood, her grandmother regarded her most sorrowfully—not as Marcia's baby, but as the living monument of a cruel and unpardonable injury inflicted by Judge Kent. Even in the cradle Eglah defied an authority supreme in the household.

"You must not say Lila, but Mama-Eliza."

"I won't! It hurths my tongue to say Elitha. I will say Ma-Lila."

"I won't! It hurths my tongue to say Elitha. I will say Ma-Lila."

The child's inherent antagonism made her a vexing embodiment of protest, an obstinate interrogation point punctuating the commands of this old-fashioned lady whose domestic canons belonged to an era when boys and girls were not considered "servile" because trained to answer their elders "No, sir." or "Yes, ma'am." and when after a meal in the sunset glow young human broods followed feathered folk to an early rest before stars spangled the sky. If among General Maurice's choice collection of thoroughbreadsh, had appeared an uncouth mongrel pullet, dust-colored and blue of skin, his exacting widow would not have rejected it more summarily than did her proud soul repudiate the Kent scion whom she housed luxuriously because of Marcia's than to fondle the bullet that slew her husband. Judge Kent's official duties called him often from the city, and during his visits to his child mis. Maurice, if compelled to s Sharing in some degree that infallible instinct hereby lower animals interpret the character

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch.st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet;
d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble
crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet;
r. st; roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot;
sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches;
blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as
indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting
k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow
2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog.
together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate rpetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. *indicates a repetition.

HIS month we give our readers a few of the many novel and useful articles which came in response to our prize offer.

Although it is rather early to think of Christmas you will find some of the things useful and attractive to make up ahead for little presents for the holidays.

In this contest considerable originality was displayed and cleverly worked out. An extremely neat and nicely made article was the

Barrel-shaped Hat-pin Holder

sent in by Miss Ivy Chew.

This can be made of cardboard covered with silk or any smooth, firm material, and consists

This can be made of cardboard covered with silk or any smooth, firm material, and consists of seventeen pieces.

For the bottom cut a circle of cardboard two inches in diameter; from the silk cut two circles, one exactly the size of the cardboard one, the other considerably larger. With the larger circle cover the cardboard smoothly on the outside, drawing the extra fullness in little plaits on the inside and securely baste; then stitch the smaller circle on the inside as a lining, first pinning it around to fit, and turning in the raw edges as you stitch.

For the staves cut sixteen pieces of cardboard four and one half inches long, five eighths of of an inch wide at the middle and sloping to three eighths of an inch wide at both ends. Cover these with material, cut and stitched the same way as the bottom was covered. When all are neatly covered commence to sew the staves together by overseaming the edges on the wrong side. As you finish sewing each stave to the others, turn it, so the bulge will always be on the outside. Of course when they are all joined it will be found necessary to sew the last to the first on the outside or right side,



first on the outside or right side, this makes the barrel round. Now sew the bottom on by

neatly overseam-ing it to one end of the joined staves.
For the hoops cut four strips

of the material, on the bias, one half of an inch wide and a trifle more than six inches long; fold

BARREL HAT-PIN HOLDER.

each strip twice, so that the raw edges just meet together, catch-stitch the edges smoothly together so you will have a flat hoop one quarter of an inch wide. Carefully blind-stitch one at the top of the barrel, one at the bottom and the other two at equal distances apart around the middle.

Now the barrel is completed fill it partly with emery or very clean dry sand. This will form a ballast so the heavy-headed hat-pins won't upset it; also preserving their points from rust and blunting.

These barrels can be made of very small scraps of material, in fact from pieces too small to be utilized for anything else, and any old discarded pasteboard box may be used for the foundation. They are attractive made of any color, but of course look more realistic made of light-brown or natural wood color. Nearly everyone has some scraps of linings that would make one. Sew them with strong silk or thread that exactly matches the shade of the material used. They will be found more convenient and durable to use than the glass tubes that were so popular last Christmas. that were so popular last Christmas.

Easter Lily Match Holder

This little article certainly is unique. formed of what is commonly

This little article tractive and useful.
The lily is form known as the fiber sponge, or perhaps to some as the dish rag

plant, as that is what Mrs. Mc-Lain calls it. Take one of these pods and divide the end into four sec-tions, each of which should be

neatly covered with white satin. From the other

end of the pod run a wire to form the stems, to EASTER LILY MATCH HOLDER. which are attached leaves cut from oilcloth. to which are attached leaves cut from olicioth, canvas, or any rather heavy material, wired and then painted a dark green. When finished the realistic appearance is enhanced by placing the matches in the center of the lily. It was sent in by.

MRS. BELLE M. MCLAIN.

Patchwork Sofa Pillow Cover

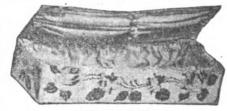
The cover shown in the center of this page. illustrates a new way in which small pieces can be utilized and made up into a pleasing pattern. First select and draw the figure on a piece of white cotton material, then cut from colored

goods the body of the figure, turn in all the edges and baste in place, do the sleeves in the same way. Now outline all edges, the girdle and front of the waist. Then outline the features and hands with light pink or white silk, and back stitch the hair with black silk, and work, or draw in the eye with ink.

In the pillow submitted, the dress was of pink outlined down with white, face and hands worked as described, and the necklace outlined in yellow silk. This was the center square of white which was surrounded by black strips three and one half inches wide, finished in each corner with crocheted rosettes. The pillow is finished with a ruffle of hemmed The pillow is finished with a ruffle of hemmed

Paper-napkin Ribbon Box

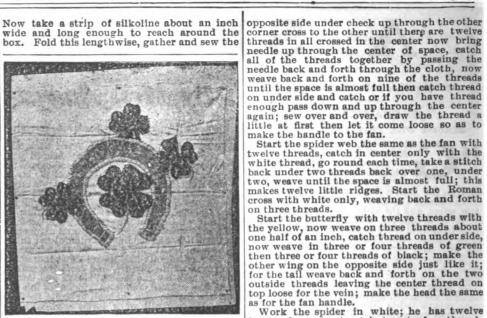
Fancy boxes for the dressing-case are acceptable gifts, and if made like the illustration cost but a trifle. A square box, containing a handkerchief, or a long one containing a col-



lar, ribbon or necktie, is appreciated by both old and young.

Use common pasteboard for the foundation and make any size or shape desired. The di-mensions of the one illustrated are: Sides, twelve by two and one half inches, ends, two thread, fasten a bow on the front edge of the

Now take a strip of silkoline about an inch and long enough to reach around the Fold this lengthwise, gather and sew the



GOOD LUCK QUILT BLOCK.

On a square of white applique work a horse-shoe of gray, with white silkateen, outlining the nails with the same as illustrated.

Cut the clover leaves from green and use the same shade in appliquing, outline the stems of the leaves. Make up the quilt by having alternate blocks of plain green.

MISS HILDA GROSS.

upper edge of the silkoline lining on to it, leaving an inch for an edging. The lining is now already to place in the box. Put some paste on the upper inner edge of the box and press the lining gently against it.

Baste a plain or gathered lining on the inside of the lid, set in place and sew to the box with strong thread. Sew near each end and in the middle. Sew some bows of ribbons over the thread, fasten a bow on the front edge of the

on three threads.

Start the butterfly with twelve threads with the yellow, now weave on three threads about one half of an inch, catch thread on under side, now weave in three or four threads of green then three or four threads of black; make the other wing on the opposite side just like it; for the tail weave back and forth on the two outside threads leaving the center thread on top loose for the vein; make the head the same as for the fan handle.

Work the spider in white; he has twelve legs, and you must put in twenty-four threads instead of twelve; put in twelve then twelve more; about an eighth of an inch from the others catch in center, weave on two threads until you have twelve legs, filling up the whole space; arrange them on the pillow in different spaces so no two alike are side by side, then fill in the center with black cross-stitches and the spaces with twelve threads of the different colors of sansilk and catch in the center; this finishes the top.

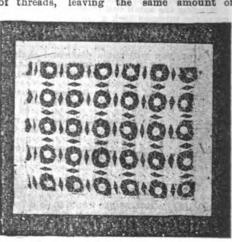
Put on a four-inch double ruffle of pink muslin lined with pink sateen or you can make it all of the gingham. Care must be taken when weaving in the threads to keep it even and not draw.

MRS. ARTHUR E. DODGE. The Floral Wreath Doily



All-over Drawnwork Design

This pattern is very desirable for the center of doilies. Draw out an inch and one half of threads, leaving the same amount of



ALL-OVER DRAWNWORK DESIGN.

space each way; this will give one square of an inch and one half. Proceed by knotting the threads each way into two equal groups, then cross the squares diagonally and fill in the center of each with a good-sized wheel.

Crocheted Belt

Material used, silk or silkateen and inch-wide

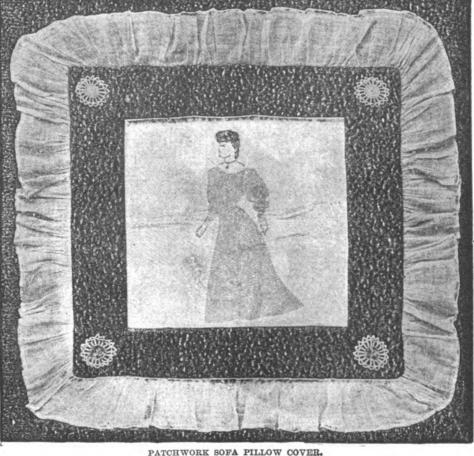
Double crochet, thread over once. Chain

Double crochet, thread over once. Chain thirteen, turn.

1st row.—Shell (3 d.c., 1 ch., 3 d.c.,) in fourth stitch from hook, ch. 3, shell in eighth stitch, ch. 3, shell in last stitch, ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 11 s. c. over 3 ch. in center between shells, taking up middle of foundation chain; shell in shell, ch. 1, 1 o., 3 ch. between shells, shell in shell, ch. 3, turn.

4th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, shell in shell, ch. 3, sturn.



Sent in by Mrs. Lee Christian.

and one half by four and one half inches, top and bottom twelve by four and one half inches. Cut these pieces out of any firm pasteboard and begin by sewing the sides and ends together, sewing over and over. Now sew the bottom on. Take a strip of muslin about an inch in width and paste directly over the seams where the edges are joined. This covers the stitches and strengthens the box. Take a piece of white paper and paste on the sides and ends of the box, which will cover all marks.

The box shown is made of crepe paper napkins which cost five cents a dozen. In selecting the napkins choose those having small or medium-sized flowers on them, in order to second row and cross-stitch across first, a

ing the napkins choose those having small or medium-sized flowers on them, in order to have a spray of flowers all around the box. Now cut a napkin so it will be an inch larger all around than the sides of the box. Cut two like this and two for the ends.

Right here, a word in regard to the paste. I obtain the best results by adding a little cold water to corn starch and then pour on boiling water until the starch is cooked. Then, in order to the seam, commence in the corner of the seam, commence in the corner of the medium-sized flowers flowers flowers. It is expected across first, a cross-stitch then a star (to make the star make a cros again, now make the cross-stitch between these three rows leaving a space of nine checks each to fill in, cross-stitch all four sides alike,



The state of the s

Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in stead of including them in the letters. Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathise with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar re-

request souvenir postals unless you have com-plied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel ut-terly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMPORT, Augusta, Maine.

frequent contributor sends these sug-

A frequent contributor sends these suggestions:

Living upon a ranch, as I do, with a lot of men to cook for, the flour sacks accumulate until I have a big box full, then I spend a week in making them up into useful articles. I make tea-towels, kitchen aprons and pillow slips for the men's beds and last spring I made six pillow slips with four-inch ruffles all around them. I got a package each of pink, Turkey-red and yellow diamond dyes for cotton and dyed two of the slips with each color. I use them upon the three pillows on the couch in the living-room, and wash one set each week. They are cheerful looking, inexpensive and clean.

When my light cotton dresses and shirt-waists get faded out (as they will in time, for the water is so hard that I have to use lye), I dye them with fast dyes for cotton and have new garments.

ments.

Do you all know that a mitten made of velvet or a small cushion of the same with a strap to slip the hand through is the best thing to clean dust from your silk skirts? Just try it once and you will never again use a whisk broom or a

brush.

Instead of putting a paper bag over your lamp chimneys to keep out the dust, make a covering of crepe paper that will fit the chimney and where the paper is drawn up at the top pull it out to form a ruffle and fasten a tiny bunch of paper flowers in the center.

MRS. II. L. MILLER, Glendive, Montana.

Mrs. Hulls writes of Heristing Island:

MRS. H. L. MILLER, Glendive, Montana.

Mrs. Hulin writes of Hartstine Island:
This is one of the finest places which is still
thinly settled, the climate is ideal, very healthy,
a good place for poultry or crops. Here the
grass is green all the year around, the sky blue
and life one long sweet song. We live close
to the water and have a gasoline launch which
we enjoy greatly. I am from Maine, but have
been here twenty years and was the first white
woman on the island.

I should be pleased to hear from COMFORT
readers and will gladly give information relative
to this locality.

MRS. H. O. HULIN, Olympia, Wash.

The price of a year's subscription (15c.) now pays up to December, 1908.

Poultry raisers may find the following of

value:
To rid hen nests of mites sprinkle tobacco into them, the stronger the better.
To rid a setting hen of mites pour boiling water over a couple of handfuls of tobacco and add a few drops of carbolic acid and wash the hens where the mites seem to be the thickest.
For any kind of bowel trouble in chickens try a few drops of castor-oil and turpentine mixed; this is an experiment of my own which proved a success. Mrs. Julia Musgrovz, Bussey, ia.
Mrs. I. Black. Kewanee, R. F. D., 5 III., writes

Mrs. I. Black, Kewanee, R. F. D., 5 Ill., writes that she would be glad to have one of the poor tired teachers, of whom J. A. D. speaks, come to her for a few weeks, for a rest. This is a generous offer and one which, without doubt, some girl will be glad to accept. Write direct to Mrs. Black for particulars.

A kind sympathetic sister sends the following:

Ing:
I have just read the names of some who have rheumatism. To these I advise trying the following recipes. As there are so many different kinds of rheumatism, one wants to keep on trying until one finds something to suit the case. Mrs. Almera Hoskins, Augustus, Kans. If I lived near, I would run in to see you, as you are so lonely. Read your Bible and trust in the Lord.

Two Tested Remedies for Rheumatism

Two Tested Remedies for Rheumatism
No. 1 is two ounces of Oil of Sassafras put
in a pint bottle and filled up with the best
alcohol. Bathe often—also take three drops on
lump of loaf sugar after each meal.
No. 2. Take a quart bottle and put in it
Oil of Anise, one half ounce; Oil of Oganum, two
ounces; Chloroform, one ounce; Sulphuric Ether,
one ounce; Oil of Sassafras, one half ounce; Oil
of Hemlock, one half ounce; Oil of Wintergreen,
one half ounce; Spirits of Turpentine, one half
ounce; Aqua Ammonia, one half ounce; fill up
with best alcohol. Apply often.
Mrs. H. E. DECOURSEY, Diamond, R. F. D., 1,
Mo.

0

Read opening chapters of new stories and our subscription announcement in this issue.

Our next is from Mississippi and comes from

two years ago and think I have the best husband in the world and the sweetest baby ten months old.

I love fancy work and flowers, but our yard is so full of cedars and crape myrtle that nothing else will grow, so I am trying to get a collection of pet plants. I would be pleased to receive slips of anything and will return favors.

MIN. R. E. MOONEY, R. F. D., No. 3, Lexington, Miss.

An Illipois sister writer as Calleger.

ton, Miss.

An Illinois sister writes as follows:

I have decided to make myself known in this corner, as I can be a silent reader no longer. My father was a Methodist minister and well known in Mo. Ky., Tenn. and ril. He died when I was eight years old and I have only a vague memory of him. Mother lived for twenty years after father died, and then passed away very suddenly one Easter morning, from paralysis. Easter is always a sad occasion for me, and more than once I have spent the day in tears and sadness.

I have a dear baby boy fifteen months old, who takes away some of the sad thoughts from my mind. He is the light and joy of my heart. I am sure you will all agree with me that no home is complete without a baby.

MRS. NANNIE WILSON, Patoka, Ill.

New stories, "A Speckled Bird," and "Only a Girl; or, From Ragesto Riches," be-gins in this lesue. Don't miss them.

Maggie Winkler, Morgantown, R. F. D., 3, Ind., writes an interesting letter from which we print the following:

The paper is not only Comfort in name; someone was wise in choosing it, for surely it has been a comfort to many. I agree with Prudence Morast that a verse at the head of our corner would be helpful—for instance:

"Insemuch as we have done it unto the lesst

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto

For sometime I have allowed myself to worry and fret, but I've turned over a new leaf for the remainder of this year. I'm trying to keep this in mind, this thought;

"If we trust, we do not worry,
If we worry we do not trust."

If we worry we do not trust."

Now, sisters, isn't this true?

What a great responsibility we mothers have in trying to bring up our children in the true way. We should be so careful to teach them that though they may do and say evil things, unknown to us, there's one who sees all things. And we cannot begin too early.

My dear mother died when I was but ten years old, but those sweet preclous lessons she taught me, I cherish them in my memory still!

really don't belong. Those who have never been to New York City, have missed a great deal, it being called the greatest city on earth. Although New Yorkers call their city 'the only town on earth,' yet in the summer, they can be seen, one by one sneaking off to some country spot and glad to get away from 'the only town.' It is also called the wickedest city. Yet when the needy call, they are answered, as we must not forget that our Helen Gould lives here, and many others similar.

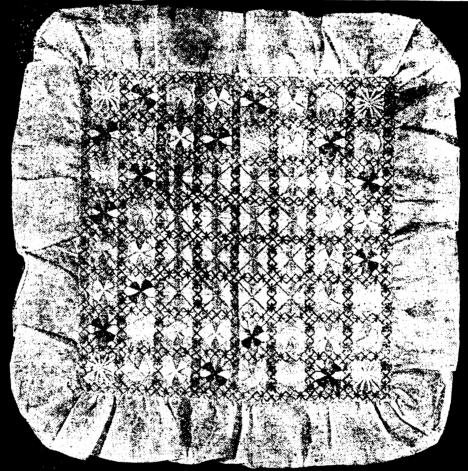
"In the house where we moved I found a copy of 'Comfort'. I sent for another one and received one of Nov. '06. I was very much surprised at its price on account of its reading matter. I take a few of New York's best magazines and I know that 'Comfort' can compete with them any time although it costs one third the price they do. One thing, it goes ahead of them in this way. When turning over the pages, I intended to dodge the 'cooking recipe page;' but to my surprise there was none. Only a few recipes I did find, which were no doubt true and tried by their owners. Something else I found very good in 'Comfort'. Among the sisters' letters, they tell how to do fancy work, give good ideas about the house, also good medical remedies. The few I have tried are excellent. Mrs. Burris's hair remedy given in Nov. '06 is surely first class, and used in the South where women are noted for their beautiful hair.

"Here is one of my ideas; which though it isn't great, at times proves useful. I get blank books, into which I paste different remedies I find in the newspapers, etc. One book is called the 'House Doctor,' another 'Household Ideas.' The Cook,' and another 'Lace.' My lace book is made of cloth and crocheted lace samples are sewed in. I have also an account-book. I will try to remember the 'shut-ins' with books, letters and other things if possible. From a soon-to-be-bride.

Marx Kelly, 21 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A bigger COMPORT and more stories than ever, this winter. Subscribe new while our big offer is in force.

A good mother sends a most interesting letter which space allows us to give in part only:
"Mrs. Wm. L. Brown, says that she is poor, but they all have their health. We are poor too; my health is not good. A year ago last June I underwent a big operation, which cost much. Health surely is one of, if not the greatest blessing, in the world.
"I have one dear little boy, three years old, he is good and obeys everything I say.
"Miss Estella Freeland. I agree with you about having patience with the dear little folks. I am at times so nervous, that I fall into a



PINE AND WHITE GINGHAM SOFA PILLOW.

pennyroyal around wherever one is bothered with red ants. Repeat till all have been killed.

An Indiana sister speaks a good word for mothers-in-law:

I have learned what a consolation a mother-in-law can be. I have one who has been a real "mother" to me. My mother died when I was fifteen months old; so I never realized what a mother's love and affection and care were. For this reason, my heart goes out to all mother-less children everywhere and I think any person who befriends any of these little ones and gives them a home surely does a noble work.

Should Miss Elsie L. Jones see this, I would be most pleased to hear from her. Or if any one who reads this is a Carey or was ever acquainted with Rev. John Carey, a former Quaker minister, now dead, I would be very glad to hear from them.

Mrs. W. M. Heal, Box 56, Fowlerton, Ind.

If you like this number of COMFORT, tell a friend about it. 15 cents pays for a sub-scription until December, 1908.

Mary Lake, Box 240, Minneapolis, Minn., vrites a most interesting letter, a part of which we quote

or years I have been interested in children "For years I have been interested in children and the correct training of them is a hobby of mine. I have spent a great deal of time studying child-government, but as the subject is practically endless, it would be impossible to take it up in this limited space. However, if any mother has a child which she finds it hard to control I should be pleased to hear from her and will gladly give her instructions which I feel sure will prove beneficial. I should also be most pleased to hear direct from any child old enough to write." Our next is from Mississippi and comes from another motherless one:

My mother has been dead about a year. How it is that we realize that we each can have only one mother.

I keep house for my father and brothers as well as my husband. My brother is a shut-in. He has not walked for four years, but goes in a rolling chair.

Mrs. Harry H. Beeler, Holbrook, R. F. D., 2. Mrs. Harry H. Beeler, Holbrook, R. F. D., 2. Mrs. Harry H. Beeler, Holbrook, R. F. D., 2. Mrs. Harry H. Beeler, Holbrook, R. F. D., 2. Mrs. L. McClintock, Penfield, pand will gladly give her instructions which I feel sure will prove beneficial. I should also be most pleased to hear direct from any child denough to write."

Next comes a New Yorker who starts in by saying:

"I am not a 'shut-in' thank the Almighty, but surely a 'but-in.' At least so New Yorkers would call people who try to get in where they have passed through the fire ourselves.

Mrs. Harvest M. Klise, Crozet, Box 113, Va., sends this remedy which may prove of value to young mothers:

Choisea Baim

One pint of syrup made of sugar and water, one ounce tincture of ginger, one ounce of opium, one ounce of camphor, one ounce of chloroform. Dose for children, one haif teaspoonful; adult, one teaspoonful, repeat every hour till relieved. This is a safe and good remedy; we have been using it for years.

To Mrs. E. L. Parish, she suggests putting pennyroyal around wherever one is bothered with red ants. Repeat till all have been killed.

An Indiana sister speaks a good word for mothers-in-law:

I have learned what a consolation a mother-in-law can be. I have one who has been a real "mother" to me. My mother died when I was fifteen months old; so I never realized what a mother's love and affection and care were. For this reason, my heart goes out to all mother-less children everywhere and I think any person who befriends any of these little ones and gives them a home surely does a noble work.

Should Miss Else L. Jones see this, I would be most pleased to hear from her. Or if any one who reads this is a Carey or was ever!

I this sad instance made such an impression on me that, no matter when my boy comes I in the content of the matter when my boy comes I in that, no matter when my boy comes I in that, no matter when my boy comes I

"Love, kindness and a little praise makes life much easier. I love the poem ending with this

verse:

"Oh friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me: I am travel worn:
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive I plead.
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight."

"I should be pleased to hear from any of the sisters. May God's blessing rest on each." Mrs. Anna Barupt, Allentown, R. F. D., 2, Pa. Mrs. Harry H. Beeler, Holbrook, R. F. D., 2, Neb., requests Mrs. R. L. McClintock, Penfield,

Mrs. Sollis. You must have a lovely home. We oo, think the Morning Glory vine is the prettiest.
Will the one who sent in the "Autumn Leaf" quilt block please write me? I wish you at a successful and pleasant senson.
GEORGIA BISSELL, Shushan, N. Y.

It is COMFORT that sets the pace; in COMFORT are all the good things FIRST. Our latest offering is a subscription until December, 1908, for 15 cents.

Anna Broszeit, 1108 Avery Ave., Syracuse, N., wishes to apologize to those who did not re-eive seeds. Her supply gave out, the letters ceive seeds. He arrived so fast.

Anna Broszeit, 1108 Avery Ave., Syracuse, N. Y., wishes to apologize to those who did not receive seeds. Her supply gave out, the letters arrived so fast.

A grateful sister writes to thank all who remembered her in any way, and sends this information in regard to Montana, as so many asked about the climate, etc:

"Many people think Montana is very cold, but we do not find it any colder than New York State. In the winter snow is not deep where we are; we have good sleighing up in the mountains, but down in the Ruby Valley they scarcely ever have more than two inches of snow; last winter was an exception, and they had to feed their stock about two months. In the summer the sun shines nearly all the time. It's lovely in the shade, and the nights are always cool. The air is dry and light and has been the means of restoring my health, which was poor. When I came here I could not walk across the street alone, but not more than two weeks after I came, I could walk to the top of the foothills; and two years later I weighed more than I ever did in my life.

"When we first came in sight of the Rockles, I thought it the most barren looking country I ever beheld; the gray sage brush and great gray mountains were some different from New York State with its green fields and trees and strange her the land was irrigated it was a becaufful green, and it really was a great contrast to the gray sage brush, but of all lonesome looking places was the county seat of Madison Co., Virginia City, We would never call such a place a city in New York State. The entrance was called Chinatown; they had a place of worship and held their Chinese New Year's in Feb. There were two Chinese women among them; one was born and educated here in the public schools and was sent back as an interpreter to their people. It's a quaint old mining town known as 'The Famous Alder Gulch' all over the world, for its wealth of gold and the many crimes committed in the sixtles. There are a few good buildings, such as a High School, two churches, Courthouse, Cit

'Every deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the name of the Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow.

He has promised us a bright reward.

We are building day by day, as the moments glide away,
Qur temple which the world may not see;
Every victory won by grace will be sure to find
its place
In our building for eternity.

"Even a cup of cold water given in his name, will not be overlooked by our Father in Heaven. God bless you all!"

MRS. MELISSA A. WILCOX, Sheridan, Mont.

Miss Bertie Harris, Box 50, Adamsville, R. F. D., 1, Tenn., a young woman of twenty-four years, asks it any of the sisters can send her a harmiess, effective remedy for reducing fiesh. She is five feet four inches in height and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

""St. Elmo" has been concluded; every reader of COMFORT should have the complete story in book form. Read our offer in another part of this issue.

surprise, or get up and say I wonder where my white is, and he jumps, and says, 'No, mamma.' I did that from the time he walked, and it has always helped, although I never whipped him. Many mothers, of whom I know make this mistake: when a child comes for a kiss or with a question, they turn them off and say, 'I am too busy, run along.' I never do it and I know of one poor mother who will never cease to regret having refused her darling a kiss.

"She was busy making him a suit to wear to a pienic the next day. When he came in and said, 'Mamma, I love you, I want to kiss you,' she answered, 'I have no time just now, I am very busy.' He ran out with the other children, but in a few minutes, amid a confusion of voices, she heard her name called and running out, saw her baby had fallen into a pool of water. He went down for the last time calling for her, before assistance arrived. So many times she has said, heartbrokenly, 'Oh, if I had only kissed him!"

"This sad instance made such an impression on me that, no matter when my boy comes I always take time to love him and attend to his wants. What do you think, sisters? Am I right or not?

"Love, kindness and a little praise makes life much easier. I lave the next days, No, mamma.' I down days, 'No, mamma.' I lave the praise makes life more taken on the pienter when my boy comes I always take time to love him and attend to his wants. What do you think, sisters? Am I right or not?

"Love, kindness and a little praise makes life much easier. I lave the praise makes life my hour to give relief to everyone—God knows what is best for us all." The everyone—God knows what is best for us all. The everyone—God knows what is best for us all." The everyone—God knows what is best for us all." The everyone—God knows what is best for us all. The everyone—God knows what is best for us all.

can.

I can deeply sympathize with all the sufferers whose names appear in Comfort, and wish it were in my power to give relief to everyone—God knows what is best for us all. Through the mist of falling tears we catch the rainbow hues of heaven. Let us not be despondent, though we walk through the fire and flame of affliction, a loving Father is leading us.

FANNIE B. THOMPSON, Sheridan, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Let me try to interest you all by telling how twelve hens fed me for three months, almost without any other pecuniary help. They commenced to lay on Jan. 16th, and on Apr. 16th of this year they had laid 508 eggs. Their feed was some spoiled corn with a mash of meal and corn. Bran once a week. Fresh water was always provided. They ranged in a wood and roosted on a rall fence. I had built them a henbouse, but they never would roost in it, a leaky roof was no doubt the reason. I am always providing new nests, and they like this habit of mine, and keep free from vermin. Of course I am not able to have pate de fois gras very often, or venison more than every other day, but the quantity of eggs I get kept the wolf a long distance from the door.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.) DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

The Shadow of a Cross Ing. his face gradually losing its intensity, the muscles relaxing into an expression of contentment. His colleagues, first to recognize what the effort had cost him in strength, sprang to his side and grasped his hand in silent admiration. Then the demonstration became general. A Religious Quarrel and Separation Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dorg Nelson and F. C. Henderschott.

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Theta Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the shain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us." Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting and she tries to comfort him. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chidea him. Ambition will never make him happy. The parting comes; the mother chides him. Can be suffered in the would be so herd." It has care of him."

The legal battle in which he is engaged seems like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether milistone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It isn't the Trusts, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed by in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Haston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a misstep and horse and rider fail. Gene rushes to the sport—the ridder is unhurt. The horse is badl

Warfield's speech, and realizes he is bought. Warfield asks himself will he ever be able to clasp the hand of an honest man again. He goes to Victoria. Will she be his wife?

Mrs. Warfield receives a letter from Gene. There is something about it which worries her. Mrs. Rosslyn asks for the priest and bids Theta go to walk. She has much to say to him. As Theta stands alone old memories stir within her. She sees Gene; the figure of a lovely woman is near him. Her hands clutch at her breast and in agony she cries, "My God! He is married!" and she falls in a faint. A long sickness follows, and when she recovers she finds her mother sieeping in the churchyard. Gene hopes for a home of his own and pictures it to his wife. Victoria wishes for an apartment house where all is done by trained servants. Can they afford it? He has no income outside of his official salary. He will not touch a penny that does not rightfully belong to him. They return to Washington, and visit the house Victoria determines shall be their home. Gene stops in the library and falls to musing. He sees a picture. A room with softly tinted walls—a woman whose fingers fashlon white garments, crooning a low soft melody. After a time the prattle of a child fills the room and a boy climbs on his knee, and he feels the clinging of baby arms. Again the woman croons and the cradle rocks and a baby girl looks at Gene. Victoria rouses him from his reverie—he hasn't seen half the rooms. He fails to find a nursery.

Four months later and Victoria is surprised by a call from Corcoran. He searches for his ideal and finds it too late. Victoria begg of him not to play with her—he knows what fire is when beyond control. Gene enters unsuspiciously yet with a repugnance toward Corcoran. Victoria leaves them to discuss business. The months that follow are trying ones. There is borse the cry of a child—a little boy—and Gene looks down with wonder and she discharges her, and from that hour the baby droops.

Congress closes and the Warfields spend the summer at a fashlon

Warfield, still with that look of indecision on distance, paced up and down is narrow room. He blow and reading the label on the bottle bed dashes it to the door. Victoris strikes her husband and the blood trickles down. He pillows his child on his breast, and sits down before his desk. He opens and great so long as she hears of his supporting such bills as pass the House of Representatives. He knows his mother is right—he is a damnable scoundrel. John is spoiling Theta. She may lose the dear girl. The young dootromes often. Let us know about the baby. The child stirs and walls "mamma, mamma!" He has no mamma—no one but dadds.

CHAPTER XI.

THE AWAKENING.

HE bill is infamous." Warfield's voice was caim, his face white and the sensitive lips quivered.
Corcoran, cool, calm and commanding, gave a shrug of his passes, it matters little what title you give it."

"Corcoran," Gene went on, "you understand what the passage of this bill means to my constituents, to the American people. I have done your bilding—I have been your willing tool in all things—and now you ask me to consummate my villainy toward the honest men who elected me by giving support to this—I repeat—this infamous bill."

Again Corcoran shrugged his shoulders, an evil smile playing about his lips.

"I not only ask it but I demand it. Call it what you will, this measure yet remains as the consummation of the plans of my lifetime: it what you will, this measure yet remains as the consummation of the plans of my lifetime: it what you will, this measure yet remains as the consummation of the plans of my lifetime: it what you will, this measure yet remains as the consummation of the plans of my lifetime: it what you will, this measure yet remains as the consummation of the plans of my lifetime: it what you will, this measure yet remains as the consummation of the plans of my lifetime: it what you will, this measure yet remains as the consummation of the plans of my lifetime: it what you will, this measure yet remains as the consummation of the plans of my dashes it to the floor. Victorias strikes her husband and the blood trickles down. He pillows his child on his breast, and sits down before his desk. He opens and reads a letter from his mother. She can never cail him great so long as she hears of his supporting such bills as pass the House of Representatives. He knows his mother is right—he is a damnable scoundrel. John is spoiling Thets. She may lose the dear girl. The young doctor comes often. Let us know about the baby. The child stirs and wails "mamma, mamma!" He has no mamma—no one but dadda.

good your promises. You have done my bidding, and I thank you for your obedience. I have kept every promise I made to you. I have done more. I have given you repeated opportunities to make money and these you have chosen to refuse. Some whisper of the state of your finances has been borne to me—" he paused to note the effect of this. Gene winced. A few days before the knowledge of Victoria's extravagance had descended upon him in the shape of an avalanche of bills, and these he had paid although it had taken the last dollar he possessed. He made no reply to Corcoran's last words.

"I understand how matters are with you financially, Warfield, and I promise for the safe passage of this bill—which means so much to me personally—a hundred thousand dollars of Harvester Trust Stock shall be yours. Also, a higher place awaits you. The Senate—"
"Here's a pretty how-de-do, Gene," interrupted a genial voice, as a short, pudgy figure pushed itself into the room. "I told that fellow out there in the swallow-tail that if I'd got to be announced like some eastern potentate—"
"Judge Blodgett!" Gene, glad in his soul for the interruption, advanced with outstretched hand. "This is certainly good of you. You have, I believe, met Mr. Corcoran before?"
"I have had the honor," the judge replied ironically.

Corcoran bowed coldly. The two had met frequently in Excelsior but no friendship existed between them.

"I hoped for a few more words in private," Corcoran said eying the judge askance.
"Anything you care to add may be said in the presence of my old friend," Gene replied proudly.
"As you please," rejoined the boss with a sneer. "It is only this: I shall look for a strong speech in support of the bill when it

"Anything you care to add may be said in the presence of my old friend," Gene replied proudly.

"As you please," rejoined the boss with a sneer. "It is only this: I shall look for a strong speech in support of the bill when it comes up tomorrow." For a full minute he looked fixedly at Warfield, who returned his stare with interest, while the judge, hands in his pockets, looked out the window, them with an abrupt, "Good day," Corcoran stalked out.

"Every man has his price," he reflected sagely, "and I offered him a good one. It is worth it. The passage of this bill will crown the ambitions of my life—to fail in this is to fail in all. But I shall not fail. I must put the finish to that other matter, too. I wouldn't have believed it possible that any woman could have—and I—I am mad with impatience." As these thoughts passed through his mind he pushed open the great bronze door and entered his automobile. "Ugh:" exclaimed the judge, making a wry face, "I'm giad that man is gone. Makes me think of his Satanic Majesty. But what on carth," he broke off, laying his hands on Gene's sheulders and twisting his around toward the light, "have you been doing to yourself? You look ten years older and the hair on your temples is as white as cotton."

A short dry laugh broke from Warfield.

"When a man preempts a quarter section in purgatory you'd expect his hair to turn white, wouldn't you, judge?"

"By the looks of you, I should imagine you had been living in the territory further on. But I like that idea of purgatory—that sort of half way place where a man can always turn back if he wants to. Look here, Warfield," dropping the half bantering tone with which he began and growing serious, "are you going to obey Corcoran? I couldn't help hearing a part of what he was saying and I want to know whether or not you are going to support that measure tomorrow?"

Warfield's face was a picture of indecision.

"L'pon my soul," he said slowly, "I can't tell

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warfield's face was a picture of indecision.
"Upon my soul," he said slowly, "I can't tell you."
The judge came close and laid a hand on the younger man's shoulder in an affectionate way.
"By your own confession, Gene, you haven't found this life as happy as you expected?"
"Happy!" Gene uttered the word mockingly.
"I have suffered all the tortures I deserve. My soul has been steeped in infamy—the child I worship is being sacrificed on the altar of felly my wife.
"I have suffered all the tortures I deserve. My soul has been steeped in infamy—the child I worship is being sacrificed on the altar of felly my wife.
"I have suffered all the fortures I deserve.
"Ambition then was not worth the price you paid for it?" the judge asked gently.
"No, no a thousand times!" The answer was torn from Gene.
"My boy," the judge continued, "there is a turning point in every man's life, a time when he must choose between good and evil. Once you made a choice that I advised against and it falled to bring you happiness. Warfield," he went on, with, for prosaic old Judge Blodgett, a queer sort of quaver in his voice, "I am not a praying man—as you know, I have never believed much in the efficacy of prayer—and yet I wish all the prayers your old mother has uttered for you could have reached out to the Great Spirit in the Unknown and that today that Presence was watching over you. And Gene," something between a chuckle and a sob in his tone, "I want you to remember that there is more rejoicing over one sinner that repents than over ninety-nine just persons." As he uttered the last word he made a break for the door.
"What!" exclaimed Gene, "you are not going so soon?"
"Yes, I promised Mrs. Blodgett I'd get back to attend a matinee with her this afternoon and it is pretty nearly the hour now. Remember, Gene," he held up a warning finger, "we will be up there in the gallery tomorrow—Mrs. Blodgett and I—and we will be listening to every word you say." He went out closing the door behind him.

Warfield, still with that look of indecision on

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to the privilege of speaking against the passage of this measure."

There was a hasty consultation a few seats from where he stood. Messengers were dispatched to the lobbies and cloak rooms.

"It has been understood my remarks upon this bill would favor its passage and so they would have, but for the awakening of a conscience long sleeping. Before I speak directly to this measure, I ask the privilege of my colleagues to make a statement; I fear it will be more of a confession."

The assembly hall was fast filling. Indifferent members were taking their seats and exciting efforts were displayed by the members who had promised the trust a safe passage of the bill.

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives, a few years ago I was an unknown lawyer of the West struggling for existence and endeavoring to satisfy an unquenchable ambition. This morning, I realize what that ambition has cost and it is not satisfied.

"Through the backing of this great corporation I have risen in polities, I am permitted to sit at the desk before me, I am honored as a member of this the greatest American law-making body. The ambition is no more satisfied than the drunkard's craving thirst. I have fed it all I could obtain. I have sacrificed not only my honor but the welfare of those whose condences I hold, and for what? That I might live in grandeur, that I might associate with the idle non-producing class who dwell in luxury, and laugh at necessity!" he exclaimed dramatically.

idle non-producing class who dwell in luxury, and laugh at necessity!" he exclaimed dramatically.

"I have not been bought," and his arms went straight up pointing to the magnificent paintings in the celling, his eyes now turned to catch the light coming in the windows above.

"I have not been bought, oh! God, no! And yet, I have. I have not handled their money but I have been bought. I have drunk their wine, I have been entertained at their expense. It was their money that furnished the campaign fund to elect me. Slowly I have receded from my ideals. Not once, but many times, I have bid my sense of duty, be still. I have strangled my better self until I am nothing. The taste of this slow poison has been sweet, but its ruin sure.

"While walking my room last night I took stock of my moral nature: and this morning in a spirit of deepest humility, I declare myself a moral bankrupt. I find the old convictions are all gone: the beautiful ideals of youth call back from distance. I am here in liesh and with voice, but while I speak over yonder is taking place a hurried consultation among other moral bankrupts to still further carry out the wishes of their masters."

His lips were parched. Raising a cool glass of pure water, he drank deeply. A quiet breeze blew in from across the botanical gardens, cooling his fevered brow. It seemed to him the breath of freedom.

A member was trying to get the floor.

"Mr. Speaker, I will not yield. Gentlemen of

His lips were parched. Raising a cool glass of pure water, he drank deeply. A quiet breeze bew in from across the botanical gardens, cooling his fevered brow. It seemed to him the breath of freedom.

A member was trying to get the floor.

"Mr. Speaker, I will not yield. Gentlemen of this assembly I must not yield to any man until I have set myself right with those honest men who elected me; right with the whole world.

"It is not enough that I make this body my confessor; I must use my remaining strength to right, so far as it lies in my power, the wrongs not yet complete. This bill must not pass. Those people who elected me must not be further denied their rights. Those simple people living as all should live, drawing their inspirations from nature's rugged bosom and craving no greater luxury than the dying sunset, they have trusted me. I have betrayed that trust while my conscience was drugged with false standards. The press has lauded me, corporation money and influence have hired my praises sung, but the music of honest praise has never souded in my ears. I am not alone, other throats.

The gavel sounded harshly and the chair announced the speaker might proceed.

"Mr. Speaker. I will not add the infamy of dragging down other characters. Let each one here, by the franchise of the people, answer to his conscience and to his constituents as I am answering. Their consciences will awake as mine has done. When that awakening comes, and it will come; when the great common people are finally aroused, no government can permanently endure which does not provide equally for the peace, prosperity and welfare of all its people. As Tolstol says: "Mothers will teach their sons that all men are brothers, and that the only enemy they have is the man who wants to rule and exploit them, then we will have the women the world needs—who will raise sons with a higher manhood than the world has ever known. When those men a faint applause and free from the galleries came a faint applause and free from the galleries came a faint app

His hand sought his vest pocket and brought forth the watch his mother had given him. He wished to know how many more minutes he could speak. As the case opened he caught his mother's picture. Then replacing the timepiece, he continued:

"But it will not, it cannot mean the scorn of the mother who gave me birth; it will not mean the distrust of those who have loved me and prayed that my manhood be preserved, while surrounded by this seething whirlpool of temptation. It will not mean a farther distance between myself and my ideals, between ambition and honor; it will not mean nightmares with hollow-eyed children and half clad men and women. It will not mean, it cannot mean the further sacrifice of everything that is good and pure and true. If defeat it is, I welcome it and with it the peace of right and justice which can come only where honor is the judge in dealings between men."

tween men." Warfield ceased speaking, but remained stand-

CHAPTER XII.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYES.

Outwardly cool but inwardly a tumult of emotions, Corcoran listened until the last echoes of applause following Warfield's speech died away, then, despite his strong anger, an ex-pression of reluctant admiration was forced from

emotions, Corcoran listened until the last ecnoes of appliause following Warfield's speech died away, then, despite his strong anger, an expression of reluctant admiration was forced from him.

"There go the hopes of a lifetime," he thought, "shattered to fragments by the breath of one man. I have failed just when success was in my grasp and all my schemes end in the nothingness from whence they came. I ought to hate Warfield and yet I cannot. 'Every man has his price.' I said in my soul, but I reckoned without something that has a still higher price—conscience. That intangible thing which I myself once possessed and with my own hand crushed. Yet to me it was Aladdin's lamp and owning it, all good things were mine. And today could I possess it I would give all my world has ever yielded me."

People were rapidly leaving the gallerles and Corcoran was on the point of following when a light touch was laid on his arm and turning he encountered the startled gaze of Victoria.

"I can't understand it, Corcoran replied with a characteristic shrug of his huge shoulders, "and he holds all the winning cards. As for me it has come to a show-down and I don't hold even a pair of deuces. But wait—wait till he goes back to the West to stand for re-election. Out there I'll beat him—yes—if in doing it I send my soul to perdition!" A look so dark and intreatening came over his face as he spoke, a little child glancing up in passing shrank away in affright.

Wictoria heard the threat and there struggled into her consciousness a thought of Warfield's unfailing kindness to herself, of all he had borne from her and a feeling akin to pity stole into her heart. She came close to Corcoran and looked up at him appealingly.

"Would you not spare him, Michael—for my sake?" she asked softly.

The softened look on her proud face made victoria very heautiful and as Corcoran's eyes ran over the curves of her perfect figure, coming back to the lovely lips with their brilliant coloring, he bent nearer, devouring her with his gance.

"Would I spa

ind she looked any hadministrely with a silent mod of her head. A smile lit up his rugged face.

"I know the state of Warfield's finances, and I know also you love pretty things." As he spoke he pulled out a check book and wrote something in a quick nervous hand, tore it out and handed it to her.

Victoria looked down at the paper in her hand, saw it was a check made payable to her, and a sudden wave of shame swept over her. When she again looked up at him the tears were standing in her big eyes.

"Heavens, how you insult me! I love you—because I can no longer resist—but I cannot —cannot take it." And with the gesture of an offended queen she thrust the check back upon him.

cannot take it." And with the gesture of an offended queen she thrust the check back upon him.

Something in her action, but more in the sight of those tears, stirred the depths of the man's dark soul.

"Victoria," he cried impetuously, "I wish my wife were dead and you divorced that I might marry you tomorrow."

She smiled, for the words pleased her.

"Look, Michael," she said, "all the people have gone and there is my maid looking for me. I must say good by."

"Good by," he whispered softly.

Then she left him.

As Corcoran looked after her retreating form suddenly the glamour faded snd an intense disgust for all he had done, for all that he purposed doing, came over him.

"And for that little pinch of rose-colored dust a man would peril his soul," he thought. "How damnable is my act. If there be a hell it yawns for such men as I, and yet how deeply she must love me—that woman who is willing to throw away the love of such a man as Warfield —for me. But away with these thoughts of morality."

Corcoran was in the act of stepping into his automobile when a mesenger boy reached his

Corcoran was in the act of stepping into his automobile when a mesenger boy reached his

articulation when a messenger boy reached his side.

He broke the seal and read:
"Your wife is dead. Come at once."
"So," he muttered as he thrust the despatch into his pocket and hastily pulled out a timetable, "one wish has come true. Let me see—there is a train I can get within an hour and another that goes at seven in the morning. No one knows of this—and I think I will wait and take the morning train. My nerves are all unstrung and I need an hour or two of sleep before I meet her tonight. Well, the cocaine bottle will yield me that—blessed cocaine."

fore I meet her tonight. Well, the cocaine bottle will yield me that—blessed cocaine."

When Warfield reached home the nurse met him with a grave face. Startled, his first thought was of his child.

"The baby?" he cried.

The woman regarded him silently for a moment. During the months she had spent in the Warfield household her sympathies had gone over to the side of Gene and as much as one of her cold nature could, she pitied him.

"The child is much worse, but there is no immediate fear of ueath unless a sudden change should take place. It is now in a stupor and may continue so for hours."

Gene reeled, the words struck him with the suddenness of a blow. Regaining control of himself he hastened to the bedside of the little one. As he looked at the tiny face in an agony of fear the nurse said gently:

"Mr. Warfield, there is really nothing you can do here, and you were up all last night. Go and take a few hours rest and if there is any change I will call you."

"I cannot bear the thought of leaving him."

"Believe me, it is best." Gene yielded at length to her importunities, but before retiring to refresh his brain with long delayed sleep he wrote a letter to someone up in the hills of New Hampshire and two days later when it was received and read and re-read aloud to Uncle John, there was a new struggle raging in the heart of the one who had read it and a prayer of thanksgiving eame from the lips of the mother too deep for mortal understanding.

The letter written, Gene threw himself fully dressed on a couch in the library and fell instantly into a dreamless sieep.

From this he was suddenly awakened by a snatch of gay opera music and Victoria in full evening costume entered. As Gene sprang up she gave him a startled glance.

"I didn't know—I didn't expect to find you her," she said in some confusion.

He stretched out his hands pleadingly.

"Victoria, our child is alarmingly ill—will you not remain at home this evening."

The confusion of her manner deepened and fush rose to her face.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SA)



To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

GOMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Gousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

TRUST you are all keeping cool. If not I can give you an excellent recipe for overheated blood. Jump into a sixty foot river and pull the river in after you. Stay submerged for six months, and if at that time you have not cooled off sufficiently, apply icebergs to the heated spots, untit they are reduced to the correct temperature for perfect comfort.

You will be glad to know that Lawrence Bird of Dalton, Ga., for whom I made an appeal in our December issue, received \$85.00 in cash, 450 letters, and many useful articles. Lawrence has got his cow and now not only has milk and butter in abundance, but has some of each to sell. The cow cost \$30.00, so he still has a comfortable balance left after adding Mrs. Cow to his family. The poor fellow's health has improved now that he has better nourishment, and he wants me to thank you on behalf of himself and poor old mother, for all you have done for him, and I am sure I am only too glad to do it. God bless you all! What a blessed thing it is that we are able to do this good work, and just think of the happiness and the real substantial help we are able to give to these yoor suffering souls. It is just as easy to do good as to do ill, if you only get the habit. There are probably 10,000 of the 20,000 members in the C. L. O. C. who have done for others, and the actual doing and giving is left to about one thousand of our members, good-hearted souls, the sall of the earth, God's elect. Though I am handing bouquets to you all, and I am proud of what we have done and are doing, still it is only a trifie to what we might do, if you'd all get the habit of doing one deed of mercy, one act of kindness every month, instead of leaving it to the few.

I like you to know results. The world is interested, not in what people are going to do, but what they do. You have saved Lawrence lift and his mother's life, and brought happi-

I like you to know results. The world is interested, not in what people are going to do, but what they do. You have saved Lawrence Bird and his mother's life, and brought happiness to their humble home. There are lots of more lives to save, butt in, get busy and save them. All do your share, all do your part. Don't let twenty hang back, while one does the work.

part. Don't let twenty hand the does the work.

Wm. T. Harrah of Backus, W. Va., for whom I appealed in last November issue, received \$45.00 and many useful articles. William wants a camera. He thinks that with a

whom I appealed in last November issue, received \$45.00 and many useful articles. William wants a camera. He thinks that with a camera he could add considerably to his income. Maybe someone has an old one they could pass on to him?

Very few of you are working to secure "Uncle Charlie's Poems." I did not think there was a single member in the League, that would not break his (or her) neck to earn this book, by getting seven 15 cent subscriptions for COMFORT. One hour's easy work will do the trick. Can't you spare that hour? My birthday is on September 5th, next month. You usually want to know whether I'd prefer a steam yacht or an automobile for a present, and in the generosity of your hearts, not knowing which I would like best, you send me both. Now cut out the yacht and automobile this year. I have seven hundred steam yachts sailing around out in the wood pile already, and we have canned automobiles for lunch twice a day. So, my dears, let up on these expensive gifts, and instead just bustle around and get seven new subscriptions to COMFORT to earn that book of poems. If you will do that we will have 100,000 more members in the COMFORT family, and I will have the happiest birthday of my life.

A Ter Heal convein wants to say some say Now for the letters.

A Tar Heel cousin wants to say some say.

Now for the letters.

A Tar Heel cousin wants to say some say.

GUM NECK, TYBRELL CO., N. C., May 17, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am ninetween, five feet, nine inches in height, weigh one hundred and thirty-seven pounds and have golden hair and blue eyes.

I live in the eastern part of North Carolina, my father is a farmer, and farming is my occupation when not at school. I live in Tyrrell County just eighteen miles southeast of Columbia, which is the county seat, and it is a very beautiful little town, situated on the Scuppernong river. It has about six houndred and fifty inhabants, and is a great lumber manufacturing town. The county officials erected a Court House at Columbia that cost \$13,000 it is a credit to the county. Gum Neck is a township of about four houndred and sixty-five inhabants, and is situated on the Aligator River. We have two steam mills, that do the farmers grinding, gining and sawing. We have six stores and four new churches.

Gum Neck is one of the most important agricultural sections of the eastern part of this state. The principal crops are corn, cotton, peanuts, oats, sorghun, soja beans, Irish and sweet potatoes. All kinds of vegetables thrive well here. Butter, poultry and eggs are also a specialty with the farmers of this place. Apples, pears, plums, peaches and scuppernong grapes are the principal fruits. Berries are abundant. Hickory, hazel and walnuts are found on many of the farms. The rivers and creeks abound with shad, rock herring, trout, perch and eels. Partridges, doves, and rabbits furnish sport for the hunters. Bears, dears, oposums, coons and squirels, are seen in our woods and they are shot quite frequently. Uncle, if you should ever come down to visit me at Gum Neck I will take you down the Aligator river some moonlight night bear hounting in my boat, and we will have some fun with Mr. Bear; that is fi you like that kind of sport.

I shall be glad to hear from all the cousins especially those of the gentler sex and now God bless you all. Your loving neph



COUSIN ALICE SHAPPY (17), Rosnoke, Ill.

the dears, but it is murder in the first degree if you are caught shooting one. However you Gum Neckers can have the hardihood to injure the coy darlings of the opposite sex beats me. I stabbed one once with a loving glance, and got my face pushed in for my audacity, but I never went so far as to shoot one with a real bullet. You propose to take me down the Alligator river some night "hounting" bear. I don't know what "hounting" bear is, but if it means plugging lead into Bruin's pyjamas I want you to excuse me right here. I have lost no bear, and therefore have no desire to hunt or "hount" for any. And you don't fool me into taking any moonlight trips on the Aligator river either. I am a soft thing, and an easy mark, but you can't hand me a lemon of that variety. I can see you getting next to my roll of masumas, divesting me of my one sock and a half an undervest, and then feeding my defunct carcase to the 'gators. Millard, you can spring t.at bear hount on some of the Gum Neck inhabants, but you can't get me into a deal of that kind in a million years. No, Siree!

A neatly written letter from a sweet little Iowa lassie will now entrance us.

A neatly written letter from a sweet little Iowa lassie will now entrance us.

A neatly written letter from a sweet little Iowa lassie will now entrance us.

MONMOUTH, IA., May 15, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I wonder if you will admit an Iowa girl into your charming circle. I have been enjoying the cousins' chatty letters and Uncle's bright, witty replies for some time and decided I should like to join the C. L. O. C. too, so here I am.

I will describe myself so vou'll know who you're looking at. I am seventeen vears old, five feet four inches tall, tip the beam at one hundred and fifteen pounds, have light hair, light complexion and blue eyes.

I am now keeping house for my father, my mother is dead, I have kept house ever since I was thirteen and have taken care of a baby brother for two years. I have lived in lowa all my life, with the exception of two years which I spent in Marysville, Kansas.

My cousin and myself visited the State Penistiution and saw the prisoners at work. We also went to Sabbath-school. No one but the prisoners take part in this. They march into the chapel and with every ten prisoners there is one guard, of course they don't all come, they can take their choice of going to S. S. or to their cells.

There are only twelve women in the "pen" now, and only one of them is in for life.

It makes a person feel sorry for some of them, but of course it's their own fault that they are there.

As this is the first letter I've written, I'll try and not make it too long, so will close with love to all the cousins and remain as ever your loving niece.

Mary, I want you to know that your taking care of your baby brother, and taking

"You are trying to be funny, young man, ten dollars or ten days." I said "I'll take the money if you have no objection." I did not get the money but I got the days, and I have been dazed ever since. They hustled me off to the tennypentiary, and gave me the first bath I had had in seven hundred and forty years. After the bath it took three convicts ten years to remove the real estate that had been jarred loose from my hide during the operation. The warden said he would rather dig the Panama and the Panapa Canals twice over, than scrub me once, and so would I. They had a rule in that prison that every man had to follow the same business and profession in jail as he did outside. Men that were bricklayers were put to laying bricks and so on. Authors were put to writing books. When they asked me what my business was I said "Will you put me to doing the same work here, that I did outside?" "Sure," said the keeper, "that's the rule of the institution, and the rules here must be strictly observed." "wee whiz," said I, "I am glad to hear it." When they asked me what my business had been, I said, "Traveling salesman." "All right," said the warden, "you can travel to your cell!" That is where I murmured "Stung!" Penitentiaries are bad places to get into. Some people are used to being behind the bars, and like it, but as I am a strictly temperate man, and never drink anything stronger than beiled lye and carbelic acid, it is against my religion to be put behind the bars, as I think it is a barbarous practice. Boys and girls, keep away from the pens, no matter whether they are hog pens, prison pens, or fountain pens, they are tough propositions to stack up against.

Here is a little letter that will touch all hearts.

Here is a little letter that will touch all STERLING CITY, TEX., April 4, 1907.

hearts.

Sterling City, Tex., April 4, 1907.

Dear Uncle Charlie:

On March 2nd, the Death Angel entered our home, and bore from us our dear little fourteen-year-old daughter, who was a member of Comfort's League of Cousins. Her number was 534. It was hard to part from our darling, but God's wisdom is greater than ours and He knows what is best for us all.

Your League is a blessing to the young folks, and if every member will try as hard to live up to the principles and rules as our darling did, there surely will soon be a great change for good in this old world.

Sadie Brown was born in Johnson Co., Texas, near Grand View and lived there until Jan. 1st, 1906, when she moved to Sterling Co. She was a precious, good child, and lived as near right as it is in human nature to live.

Her mother,

Mrs. R. F. Brown.

Our League is so large and contains so many members, that I thought it best not to notify you when Death calls any of the cousins from our ranks, as I should thus be compelled to chronicle such sad events monthly, and that would cast a gloom over too many homes. I thought though you ought to read Mrs. Brown's letter as it shows what a place this organization holds in the homes and hearts of our readers. To you, dear Mrs. Brown, let me say this: Think of your child, not as dead but as living; not as a flower that has withered, but as one that transplanted and touched by a Divine hand, is blooming in richer colors and sweeter shades than those of earth.

richer colors and sweeter snaues than those of earth.

She is not lost to you, who is found to Christ, she is not taken from you but merely gone before. Like a star she has vanished from your sight merely to shine brighter in another and far serener clime. God hold you patient and uncomplaining, and help you to bear the weight of your great sorrow.

Safely, safely gathered in Far from sorrow, far from sin, No more childish griefs or fears, No more sadness, no more tears, For the life so young and fair Now hath passed from earthly care, God himself the soul will keep, Giving His beloved sleep.

A jolly little Hoosier niece wants to butt in.

A jolly little Hoosier niece wants to butt in.

Vernon. R. F. D., I, Ind., May 9, 1907.

Dear Uncle Charlie and Cousins:

Here I come with a hop, skip and a jump right into your great big lap with the rest of the cousins.

Now I will tell you what I look like. I am about five feet in height, have acburn hair, blue eyes, weigh one hundred and eight pounds. I live on a farm of one hundred and thirty-three acres, but think I would like it better in the city, as this neighborhood is so dull and the neighbors are scarce. Our country here is mostly hilly and some of the land is very poor. The scenery is very beautiful all the vear around. The principal crops are corn, wheat and potatoes. I have three brothers and three sisters living. My papa is a large, fat man and my mamma is a small women. I like to work out in the field better than housework, but, Uncle, do not think by that I cannot do housework for I can. If you will come and make me a visit I will make you a "tansy" pie for a surprise. Well, Uncle, if the flies are as bad up in Maine as they are here be carfull they don't eat your bauld head up. For we cousins do not want a headless Uncle, so be carfuil. I send my love to Toby and Marie and to yourseif a big hug so don't get scared. Your loving niece.

Ruth I certainly admire the hearty, breezy were in which was heatter.

bia, which is the county seat, and it is a very beautiful little town, stuated on the Scapernong river. It has about six houndered and facturing town. The county officials erected a Court House at Columbia that cost \$1,000 tt is a credit of the county officials erected a Court House at Columbia that cost \$1,000 tt is a credit of the Court of

Here is an interesting letter, especially for those who intend to go out in the world to do housework,

2414 W. 4th St., DULUTH, MINN., May 24, *07. DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am fifteen years young, five feet, seven inches tall and have light brown hair and blue

I am fifteen years young, five reet, seven inches tail and have light brown hair and blue eyes.

I am working in a candy factory and get \$3.50 a week. Have worked there nearly a year. I will tell you about the places I worked in. I first worked in a private family as assistant, but only got \$8 a month. I worked there one month and a half, and then the lady wanted me to do everything for the same wages, but I wouldn't and quit, and lost \$4 in that bargain.

My next place was as a scrub girl in a hotel, and I had to get up at two o'clock and work till seven, then sleep until ten, and work until twelve, and had all the rest of the day for myself. I got \$3.75 a week there, but worked only two days and then quit.

When I first went into the scrub girls' soom, they were sitting on the bed playing cards and swearing. I learned to use quite a bit of slang while there, but have forgotten most of it now. I will tell you of the pets we used to have. They were Joe, and Susie and Jimmy. Joe and Susie were little turtles just as large as a quarter of a dollar, and Jimmy was a woodchuck we had captured and tamed.

Susie and Jimmy both ran away, but as for Joe—my brother put him in his coffee cup one morning and my father put hot coffee on it by mistake.

I would like to hear from the cousins and

mistake. I would like to hear from the cousins and will answer all letters.

Good by for this time, your loving niece and cousin.

WILLMETTA CLARK (10,097).

Good by for this time, your loving niece and cousin.

WILLMETTA CLARK (10,097).

Willmetta, your experiences as an expert with the scrubbing brush are quite thrilling. I commend you for the courageous way in which you, at the age of fifteen went out into the world to earn your living. I should like a large oil painting of the lady who paid you eight simoleons a month, and wanted you to do "everything for the same price" without raising the ante. It is wonderful how generous some people can be and still live. I bet she had heart failure every time she dug up the "eight." That was quite a lengthy stay you made at the hotel, but if you worked for two days and got \$3.75 a week for forty-eight hours' work you did well. I am horrified to hear that the scrub ladies were playing cards and swearing. I hope they did not rope you into a poker game, and skin you of any of that \$3.75. Scrub ladies have no right to swear. I'll admit that getting up at 2 g. m. (g. m. means good morning) and chasing a scrubbing brush over thirteen acres of flooring, freckled with the relies of tobacco and expectoration, is enough to make a girl swear in 74 languages. A girl may scrub and still be a lady, for a scrub girl does not need to be a scrub unless she swears, then she is fourteen times of a scrub.

I am sorry the turtle met such an untimely scrub.

I am sorry the turtle met such an untimely fate. Making turtle soup with hot coffee is a recipe that should be of use in the Sisters' Corner. As regards the woodchuck, I remember years ago, before I had permanently engaged a seat on the water wagon, that I went to an Irish christening, and somebody put three or four gallons of snake cure in my coffee, and I swallowed it and carried it home. I got it home with the help of three policemen. I was boarding with a prohibition family, and every night before I was permitted to go to my room the man of the house used to make me repeat this little formula as fast as greased lightning, and if I did not do it just right I had to sleep out in the back yard! This was it: "How much wood could a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood." That I am sorry the turtle met such an untimely



FRED FITCH (25), Care Comfort, Augusta, Maine. Vice-President, Maine.

sounds easy doesn't it? Well, try it and see. When I fell through the door after the christening, I was requested to repeat the woodchuck speech, and this is how I did it. "How m-m-m mu-much chuck-could a chuck stuck — duck — chuck — if a chuck-huck — duck chewed w-o-o-d!" Then the door slammed in my face, and I slept in the yard.

A little Okleheme Coucin wester to consider

A little Oklahoma Cousin wants to say &

few words.

Box 12, Treedon, R. F. D., 1, Oklahoms.

Dear Uncle Chardie:

I received my League button and card all right, and I want to thank you for sending them. I sure am proud of them. Well, Uncle, you have had most all kinds of diseases. Did you ever have the chickenbox. They have all had it around here, but we haven't caught it yet, are we not lucky! Well I will describe myself, I am thirteen years old, "cight one hundred and five pounds, am light compacted, have light hair and light gray eyes, and am five feet seven inches tall. Well Uncle, I see you are getting tired, so I will hop off your lap, if someone will hand me my bonnet! I remain your niece,

FLORENCH A. TOWNSEND (No. 18,799).

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

ONLY A GIRL From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTERRUPTED BATTLE.

AY dat ag'in, an I'll make yer sorry for it!"
"You will?"
"Yes, I will."
"It 'ud take more'n you ter do

"Oh, yer t'ink it wud. See?" The speakers were not, as the reader probably imagines, a couple of newsboys or boot-

ably imagines, a couple of newsboys or bootblacks.

They were members of the great army of children and youth whom a hard Fate condemns to earn a precarious livelihood by selling papers, flowers, etc., on the crowded streets of our great cities.

What a schooling for a young girl!

The dialogue with which our story opens took place at the corner of Frankfort Street and Park Row, where the newsboys and newsgirls are wont to congregate at certain hours of the day.

The disputants were well-known characters

The disputants were well-known characters in that neighborhood.

One was named Madge Mason, the other Annie Kelly.

As it is with the former that our story has principally to deal, we will speak of her first

principally to deal, we will speak of her first.

If our readers have decided because of her "tough" dialect that there was anything "tough" in her appearance, let us haste to correct the mistake.

Though she was clothed in rags, there was something in Madge Mason's appearance, the way in which she carried herself, the poise of her head, that distinguished her from the rest of the crowd by which she was surrounded. She was apparently in her fifteenth year. Her form, though slight, was well proportioned; her face was strikingly beautiful.

Imagine an oval outline, olive complexion, dark, flashing eyes, a small, exquisitely formed nose, red, pouting lips, and all crowned by a wealth of tangled black hair, and the picture of Madge Mason is before your mind's eye.

eye. As for her companion, she was simply a type of the wretched denizens of the neighborhood—coarse-featured, common in every movement, bearing the unmistakable stamp of the iron hand of Poverty.

The threat with which our story opens was strong by Madge.

uttered by Madge.

Annie Kelly had called her a liar and she had replied: "Say dat ag'in an' I'll make yer sorry fer

Both of these untutored children of the street were very "mad."

Madge's cheeks were flushed with anger, and as Annie shouted the last contemptuous taunt she hissed: 'I'll show yer ef I kin make yer sorry or

not!"
And she sprang upon the other girl like a little tigress.
But two of the boys rushed forward and pulled them apart.
"Quit dat now, Madge," said one of them, a good-natured looking, freckle-faced lad of about fifteen. "Fightin' ain't no business fer gals."

about fifteen. "Fightin' ain't no business fer gals."

"You let me go, Dave Lane," panted Madge, "or I'll scratch yer eyes out."

"Oh, no, I guess you won't," grinned the boy, who was holding her in a vise-like grip. "Now keep quiet, Madge, kinder cool down; I con't wanter see you hurt."

"See me hurt!" sneered the girl; "yer won't see me hurt, but yer'll see her pulverized!"

"Yer will fight, hey?"

won't see me hurt, but yer'll see her pulverized!"

"Yer kin bet I will."

"Yer kin bet I will."

"Den yer've got ter fight square."

"What d'yer mean?"

"I mean I won't have none o' dis hair-pullin' an scratchin'. Ef yer've got ter fight, why den we'll make a ring, an' yer kin settle dis here little dispute like ladies. How does dat strike yer?"

"It goes." replied Madge promptly.

"An what d'yer say, Annie?" inquired Dave of the ofher girl.

"It's all der same ter me as long as I git at her," was the reply, which was accompanied by a vindictive glance at Madge.

"Den form a ring an' let der fust round begin," directed Dave. "Jakey Sloman, you act as referee."

The ring was formed.

act as referee."
The ring was formed.
"Now den," said Jakey, "let 'er go."
Well, the two girls did "let 'er go."
But the fight did not last long.
In fact, it had scarcely begun when a tall, good-looking young man, plainly but respectably dressed, and evidently a mechanic, broke through the ring and laid his hand on Madge's shoulder.

shoulder.

"Well," he said fixing his steel-gray eyes steadily upon the girl's face, "I am surprised."

Madge's face turned from red to white.

All at once her warlike spirit seemed to depart, and she hung her head like a whipped should be a shou

"Engaged in a street fight!" continued the wcomer. "I would not have believed it

"Now den, now den!" interrupted Annie Kelly, who was just getting warmed up to the fight, "don't be blockin' up der street, mis-ter. Dis ain't none o' your funeral, is it?"

rer. Dis ain't none o' your funeral, is it?"

The stranger paid no attention to the query, but said to Madge:
"Will you come with me?"
The girl looked wonderingly up into his kindly face.
"Go wid you?"
"Yes."

"Where?"

"Down to the place where I work; it isn't far from here. I'd like to have a little talk with you."

leather," was the reply, with a defiant side-glance at Annie.

"Then will you come?"

Annie Kelly was evidently about to make some sneering remark, but at this moment one of the boys shouted:
"Cheese it! a cop!"
A burly policeman was approaching.

A burly policeman was approaching.
The crowd instantly scattered, Madge and the stranger going down Frankfort street.
"Now," began the young man, "I'll tell you why I wanted to speak with you alone."
But before he could go any further a hand pulled his sleeve, and looking around, he saw the newsboy. Dave Lane.

The lad's face wore an anxious expression.

"Kin I speak wid yer a minnit, mister?"

"Certainly," replied the young man. "What is it?"

"I wanter say dat Madge is white." "I wanter say dat Madge is white." "White?"

"I mean she's straight—straight as a string, an' der ain't one o' der fellows dat wouldn't tell yer de same."

The girl hesitated.
"You're not afraid of me, are you?" asked
the young man.
"I ain't afraid o' no one dat wears shoe-

wid de likes o' you."

And Madge glanced ruefully at her patched, though neat, garments.

"I am not such a very fine gentleman," laughed Ralph, "that you need worry any. I'm only a plan working-man. But here we are at the bindery; just step in the hallway a minute and I'll say what I have to say in a very few words."

Madge followed him, and unceremoniously seated herself on an old packing-box that happened to be standing near the entrance.

"Go ahead," she said, almost brusquely.

"I will," smiled the young foreman. "I have thought for a long time that it was a pity for a girl like you to be selling papers on the street for a living."

"Plenty odder girls do it," said Madge.

"Yes, but not girls like you."

"Well," admitted Madge, "I ain't noways stuck-up; but here is some of 'em dat I don't care much about goin' wid, an' some dat I won't have nothin' to do wid."

"I don't doubt it. How old are you, Madge?"

"Goin' on fifteen."

"Then you are too old to run about the

wid de likes o' you."
And Madge glanced ruefully at her patched,

Madge?"

"Goin' on fifteen."

"Then you are too old to run about the streets in this way."

Madge flushed.

"I've got ter make a livin'," she said.

"Yes, but wouldn't you rather make it in

some other way?"

"What diff'rence does it make w'ether I would or not, Mr. Straight? I don't know enough ter go inter anyt'ing else."

"Would you really like to change your way of living?"

of living?"
"Wud I? Of course I wud, sir." "Then I will help you."
"You, Mr. Straight?—how?"



"Well, boss, I ain't no Jay Gould, but if she's in any trouble I'll go bail fer her. I've got money salted down, an' it's hern ef she needs it, every blamed cent of it."

The young man gazed at the speaker in sur-

"But she's not in any trouble that I know

of."

"She ain't?"

"Certainly not."

"Ain't yer a fly cop?"

"No," laughed the young man.

"Yer ain't? I t'ought yer was a fly cop in plain clothes dat was pullin' her in, kinder on der quiet, on account o' der fight."

plain clothes dat was pullin' her in, kinder on der quiet, on account o' der fight."

"No, indeed, I am not. I'm a foreman down at Stanley's book-bindery, and all I want is to have a little private talk with her."

"Den I begs yer pardon, boss. I feel kinder like a brudder ter Madge, 'cause I've watched her grow up sense she wa'n't higher'n my knee, an' maybe I was a little too fresh ter speak ter yer. Did yer ever see a flower grow up right in der middle o' weeds dat seemed to be a-tryin' dere level best ter choke it an' yet couldn't? Well, dat's Madge, an' I wouldn't see no trouble come ter her, not fer all I've got in dis world or ever expect to have."

There was a suspicious moisture in the young man's eyes, as he replied:

young man's eyes, as he replied:
"No trouble shall ever come to her through
me. You are a good fellow; will you tell me
your name?"

your name?"
"It's Dave Lane, boss."
"And mine is Ralph Straight—and I hope I am straight."
"I'd bet my last dollar dat yer are, boss."
"Well. good by, Dave, and when you're in the neighborhood of the bindery come in and see me."

see me."
"I'll do it, boss. S'long."

CHAPTER II. THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE.

When Dave had left them, Ralph Straight turned to Madge.

"Perhaps I could get you work in the bindery. Would you like that?"
"You bet I wud. But I don't know nothin' bout der bizness."
"You can be taught; some branches are very easy."

"You can be taught; some branches are very easy."

"Who'd take der trouble ter teach me?"

"I would, or my sister will show you."

"Yer sister, sir?"

"Yes, she works here, too. But I'll tell you what to do, Madge."

"What?" and the girl's eyes sparkled with pleasurable anticipation.

"Come to my house tonight and I will introduce you to my mother and sister and we will have a long talk about this matter."

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"What makes yer so good ter me, Mr. Straight?" she asked. "I ain't used ter it, an' I dunno what ter make of it."

"Make this of it," said the young foreman, taking her hand: "that I like you and want to see you in a place more worthy of you. Shall I meet you and take you to my home after work tonight?"

"No, no," replied the girl hastily, "I ain't fit ter be seen wid yer. But I've got better clothes 'n dese, an' I'll put 'em on when I come. Besides, I won't be through wid my papers till long after you're home. Tell me where yer live an' I'll come somewheres round eight o'clock."

Ralph wrote his name and address on the back of a business card.

"You can read?" he questioned.

Ralph wrote his name and address on the back of a business card.

"You can read?" he questioned.

Madge's face flushed.

"Course I can. I ain't so blamed ignorant as all dat. And I can write pretty well, too."

"I didn't mean to offend you, Madge,"
coid the young man apologetically. "Well. "I didn't mean to offend you, Madge," said the young man apologetically. "Well, then, we'll look for you at eight o'clock. Good by."
"Good by, sir."

And the girl started and ran in the direction of the newspaper offices with a grace and freedom of motion that would have been impossible for a girl educated in a more refined but less natural school.

At eight o'clock that evening Ralph Straight, his gentle-faced, widowed mother,

and his sister Alice were seated in the parlor of their little east-side flat, awaiting Madge's "You've sold me a paper every morning and

"You've sold me a paper every morning and every evening for two or three years."

"Yes, sir," returned the girl with downcast eyes, and a voice that was much gentler and more musical than that which she had used toward her late opponent in the fight.

"Yet this is the first time you have ever heard my name."

"Yes, dis is der fust time."

"I have heard yours before—that is, your first name, but I do not know your last."

"It's Mason."

"Madge Mason. Well, Madge, I suppose you wonder why I have asked you to walk with me."

"I was wonderin'. I ain't fit to be seen wid de likes o' you." "What a strange fellow you are, Ralph!" said Mrs. Straight, gazing half admiringly and half wonderingly into her son's face.
"You' are always doing something that no one else would ever think of doing. Now why do you want this street waif to come here?"

why do you want this street want here?"

"Oh," laughed Alice, teasingly, "it's because she's very pretty. I've often seen her. Ralph buys a paper from her every morning and another one every evening just for the sake of exchanging a word with her."

"I want her to come here," said Ralph gravely, ignoring his sister's remark, "because I believe that she is too good for the life she leads and I want to help her to a better one. I think that I can read in her face truthfulness and nobility, and I don't want to see those qualities trampeled in the mire of Cheery Street."

Cheery Street."

"I was only joking, Ralph," said his sister, putting her arms around his neck and kissing him. "But what a strange fellow you are! While other young men spend their time and money in barrooms and such places, you are always trying to do somebody good."

"He is just like his father," said Mrs. Straight, with moistened eyes. "Ah! I have reason to be proud of both my children!"

At this moment there came a timid knock upon the door.

"Come in!" said Mrs. Straight, and Madge entered.

one was now dressed in a plain but neat calico dress, and wore a simple black turban. Ralph thought that he had never seen her look so beautiful, and tried to imagine her in a really handsome costume.

in a really handsome costume.

She was evidently embarrassed, but the motherly Mrs. Straight put her at her ease in a very short time.

"Ralph has said a good deal to me about you," she said, "and I have felt really anxious to see you. He takes a great interest in you."

"He's awful good," said Madge, with a grateful look at the young man, "but I dunno's I'm worth so much trouble."

At this point Ralph with ready tact excused himself and left the room; thinking that Madge would be more at her ease and speak more freely if left entirely with those of her own sex.

Madge would be more at her ease and speak more freely if left entirely with those of her own sex.

"Have you any parents living?" asked Mrs. Straight kindly.

Madge shook her head.

"No, dey're both dead—died long ago, w'en I was a little kid."

"Do you remember them?"

"I don't remember me fader, but I do me mudder. I remember de day she died, dough I wasn't but six years old den."

And tears came to the girl's eyes.

But she choked them back and went on:

"She called me over ter where she was a-dying, an 'she says: 'Madge, I'm a-goin ter leave yer, an' yer won't never see me no more. But,' she says, 'I'll always be wid yer in spirit, an' ef ever ye're tempted ter be bad t'ink dat I'm a-lookin' at yer an' a-prayin' fer yer.' I never forgot dem words, Mis' Straight, an' I t'ink dey's kep' me good more dan anyt'ing else."

"I don't think you would be very bad anyway," said Alice, warmly.

"Maybe I shouldn't," said Madge, "fer it allers kinder seemed to me ter be mean ter do anyt'ing crooked. I've been pretty hard up sometimes, but I never could steal or anyt'ing like dat. Dere was allers somethin' in me dat kep' me back. It's easier ter go hungry dan it is ter eat dishonest bread—dat's my idea."

"And it's the right idea, too," said Alice, enthusiastically. "And now I must tell you right off that Ralph has got a place for you in the folding-room at the bindery. Will you take it?"

"Will I?" cried Madge, her eyes kindling.

"Will I?" cried Madge, her eyes kindling.

take it?"

"Will I?" cried Madge, her eyes kindling.

"Well, I guess yes."

"The pay isn't large—not as much as you make selling papers probably."

"I don't care fer dat, as long as it gits me off o' der street an I kin do der work. Do yer t'ink I kin learn easy?"

"Of course you can, there's nothing but what I can show you in a few minutes. I'm not in that department, you know, but Ralph is foreman—in fact he really runs the business—and he will let me stay with you until you know all that I can teach you. But there will be some things that you won't like; for instance, it is very confining work, and you are used to an outdoor life."

"Dat don't make no difference. I'll be glad ter get it."

"You won't like all the girls."

"I don't like any of 'em dat I'm wid now. Oh, don't yer worry 'bout me, Miss Alice; I've got sand, I have an' if I git dis chance I'll make der most of it."

"I believe you will," said Alice earnestly. "I forgot to ask you where you live."

"In Cherry Street in de same house where me mudder died," said Madge; "I board wid Mrs. Maguire. "Tain't much of a place—dere's six of us—Mrs. Maguire an' four chidren an' me sleeps in one room."

"We must get a better place for you," said Alice.

The conversation was continued for half

The conversation was continued for half an hour longer, and then Ralph came in and took Madge to her miserable home.

But, wretched as the place was, it is safe to say there was not a happier or more hopeful girl in New York that night than Madge

CHAPTER III.

SHIRLEY EVERTON'S SKELETON.

We must now shift the scene of our drama to one of the many almost palatial mansions that line Madison Avenue.

The home of old Shirley Everton, though not one of the most showy, was one of the finest in the vicinity of Madison Square.

Mr. Everton had amassed a fortune on Wall Street and retired from business at the age of sixty to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his only son, whose name was the same as his own.

The tastes of Shirley Everton, Sr. and Shirley Everton, Jr. were widely different.

The father was simple, almost austere in all his habits; the son found no pleasure except when engaged in some escapade.

Old Snirley Everton's favorite companions were his books; young Shirley Everton's were the men about town whom he met at his club, and similar characters.

It was whispered that Mr. Everton had been a little "wild" when he was young and that he was therefore more lenient with his son.

It was also said that young Shirley's lack of brains caused his father more uneasiness than his numerous dissipations, and there seemed (CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.) We must now shift the scene of our drama to be of the many almost palatial mansions that

to the first to th

Conducted by Katherine Booth

to "The Pretty Girls' Club" you have to do just one thing and that is—vant to be pretty. Now I'm quite sure that takes in every girl in the United States—to say nothing of the rest of the world. And if you want to be pretty, then you can be a member of our Club, and if you are a member of our Club, then it becomes my duty to make you pretty. You think that's hard? Why, it's the easiest thing in the world, for we were all meant to be pleasant to look at, and if you aren't, it's just because your body has got into an unattractive condition and you don't know how to get it out. But I Do, and that's why I'm settling myself down in this cozy corner to talk it over myself down in this cozy corner to talk it over

with you.

Do you know, half of you do not know how
what possibilities are

Do you know, half of you do not know how really pretty you are, what possibilities are hidden in the circle of your eyebrow, in the smooth softness of your hair, in your pretty features, in your daintily molded figure? You don't know because they are so hidden under a mass of absolutely unnecessary blemishes or short-comings. Your one good glorious point of beauty you have never even discovered, in fact, so lost it has become in a medley of small faults. Why not be pretty? Why not be attractive and charming? The women who can't be are few and far between, odd as this may seem. Sometimes just one little thing will transform an apparently plain woman into a joy to ly plain woman into a joy to the eye—a different way of dress-ing the hair, a study of the waist line, a clearing of the com-



his clever way of killing three birds with one stone.

Well, I'm glad to do it, and I want you to feel that I'm a sort of confidential adviser to each of you. Every month I will talk on some special fault and the way to overcome it—on waists, for instance (who of us isn't interested in waists?), the thick waist and the thin waist, the long waist and the short waist; on the complexion, how to clear it, render it milky in tone, give a rosy flush to the cheeks; on the eyes; how to conquer the tendency to redness of the lids; on dimples; on the bust, how to develop and beautify it; on the hair, its proper tare, wrong habits of handling it and how to lose it; and in each monthly talk I shall give you harmless recipes for articles that can be used in the toilet with delightful results. But this is not all. No, this is the very least of what the editor has asked me to do. For, I'm to be just what I said, a confidential adviser.

To be a member of the Club means that you have the privilege of writing me confidentially, any and every time you want about anything that troubles you in your personal appearance, and I'll tell you my way to overcome it. So many people write me about just such things that I can't reply through the mails, but I'll answer in these columns. Sign your letter with your full name, of course, but also tell me what initial or nom de plume to use in answering you, and you will find the answer under these initials.

Of course all of this advice is intended to be given free for the general good of all Comfort

Of course all of this advice is intended to be given free for the general good of all COMFORT subscribers so in asking any question you only have to be sure that your subscription is paid in advance; if it has expired or is about to ex-pire you had better inclose 15 cents for a renewal to Comfort when you write me—this will pay up to Dec. 1908, and all who renew now can have directions for making Beauty Bags sent free if so desired.

Bags sent free if so desired.

And please remember I'm really interested.
You can't want to be pretty any more than I
want you to be. Did I say be pretty? Well, I
meant look pretty, for I haven't the slightest
doubt that ninety-nine out of every hundred of
you are pretty already, but don't know it and
don't let anybody else discover the fact. And
there's even hope for the hundredth woman.
Wait till I get at her!
Just as a beginning, I want to say a few

e II

there's even hope for the hundredth woman. Wait till get at her!

Just as a beginning, I want to say a few general things. Some of them may seem quite commonplace—but don't forget they have a reason! There's our stomach, for instance, a horribly commonplace organ, but almost every pimple or skin affection can be traced right back to its action or non-action It is absolutely essential to have pure blood in order to attain a perfect complexion, but it's the easiest thing in the world to secure, and when you do get it you have health as well. Therefore, a little attention to the commonplace organ that helps to make the blood is time pretty well spent. For the coming months I wish you'd try my hot water recipe. It's good for your stomach, stimulating it to action; it's good for your bowels, increasing the eliminating process and helping to rid the body of all injurious deposits; it's good for your skin, opening and cleansing the pores. It will make the greatest

writing for free directions about the Beauty Bags or asking any questions is that you are a fully paid-in-advance subscriber to COMFORT. If your subscription has or is about to expire simply inclose 15 cents for a renewal subscription this will extend your time for sixteen months.

Address all letters to KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA. MAINE.

Only a Girl or, From Rags to Riches

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

some good reason for these unpleasant rumors. Young Shirley Everton was not a fool by any means, but he was not the shrewd, farseeing man that his father was.

But when the old gentleman retired from business worth a couple of million dollars it was generally understood that he intended to take his son in hand and "make a man of him."

If this was his purpose it is to be regretted that he never carried it out.

Within a fortnight after the day when the affairs of the banking house of Everton and Young were settled the senior partner was suddenly stricken down.

After three days illness he died, leaving his son, Shirley, sole heir to his estate—his wife having died many years before.

The gossips again indulged in a little whispering—this time to the effect that young Shirley was not utterly inconsolable at his father's death, that he was, in fact, rather glad to be free from the reins which were already beginning to be drawn rather tightly.

But this must have been a slander, for he seemed utterly crushed with grief at his father's funeral, and wore at least six inches of crape on his hat for a long time after the melancholy event.

But be this as it may, there is no doubt that

funeral, and wore at least six inches of crape on his hat for a long time after the melancholy event.

But be this as it may, there is no doubt that on the very evening when Madge Mason's visit to Ralph Straight's house occurred a well-dressed man stood in front of the Everton mansion gazing at a light in a second-story window. "You're up there, are you, my fine fellow?" he muttered with a smile that would have been as disagreeable to young Everton as his words if that youth could have seen and heard both. "You're up there, are you, getting ready for the big ball at the Academy? although your old dad hasn't been underground a year. Well, that's all right, it's none of my business, but if I am not badly mistaken you won't care to go to that ball tonight."

After this brief sollloquy he ascended the steps of the mansion and pulled the bell.

To the girl who came to the door he said: "Tell Mr. Everton that an old friend wants to see him and wants to see him right away."

The girl hesitated.

"I'm not sure that he's in, sir," she said.

"But I am," said the visitor, brushing past her and entering the reception-room. "He's upstairs fixing up for that ball at the Academy. The stranger's audacity was too much for the girl, and she vanished.

A few minutes later a smoothy-shaven man in evening dress entered the room where the stranger was stretched out on a blue silk divan and said:

"Your business. sir?"

"Are you Mr. Everton?" asked the visitor.

and said:

"Your business, sir?"

"Are you Mr. Everton?" asked the visitor.

"No. sir: Mr. Everton is engaged, sir."

"Who are you!"

"His valet, sir."

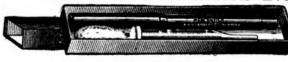
"Then gc back and tell him that my business is with the master, not the valet, and that it is business which must be attended to in quick time."

quick time."
The valet coughed nervously.
"What name shall I say, sir?"
"Oh, say any name you like, but tell him to come down here; or I'll go up where he is if he wishes."
The valet left the room.
"Big lugs, here," muttered the stranger.
"Maybe I shall come to this sort of thing if this enterprise succeeds. I understand young Everton has become an Anglomaniac lately, and this



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looks like it—a valid as if a big, overgrown booby like him wasn't file to dress himself."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of young Evertor himself. He was a wall-built young fellow of twenty-three or four, and would have looked a good aca, like a man, despite his weak cast of countenance, if it had not been for the affected air which he chose to assume.

"Well, sir," he began, "you have insisted upon seeing me and I am heah. I am Shirley Evertom and I am Richard Harold."

"Aw! Well, Mr. Harold, what can I do for you? It is abfter ten o'clock, doncher-know, and I have an engagement, and if your business is not important—"

"But it is important, as it happens," interrupted the visitor coolly, "and I have a notion that you won't feel like going to the ball tonight."

"Sir!"

"Don't get on your high horse. Are you sure that we cannot be overheard?"

"Ya-as.

"I'll take the liberty of closing that door behind you, however."

"B-ba Jawve!"

"Now, then, Mr. Everton, I'm going to take the liberty of asking you a few questions."

"B-ba Jawve!"

"Ya-as, doncherknow, but—"

"Wait a moment, I'm not done yet by any means. Your father left you about two million dollars, I think."

"B-ba Jawve! by what right—"

"Oh, you needn't answer that question if you don't want to; I know that he did. Now you don't happen to be master of any trade or profession, do you?"

The young Anglomaniac glared at his visitor in indignation.

"I, an Everton, a blawsted tradesman! What do you mean, fellah?"

The young Angiomaniae glared at his visitor in indignation.

"I, an Everton, a blawsted tradesman! What do you mean, fellah?"

"Well, I mean that it's just possible that you may have to go to work just as your father did before you, and that before many weeks."

"Be patient, keep your dress-coat on, and I'll explain. Did your late father leave a will?"
"No."

"Be patient, keep your dress-coat on, and I'll explain. Did your late father leave a will?"
"No."
"Yet you inherited all his property?"
"Yaas, being next of kin, and my mother being dead, doncherknow."
"But suppose I told you that you were not next of kin, that your late respected father led a double life, that he had another wife whom he married before he married your mother, and that you are no more the rightful heir to his property than I am."
Everton's affected air vanished.
He was no longer an Anglomaniac.
"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" he hissed. "Dare you insinuate—"In such a case," interrupted Harold, "I never insinuate. But I dare state facts, and I'll give you those I possess in a nutshell. You are not your father's legal heir, for the reason that your mother was not his legal wife. He had another wife, whom he married years before he met your mother. That wife left a child, a girl, who is the true heir to Shirley Everton's estate."
"The proofs of this infamous story!" hissed Everton, with pallid lips.
"Here they are—the wedding certificate, the proofs of the girl's birth, and a number of letters in your father's handwriting. Look them over at your leisure—I'll wait."
Everton eagerly perused the documents. When he had finished he turned to his visitor, asking: "Does this girl live?"
"She does, and right in this city."
For a few moments the young millionaire gazed fixedly into his companion's eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

A POSITION OF PERIL. There was a good deal of meaning in Shirley Everton's look, and Harold returned it with a gaze of equal significance.
The millionaire was the first to speak.
"Your proofs are indisputable," he said.

"Of course they are. What have you to say?"
"What do you intend to do about it?"
"That depends upon you."
"Upon me?"
"Just so. I am here to talk business."
Everton touched a well, and his valet ap-

peared.
"I shall not go to the ball tonight, Tompkins," said the young man. "You may go to bed."
"Yes, sir."
And the young man bowed respectfully and left

And the young man bowed tesperative the room.

"I told you you wouldn't care to go," said Harold, with an evil smile. "Now, then, I suppose you are ready to talk business."

"I am."

"Well, what do you propose?"

"To buy those papers."

"You can't do that."

"Why not?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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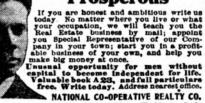
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SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

MY DEAR COMFORT BOYS:

NOTHER season is upon us; how fast time passes, only a short time ago I closed up shop for the Summer, but I have not been idle, on the contrary have devoted much time and large quantities of "gray matter" planning and working to produce a larger and better column for the coming winter. For every monthly installment I have worked up ideas that are practical, terse and of value to all.

I have tried, tested or made everything described; each month new ideas will be treated upon, suitable to the season. For example we start with a Lawn or Porch Seat, there will be many days yet when this will be useful and much enjoyed by the family.

Lawn or Porch Seat

Lawn or Porch Seat

There could scarcely be anything in the line of carpenter work, simpler than this pretty seat which I designed especially for Comport's younger boys. Two common flat boards go to make the sides, being out and marked as shown in drawing. The seat proper is also an ordinary board but instead of being nailed to cleats it is in this case inserted into slots made just large enough to receive it. In addition to this search

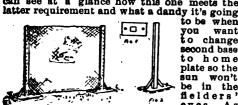
made just large enough to receive it. In addition to this a few long finishing nails may be used. The back is easily managed with the aid of a saw and is fastened in place fastened in place with brass screws. When complete the bench should be given several coats of paint and then a coat of var-mish, and the con-venient seat is ready for use.

Care of Tools

Every metal tool before being put away should be carefully cleaned, dried, and wiped with a rag moistened with kerosene or lard. Saws should alway be hung from pegs, planes placed on dry shelves, and bits and chisels dropped into sockets, blades upward. Every boy should have a small box to hold what few tools are needed for an ordinary repair job. As soon as the job is over he should return them. soon as the job is over he should return them to their regular place in the manner described. With a reasonable amount of care a tool should give good service and last a lifetime.

Movable Backston

If you like baseball and particularly pitching you know how mad your chum is when he has to chase your wild ones down a hot and dusty road. Now a backstop is a handy thing and doubly so when it can be easily moved. You can see at a glance how this one meets the latter requirement and what a doubly it so income.



you want to change second base to home plate so the sun won't be in the fielders' eyes. As the cut

shows, it is simply a strong frame made of scantling, braced at the bottom with slant boards, and set upon flat boards which have each two 3 inch holes. The backstop rests upon the flat boards and stakes are driven through the holes to keep it firm and solid. Common wire netting is used to cover the open parts of the frame. If several boys get together they can easily rig this up in an hour without a penny of expense.

Breaking Glass Bottle Evenly

Breaking Glass Bottle Evenly

A bottle or any glass vessel may be broken off evenly in the following manner. First carefully mark all around the bottle at the point you want severed. Then heat a stove poker to a bright red and draw it all along the mark you have made. As soon as possible afterwards drop cold water on the mark and with a loud click the glass will break all around. A tap of the hand will then cause it to fall off. Then with a file round off the sharp edges of the new surface.

Here's a tool chest and work bench combined. It should be made of heavy material and of ample dimensions say 5 ft. long, 2 ft. wide, and 2 and a half ft. high.

As shown by the ac-As shown by the ac-companying illustration the ends are nailed to the box part and then

cleats are put under the box to make it still more firm. A compartment receptacle for nails and screws of different sizes may be placed on the inside. The top or lid is fastened with three strong hinges. Small blocks

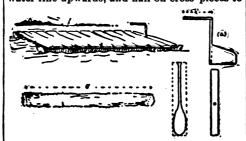
<-4"-> with V-shaped slots are nailed on the top to hold

while being planed. This work bench is recommended. _`: for a shed of limited of limited size and may be taken out in the shade when the weather is

making work more comfortable.

Raft

I do not need to tell you the fun that may be enjoyed with this raft. One glance, I think, is all the information you need. Get two logs, the heavier the better and drag them to the water's edge. Saw them off to a length of about six feet, slightly taper the ends from the water line upwards, and nail on cross pieces to



within six inches of each end. Make a simple rudder as shown in "a", stick the stem up through a hole in the rear cross board, nail on a two foot piece for a handle and we are off. The paddles may be made of any flat pieces, wide barrel staves of light material being about the best.

Chemical Experiment

Chemical Experiment

One way to create cold is to absorb heat out of the air and this is the object of all freezing mixtures. Common sal-ammoniac, well pulverized, one part; saltpeter, two parts; mix well together. Then take ordinary soda well pulverized. To use, take equal quantities of these preparations (they must be kept covered and separate until used) and add enough water to make a nice mixture. Put the article to be frozen in a tight vessel sealed tightly and then place it in the mixture described and cover up the freezing pot. No matter how hot the weather is in a short time your article will be frozen solid. frozen solid.

If you live in a town of any considerable size you can make plenty of pocket money selling pop corn. The way it is prepared is too simple to need any explanation. The selling is just as simple if you are of the right caliber. Be very careful to have your product of the highest quality and go to meet the trains, to the post-office and wherever and whenever crowds gather. The percentage of profit is very large and the work is light and pleasant.

Now, boys, if you will busy yourselves with the things I have suggested for this month, I will prepare some more for September.

Write me of your troubles and together we will straighten them out in quick order.

As ever,

Your Uncle John

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Florence, your letter is not very lengthy, nor very interesting as a whole, and like most of the cousins you write with a lead pencil and from this I infer that pens and i. & have not penetrated into the wilds of Oklahoma. Never mind, Florence, your letter contains one piece of information that has got all the medical authorities in the U. S. woozy. Florence, you have discovered a new disease, and that is as great a distinction as discovering a new continent. The disease I refer to is the chickenbox." This is something new in the disease line, and I want you to tell us where your friends caught this chickenbox, and how long it took them to get over it. Was it a tin box, or a wooden box! Of course if it was a small box they could get over it in a minute, but if this particular chicken box happened to be of an extra large size, they might take several days to get over it. Possibly they would have to construct ladders, or inflate balloons or airships before they could get over it. I have had any number of diseases, such as hydrophobia, housemaid's knee, leprosy, spinal Mc. Guinness, appendicitis of the overalls, paralysis of the pocketbook, lockjaw of the collar button, influenza of the tooth brush, bunions on the teeth, inflammation of the suit case, and other slight ailments of that kind, the collar button, influenza of the tooth brush, bunions on the teeth, inflammation of the suit case, and other slight ailments of that kind, but never, no never, did I have the chicken box. I had an elephant's trunk once, but never a chicken's box. Medical men are greatly excited, Florence, over this matter, and I trust you will at once furnish all the additional information you can about the disease. I can't find your bonnet, it has got mislaid. probably you left it in the chicken box.

Comfort's League of Cousins

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Comfort, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comfort's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of Comfort's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to Comfort for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the Comfort to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also Comfort for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance Comport subscribtor by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join Comport's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some triffing remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

The letter which appeared in the June lasue ever the signature of Gharile Enarch Aline. Texas, turns ever the have been

of her time to this work.

The letter which appeared in the June lasue ever the signature of Charlie Ehardt, Aline, Texas, turns out to have been concocted by some one who evidently wanted to have fun at the expense of the original Bir. Ehardt. We regret deeply that this letter get into print, but we are antirely at the mercy (as are all other papers) of the practical joker, as it is utterly impossible to werify the authorship of the thousands of letters that reach us daily. All letters are accepted by us in good faith, but we cannot guarantee the genuineness of these communications, nor can we be responsible for their centants. This is the first time, however, since this department was started, that we have been imposed upon, and considering the tons of letters we have received, and the scores we have printed in the four and a half years this League has been in existence, we think this is a pretty good record. In conclusion let me say that those people who indulge in this contemptible and despicable form of joking may find it expensive fun, as forgery is a State's Prison offense and will land the offender, if caught, behind the bars for a good leng term of years—the longer the better.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for August

By the plan given here you can make any perfume and should have no trouble in disposing of it for a good price. Take roses or any scented flowers and place them in a clean glazed vessel, sprinkling common salt on each layer of a half inch thickness. When the vessel is filled seal it tightly and place it in a cool dark place. In about five weeks strain the juice through gauze, bottle it, and expose it to the sun and dew to purify. This makes a very valuable and powerful perfume one drop of which will impart a strong seent to a pint of water.

Pop Corn

If you live in a town of any considerable size you can make plenty of pocket money selling pop corn. The way it is prepared is too simple to need any explanation. The selling is just as simple if you are of the right caliber. Be very careful to have your product of the highest quality and go to meet the trains, to the post-office and wherever and whenever crowds.

Our list this month is an unusually large one, and there is a very pressing call for wheel chairs. If all of you put a dime a month into this work, we could distribute one hundred and thirty-four chairs, \$15.00 a chair, every four weeks. That is what we could do if all did their share, and played their part manfully and womanfully. There is no special shut-in's letter this month, so focus your attention on this list. All shut-ins appealing, must send references from a pastor and public official when possible. I do not get wheel chairs or raise funds for those who have parents and friends well able to take care of them. All shut-ins have a claim on our love and sympathy, but only the very poor can have our help. We must look after that large class of unfortunates who are friendless and penniless first. Those sick folks who have friends and relatives well able to take care of them, must make those friends do their duty, as we have all we can do in this League to look after the desperately needy and friendless is. Our list this month is an unusually large iss Tye Stogsdale (37), Bent, Ky. Bed-

look after the desperately needy and friendless sick.

iss Tye Stogsdale (37), Bent, Ky. Bedridden four years, has no money for an operation, which would probably effect a cure. Wants reading matter. Miss N. J. Price, Spencer, R. F. D., 3, Va. Wants quilt pieces and cheer. Louisa J. Wise, Dillon. Cannot help you as you did not give full address, please send name of state. O. H. McMillan, Clemens, Mich. (53). Has not walked in eleven years. Will be grateful for any assistance. Miss U. M. Warden. Boonville, N. C. Shut-in, great sufferer, would like good reading matter, and cheer of any kind. Luther S. King, Easley, R. F. D., 5, S. C. Twenty-five years of age, wants reading and picture postals. Mrs. Mina Lee, Egypt, R. F. D., 1, Ga. Shut-in, great sufferer. Bedridden three years. Needs substantial assistance. Amanda Mayferry, Ave.t, Mo. Wants cotton scraps and pieces for a quilt. James Gilliam, Treadwell, Tenn. Wants wheel chair. Wm. Sleighter, Alcove, N. Y. Has passed to his rest. At the request of his mother, I am notifying you of this. Send her your sympathy. Mrs. Millie Babcock, Sheridan, Wyo. Will give a home to any poor homeless shut-in, or orphan boy, between the ages of one month or fifteen years. Carfare must be provided. Mrs. Babcock lives on a ranch, and will give any worthy boy a good home. Olive Seaton, Kanawha, Tex. Has not walked in fourteeen years. Wants letters and reading. Mrs. Anna Teague, Mannington, Ky. Fifty-three years of age, bedridden twenty-eight years. Joyce Cook, 911 N. Dodge St., Iowa City, Iowa. Is in the Iowa State Hospital. Has been under several operations. Will be grateful for sympathy and assistance. Send her cheery letters. Put something in them. Miss Olie N. A. adge, 103 W. Monroe St., Valparaiso, Ind. Shut-in. Would like letters, and postals only. Johnny Schanz, (12), Carroll Co., Carrolton, Mo. Wants invalid chair. Mother, who is not strong, has to carry him. Lilas Earp, (23), helpless for eleven years. Wants cheery letters. Annie Cinnamon, Morrowville, Kans. Wants money for Wants cheery letters. Annie Cinnamon, Morrowville, Kans. Wants money for an invalid chair. Rebecca A. Thomas, . illedgeville, N. C., (58). Has rheumatism, and a broken hip, cannot walk a step. Wants a wheel chair badly. Has not walked in years. Also wants quilt pieces. Do your best for those poor sufferers. This is a long list, so scatter your help, so that all may get a share.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

How many of you wanted a garden so bad this spring that you got down on your knees to dig it up? I did, and that with the strangest tool ever seen in a garden, namely the top spring of a buggy, with a handle fixed on one end. I can't use a hoe (being paralyzed since childhood and walk with crutches), so I invented the tool described and do all my digging with it, in spite of its blistering my hand. Fellow shut-ins, try my plan and get a garden in the same way and you'll be surprised to find yourself enjoying it, as well as freedom from

headaches, blues and all the other horrors we particular poor creatures are worried with. And then the indescribable pleasure of watching your vegetation grow! I go out lots of times and look at Nasturtlums, Sweet Peas, Scarlet Runners, etc., etc., as well as all my kitchen vegetables and it does me good, for it was all earned by sheer hard work, doubly hard considering I'm lame. That's better than sitting indoors wondering why you weren't blessed with the physical abilities denied to you.

H. Stanley Bent, a partial shut-in, would be pleased to receive scraps of anything. Perforated cardboard, canvas with silk or wool to work with, beads or flower slips, or anything to occupy idle moments.

Continued success to the Sisters' Corner.

H. STANLEY BENT, Turbine, Tenn.

DEAR READERS:

I may be wrong but I firmly believe where a husband and wife are childless it is their duty to act as father and mother to some orphan children. Insensibly, childless couples grow very selfish. They do not realize it, and would deny the charge, but nevertheless they do. Nothing expands the heart of men and women like the love of a little child. Contributions to homes for orphans is well, but better take them to your own home and give them the love and sympathy the little hearts crave. You may think you cannot love other people's children but if you try it you will be convinced you can. I knew a gentleman once who adopted an orphan boy from a home and when the boy was grown his adopted father told me, "I would not take a million dollars in gold for him," and yet the adopted father in question, had children of his own. DEAR READERS:

not take a million dollars in gold for him," and yet the adopted father in question, had children of his own.

I never read a notice of a mother's death, but I send a prayer to my Father asking Him to raise up someone to love and care for the children left behind. You may say you are not fitted to raise children. Neither am I, but God sent me eight children, though afterwards he called back two. You may say, the children you adopt may turn out badly. They may, but that does not lessen your duty. I have known Christian parents whose children turned out badly, and I have known children of sin who became fine men and women. We can never tell. If possible, take more than one child. One will warm your hearts, but there is danger of that one growing up narrow and selfish, the very sins you wish to avoid. I knew a mother who had only one child. To keep him from being selfish she taught him to give a portion of every dainty that he received to her. Selfishness is a sin, and young people are more than apt to be selfish, and not realize it at all. Bachelors' wives and maiden's children are always well-bred" and childless people have no patience with their neighbors' noisy little folks, but when they love little ones belonging to them, the faults of other children do not appear so great.

but when they love little ones belonging to them, the faults of other children do not appear so great.

I knew two rich girls who could not adopt children. They each selected a little girl in a home to clothe and they made and carried clothing to the two when needed. I do not approve of this plan as the other children felt neglected, but if a few well-to-do girls would band together and make clothes and other things for little children in homes, and some not in homes for orphans, they would find a keener pleasure in life. They could meet together and sew and take home the unfinished pieces to sew on as they felt inclined.

How many of you, who own carriages, stop and gather up the little ones who gaze at you as you pass, wishing themselves in your place? And many a tired woman would thank you for a turn in some country road or in the parks. Anywhere to get out of the rut. If you sit and think awhlie, you whom God has entrusted with wealth, you can find many ways to do good and make others happy. You who can read well, can find those who cannot read at all, and life would feel worth living. There is nothing that can make you love God so well as making other people happy, doing good to those who cannot repay, and following the Bible verse, "Give to those that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow turn not thou away." In His Name. Lactre K. Haygood, 701 N. Wayne St., Milledgeville, Ga.

Dear Sisters:

Although I have been a reader of Comport for

edgevine, Ja.

Dear Sisters:
Although I have been a reader of Compost for quite a while, my daughter being a subscriber, (continued on page 11.)



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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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The Care of Young Stock

LEANLINESS must be the watch-LEANLINESS must be the watch-word just now, for chickens that are left to sleep night after night in a filthy coop cannot possibly grow. They are poisoned by the effuvia of the droppings, which poison enters the blood through the lungs, and the whole system is lowered in tone, and debilitated by it.

It is a simple matter to keep coops clean It is a simple matter to keep coops clean if they do not have wooden floors; and the floorless coop is much preferable, where the land is reasonably dry. Such a coop is easily cleaned by moving it forward, or backward, or endwise, to new ground; and if this is done three times a week when the chickens are small, and covery described the chickens are small.

and every day when the chickens are small, and every day when the chickens are small grown, there will be no difficulty with filthy coops. If the coops have floors, they (the floors) should be scraped clean and well sanded three times a week.

Take care, too, to thin out the chicks as they increase in size. A coop for a family of three or four weeks' old chicks will be too small for them when they are six or eight weeks old, and are twice the size.

Another most important point is the food ration. A very common mistake is to think that chicks can find a good deal of their food themselves. They do find some in the shape of worms, insects, etc., and they eat a good deal of grass; but regular feeds of sound, sweet grain are what they should have to induce steady growth. When our chickens are five or six weeks old, we relax in feeding in two ways. We feed but four times a day, instead of five, and the first feeding in ... e morning is of mixed meals, stirred up into a mash mixed with milk or water.

This mixed meal consists of one part each, corn meal, fine middlings, bran or shorts, ground oats, and meat meal. This is equal parts by measure. A scoopful of each is dipped out of the bag, and put into the receptacle in which it is to be mixed. Some people prefer a greater proportion of bran, and advocate two scoops of it to each of the others. We use judgment as to the amount of the bran, limiting it by the whole amount which we feed, and the conditions of the bowels of the chicks. If the bowels are inclined to be loose, we increase the quantity of middlings, and uccrease the quantity of bran. If the bowels are somewhat constipated (the droppings too firm and hard), we increase the quantity of bran. If the bowels are round to the reached too early. If it is reached too early, it is premature, and then sturdiness of frame is lacking. We should aim to feed a balanced ration, to the end that growth be continuous, and not too rapid. To this end animal food is essential, but it should be balanced by sure provided in the s

which means we give the pullets every opportunity to grow.

The cockerels which we wish to save for breeding-stock are enclosed in large yards, of a quarter of an acre or thereabouts, near the farm buildings. The cull cockerels intended for market are shut up in fattening pens, and sent to market as soon as they are of marketable size, which with us is four or five pounds, live weight. We believe in sending the birds to market as soon as possible. We do not want to keep them a single day after that.

do not want to keep them a single day after that.

We want the pullets to reach laying maturity at about six months old, and not only to reach laying maturity at that age, but to be fully grown, strong, healthy and vigorous. Not every chicken hatched can be grown to this condition under the most favorable circumstances, but it is our aim, and it should be the aim of everyone who raises chickens, to get the best possible growth in the young stock, because that is the foundation of profit. We have stated over and over again in these We have stated over and over again in these columns that the best profit, the "creamy" profit, was gotten from early-hatched chickens kept growing so they should reach laying maturity before the cold weather, and then kept

There is an old proverb "Well begun is half done," and it is particularly true as regards chickens when hatched, and that come out "with a kick." They are well begun, and that is half the battle: but we should keen it in mind that it is only half, and that there is that other half to be stoutly worked for. We give the best possible chance to the pullets, which we want to be early layers, and keep them steadily growing to that end, which should be attained long before cold weather comes upon them; and this we find we can best attain by good care for cleanliness, etc., and feeding a liberal ration of sound, sweet grain.

sound, sweet grain.

It is easy to see that it is of the utmost importance for the chickens to be kept grow-

Correspondence

Correspondence

H. C. G.—I have lost two roosters and one hen with some disease that I fear is contagious. They had trouble to eat, and when I examined them, there was a growth on the tongue and mouth. Can you tell me what it was, and how to treat others, if any catch it? I am going to clean the chicken house and disinfect.

A.—The symptoms you describe suggest canker, which usually originates from cold, or bad sanitary conditions. Segregate the affected birds, and treat as follows: Dissolve half a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in one pint of water. Dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture in half a pint of water, and swab out the bird's throat and mouth twice a day, allow half an hour to elapse after each application, and then apply equal parts of pulverized camphor, boracic acid, and subnitriate of bismicu, well mixed. Blow into nostrils and throat through a glass tube or straw.

H. L.—What are the best things to grow for

min, well mixed. Blow into nostrils and throat through a glass tube or straw.

H. L.—What are the best things to grow for winter green food for chickens—things that I can plant now?

A.—Cabbages and beets can both be profitably used, although it hardly pays to feed good sound heads of cabbage to poultry, as it can usually be sold at a price which makes it unprofitable. Beets or mangel wurzels make an excellent food, either chopped up and placed in the morning mash raw or cooked, or split open to allow the hens to pick them to pieces.

There are a number of other forage crops that are available for winter and early spring feeding, first among which I should place winter vetch (vicia villosa), which will produce a good crop on any kind of soil, and is ready to cut earlier than any other forage plant. In fact, the whole crop can be taken off in time to prepare the land for corn. It is greatly relished by poultry, either cut up in mash or fed alone. It can be sown in the spring with oats or barley, or in August or September with rye, one bushel to the acre.

Essex rape furnishes another excellent green

to the acre.

Essex rape furnishes another excellent green food for poultry, being best adapted for fall and winter feeding. If practicable it should be grown where the fowls can be turned upon it—in a portion of the run. In New England the best time to sow it is about the first of August, when it will be ready to feed in ten weeks, keeping green all winter. It should be sown at the rate of about six pounds to the acre, broadcast.

J. J. B.—A small advertisement will almost surely bring customers for your chicks. Go into the nearest town, and ask what the butcher will give.

C. W.—Had you explained the condition, I would gladly have helped you. A note addressed to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, asking for the Farmers' Bulletin, No. 197, which is devoted to squab raising, will bring you one of the best treatises on the subject I have read.

have read.

E. M. W. wants the address of a dealer to get white rabbits for stock. "Is it profitable to raise them for food? We live in a small town and don't think we could sell any for Easter. Will you kindly advise me about it?"

A.—You will probably find a dealer's address in the advertising columns. If not, get a Sunday paper from the nearest large city, and look up a dealer in fancy birds. He is pretty sure to be able to sell you what you want. For food, keep common Belgian hares in outside inclosures.

P. H. C. wants to know what the trouble is

closures.

P. H. C. wants to know what the trouble is with his chickens. Their legs give way. Notices something like ticks on them, and their droppings seem watery.

A.—I should think from the description that your hens are run down by lice. Clean out the coops thoroughly, then apply a coat of thick whitewash to every pail of which has been added an ounce of crude carbolic acid. Get a good insect powder and dust each bird, holding by the feet, head down, and rubbing it well into the fuffy feathers, thighs and tail. Your feed is all right, if the scraps are free from fat. Do the birds get sufficient lime and grit? If you are doubtful about it, get some old mortar rubbish, and scatter it in the yard.

M. M.—How should Pea fowl be handled when

bish, and scatter it in the yard.

M. M.—How should Pea fowl be handled when about ten months old? Where to keep them during the winter? How long can they be confined? Does it make any difference if my young turkeys are confined till ten A. M., if the grass is wet? If I feed them grit, onlons and bread crumbs, should they have anything else? Can old turkeys sleep outside in winter?

A.—Treat Pea fowl as you do turkeys. No, young turkeys are better in till the grass is dry, no matter what time it is. Yes, you must add some animal food, chopped liver, or meat. In such a severe climate as yours, they should be housed at night. Your letter was too late to be answered in the June issue.

E. K.—How can a crow be tamed if taken

to be answered in the June issue.

E. K.—How can a crow be tamed if taken from the nest when young? How can you cut his tongue to make him talk? How should he be fed while young?

A.—If taken from the nest before being fully feathered, feed him raw meat, boiled oatmeal, pot cheese, boiled potatoes. At that age he won't need any special training. Don't know anything about tongue cutting. We had two, and their quaint tricks were quite entertaining enough, without teaching them to talk our language.

J. E. W.—Have forwarded your letter to C. W.

J. E. W.—Have forwarded your letter to C. W.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

have never seen a letter from this section of

I have never seen a letter from this section of California.

We have a farm in the eastern part of Madera County, near the Sierra Nevada mountains. In fact, our pasture runs back into the low foothills of that range, but our house and farming land are out in the valley. There are nineteen hundred and sixty acres in our farm or "ranch" we Californians would say.

This portion of the county is devoted entirely to dry tarming and stockraising. By "dry farming" I mean that we have no artificial means of irrigation, as they have farther down in the valley, but depend entirely upon the rainfall to raise our crops. Naturally, then, we raise such crops as will be matured by the winter rains—wheat and barley being the principal grains. In California we seldom have a summer rain, and when it does rain in the summer we regard it as a great disaster.

There have been a few times when Mother Nature has apparently made a mistake of that kind and it has wrought havoc.

The farmers then have tons of grain still in the field waiting to be hauled to market; the feed in our pastures is dry by that time, and though it is equal to cured hay while it is dry, is rendered perfectly worthless when the rain falls on it.

Our winter has been exceptionally warm, with few frosts and heavy rains. We never have any snow in the valley, but I have only to lift my eyes when I can see miles and miles of snow,

ess on this

by return mail. Postage Paid, my large new Thiery Organ Book beautifully illustrated and describing all the styles of the celebrated Thiery Parlor Organs. Y name and address on the coupon below-then mail to me-I will send you

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J. B. Thiery
The Plane and
Organ Man
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



on the high mountains, then bringing my gaze back again I see green fields, dotted with wild flowers, which are now blooming in all their beauty, the gorgeous Eschscholtzia or California poppy, the dainty baby blue-eyes—just the color of the summer sky, the white popcorn flower, the purple cluster lily, buttercups, pansies, and so many others that it would take too long to enumerate.

Haying will soon begin, then by the time the hay is taken care of it will be nearly time for harvest. Should there be any spare time between haying and harvest the farmer will do some summer fallowing, that is he will plow the land now, let it lay all summer, then in the fall sow it in grain for next year's crop.

There is so much more I would like to tell you about California, but I must not wear my welcome out at my first visit.

I am deeply interested in the Sisters' Corner. especially the work for the shut-ins. I have written to many of them, and it has given me great pleasure.

I am going to ask the sisters to a letter party on Aug. 11, and I will answer all. On that day it will have been twenty-one years since my husband and I began our journey together. It has not always been easy traveling. Sometimes the road has been rough, and the skies have not always been cloudless, but the way has led through pleasant valleys, and the clouds have always had a silver lining, and we are thankful that we have been allowed to spend so much of our lives together. You may wonder why my address is Pollasky, Fresno Co., when I live in Madera County, so I will just explain that our nearest post-office is in Fresno Co.

MRS. M. STEVENS, Pollasky, Fresno Co., Cal.

MY DEARS:

What do you all think of our title page this month? Of course at this writing I have not the slightest idea what it will be, but feel assured that it will be appropriate and to the point. At any rate I am going to give three cheers for Comfort, the publishers, editors and all the sisters. I for one, Mr. Editor, wish to thank you heartily, vigorously, and vociferously. It really did not seem to me that Comfort could be improved, but you certainly are doing so all the time, "looking for friends, not profits!" I think the millinery department (which is such a help to those that cannot visit the stores and keep up with the fashions), the poultry talk, and information, our Recitation club, and hosts of other useful, interesting hints, and suggestions, worth fifteen cents a year. I know a woman who made and trimmed a hat from the ideas of Comfort's milliner, that is worth five dollars; it did not cost her one cent. Certainly we are getting everything which is of value to women.

Mrs. Austin, "The Teddy bear, that dances in

dollars; it did not cost her one cent. Certainly we are getting everything which is of value to women.

Mrs. Austin, "The Teddy bear, that dances in the air." is the latest thing in the way of a toy, with his bells, jointed legs, and arms: they sold at Christmas-time without the bells, etc., for one dollar apiece, now we are offered them for forty-five cents, by our own dear Comfort people, together with three yearly subscribers. If you will write me I can give rou the address of one of my girls who will help you out on the patterns you wished for.

Mrs. Mary McKee. A simple remedy for catarrh is to snuff water up the nostrils three or four times a day, sometimes milk is used instead of water.

Mrs. Miller. The collar you sent in is a beauty. The work is too fine for my optics. It surely is a veritable cobweb; how can you do it? Mrs. Williamson. Did you know that you could use crotchet patterns for cross-stitch designs and vice versa?

A. E. L. I thank you for the zinnia seed, I shall have sufficient (if they keep on coming as they have recently), to plant an acre, like "Cousin Harry" I cry "nuff, nuff!" How do I like Comfort? Why I love it and all connected with it, do not you? I know you do by the way you write. I confide some of my dearest and very best ideas, and thoughts to Comfort and they are reaching to the very ends of the earth.

I am pleased, at all times, to hear from any of you, but I must ask for the stamped directed envelope, or I cannot reply.

Oh! that I might give you the entire letter from

my Virginia boy, who has a lovely home, but his town has ten saloons, think of it, one whiskey shop for every forty inhabitants, situated on the beautiful Potomac river, which at this point is four or five miles wide, at its narrowest, twelve miles at its widest, only one doctor, and no undertaker in the town, the site of President Monroe's old home is within two miles of this town, the birthplace of Gen. Robert E. Lee eight miles, while the birthplace of George Washington is only four miles.

This dear boy is his mother's only child, and what a comfort he is to her!

Lizzie Meuth. Try straining the milk in this way (not trusting to the wire strainer to do the work effectively, and thoroughly, where specks and vermin will creep through, or sift through). Make a frame of dressed strips, one inch in width, long enough to set over the milk pan, tack together at the corners, then drive a slender wire nail in each corner, take some cheesecloth, double it, and make a square to fit over the wooden frame, work eyelet holes in each corner about two inches from the edge, slip this over the frame on the wire nails, and set the whole over the pan, and strain the milk through that, the cloth can easily be removed, washed, scalded, put right back on the frame, and hung up in the sun and is ready for the next milking.

Mrs. Brown. To keep cheese indefinitely and from molding, wet a cloth in vinegar and wrap around the cheese, then to wrap in paper, and put into an air-tight vessel, the cloth will have to be moistened about once a week.

Mrs. W. J. Bryan. I trust you are a full-fledged Eastern Star sister ere this. Write me (CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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Size 30340—postpaid. These panels are genuine Irish Point—suitable for doors and windows—two will make beautiful pillow shams. Also our handsome eatalogue of Rugs, Carpets, Curtains and Linoleums (free) showing how to save 50 cents on every dollar spent. Write today enclosing 24 cents (stamps or coin) each for the number of panels wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory. STERLING MILLS MIPS. CO., Depl. C, 95 Fifth Ars., New York City.



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JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sery Blee, a boy foorteen years old, lives with Squire Farkhurt. Going in search of loat cow "Stop. Nevol Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions of the poorthouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A men named Cass takes him away for two years; he is the like of the horse, the state of the horse had been and had had been and had been

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAREL AND HER FATHER.

R. PARKHURST was not a man of strong mind or strong feelings. When he was angry or disturbed, instead of blazing out in a sudden fit of passion he indulged himself and annoyed others by a fit of sullen gloom, or peevish irritability, during the continuance of which it was quite impossible for anyone to please him.

It was in this way that he revenged himself for his daughter's firm determination not to sacrifice herself to Clarke for the sake of restoring her father to the position he coveted. Without directly reproving her for this resolve, he showed by his manner that he was disappointed and offended with her for her refusal. For example, at the breakfast-table one morning, Mabel asked her father if she should not pass him the plate of biscuit.

He responded with a deep sigh, "No, I have no appetite."

"Are you unwell?"

"I shall be soon if the mind has any effect when the body." MAREL AND HER FATHER.

"Are you unwell?"

"I shall be soon if the mind has any effect upon the body," said Mr. Parkhurst gloomly.

Mabel was silent, well knowing to what her father referred.

father referred.
"I feel that this life is wearing upon me," he continued in a melancholy tone. "My temperament and my tastes unfit me for living in the wilderness. There is not a moment when the city and the old life I led there are out of my mind."

mind."
"Don't you think you would enjoy yourself petter if you went about more?" asked Mahel.
"There are some very pleasant families about here."

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

"I have no spirits to go out," said the parent, "I should only carry gloom wherever I went."
"You think so now, father, but I think you would find your spirits imperceptibly rising."
"You know nothing about it, child. It may do for you who are young and can adapt yourself to new scenes, but for me it is impossible. I am like an old tree which has been violently torn up by the roots and removed to an incongenial soil. As it will inevitably die, so I look forward to but a short time spent in wretchedness, after which death will come as a happy release."
"Do not give yourself up to such gloomy fancies, father," said Mabel in deep distress.
"You make me unhappy."
"I am sorry to blight your happiness, but it will be only for a short time. I shall pass away, and in the happiness of married life you will forget me."
"Oh, father, how can you talk so?" remon-

"I am sorry to blight your happiness, but it will be only for a short time. I shall pass away, and in the happiness of married life you will forget me."

"Oh, father, how can you talk so?" remonstrated Mabel in deep concern.

"I do not speak thus to reproach you," said Mr. Parkhurst in the tone of a martyr. It may be remarked that although he had declined to receive a biscuit when proffered by his daughter, he had helped himself, and in spite of his despondence was eating with apparent relish.

"I do not say this to reproach you," he proceeded. "I suppose it is only natural that the young should be wholly wrapped up in themselves and in their own plans, and so forget those who have passed before them on the stage of life. You are only like the rest. And perhaps it is as well. I have no desire to act as a kill-joy to your happiness, and though I am wretched myself. I have no disposition to interfere with your enjoyment of life."

"But how can I enjoy life when I see you so unhappy, father? Is there nothing I can do to restore you to cheerfulness?"

"There is but one thing," said her father, "and that is a thing which I shall not ask of you. If any sacrifice is to be made, it is best that I should make it. You have more years to live than I, and it is best that I should go to to the grave rather than interfere with any of your plans."

This was setting the conduct of Mabel in an odious light, and under the cover of resignation really taxing her with selfishness and disregard of her father's happiness, while at the same time it undervalued the sacrifice which was demanded of her.

"Interfering with any of expressing a marriage cortainly a mild way of expressing a marriage."

of her.

"Interfering with any of your plans," was certainly a mild way of expressing a marriage with one whom not only she did not love, but for whom she felt a positive repugnance.

"You mean that I can help you only by marrying Mr. Clarke," said Mabel with a troubled expression.

whom she felt a positive repugnance.

"You mean that I can help you only by marrying Mr. Clarke," said Mabel with a troubled expression.

"That is the only way which will restore me to my former place in society, and so prolong my life!" said Mr. Parkhurst. "But I am not so selish as to require it at your hands. You would prefer to marry Henry Davenport, and I do not wish to influence your choice. To one at my age, a few years more or less of life make little difference, and I freely confess that if, as it appears likely, my life is to be spent in this wilderness, I would prefer to die. Life can have no charms for me. It will at least be a consolation to me"—this was said in his gloomlest manner—"to feel that my daughter has nothing to interfere with her happiness."

As Mr. Parkhurst said this, he supplied himself with his fourth biscuit, which he ate in a resigned way as if he ate only because he felt that it was necessary to life.

All this was very trying to Mabel, who felt that all her father said was meant as a reproach to her—particularly his references to her happiness.

"Father," she said, "I feel very much troubled by your unhappiness, and am sorry that I cannot do the only thing which would relieve you, but I cannot account for."

"It is enough," said her father in a melancholy tone. "As I said I do not wish to interfere with your plans, and if you prefer Henry Davenport—"

"Perfer!" repeated Mabel. "That is not the word. It would imply that this man Clarke was any way tolerable."

"He is a lawyer in good standing," said her father severely. "Because you do not choose to marry him, you should not malign him."

Mabel was somewhat taken aback by this unexpected defense of the lawyer from her father's lips.

"At least you must admit his rascality in taking such an advantage of you as he is attempt-

father severely. "Because you do not choose to marry him, you should not malign him."

Mabel was somewhat taken aback by this unexpected defense of the lawyer from her father's lips.

"At least you must admit his rascality in taking such an advantage of you as he is attempting to do."

"I am not clear about that," said Mr. Parkhurst perversely. "All men are selfish—some more than others perhaps—but none are free from it. This man finds himself in possession of a secret which gives him the power of obtaining something he is anxious to obtain. I do not know that we ought to blame him for availing himself of this for his own advantage."

"But father, is it not dishonest to withhold that which belongs to another?" asked Mabel in considerable astonishment. "Would a man of honor adopt such a method of forcing a compliance with his desires?"

"As to honesty, Mabel, you will remember that he might have taken the money and said nothing about it to any of us. It is clear to me that, whatever else may be said of him, he is not a mercenary man. No, he is evidently very much in love with you, and his love has led him to take advantage of this accidental discovery of the letter. No, I cannot permit you to speak of him unjustly, although it might be expected that I should be most disposed to reproach him. But though he has wronged me, I will yet be just to him."

"You are altogether too indulgent in your opinion of him," said Mabel.

"When you have lived to my age," said her father, "you will learn to look upon the world with different eyes. There is not so much different eyes. There is not

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONSULTATION.

The joyful expression upon the face of Henry Davenport confirmed Mabel's anticipations.

Dismousting from his steed he hastened to her side, saying, "Well, Mabel, what do you think I have got?"

"Yes, and I am to pay five hundred dollars for it."

"What can you mean, Henry?" asked the bewildered girl. "Surely the lawyer would not part with it for that sum?"

"No, and probably he knows nothing of its disposal. The purchase was made of Jerry."

"Yes, I see you are surprised, and I will no longer keep you in suspense. You must know, then, that as I was riding in the forest, I came upon Jerry apparently indulging in a fit of meditation. Accosting him, I inquired what occupied his thoughts, when he gradually led me on until he drew out our whole history, and ended by eliciting from me an offer of five hundred dollars for the missing letter, on which he at once produced the document and claimed the money. I feel so grateful to him for his thus removing the only impediment to our union that I shall faithfully keep my promise to him, and pay him the amount.

"I am more surprised than you. How did Jerry stumble upon such a valuable discovery?"

"He did not appear able to give much information upon that point. He had been hurrying along in the forest, and accidently came upon a pocketbook containing papers, and among them this."

"Belonging of course to Mr. Clarke?"

"Yes, his name was upon it."

pocketbook containing papers, and among them this."

"Belonging of course to Mr. Clarke?"

"Yes, his name was upon it."

"Could he have dropped it?"

"Hardly, for it seemed to be empty, so far as money is concerned. The probability is that it was stolen from him, and the pocketbook and paper thrown away after the money had been taken. But there is Mehitable coming to the house in a high state of excitement apparently. What can have happened?"

Mehitable, it will be remembered, was just from the woods where she had accomplished the deliverance of the lawyer. It was altogether too remarkable an adventure for her to keep to herself, and she accordingly rushed into the presence of her young mistress in a fever of excitement, intent upon telling all that had befallen her.

"What is the matter, Mehitable?" asked Mabel in some curiosity. "I judge from your manner that something remarkable has occurred."

"So there has, Miss Mabel. Something so supprising, and just to think that I should

curred."
"So there has, Miss Mabel. Something so surprising, and just to think that I should have been the means of delivering him from his bonds."

have been the means of delivering him from his bonds."

"Him? Whom do you mean by him?" asked Henry Davenport with sudden interest, suspecting the truth.

"Why, Mr. Clarke to be sure: the gentleman that is boarding to the tavers. Oh, he has such sweet pretty manners!"

"You seem to be quite in love with him, Mehitable."

"Me!" simpered Mehitable. "How can you talk so, Miss Mabel! And to be sure, if I did, it would not be surprising, for he was so attentive. You can't think how polite and attentive he was. But I don't know whether it would be best to change my situation in life. Men are so deceitful!

"Mehitable, I protest against this wholesale aspersion upon the sex," said Henry Davenport with mock indignation and seeming great seriousness. "Fle upon you!"

"Perhaps I am wrong," said Mehitable, "but you know we girls have to be very circumspicious, don't we, Miss Mabel?

"Certainly," responded Mabel, keeping her countenance with difficulty. "But you have not told us about Mr. Clarke. Did you say he was tied?"

"Yes, he was tied hand and foot, and was laid under a tree. You can't think how my heart bled

countenance with difficulty. "But you have not told us about Mr. Clarke. Did you say he was tied?"

"Yes, he was tied hand and foot, and was laid under a tree. You can't think how my heart bled for him, Miss Mabel. I was walking along as innocent as could be, when all at once I heard a voice. I was flustrated and going to run, till I knew who it was. He asked me to untie the cords for him, and you can't think how happy it made me feel to think it was I that came along just as I did. It would have been so dreadful if he had been obliged to stay there all night, and he might have caught cold, too."

Mabel and Henry Davenport exchanged a smile as they saw how deeply Mehitable had become interested in the lawyer.

"I suppose," said the young man jocosely, "that he repaid you with a kiss when you had succeeded in freeing him from his uncomfortable position."

Poor Mehitable! Her pride led her to think of using an evasion which might lead her auditors to imagine that she was admired by the object of her own admiration.

"If he did, I couldn't help it," she said modestly.

Young Davenport at first looked surprised, and then, as he fathomed the spinster's motive, amused, but out of consideration for her feelings he did not display any incredulity, though the lean, sallow, and wrinkled face of Mehitable certainly would warrant a doubt of her powers of fascination.

"How came Mr. Clarke in such a situation?" asked Mabel.

"It was all along of that wretch, Indian John," said Mehitable. She added with energy, "If I could get hold of him, I would scratch him."

"But what object could he have in binding Mr. Clarke? Did he have any grudge against

Mr. Clarke? Did he have any grudge against him?"

"But what object could he have in binding Mr. Clarke? Did he have any grudge against him?"

"It warn't that. It was because he was a thief. He wanted Mr. Clarke's money."

Here Mabel and Henry Davenport exchanged a look of intelligence. By questioning they obtained from Mehitable all the additional information of which she was possessed. This, however, proved to be but slight.

A consultation was then held as to what was best to be done.

Of course it occurred to them that the lawyer, finding his pocketbook gone, with its valuable papers missing, would feel uneasy, and might be tempted to return to New York immediately, and possess himself of the treasure before anyone else could make use of the information to be obtained from the paper.

This was by all means to be avoided. It would, therefore, be advisable to ease his mind by holding out some inducements of a disposition to yield to his solicitations and agree to a marriage, accompanied by the desire of more time for consideration.

It was decided not to communicate the discovery to Mr. Parkhurst, lest by his changed manner he should awake the lawyer's suspicions. Furthermore it was arranged that Henry Davenport should at once proceed to New York, and as quietly as possible remove the treasure to some other place, after which he would return and the marriage would take place.

This would probably occupy a fortnight, as in that day the means of communications between different parts of the country were in their infancy compared with the present day, and the distance of three hundred miles between them and New York could not well be traversed in much less than a week, well be traversed in much less than a week of many accounts decided to be the best that could be fixed upon,

and Henry Davenport agreed to start for the city inside of two days. Meanwhile Mabel was to keep the lawyer in tow until it should no longer be necessary to fear him, and enjoin Jerry to say nothing whatever of what had occurred. On the very next day Dick Clarke rode over to the Parkhursts' place. Although he was well satisfied that the papers had been destroyed by the Indian, the bare possibility that the most valuable one might have been preserved made him feel somewhat uneasy, and he therefore wished to know how his prospects stood with Mabel.

wished to know how his prospects stood with Mabel.

To his gratified surprise she received him more gently than he had hoped. She told him frankly, that her affections were set upon another, and that it would be painful for her to part from him; yet that in a matter where her father's happiness seemed so much involved she was not willing to decide hastily. She therefore begged him to allow her a fortnight to make up her mind.

Nothing in her manner excited the lawyer's suspicions, and he left the house with a happy conidence that the campaign would close in fourteen days with the happiest results to him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JERRY RECEIVES A LETTER.

In those days the post-office service was very primitive. Letters came to the neighborhood about once a month and were usually left at Hill's Tavern to be called for. The receiver had to pay to get his letter, and often the charge was one or two shillings.

On the morning following the consultation between Mabel and Henry Davenport, Jerry was sent to the tavern to see if any letters had arrived.

"Mind you bring me a nice one," said Mehitable to the boy.

"If it's a dollar shall I pay for it, Hitty?"

"Mercy on me." No, indeed, Jerry Blue. A letter ought not to be over a shilling."

"But supposing it contains an offer of marriage? Some men, you know, would rather write a proposal than make one face to face."

"What do you know about proposals?" demanded the spinster.

"Oh, I know some men are as bashful as some ladies. Now I think Mr. Clarke is a real bashful man."

Jerry said this sarcastically, but Mehitable took it in dead earnest.

"Do you really?" she simpered.

"Why, to be sure. He's the most bashful man I ever set eyes on."

"Isn't it strange, I thought so myself, Jerry."

The spinster was thinking of the scene in the woods and what Henry Davenport had said about being kissed. "Well—ahem—you bring my letter, if there is one."

"And pay the dollar?" demanded Jerry teasingly.

"It won't be a dollar. It hadn't ought to be more than a shilling."

"But if it is half a dollar, or two shillings?" insisted the mischievous boy.

"Well, you can pay half a dollar, but it's an awful price," was the slow answer, and then Jerry started off, for the squire had told him to come back promptly.

As Jerry was on the way to Hill's Tavern he came up to Ivick Clarke, who was out on another hunt for the missing document of importance.

"Hullo, boy!" sang out the lawyer, in a by no means pleasant tone of voice.

As Jerry was on the way to Hill's Tavern he came up to Ilick Clarke, who was out on another hunt for the missing document of importance.

"Hullo, boy!" sang out the lawyer, in a by no means pleasant tone of voice.

"Hullo yourself!" returned Jerry. He did not feel like being polite to one who had caused trouble for his master and his young mistress. Ilick Clarke looked at the boy sharply.

"You're a very nice boy," he remarked celdly.

"Thank you," answered Jerry.

"Ohn't they teach you any manners at the Parkhursts!"

"All the manners I want."

"My, but you are impudent!" cried Dick Clarke. "It seems to me you ought to have a dressing down."

"If I do need dressing down, you'll not be the one to give it to me," went on Jerry, as independently as ever.

Now it happened that Clarke was in a particularly bad humor, and in a twinkle he caught Jerry by the collar.

"I'll teach you to talk respectfully to your betters," he cried, shaking the boy roughly.

"Let go of me!" roared Jerry. "Let go, or I'll hit you!"

"I'll let go after you promise to behave yourself."

"I'won't promise anything," panted Jerry, and gave the luwyer a sudden push in the stomach that sent him sprawling on his back. The hold was broken, and Jerry leaped back to a safe distance.

"Hi! hi! you rascal!" puffed Dick Clarke, as

inat sent him sprawling on his back. The hold was broken, and Jerry leaped back to a safe distance.

"Hi! h! you rascal!" puffed Dick Clarke, as he turned over and got up. "I'll warm you good for that!" And he shook his fist at Jerry.

"You will—if you can catch me," answered the boy, keeping at a safe distance.

"What do you mean by knocking me down?"

"You deserved the shaking."
"You od villain!"
"You young villain!"
"You young villain!"
"Here both stopped to glare at each other. Dick Clarke was boiling with rage, while Jerry felt like doubling up with laughter.

"If I was Squire Parkhurst, I wouldn't have you in my house a minute," continued the lawyer, not knowing what else to say.

"If you were the squire, I wouldn't stay with you a minute."

"What put you on a high horse, anyway?"
"I am not on a high horse—I'm on foot," and Jerry grinned.

Again Dick Clarke made a dash for the lad.

Jerry grinned.

Again Dick Clarke made a dash for the lad.

But Jerry was too nimble for him and easily kept out of his reach.

"Just you wait till I catch you!" called out

"If you touch me again, I'll complain to the

"If you touch me again, I'll complain to the squire."

"Indeed!"

"And I'll complain to Miss Mabel, too."

At this Dick Clarke's face changed color.

"See here, Jerry, I want to talk to you," he said, after a pause.

"All right, fire away," said the boy, but kept at a safe distance.

"Come closer. I don't want to yell like a bull!"

"Come closer. I don't want to yell like a bull."
"Thanks, but I didn't know bulls yelled. They generally bellow around here."
"You know what I mean. Do you think a good deal of Miss Mabel!"
"To be sure I do."
"That young Davenport comes to see her pretty often, doesn't he?"
"You had better ask her that question. It's none of my business. And now I've got to be off," continued Jerry, and went on his way, whistling a favorite air at the top of his wind power.
"A courloss boy" murmured the lawyer was."

thing a favorite air at the top of his wind power.

"A curious boy," murmured the lawyer, gasing after him. "How I would like to give him a dressing down!"

The encounter with the lawyer did not diminish Jerry's high spirits in the least, and his arrvial at Hill's Tavern found him still whistling merrily.

"Well. Jerry. what brings you?" demanded the landlord, knowing full well that the boy did not want a drink of liquor.

"I want to know if there are any letters for the folks at our place, Mr. Hill."

"Yes, there are," was the answer.

"Two for the squire and one for yourself."

"A letter for me!" gasped Jerry, fearing in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

ST. ELMO

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CHAPTER XXXVI. (CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXXVI. (CONTINUED.)

URING the two days that succeeded the death of Felix, Edna did not leave her room; and without her knowledge Mrs. Andrews administered opiates that stupefied her. Late on the morning of the third she awoke, and lay for some time trying to collect her thoughts.

Her mind was clouded, but gradually it cleared, and she strained her ears to distinguish the low words spoken in the apartment next to her own. She remembered, as in a feverish dream, all that passed on the night that Felix died; and pressing her hand over her aching forehead, she rose and sat on the edge of her bed.

The monotonous sounds in the neighboring room swelled louder for a few seconds, and now she heard very distinctly the words:

"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."

She shivered, and wrapped around her shoulders a bright blue shawl that had been thrown over the foot of the bed.

Walking across the floor, she opened the door, and looked in.

The boy's body had been embalmed, and placed in a coffin which rested in the center of the room; and an English clergyman, a friend of Mr. Manning's, read the burial service.

Mrs. Andrews and Hattle were weeping in one corner and Mr. Manning leaned against the window, with his hand on Lila's curls. As the door swung open and Edna entered, he looked up.

Her dressing gown of gray merino trailed on the marble floor, and her hare feet gleamed

window, with his hand on Lila's curis. As the door swung open and Edna entered, he looked up.

Her dressing gown of gray merino trailed on the marble floor, and her bare feet gleamed like ivory, as one hand caught up the soft merino folds sufficiently to enable her to walk. Over the blue shawl streamed her beautiful hair, making the wan face look even more ghastly by contrast with its glossy jet masses.

She stood irresolute, with her calm, mournful eyes riveted on the coffin, and Mr. Manning saw her pale lips move as she staggered toward it. He sprang to meet and intercept her, and she stretched her hands in the direction of the corpse, and smiled strangely, murmuring like one in a troubled dream:

"You need not be afraid, little darling, 'there is no night there.'"

She reeled and put her hand to her heart, and would have fallen, but Mr. Manning caught and carried her back to her room.

For two weeks she hovered on the borders of eternity; and often the anxious friends who watched her, felt that they would rather see her die than endure the suffering through which she was called to pass.

She bore it sliently, meekly, and when the danger seemed over, and she was able to sleep without the aid of narcotics, Mrs. Andrews could not bear to look at the patient white face, so hopelessly calm.

No allusion was made to Felix, even after she

could not bear to look at the patient white face, so hopelessly calm. No allusion was made to Felix, even after she was able to sit up and drive; but once, when Mr. Manning brought her some flowers, she looked sorrowfully at the snowy orange-blossoms, whose strong perfume made her turn paler, and said faintly:

raintly:
"I shall never love them or violets again.
Take them away, Hattie, out of my sight; put
them on your brother's grave. They smell of
death."

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strong portname made beer turn pairs, and sists and the process to the process to the process of the process of

may have achieved is owing to hard, faithful work. I have received so many kind letters from children, that some time, if I live to be wise enough, I want to write a book especially for them. I am afraid to attempt it just now; for it requires more mature judgment and experience, and greater versatility of talent to write successfully for children than for grown persons. In the latter, one is privileged to assume native intelligence and cultivation; but the tender, untutored minds of the former permit no such margin; and this fact necessitates clearness and simplicity of style, and power of illustration that seem to me very rare. As yet, I am conscious of my incapacity for the mission of preparing juvenile books; but perhaps, if I study closely the characteristics of young people, I shall learn to understand them more thoroughly. So much depends on the proper training of our American youth, especially in view of the great political questions that now agitate the country, that I confess I feel some anxiety on the subject."

"But, Edna, you will not adhere to your resolution of keeping silent. The public is a merciless taskmaster; your own ambition will scourge you on; and having once put your hand to the literary plough, you will not be allowed to look back."

"Yes, sir; but the that plougheth should helper his book of the subject in the control of the proper training acquainting herself with the statistics of them, consequently she was never so happy as when the recipient of letters from the poor women of the land, who thanked her for the subject in the control of the morality of the community, in which they unblushingly violated most dangerous fees to the morality of the community, in which they unblushingly violated morality with the train with the train to write to write the tower and the world honored and trusted her, Edna gave no heed to solve the promptings of her womanly intuitions.

Painful desperator to the morality of the community, in which they unblushingly violated hearthstone statutes and the vene

back."
Yes, sir; but 'he that plougheth should plough in hope'. Mean time, I am resolved to plough no crooked, shallow furrows on the hearts

At length, when Mr. Manning rose to say good night, he looked gravely at the governess, and asked:

At length, when Mr. Manning rose to say good night, he looked gravely at the governess, and asked:

"Edna, cannot Lila take the vacant place in your sad heart?"

"It is not vacant, sir. Dear memories walk to and fro therein, weaving garlands of immorielles—singing sweet tunes of days and years—that can never die. Hereafter, I shall endeavor to entertain the precious guests I have already, and admit no more. The past is the realm of my heart; the present and future the kingdom where my mind must dwell, and my hands labor."

With a sigh he went away, and she took up the letters and began to read them. Many were from strangers, and they greatly cheered and encouraged her; but finally she opened one, whose superscription had until this instant escaped her cursory glance. It was from Mr. Hammond, and contained an account of Mr. Murray's ordination. She read and reread it, with a half-bewildered expression in her countenance, for the joy seemed far too great for credence. She looked again at the date and signature, and passing her hand over her brow, wondered if there could be any mistake. The paper fell into her lap, and a cry of delight rang through the room.

"Saved—purified—consecrated to God's holy work? A minister of Christ? O most merciful God! I thank Thee! My prayers are answered with a blessing I never dared to hope for, or even to dream of! Can I ever, ever be grateful enough? A pastor, holding up pure hands! Thank God! my sorrows are all ended now; there is no more grief for me. Ah! what a glory breaks upon the future! What though I never see his face in this world? I can be pattent indeed; for now I know, oh! I know that I shall surely see it yonder!"

She sank on her knees at the open window, and wept for the first time since Felix died. Happy, happy tears mingled with broken words of rejocing, that seemed a foretaste of heaven.

Her heart was so full of graitude and exultation that she could not sleep, and she sat down and looked over the sea, while her face was radiant and tremulous. The transition fr

railiery and envious malice, but resolutely obeyed the promptings of her womanly intuitions.

Painful experience had taught her the imprudence, the short-sighted policy of working until very late at night; and in order to take due care of her health, she wisely resorted to a different system of study, which gave her more sleep, and allowed her some hours of daylight for her literary labors.

In the industrial pursuits of her own sex she was intensely interested, and spared no trouble in acquainting herself with the statistics of those branches of employment already open to them; consequently she was never so happy as when the recipient of letters from the poor women of the land, who thanked her for the words of hope, advice, and encouragement which she constantly addressed to them.

While the world honored her, she had the precious assurance that her Christian country-women loved and trusted her. She felt the painful need of Mr. Manning's society, and even his frequent letters did not fully satisfy her; but as he had resolved to remain in Europe, at least for some years, she bore the irreparable loss of his counsel and sympathy, as she bore all other privations, bravely and quietly.

Now and then alarming symptoms of the old suffering warned her of the uncertainty of her life; and after much deliberation, feeling that her time was limited, she commenced another book.

Mr. Hammond wrote, begging her to come to

book.

Mr. Hammond wrote, begging her to come to him, as he was now hopelessly infirm and confined to his room; but she shrank from a return to the village so intimately associated with events which she wished if possible to forget; and, though she declined the invitation, she proved her affection for her venerable teacher, by sending him every day a long, cheerful letter.

by sending him every day a long, cheerful letter.

Since her departure from the parsonage, Mrs. Murray had never written to her; but through Mr. Hammond's and Huldah's letters, Edna learned that Mr. Murray was the officiating minister in the church which he had built in his boyhood; and now and then the old pastor painted pictures of life at Le Bocage, that brought happy tears to the orphan's eyes. She heard from time to time of the good the new minister was accomplishing among the poor; of the beneficial influence he exerted, especially over the young men of the community; of the charitable institutions to which he was devoting a large portion of his fortune; of the love and respect, the golden opinions he was winning from those whom he had formerly estranged by his sarcastic bitterness.

One darling rose-hued dream of her life was to establish a free school and circulating library in the village of Chattanoora; and keeping this hope ever in view, she had denied herself all superfluous luxuries, and jealously hoarded her savings.

She felt now that, should she become an in-

One darling rose-hued dream of her life was to establish a free school and circulating library in the village of Chattanoo, a; and keeping this hope ever in view, she had denied herself all superfluous luxuries, and jealously hoarded her satings at the control of the control

seemed indeed unearthly; and the faint, delicate blush on her cheeks deepened and burned, as with a quivering cry of gladness that told volumes, she hid her face in her hands.

He came nearer, and the sound of his low, mellow voice thrilled her heart as no other music ever had done.

"Edna, have you a right to refuse me forgiveness, when the blood of Christ has purified me from the guilt of other years?"

She trembled and said brokenly:

"Mr. Murray—you never wronged me—and I have nothing to forgive."

"ho you still believe me an unprincipled hypocrite?"

"Oh! no, no, no!"

"Bo you believe that my repentance has been sincere, and acceptable to my insulted God? Ho you believe that I am now as faithfully endeavoring to serve Him, as a remorseful man possibly can?"

"I hope so, Mr. Murray."

"Edna, can you trust me now?"

Some seconds elapsed before she answered, and then the words were scarcely audible.

"I trust you."

"Thank God!"

There was a brief pause, and she heard a heavily-drawn sigh escape him.

"Thank God!"
There was a brief pause, and she heard a heavily-drawn sigh escape him.

"Edna, it is useless to tell you how devotedly I love you, for you have known that for years; and yet you have shown my love no mercy. But perhaps if you could realize how much I need your help in my holy work, how much more I could accomplish in the world if you were with me, you might listen, without steeling yourself against me, as you have so long done. Las minime, you might listen, without steeling yourself against me, as you have so long done. Las minime, you got the me and him as only you can ? Oh, my darling, my darling, come to me."

He stood within two feet of her, but he was—too humble? Nay, nay, too proud to touch her without permission.

Her hands fell from her crimson checks, and she looked up at the countenance of her king.

In her fond eyes he seemed mobile and sandshe looked up at the countenance of her king.

In her fond eyes he seemed mobile and sandshe looked up at the countenance of her king.

'Oh! I trust you! I trust you fully!"

Standing in the close, tender clasp of his strong arms, she listened to a narration of his grief and loneliness, his hopes and fears, his desolation and struggles and prayers during their long separation. Then for the first time she learned that he had come more than once to New York, solely to see her, having exaction the promise from Minch and the counter had acquainted him with all that had ever passed between them on the subject of his unsuccessful suit; and during her solourn in Europe, had kept him regularly advised of the state of her health.

At last, when Mr. Murray bent his head to prose her having a section of the passed between them on the subject of his unsuccessful suit; and during her solourn in Europe, had kept him regularly advised of the state of her health.

At last, when Mr. Murray bent his head to post successful suit; and during her solourn in Europe, had kept him regularly advised of the state of her health.

At last, when Mr. Murray bent his head to post

As Mr. Hammond was not able to take the fatiguing journey North, and Edna would not permit anyone else to perform her marriage ceremony, she sent Mr. Murray home without her, promising to come to the parsonage as early as

promising to come to the possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were deeply pained by the intelligence of her approaching departure, and finally consented to accompany her on

by the intelligence of her approaching departure, and finally consented to accompany her on her journey.

The last day of the orphan's sojourn in New York was spent at the quiet spot where Felix slept his last sleep; and it caused her keen grief to bid good by to his resting-place, which was almost as dear to her as the grave of her grandfather. Their affection had been so warm, so sacred, that she clung fondly to his memory; and it was not until she reached the old village depot, where carriages were waiting for the party, that the shadows of that day entirely left her countenance.

In accordance with her own request, Edna did not see Mr. Murray again until the hour appointed for their marriage.

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon, warm with sunshine, when she permitted Mrs. Murray to lead her into the study where the party had assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Hattie, liuidah, and the white-haired pastor, were all there, and when Edna entered, Mr. Murray advanced to meet her, and received her hand from his mother.

The orphan's eyes were bent to the floor, and never lifted, even when the trembling voice of her beloved pastor pronounced her St. Elmo Murray's wife. The intense pallor of her face frightened Mrs. Andrews, who watched her with suspended breath, and once moved eagerly to ward her. Mr. Murray felt her lean more heavily against him during the ceremony; and, now turning to take her in his arms, he saw that her eyelashes had fallen on her cheeks—she had lost all consciousness of what was passing.

Two hours elapsed before she recovered fully from the attack; and when the blood showed itself again in lips that were kissed so repeatedly, Mr. Murray lifted her from the sofa in the study, and passing his arm around her, said:

"Today I snap the fetters of your literary bondage. There shall be no more books written! No more study, no more toil, no more public you love so well, must even help itself, and whistle for a new pet. You belong solely (continued on page 18.)

Dear Madam:

This magnificent gold lace breakfast set will cost you the freight charges and a kind word of recommendation, and that is absolutely all it will ever cost you.

It is not a premium for which you must work—you need not take a single order for anything to get this breakfast set exactly as offered.

Yet we do not claim that this set is "free," as we do accept something—a word of recommendation—from you in return.

SPECIAL: This extra liberal offer is open ONLY to lady readers of this paper. MEN AND CHILDREN NEED NOT APPLY.

Send your name and address and we will promptly ship you the beautiful breakfast set exactly as per our liberal offer.

This Gold Lace Breakfast Set is the very latest, richest and most aristocratic high-grade china. The aristocratic high-grade china. The picture may give you an idea of its beauty; but you must see this fine china to appreciate its superiority. The breakfast set is decorated in the richest color effects ever seen in any domestic or imported china. The entire border is in lace work of shimmering gold, the kind used on the finest and most aristocratic dishes. In the center is a beautiful multi-colored, wild rose design made by the famous decalcomania process. The china itself is white and pure, just the right weight, not easily chipped and of that peculiar mild luster which makes ladies who are posted on first-class china exclaim: "Here is something extra fine in a breakfast set." The set has just the right number of pieces for a proper tea or breakfast set. It is the kind of a set prescribed by good form, being composed of the usual 31 pieces as follows: I large meat platter, 6 breakfast plates or tea plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 oatmeal or fruit dishes, 6 butter dishes. All these pieces, of course, regulation full size.

Besides the Breakfast Set we will send you at once a 26-pc. casket of Solid Cuevee Silverware, guaranteed for 50 years —the wonderful new genuine Quaker Valley product. This splendid casket we send you without a cent of deposit and we charge no C.O.D. We feel that you will be as much pleased and surprised at the casket of silverware as you will be pleased with the Gold Lace Breakfast Set. Each casket contains 26 magnificent shining pieces of Solid Cuevee Silverware—6 knives, 6 forks, 6 large spoons, 6 small spoons, a butter knife and a sugar shell (all Nasturtium pattern). The casket (14 inches long and 10 inches high) is made of leatherette and lined with a fine grade of satin. It is marked with our 50-year guarantee, for all Solid Cuevee Silverware
actually carries a 50-year guarantee. Experts say it is more desirable than "Sterling," for you have to pay three prices
merely for the name "Sterling." Yet we send you the casket of Solid Cuevee Silverware besides the breakfast set
without expecting you to send us one cent. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity.

Now you understand that we want to send you both the breakfast set and the casket of silverware without

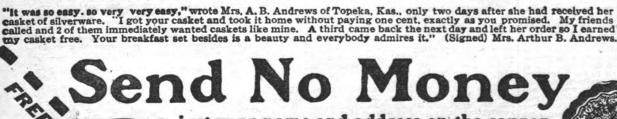
a cent from you. After you have received this casket of Solid Cuevee Silverware we know you will be glad to help us with your kind recommendations; we know you will be

glad to invite your friends to your house and show them the silver whenever they call. Surely you will do us the kindness of mentioning the name of our firm to your friends, telling them that for the present they can get a casket (just like the one we send you free) for only \$8.95 — and on easy payments — \$2.95 down and \$2.00 a month for three months—total only \$8.95. Your friends will snatch at the bargain, and just as soon as three out of all your friends have ordered caskets of silver you have earned the casketwhich we have already sent you. Otherwise we allow you to keep your own casket on our easy payment terms. And the breakfast set you may keep anyway as a gift from us just in return for your kind words of recommendation, no matter whether or not your friends order the silverware.



Remember: The breakfast set is yours as an extra gift anyway no matter whether or not your friends send any orders for silver. Just write for the breakfast set and the silverware.

I would like to have you picture to yourself your dining-room table with the elegant gold lace, wild rose design breakfast dishes thereon, with the beautiful solid Cuevee Silverware spread out, all ready for breakfast, tea or luncheon. Just imagine your friends calling and looking at this splendid array of china and silverware. Nobody would blame you for feeling proud when you possess such elegant luxuries, especially when, by your enterprise, you have secured them free.



telling us you want the breakfast set and the casket of silverware at once. If you do not decide at once that this Solid Cuevee Silverware is the kind that you would most cheerfully and willingly

recommend to your friends, if you do not feel more than justified in inviting friends to send their orders for this exclusive Quaker

Valley product, we do not want you to keep the silverware, but will

ask you to return it at once at our expense. We want only those
people who are enthusiastic and who can conscientiously recommend
our silverware to get this remarkably liberal offer, and we know you
will be enthusiastic when you see the silverware (aside from the set
of dishes which we give you as an extra gift). We know you wi
be glad to recommend our goods; that is why we are willing to se
you the goods without asking a cent from you in advance, with

POSITIVE GUARANTEE that you do not take a bit of risk in sign
coupon. We take all the risk of satisfying you. We raise

coupon. We take all the risk of themselves: the decision in inviting friends to send their orders for this exclusive Quaker

of dishes which we give you as an extra gift). We know you will be glad to recommend our goods; that is why we are willing to send you the goods without asking a cent from you in advance, with our POSITIVE GUARANTEE that you do not take a bit of risk in signing the coupon. We take all the risk of satisfying you. We raise no argument; we let the goods speak for themselves; the decision is left to you. Now sign the coupon and get this wonderful offer before anybody else gets it in your town. Sign and mail coupon at once

> QUAKER VALLEY MFG. CO 353 W. Harrison Street, Chicago, Ill.

> > We are also selling silver polish in 25-cent cans. we are also selling suver points in 25-cent cans. This polish we are distributing only through the trade, but if you will send us your grocer's name and address, we will include a package of Cuevee Silver Polish, and a fine imported chamois skin free with the casket of Solid Cuevee Silverware.

198 read carefully every word of this GRAND offer





A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

tained the reticent, frigid courtesy with which she had received him when he first crossed her threshold bearing his unconscious wife. He had never touched the siender white fingers that pointed to the statrease that day, and will have been possibly to the consciousness of her intense detextation. As Southern hone, she fully realized mobieses obligg, and her punctillous observance of the etiquette of hospitality accentuated the position site assigned all hoped the baby might bridge the chasm, but when he ventured to dyell upon his unwillingness to deprive Mrs. Maurice of this "sweet source of solace," she promtly dispelled his illusion.

"Make no mistake, Judge Kent. You leave the common thin with her will, whereby the entire of the word of the state while apron day. He was a six and the proposition of the control of the co

cutward.

"We have only the privilege of suffering and remembering. The grim analogy of Sicily under Verres suggests a rather painful parallel. For its there remains solely the grace of silence; and it were well if you, sir, could set me an example, when numbered among guests under my

ample, when numbered among guests under my toot."

The voice was low, clear, steady, but the narrow lip arched, and the light in her blue eyes reminded him of the violet flame one sees ilash up over a bed of hot anthracite.

Eglah was five years old when her father was called to Washington, and thence sent to Europe on a government mission, which he so successfully accomplished that on his return the governor of his native State appointed him senator in the second of the Administration, official influence secured his election and return to the United States' Senate two years later, and Mrs. Maurice welcomed any change that removed him from her neighborhood. His rare visits were festivals to his little daughter, and she revelled in the wealth of caresses, the endearing words, the profigality of gifts that always characterized his brief sojourns. Thus were laid the foundations of an intense and absorbing devotion to her father that gradually became the dominant factor in her life.

"Nutwood"—the three-storied red brick house crowning an eminence shaded by walnut and chestnut trees—had been built in 1825 by Gen-

his brief sojourns. Thus were laid the foundations of an intense and absorbing devotion to her father that gradually became the dominant factor in her life.

"Nutwood"—the three-storied red brick house crowning an eminence shaded by walnut and chestnut trees—had been built in 1825 by General Maurice's father, and its pillared plazza running along three sides overlooked the city of Y—, two miles distant, where spires and factory chimneys lifted their lines against mellow western skies. On the first and second floors of the old mansion wide halls crossed at right angles, admitting breezes from every point of the compass, and so unusually thick were the walls that the nearly square windows framed in cedar furnished comfortable lounging seats. For many years this place had been famous throughout the State for its race-horses, game chickens, pointers, fox-hounds, and fine library, and the hospitality dispensed was peculiar to an era characterized by conditions that the Civil War annihilated. No invading army had reached the city of Y——, but raiding cavairy squads once completely sacked the Maurice plantations many miles distant in the river valley, and burned not only the empty gin house, but the commodious family residence often occupied in autumn. Prior to her departure for Europe Mrs. Maurice had rebuilt gin and ware houses, and erected a pretty four-room cottage comfortably furnished, which, with fifty acres of adjoining land, she gave as dower to Eliza when she married the faithful overseer and manager of the "Bend Plantation."

One sultry spring morning in Eglah's ninth year, she sat with Eliza in the "out-door school-room" where lessons were studied in warm veather. It was a cool retreat—a circular, latticed summer-house—overrum by yellow wood-bine, honeysuckle, and a pink multiflora rose, all in full bloom, busy distilling perfume their satin lips offered in libation to the lazily wandering wind that caresed them. The pointed roof was rain proof, the floor tiled, and between the arched openings seats were fa

her head supported by arms resting on the map, but once she turned a leaf, and the wind fluttered a letter many weeks old from her father.

"Are you ready to answer the map questions?"

"No, Ma-Lila. Why must I always answer ther people's questions, when nobody answers mine? I will say my lesson when you tell me what 'scallawag' and 'carpet-bagger' mean."

"They are ugly slang words, and if I were ou I should try to forget I ever heard them. ittle girls have nothing to do with politics, and you have not told me of whom the Graham hildren were speaking at the party."

"Never mind about names. I looked in the letionary, but could not find 'scallawag.' I know it means something horrid and vulgar and lateful, and I never will go to another party."

Eliza's reply was drowned by the scream of King Herod'—a lordly peacock that had earned he title from his slaughter of young turkeys and hickens in the poultry yard. Now he trailed is feathers across the walk, came up to the infection of the succession.

"Something is going to happen. Uncle Aaron bys it is a bad sign when Head?"

wick succession.

"Something is going to happen. Uncle Aaron
ws it is a bad sign when Herod squalls at a

"Something happened a while ago, when a nan rode up the avenue and tied his horse. Now he is leaving the steps, and Herod knows he is a stranger. You must not listen to superstitious foolishness from negroes," said Eliza, with a fine scorn of all but her own peculiar jet superstition, kept closely guarded in her leart.

Eglah shut the geography, propped her chin n her palms as her elbows rested on the table, and watched the beautiful bird preen his feath-

"Ma-Lila, how old must I be before you will tell me why grandmother hates my father so?"

and brides are not importunate for the custody that Eglah is really Marcia's baby. She is a thousand times dearer to me now than ever before."

"Dear madam, I thank God for anything that will make you open your heart and take the precious child in. In many ways she needs tenderness from you, and especially since the children's parties she has attended recently, where rude things were said about her father. She has not told me all, but you know the damaging rumors about some of his decisions while Federal Judge in our State, and the Graham children, whose interests suffered through him, speak very bitterly of his career. Eglah has asked me many questions lately, which I always evaded, but she broods over this matter and is resentful."

"Poor little thing! Her father has lived on sour grapes so long, her teeth must inevitably be on edge. Henceforth she belongs to me." "She is absolutely devoted to him, and it is distressing to know how her very heartstrings are tied around him. It amounts to idolatry."

"Yes, I realize that, and it will be a sad day for her when the graphour fades and she sees the ugly, deformed clay feet of her idol." "It would break her heart."

"No. We both know sorrow does not destroy, and death is deaf to calls from crushed to a galling sense of shame. These papers were brought this morning by a young man who tim Moel Herriott, son of Mrs. Kent's first husbandtoa galling sense of shame. These papers were pressed me as a thoroughbred gentleman—Mr. He spoke kindly of his stepmother, and explained that, as he was passing through Y— on his stepholater, and explained way west. Judge Kent had given him a card of introduction to me, and requested him to see Eglah, for whom he broug 'the package yonder on the window sill. I knew the poor child would ite distressed at the news, and thought it best she should have time to recover from the shock here seeing him. He continues his journey by the middle here of the normal show that any living being, and you will tenderly break hearted and make her underst

"Oh, no, grandma; you never did love me, and you never will."

"But I do, dear child. Kiss me."

"I don't want to kiss you any more than you want to kiss me. I understand exactly how you feel. You are sorry for me because you think father has treated me badly in getting married. But, grandmother, you need not pity me now, for I must make you understand that may father, he has good rossons, and if an walf may father dietary is right. No matter what the mobody is carried. I shall always know father is right. No matter what the mobody is carried. I shall always know father is the dietary with the childish lips trembled and the challenging eyes met her grandmother's steadily, but the childish lips trembled and the hand clutched spasmodically at her throat.

A gush of genuine tenderness warmed the old lady's heart as she took the quivering fingers, spread them on her own palm, and touched the girl's forehead with her lips.

"Loyal and true—that is the Maurice motto Though He slay me, yet will I trust llim." Today we will have no lessopedady to meet the gentleman. Mr. Horotot, whom your father wishes you to know. Eliza, see that she haw a warm bath, and put some orange flower water in her glass of lemonade."

In after years Noel Herriott often recalled that afternoon spent at Nutwood. The liminitable courtesy of the handsome stately hostess, the sweet countenance of the widowed foster-mother—whose anxious, tender gaze rarrely left the white-clad child—the grave negro butler, wearing linen apron that mattend his gray head, and the spaceous on decedar-walnscotted dining-room light of wax candless was reflected in silver dishes and candelabra, and glittered from heavy, antique-shaped, cut-glass bowls, while golden honey-comb and ripe strawberries mixed their fragrance with the breath of crimson carnations heaped in a Sevres china centerpiece that once graced banquets at Trianon. Most vivid of all impressions, he retained the imperishable image of a beautiful girl, with singularly white cheeks and lustrous, shy eyes, glo

CHAPTER III.

WHERE ETERNAL PEACE SET ITS BLESSED SEAL.

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WHERE ETERNAL PEACE SET ITS BLESSED SEAL.

The quiet, systematic routine of life at Nutwood was by no means cloistral in its seclusion, and though the term "house-party" had not yet taken root south of the Potomac, guests from various parts of the State frequently spent a week with Mrs. Maurice, and were entertained at dinners, luncheons, and teas with the lavish hospitality traditional in the family. Accustomed early to meeting strangers, Eglah was neither bashful nor awkward, but she understood fully that her father was unpopular in the social world around her, and she deeply resented an antipathy which, though never discussed in her presence, she felt it impossible to forgive or remove. The explanatory assistance of Minerva, daughter of the cook had enabled her to comprehend all the unpleasant significance of "scallawag" and "carpet-bagger," and with the fervor of indignant loyalty she promptly espoused whatever cause her father was reputed to represent. Alert and en garde, she expected attacks, felt eager to retailate, and consequently was often stung by the young people of her circle with whom she was no favorite. For many months after Judge Kent's second marriage, Mrs. Maurice yielded to a new and yearning tenderness toward her grandchild, whom she heartily pitied, but the overtures came too late; the plastic season had passed, the angles had stiffened, the childish heart had hardened hopelessly, and caresses that formerly might have won her love were received in cold, irresponsive passiveness.

Once she had gone under Eliza's care to spend Christmas in Washington, and though the pretty, gay, good-natured stepmother laid slege to the girl's heart and fondled and pampered her, Mrs. Kent knew from the deflant gleam in her watchful, jealous eyes that the daughter would never tolerate a usurper who sat on her own mother's throne and divided her father's affections.

During the following year, Mrs. Maurice was prostrated by an attack of pneumonia that resulted in heart weakness, from which she ne

My shot, your father dearly loves the first to your father dearly loves the first to your father dearly loves the first you hard the fath amends and the plant and the plant are sent to your father dearly loves the first you hard the fath amends and the plant are plant to your father dearly loves the first you hard the fath amends and the plant are plant to your father dearly loves the first you hard the fath and profess a last of the plant are plant to your father dearly loves the first your father was married and the plant are plant for the plant are plant for the fath and your father the fath and your father was married and the fath and father the father the father than the f

She laid the book on Eliza's lap, motioned her away, and, turning her head aside, closed her

with the ebbing of summer tide her pulse uned slowly but steadily, like a star going

She laid the book on Eliza's lap, motioned her away, and, turning her head aside, closed her eyes.

with the ebbling of summer tide her pulse waned slowly but steadily, like a star going down to the gates of the west. Leaning heavily on her husband's cane, followed by the aged pointer, the tall, wasted figure went to and fro through the old house, as one having packed and waiting for departure looks to see if aught has been forgotten: and over the pallid face with its cloud of black hair an exultant smile sometimes shone, as she realized how soon she should reclaim her treasures in the beckening Beyond. It was an August night when the pilots signal came, and swiftly and gladly she "crossed the bar". Eliza was aroused from a sound sleep by Eglah, who shook her.

"Ma-Lila, I am so frightened! I heard grandma cail out 'Egbert!' 'Marcia!' Something had slready waked me suddenly."

"She sprang up and lighted a candle, but the girl clung to her.

"No, it was not a dream. I heard it clear and loud like a quick cry. I was so scared I waited a while, and then I went to her room—but she is not there! I could see the bed was empty, because Dinah had left the night lamp burning in the pasage. What can it mean?"

"Grandmother is often restless, and goes out on the colonnade, where the fresh air relleves her oppressed breathing. No doubt she is there row. Baby, do not tremble so."

Clutching Eliza's nightgown, Eglah followed her to the sick room, which was unoccupied, and waking Dinah, who slept on a cot in the plazza, the foster-mother shielding the light with her hand. Turning to reenter the house, they were startled by the howl of a dog, answered instantly by a scream from Herod, roosting on one of the arched chimney tops.

"She must be in the general's room, and old Hector is there also."

She must be in the general's room, and old Hector is there also."

She must be in the general's room, and old the religion of the well as the soul drifts through the mind over her lap flowed the yoldowed lace of Marcia's christening ro

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "My Only Joy in all the World," when the foster-mother accepts the charge committed to her care as the in-carnation of the soul of her lost boy. Send 15 cents for renewal or new subscription for 15 cents f 16 months.

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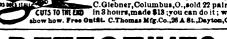


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you. The Quist Specialty Co., St. Peter, Minn.











Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

all about it. I cannot give you the grip from here, but can and do welcome you to our beautiful order. Masonry is beautiful, did you ever hear the poem, "The Building of Solomon's Temple?"
"The temple with its wondrous strength hath

"The temple with its wondrous strength hath yielded unto time,
The brotherhood that flourished there, still lives and lasts sublime."

Mrs. Lawrence. Did you receive the package I forwarded to you?

A. M. H., Wyoming. The bears duly received, thanks. Where have you been so long Allan?
Mrs. J. S. McLead writes me that she has given a home and a mother's love to two little homeless ones. Ged bless you sister!
Laurie. God bless your dear boy. Bread cast upon the waters like that will return an hundred-fold.

non the waters like that will return an hundredfold.

Mrs. Della Tucker. Yours received, thanks
very much, you will hear from me later, I am
entirely out of flower seeds so cannot send any
more this year. I shall think of all of my girls
this summer when the flowers are in bloom.

Mrs. Lawrence. So you are living in the
garden spot of Texas, too? That is like the
authors of the "Beautiful Snow," very numerous, but there was that very thing about your
letter that I admired, a love of home, and your
surroundings. "Contentment" is surely depicted
in both the above letters. Mrs. L. has three
lovely children and the very best of husbands,
and more than all is perfectly contented with
COMFORT; dear old "COMFORT" how many friends
you have. In every mail come letters "I am
a young housekeeper. I could not get along
without my "COMFORT," it is such a help." Mrs.
L. I certainly trust that you will get St. Elmo.
it should be in every library.

A bright, cheerful, letter from Mrs. M. Lillian
Perkins, Hunlock Creek, Pa. (A clergyman's
widow); with what courage and fortitude, she is
passing through her Gethsemane, appreciating,
and thankful for the favors she has received
from the readers of this Christian paper. When
you write her be liberal, inclose a couple of
stamps.

Contentment, ean further be brought into our
corner, by all of us when we write asking a

stamps.
Contentment, can further be brought into our corner, by all of us when we write asking a favor (be it ever so small), to inclose stamped directed envelope; social, friendly letters, just to wile away the time is another matter altogether. Here comes a letter from a dear little origin.

directed envelope; social, friendly letters, just to wile away the time is another matter altogether. Here comes a letter from a dear little girl:

"J. A. D. What shall I do. I wrote a letter to the corner soliciting correspondence, stating that I would answer all letters. I have received four hundred and fifty, and they are still coming." There you are, be careful how we make such promises, we are such an immense family, and very sociable, want to get acquainted, chat, and visit together, but it costs money, so we must look well into our pocket-books before writing to the corner and promising to "answer all letters." This little lady referred to is very conscientious, and believes in doing just what she says she will, but in this case she positively cannot.

Our dear friend Alice Geiger of Libby Mont., writes me:

"COMFORT always was good, but like old cheese is improving with age. I love to stroll in the woods alone, when not a sound is to be heard to break the stillness, nothing but the distant murmur of the river, ever flowing on and on. I have just completed my first piece of Battenburg." Thanks, Alice, for the pansy seed. Miss Elsie G. Peters, Quaker City, Ohio, thinks she could not exist without COMFORT. She is enjoying the music, very much as she is a musician. Don't spend too much time over that patchwork, Elsie dear; if you have a cough, get outdoors into God's blessed pure air; if you must do fancy work, bundle up and sit outside. I should like to see that "Ragged Star" quilt after it is finished.

Mrs. S. I inquired at the Orange post-office regarding those COMFORTs I sent you, and found they had been sent out, with sufficient postage, on them. I also wrote your post-office. Have you inquired? I feel dreadfully to lose them.

Mrs. Landaker. You have been too liberal, I shall pass some on.

Herbert J. Hipple, whose request for back number, is at rest. Here is an extract from his mother's letter to me: "Our dear boy is gone, and oh! how we miss him, he was a helpless invalid but so patient, and cheerf

"The parents gave, in tears and pain,
The flower they most did love;
They know they will find him again
In the fields of light above.
Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flower away."

Those of us who helped to cheer Herbert's suffering life, will feel happier to know we did what we could. Many hearts, I know, will ache in unison with those of the lonely father and

Mrs. Florence M. Rosenbaum. I am keeping that nice brown bread, and suet pudding recipe for cooler weather.

Buttermilk Bread

Buttermilk Bread

Heat one pint of buttermilk, scalding hot, stir into while hot, enough flour to make a tolerably thick better, and half a gill of yeast (four tablespoonfuls liquid), or a Fleishman's yeast cake. Lot it rise until light. If you set it over night wake as above, only do not add the yeast, but put in instead, a tablespoonful of white wight. In the morning stir into this spons. In the morning stir into this spons. Lebespoonful of soda, dissolved in a little hot water, a little salt, and six table.

Heat one pint of buttermilk, scalding hot, stir into while mean it I wouldn't say it."

"Would you mean that?" cried Everton, leaning forward eagerly.

"If I didn't mean it I wouldn't say it."

The answer came with the utmost promptness.

"Yes."

The discussion was carried on until after midmight, and when it was over an infamous compact had been made.

If the plot hatched by these two unscrupulous

spoonfuls of melted lard, cottolene or whatever shortening you use, work in just enough flour to enable you to handle the dough comfortably; knead well, make into loaves, let rise until light, and bake same as any bread.

Salt-rising Bread

One pint new milk put on the stove and stir into it enough corn meal to make as thick as mush. Set in a warm place all night. In the morning it should be light, put the flour in a bowl, pour in the mush and mix with warm milk and water equal parts: add one tablespoonful of sugar; one teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of soda (always dissolve soda in a little water before adding to any mixture). Make a stiff batter, cover and keep warm. In an hour it should be light. Work in flour to make stiff dough, let it rise, mold in loaves, let rise again and bake.

J. A. D. (Mrs. Van Dyke).

Requests from Shut-ins

The following would like to be kindly remembered with letters, reading or little souvenirs:
Miss Ella M. Buller, Whitford, Chester Co., Pa.
Mattie Barnes, Granberry, R. F. D., 1, Tenn. Mrs.
S. C. Julien, Logan, Ind. A. M. Gillingham, Necedah,
R. F. D., 1, Wis. Fred Andrews, Clio, Mich. Miss
D. Lelia Converse, Mentone, Ala. Mr. O. C. Elliott,
Lancaster, Texas. Miss Carrie Hall, Golden City,
R. F. D., 2, Mo. Mrs. Emma Newman, Box 104,
Falmouth, Ky. Lydia Underhill, Barlow, Ky. A
life-long cripple, now twenty-four years old. Mrs.
Hazel Ginder, 128 So. Gless Ave., Los Angles,
Cal. An elderly woman who has suffered all her
life. Mrs. Mary Elliott, Geneva, R. F. D., 1, Ga.
A poor, perfectly helpless invalid from paralysis.
Miss Bertha Lyrlia, Alto Pass, Ill. A girl invalid. Mrs. Wm. Callahan, Webster, Ill. For
nineteen years unable to sit up. Maggie Marres,
Silverpoint, R. F. D., 2, Tenn. Deaf and a cripple for the past fourteen years. Mrs. M. L.
Perkins, Hunlock Creek, Luz Co., Pa. A helpless
sufferer for the past thirteen years. Mrs. Richard Winn, Hadley, R. F. D., 1, Mich. A rheumatic sufferer for the past three years, Virginia C. Kingry, Rocky Mount, R. F. D., 4, Va.
Pieces of linen six by six inches. Miss Hallie J.
Dunorant, Spencer, R. F. D., 1, Va. Thirteen
years old, a shut-in for the past seven years.
Ural West, Kelly, Christian Co., Ky. A rheu
matic sufferer for eight years. Mrs. M. J.
Stuckey, Detroit, Ala. A sufferer from asthma
and rheumatism.

Letters of Thanks Requests from Shut-ins

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I take this way to thank you all for so kindly remembering me with reading and letters, as I am too poor to write you all personally. You don't know how many lonely hours you have helped pass away.

Mrs. Alice Hodges. Have you got my letter?

Wishing COMFORT and all its readers every success.

success,

MRS. ALICE HALLEY, Spencer, R. F. D., 4,
Ind.

DEAR COMFORT 1 EADERS:

I wish to thank all who responded to my request in COMFORT for reading matter; and especially Miss Belle Reynolds of Forest City, Mo., and Mrs. Businger of Omaha.

God bless them all and may their kindness be returned in ten fold.

MRS. MOLLIE ROTH, Burkett, Miss.

MRS. MOLLIE ROTH, Burkett, Miss.

Dear Editor and Sisters:

I thank my many friends for the cards, postals, letters, books and magazines, that I have received, and regret I could not answer each one personally, but have not been able, and I do thank each one for their kindness. I hope you all will still remember me, as I am a great sufferer and confined to my bed; anything would be appreciated to help pass the lonely hours.

MRS. A. C. HOTTINGER, Hebron, Ohio.

be appreciated to help pass the lonely hours.

MRS, A. C. HOTTINGER, Hebron, Ohio.

DEAR FRIENDS, ONE AND ALL:

I want to thank you each for the kindness and sympathy you have shown me, in cheering my lonely life with letters and reading matter. One lady in Wisconsin subscribed for dear old Comfort for me, I could not make out her name. I was not taking Comfort, and I thank her so much. I received a dear kind letter from Mrs. Moffet of Oklahoma, and some interesting reading, also from others who did not give their names. I think Comfort has the noblest band of readers of any paper published. They show their interest and sympathy for the unfortunate by deeds as much as words.

My wish is that each day may bring blessings to each one of our band, and to all who have favored me I would say, remember there is one among the rugged hills of Texas who often thinks of her kind, unknown friends, and has enjoyed their thoughtfulness and kindness more than they will ever know.

Mrs. M. J. Elliott, Antelope Gap, Mills Co., Texas.

Texas.

Texas.

Dear Comfort:

I want to thank the dear sisters and cousins for their kindness to me. I have received nearly two hundred letters, cards, and packages of papers, and many nice pieces for my quilts and fancy work. My health is better now, but I still want you to remember me in your prayers. Through these columns I have surely received comfort, inexpressible. Thanking you all for your kindness I remain, In His name Mrs. Dora Dickens, Helping Hand Home, Cor. 5th and J. Sts., San Diego, Cal.

and co cards, and ave reck, and pare reck, pa

down."

For some moments Everton was silent.
Then he said:

"I'll tell you what I would pay well for: proof of the girl's death."

"Aha! now you are talking business. If she were dead you'd be in a much safer position than you are now. Well, that might be managed."

"To you mean that?" cried Everton, leaning forward eagerly.
"If I didn't mean it I wouldn't say it."
"Would you undertake to manage it?"
The answer came with the utmost prompt-

villains succeeded, the rightful heiress of the Everton estate would lose not only her property but her life.

The chances seemed all against her.

"So far, so good," muttered Harold, as he left the millionaire's house. "There doesn't seem to be a chance of failure. Now if I could only manage to outwit old Stanwix, too—"

He was interrupted by a tap upon the shoulder.

Turning with a start he found himself con-

He was interrupted by a tap upon the shoulder.
Turning with a start, he found himself confronted by a shabbily dressed old man.
"Stanwix! you here?" he exclaimed.
"Yes, dear boy," replied the old man in a husky voice; "I've been waiting around ever since you went into Everton's house. I felt anxlous, you know, about the result of your negotiations—an old man's weakness. And, by the wav, you may as well just return me those documents. Not that I distrust you, my dear boy, but something might happen to you."
Harold took the papers, which we have seen him exhibit to Everton, from his pocket, and handed them to the old man, who carefully counted them.
"All here, all here, my dear boy," he said as he deposited them in an inner pocket. "You're an honest lad; but one might have fancied from the way you gave them up that you'd have liked to keep them. But don't be too ambitious, dear boy, or you'll ruin all. You'll get your share for all you do."
"That's all right, Stanwix," interrupted Harold impatiently.
"Of course it's all right, dear boy," whined

snare for all you do."

"That's all right, Stanwix," interrupted Harold impatiently.

"Of course it's all right, dear boy," whined the old man with an oily smile. "I can't appear in this matter for reasons best known to myself, and so I have engaged you to represent me, knowing that I can trust you as long as I keep a sharp eye on you. But enough of compliments; what arrangements did you make?"

"He wants the papers."

"He can't have them just yet."

"I told him so."

"Well, what else?"

"He wants the girl removed."

"Aha! now we are getting down to business. What will he pay?"

"Half his fortune—a cool million."

"Good! he can afford to. Of course you didn't tell him where the girl was to be found?"

"Why, yes, I did," hesitated Harold. "I had to."

"You fool!" cried Stanwix in a rage. "a

"You fool!" cried Stanwix, in a rage, "a child could have managed the affair better than that. But never mind, never mind," he added, quickly changing his tone; "come what will, the game is in our hands now, and we can't lose."

Madge Mason had been in her new position three days, and she believed herself the happiest girl in New York.

Probably she was.
She was succeeding well in her work, and she had a new home—one far better than any she had ever had before.

Mrs. Straight had fitted up a little hall room for her in the flat.

It was a plain-enough place, and many a girl would have turned up her nose at it, but to this poor child of the streets it was a paradise.

She was so happy and contented that she almost feared she would awaken and find it all a dream.

She was so happy and contented that she almost feared she would awaken and find it all a dream.

At last some one cared for her!
Ah! what is the glitter of gold to the sunshine of honest, loving hearts?

Madge's first thought when she was installed in her new position was to get her old friend, Dave Lane, a chance in the bindery, too.
She spoke to Ralph about it, and the next day Dave entered upon his new duties, as proud and important as if he owned the whole place.

At noon on the third day of Madge's connection with the establishment, Alice Straight remained at her bench to do a little extra work after the other girls had gone out to dinner.

A big printing establishment in the same building was still in operation, and next Alice's seat was a slowly-revolving wheel encircled by a belt.

"Better look out, Miss Alice," shouted Dave as he passed the door on his way to dinner, noticing that Alice's long, golden hair was blowing dangerously near the belt, "or yer hair'll git caught in dat machinery an' away yer'll go."

"I'm all right, Dave," laughed Alice, intent on her work.

As Dave was about to descend the next flight of stairs a well-dressed young man confronted him.

Had he been familiar with the features of the

As Dave was about to descend the next hight of stairs a well-dressed young man confronted him.

Had he been familiar with the features of the Four Hundred he would have recognized Mr. Shirley Everton.

"Aw! boy," drawled the millionaire, "is there a young woman named Madge Mason working in this place?"

"Madge has got a swell mash!" thought Dave. Then he asked aloud:

"Would yer know her if yer saw her, mister?"

"Aw! no."

"Well, that's her."

And Dave pointed to Alice.
"She'll be able ter defend herself," he mused, as he rushed down stairs four steps at a time, for he was hungry. "Dat's one fer his nibs."

Everton was about to accost Alice when the young girl's hair became entagled in the belt. Realizing that her position was one of the greatest peril, Alice shrieked aloud for help.

"Luck's in my favor!" muttered Everton. "By Jove! I sha'n't have to sacrifice the money after all. In two minutes she'll be out of my way forever."

Alice's shriek was heard by but one person beside Everton—Madge Mason.

Scarcely had the cry been uttered when the young girl came rushing out of the foldingroom.

In an instant she comprehended the situa-

In an instant she comprehended the situa-

A pair of shears lay upon a table near the entrance.

entrance.

She rushed toward them, intending to cut Alice's hair and thus release her.

But Everton, understanding her purpose, seized her in a firm grasp.

"Wait!" he hissed in her ear.

"Let me go!" cried Madge, frantically.
"Don't you see—"

"I'll let you go," said Everton, "in one minute—but not before."

In one minute Alice would be beyond human.

In one minute Alice would be beyond human

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sent 15 cents for renewal or new subscription for 16 months, and read the next chapter, "A Glance at the Past," which reveals a secret marriage and broken vows.

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When you see an article well advertised in the newspapers, you may be sure it's a good article, for advertishing only pays if the goods are honest and possess merit. The people who make a specialty of one advertised article, like Cascarets, Candy Cathartic for example, stake their whole business existence on its doing what they say it will. They must "make good" as the saying is. Readers of this paper are urged to be sure that they get what they ask for, when they ask for an advertised article, for it's the good thing that is imitated and counterfeited. Don't accept substitute! Insist on getting the genuine!

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Here's Happy Family.

of entertainment have fled. Every way to bring joy and cheerfulness has been exhausted. At those times father and mother begin to wonder what can times father and mother begin to wonder what can be done to keep the boys and girls at home. It is a serious problem, but it must be met in every household. Young folks need something more than the things which have kept the older ones entertained. There is no father nor mother who does not want to keep the children at home, entertain them at home, take away the dullness and make them feel at home. I don't believe you could find better entertainment for the home and for your children than that which is pictured here. Surely there is no lack of joy with such scenes occuring nightly.

In every home there comes a time when all means



This man has provided an Edison Phonograph with Edison Gold Moulded records for his family. Tonight they are enjoying a minstrel show. If father, mother, baby and sons did not know that the music came from an Edison Phonograph they would be willing to SWEAR that the singers were in the same room with them.

Tomorrow night they will have a band concert interspersed with beautiful operatic songs. The next night they will hear the beautiful chimes of Trinity just as they have been heard by thousands of tourists awed by their sublime beauty. They will hear also the wonderful violin solo with harp accompaniment and a Wagnerian piano recital. Where is there a chance for any misery to creep into this home?

is there a chance for any misery to creep into this home?

Music has a strange and fascinating power. It moves the human race to great and dignified actions. Why is it that in the heat of battle the regimental bands strike up the liveliest and the fiercest airs? It is to fire the soldiers with an enthusissm that even the bravest could not feel if it were not for the stirring music. Do you remember what the American band played at El Caney? A "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and with a cheer the American troops swarmed over the hill sweeping the Spaniards before them. Who can deny the charm there is in music? You may hear great military bands in YOUI. HOME. An Edison Phonograph will bring them there. You may have a free trial no matter where you live.

On the back page you will find a detailed account of the wonderful Edison Phonograph. You can make no mistake if you buy this instrument.



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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered a this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month,

OW are the dog-days when all of us must swelter and perspire and think how pleasant are the sharp cold days of Winter, but cousins, dear, don't you remember when it was cold we wanted it hot? Of course, you do, and so have all the cousins of other years, and so have all the cousins of other years, and so have all the cousins of other years, and sons shall be. But let us be as happy as we can with what we have and if we try real hard we may be as happy as anybody ever gets in this world, which is right happy sometimes, don't you think? Even when we have to work when we do not want to. So let us go to work.

The first letter is from Cousin Marie of Buckner, Mo., who is in much trouble because she is engaged to two men who refuse to give her up it once to devote herself to a third man whom the thinks she loves. Really it is hard lines for Cousin Marie, and since she has got herself into this trouble, I guess I'll let her get herself out of it. I don't like girls who become engaged to two men at the same time.

July Bride, Avoca, Minn.—Wait till you are twenty-one, then you will know whether you should marry a man who drinks. Love him, if you want to, but don't marry him to reform him.

him.

Brown-eyed Susan, Aurora, Ind.—He is vulgar and does not mean well. Maybe you can reform him, but you cannot by kissing him. Suppose you try more stringent measures and teach him first, good manners. (2) If you really ove the man who proposes to you, you will not "put him off to see if he will act anxious."

Brown Eyes, Oak Grove, Mo.—Do you think he loves you very much if he goes on living his reckless life and you don't want him to? Can't you find someone to love you whose love means something? (2) Stop loving the man who marries another, and treat him and his wife as friends. marries ar

as friends.

Dot, Buffalo, N. Y.—What you need, my dear, is a little plain common sense. The young man should have answered your letter but did not, and now he wants to explain and apologize. You will not listen to him simply because you think he slighted you. Now that is neither sensible nor Christian. Accept his apology and be friends again. At the same time let him understand that he must use common sense, too. He needs it is much as you do.

Inhappy Girl. Cordova. Ala—You are quite

Unhappy Girl, Cordova, Ala.—You are quite right in keeping the watch until the young man himself asks you to return it. The matter is entirely between you and him.

entirely between you and him.

Sweet Seventeen, Kitzmillerville, Md.—Don't be too anxious about him, and don't let yourself fall too much in love with him until he asks you to marry him. He may mean all right, but let him prove it. Let him come to see you once or twice a week, and every now and then you have an engagement so he cannot come. Keep him on the anxious seat, not yourself. You may accept small presents from him, but nothing valuable.

valuable.

M. E. C., Williamsburg, Ia.—If he is the gentleman of education and fine breeding you say he is, he is certainly not the kind who will appreciate a girl who knows him only by sight and "loves him just to look at him," and proposes to capture him in her own way. Gentlemen are not looking for that sort of girls, neither are they apt to answer the letter of a girl they do not know. If you cannot meet him properly do not meet him at all. He'll find a way if he wants to know you.

E. E. Metralf, Ill—Don't get lost again when

F. F., Metcalf, Ill.—Don't get lost again wher you go driving and don't go driving again with that same beau for a year at least. That wil prove to your Pa and others that you really did get lost. But I don't believe your beau got

Little Chick, Knoll, Kans.—Don't marry at eighteen, unless you are much more mature than most girls at that age. He is twice your age now, and that is too old, but when you are twenty he will be only eighteen years older than you which is not at all too old, if he is the young sort.

Sweet Sixteen, Mission Valley, Texas.—Ask the young man what he means by putting his arm around you. In the mean time don't let him do it unless he is engaged to you. A man may come to see his girl as often as she wants him to, if nobody objects.

to, if nobody objects.

Dimples, Lawrence, Mich.—If your sweetheart dancing with another girl in the set gets a chance to squeeze your hand and does it, you may do as you please about returning it. Most girls would squeeze back, just a weenty teenty bit, anyhow. That isn't very naughty, but you do not have to kiss him how d' y' and good by, io you? Suppose you postpone that until you become engaged? What isn't proper now, will be proper then.

Lillie, Thurman, Neb.—The girl may quite properly pin a flower on a man's coat, whether he coaxes her to or not, and though others are present. (2) Gentlemen do not wink at ladies. (3) I don't know what the letters mean.

Eves Washingtonhoro Pa -If h one girl badly he will be apt to be no less car ful of another, and I think, you should choose better company.

No Name, Lyndon, Ohio.—By no means marry the young man who lets his family do all the work and he have all the fun. That would be your lot if he were your husband. He is no carthly good and somebody ought to take a club to him.

earthly good and somebody ought to take a club to him.

Nineteen, Los Angeles, Cal.—You should have friends, even if you do work hard and are too tired to exert yourself in the evening. Try to be cheerful at your work and make friends among those who work with you. Don't wait for people to make you cheerful, but you try to make others cheerful. It will be hard at first, but you will soon get the habit and people will like you. (2) The lady should ask the man to call. (3) When you are out with your chum and her husband at their invitation he should pay the way. If you go out often with them, you should have an understanding that you pay your own way.

Rosie, Loysville, Pa.—Well, you are a silly girl to fall in love with a wandering picture agent you never saw before and who merely tried to sell you a picture. And what is worse for you he would think you a good deal sillier than I 60. Still you write a good letter and have plenty of plain common sense. Use that in your love affairs and be sensible. (2) Your mother did right in letting the young man know it was time for him to go home. You did better than the other girl.

Bright Eyes, Ohio, Ill.—Thirty-seven is not too old for twenty-two.

Bright Eyes, Ohio, Ill.—Thirty-seven is not too old for twenty-two. (2) Tobacco chewing is not nice, but it is hardly sufficient cause for parents to offer against their daughter marry-

ing the chewer, everything else being all right. (3) Ordinarily the man leads the way. The lady may lead if she knows the way better.

Blue Bell, Duluth, Minn.—It was all right to be friendly with the young fellow and it is all right to go to dances that are nice. It is proper for your intended brother in law to stop and take you to your sister to go to a dance.

Patience, Dilworth, Texas.—It seems to me that the young man is neglecting you. Perhaps he doesn't know he is, but he is. He should not let his work interfere with his attention to you, at least enough to let you see he cares for you. Give him a little plain talk on the subject and do not be afraid to say what you think. You have rights that he is bound to respect.

Wondering Girl, Starksville, Miss.—It is mere-

spect.

Wondering Girl, Starksville, Miss.—It is merely a filtration and both of you might as well firt it out. Neither will be much hurt, I guess.

May Rose, Devil's Lake, N. D.—You should not marry your cousin, and he knows you should not. In most states it is no marriage at all. I fancy he will get over it. You marry somebody else, and give him a chance to try.

R. C., Wilding, W. Va.—Obey your parents about marrying. When you are of age you may do as you please, which doesn't mean that you will marry happily. It is not wise to marry a man whose reputation is not perfectly straight, no matter if you do love him.

Forgetmenot, Norfolk, Conn.—There is nothing for you to do but brave it out as you have been doing. You are foolish to love on hopelessly, the man not caring enough for you to bother his head, or his heart, about you for a minute, and nothing I can say will do any good. By and by, when you can get away, the change will be of benefit.

Bluebells, Cedarville, Ill.—Marry the man and good and the suppose the property of the proper

change will be of benefit.

Bluebells, Cedarville, Ill.—Marry the man and get away from the home where you are unhappy. You can't make things much more uncomfortable than they now are and you are entitled to a chance to try for something better.

Violet, Linton, Ind.—Go on working where you are and when all is ready go to Indianapolis and marry the young man. Don't have anybody at the wedding except the necessary persons, and start out in your new life entirely on your own account and your husband's.

W. T. E. M. Pumpkin Center, la.—I think

account and your husband's.

W. T. E. M., Pumpkin Center, Ia.—I think the older man really loves you while the other only thinks he does. In any event the older one wants to marry you and the other is not sure. The twenty-eight-year-old chap is not anything like as reliable as the thirty-six-year-old one, and you are old enough for the older man. My advice is to marry him, but I shall not insist, if you want the other.

Rosey, New Carlisle, Ind.—Nineteen and twenty-one is rather young to marry, especially as a twenty-one-year-old boy is not a man yet. Suppose you wait a couple of years and see if both of you aren't glad you waited.

Sad Heart. Cumberland City, Tenn.—Second

Sad Heart, Cumberland City, Tenn.—Second cousins may marry, but it is ever so much better to go out of the family to marry. You are silly enough now without marrying your cousin.

There, dears, all your questions are answered and I do hope the advice I have given about some of you getting married will be followed. But if it is or not, I surely wish you all well, and may the good Lord watch over us till we meet again. By, by,

COUS'N MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Correspondents Wanted

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Route, Indiana. Edward Quinn, 100 Franklin St., Springfield, Mass. Miss L. M. MacHale, Box 25, Constableville, Lewis County, R. F. D., 1, N. Y. Mrs. Burton Bennett, Concord St., Box 197, Ashland, Mass., Aug. 28. Mrs. M J. Robertson, Burbank, R. F. D., 2, S. Dak., keepsakes. Alwilda Ward, 120 West Park Ave., Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. A. G. Eakin, Glen Rock, Neb. Pearle Pittman, Nashville, Indiana. James P. E. M'Kennah, Plantation, Cal., young people. Miss Clara H. Katlow, Box 11, Auburndale, R. F. D., 1, Wis. Mrs. I. Sargent, 335 Broad St., Washington, Pa., Aug. 27. Miss Lora Saurenson, Box 51, Viborg S. Dak., souvenirs. Mrs. Maggie Banett, Graham, Texas, Aug. 24. Lenora Zwierlein, Requa, Cal., little keepsakes.

Comfort Postal Request

How to Get a Let of Souvenir Postals Free

How to Get a Let of Jouvenir Postals Free
This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all
over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your
name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in
the list and send you cards. The Publishers simply ask
the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs.
We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three,
or twelve for a club of five. In sending in your club, say
whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then
exchange with others as you see their name in the list.
The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and
agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be
inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is
sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an
assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Miss Katie Benskin, Mattoon, R. F. D., 3, Ill. Ida

Miss Katie Benskin, Mattoon, R. F. D., 3, Ill. Ida May Perkins, Russellville, Tenn. Verbia Dennis, Mansfield, Missouri. Mrs. Alice Routzahn, Quincy, Pa. Miss Emma Bricker, Box 156, Clay Center, Ohio. Mrs. Sophia Ennis, Narcoossee, Fla. E. T. Van Bergen, 3 N. E. St., Ballston Spa., New York. Miss E. E. Crawford, Bay St., Bay View Landing, Jamaica, L. I. Jamaica, L. I.

Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite, our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

Take This Letter to My Mother

Take this letter to my mother.
Far across the deep blue sea,
It will fill her heart with pleasure,
She'll be glad to hear from me.
How she wept when last we parted,
How her heart was filled with pain,
When she said, "Good by, God bless you—
We may never meet again."

CHORUS.

Take this letter to my mother, Far across the deep blue sea, It will fill her heart with pleasure, She'll be glad to hear from me.

Take this letter to my mother,
It will fill her heart with joy,
Tell her that her prayers are answered,
God protects her darling boy;
Tell her to be glad and cheerful,
Pray for me where'er I roam,
And ere long I'll turn my footsteps,
Back towards my dear old home.

CHORUS.

Take this letter to my mother,
It is filled with words of love;
If on earth I'll never meet her,
Tell her that we'll meet above.
Where there is no hour of parting,
All is peace and love and joy;
God bless my dear old mother,
And protect her darling boy.

Good Work and Words From a Hustling Comfort Sister

Mrs. Ennis secures a sample copy of COMFORT: in twentyfours hours has a club of 26 subscribers; read her enthusiastic
learn hours has a club of 26 subscribers; read her enthusiastic
learns to became at once a Walking representative of COMFORT
because she fully grasped the meaning and importance of the
publication, and strenuously as an and importance of the
town become a subscriber of to COMFORT, and within
twenty-four hours had secured and forwarded to us a club of
twenty-six abscriptions. The company of twenty-six abscription and subscriber of the company of twenty-six abscription of the company of twenty-six abscription of the company of

COMFORT:
Inclosed please find 20 cents for which please send me
Comfort one year, League button and Membership card.
I sent for a sample copy and liked it so well that I got 18
subscribers for you, which go in same mail. This is
pretty good considering I only got your paper night before last. My plan is easy and if every subscriber would
do as I do you could double your subscription list. I
hope to get every family to subscribe in this place.

Yours in Sunshine,

MRS. SOPHIA ENNIS.

Yours in Sunshine. MRS. SOPHA ENNIS.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I saw Comfort advertised in a paper 10 days ago. I sent for sample copy received Comfort Friday night. I got 21 people to subscribe for Comfort in one hour Saturday. In any town, village or city it is possible to get practically everybody to subscribe for Comfort. Everybody that I have asked to take the paper has done so except one and I will land him if I have to pay for his subscription. I will never let up until I get every family in Narcoossee on my list, at least 50. Now why could not other sisters follow my plan, think what an enormous circulation Comfort would have. Suppose every subscriber got 50 subscribers that would give Comfort a circulation of \$2,500,000. Now sisters, Narcoossee is about as small a place as you will find anywhere. Nothing here but a post-office and two stores and yet I got 21 actual boni fide subscribers in one hour late Saturday night, and will get fifty and perhaps more. Even if you got no prize at all it is worth while to introduce Comfort into new homes, because Comfort is doing a great work under the able management of our good friend, the Publisher. Now dear sisters do try. Get your boys and girls to bring in subscribers. Every man, woman, boy and girl among your circle of acquaintances will give you 20 cents for a year's subscription to Comfort and that entities you to a button and a League card. If you do not know how to go about it I will gladly tell you. It is simple and the prizes are well worth your trouble. I feel sure that every reader is a friend of the paper and every new subscriber sate will worth your trouble. A good many sisters ask for recipes for canning tomatoes. See that fruit is sound and ripe. Pour boiling water on tomatoes and skin will peel off, pack solid in two or three cans. Exhants eight minutes, cook 20 minutes. Other fruits and vegetables require more or less time to be perfect. Tomatoes will keep in any place, heat, cold, or light has no effect. Sour krout is good canned.

A

Also she interested another towns-woman who ends us the following entertaining letter, we here

Print.

Editor of Comport:
A friend of mine, gave me a copy of Comport to read the other day, and I liked it so well that I want to subscribe, and herewith inclose 20 cents, 15 cents being for the subscription, and five cents for the letter, button and card which I want very much. After reading Comport I just wanted to write a letter so badly to the dear sisters and cousins that I just had to sit right down and subscribe so that I could have the privilege of so doing.

MRS. P. A. WINCHELL. Narcoossee, Fla.

Here are a few extracts from Mrs. Ennis' characteristic letters, here given as received to convince you of her earnestness and accomplishments.

EDITOR OF COMPORT:

Here's another: Inclosed please find twenty cents for subscription to COMPORT and button and card to League. This makes four subscriptions I have sent you today. That's plugging some.

And another letter:

EDITOR OF COMPORT:
Herewith please find inclosed twenty cents for subscription, League Membership, Card and Button. This makes two subscriptions I have obtained today, besides my own that I send today. I'm hustling hard for you down here, had no trouble in getting these two. I like COMFORT fine.

And yet another:

Here is another batch of subs, this makes 18 today since four o'clock. I think your paper is a treasure and I am going to plug just as hard as I can. I will never let up until everybody in our town takes COMFORT. Inclosed is money order for this club.

And still they come:

Herewith please find inclosed three more subscriptions to Componer and League Memberships. This makes twenty-six paid for subs. that I have sent you in 24 hours. How's that for a scrub canvasser, just talking to friends between meals?

And now COMFORT readers, can't you do as well?
This good woman is not alone working for COMFORT, but she is doing a great good work among intelligent people who appreciate every line and every
page of COMFORT. There is just as much benefit to
the reader as to the Publisher when a new subscriber
is enrolled. COMFORT goes to that person twelve
times each year brimful of sunshine and happiness,
which permeates the readers' being and makes better
men and better women of all, cheers the "shut-ins"
and educates the young people.

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The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add. with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Soc'y, 78 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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TAKE Up! It's time to take a Cascaret. -When the friend you speak to turns his face the

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-When you have Heartburn, Belching, Acid Risings in throat,

-When Pimples begin to peep out,

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Do it now!

Cascarets don't Purge, nor Weaken, nor waste Digestive Juices in flooding out the Bowels, like Salts, Castor Oil, "Physics."

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When your Bowel-Muscles grow flabby they need Exercise to strengthen themnot "Physic" to pamper them.

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Then carry the little ten-cent "Vest Pocket' box constantly with you, and take a Cascaret whenever you suspect you need

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbid-ding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

Subscriber, Chanute, Kans.—It is proper to thank anyone for any courtesy extended, but when you go out with a young man to a celebration where there are all sorts of amusements, you don't have to thank him every time you eat ice cream or ride the merry-go-round. It is enough to laugh and enjoy everything and let him see you do, and then when it is all over tell him what a good time he has given you and how much you appreciate it. Formal thanks, that you give as if you were doing it out of a book, would spoil all the natural pleasure.

Country Girl, Keown, Pa.—The proper thing

Country Girl, Keown, Pa.—The proper thing to have done would have been for the young men to have asked the girls to join them in the game when they began. When the men went off to themselves to play, the girls had a right to do as they pleased.

do as they pleased.

Brown Eyes, Herndon, Va.—If the sixteenyear-old girl is out of school and her parents
do not object she can "have company once a
week." He should leave at ten o'clock unless
the case is very serious. Letters once in two
weeks can't do much harm. (2) First cousins
can't be sweethearts, for in most states they
can't marry. (3) The young man may escort
the girl when she goes shopping if she wants
him around when she is making her purchases.
Greenhorn, Columbus, O.—The minister usually offers his congratulations first to the newly
wedded pair, then the parents or nearest relatives and so on. We believe ordinarily the
groom need not send a written invitation to his
parents, though it would not be bad form to do
so.

Brown Eyes, Waldoboro, Me.—There is no especial significance in a man squeezing a girl's hand. (2) Of age varies in the states, but as a rule a girl is not of age until she is twenty-one. (3) Nine to half past is not too late to ask the young man to come in who has taken you driving.

Subscriber, Topeka, Kans.—You may ask your beau to take you to places you want to go, but don't impose upon him. Let him do most of the asking. It is all right to tell him why, when you don't go to some place because you have no one to take you. It is quite proper to ask the caller to sit out on the lawn instead of in the house of pleasant evenings. They can sit out as late as ten, or later, if the people in the house are still up. It is not obligatory, but it is better for parents to meet their daughters' visitors. Just a brief talk is sufficient. The caller who doesn't like to see the girl's parents is not the right kind. Go with him to the front steps, and as far as the gate if you like him real well, and it is not late.

Nellie, Anaconda, Va.—Your letter ows that you are in greater need of knowledge of school-books than of beaus. Study awhile and ask us

Honey-dew and Sweetest, Agra, Okla.—He is flirting with both of you, and you should organize a combine, or Heart Trust, and put him out of business.

P. W. B.. Winona, Miss.—Probably the one going away should write first, as the one at home is not supposed to know the exact date of arrival, what the proper address is and other particulars. As a rule the man should always write the first letter, but rules have exceptions.

Subscriber Allentary Pa - Very fether is

Subscriber, Allentown, Pa.—Your father is right enough in saying that if you are to study music you must give up the beaus. Still he might make a concession to the favored one. If he will not, then the favored one will prove that he is the right sort by waiting for you if you want him to wait. If he is selfish enough to want you to lose your music and the advantages that it promises, we think you will do well to let the other girls have him.

Hazel Eyes, Parsonshurg, Md—"Mesere"

Hazel Eyes, Parsonsburg, A should not be prefixed to the name Md.—"Messrs." Ignoramus, Hollywood, Ky.—A present other than flowers at commencement time from a young man to a sweet girl graduate is inappropriate. Certainly you ought to know what to say to her in the accompanying note. What do you think she would think of you if she knew you were asking somebody else what to say to her at such a tender moment? And you a Kentuckian!

Long Leg, Milwaukee, Wis.—Inasmuch as a kiss passed between you and the young man it makes no difference which did the kissing. Rules of etiquette don't apply. To kiss him on the cheek was quite proper. But don't do it any more till you are really and truly engaged. Men are mighty unreliable about some things.

Irene. Noble, Ill.—You will outgrow your blushing, but don't quite ever forget how. A blush is very pretty and is always a good sign. Don't let your sister's beau kiss you. One in the family ought to be enough for him.

A. D., Charleston, Wash.—Fifteen is five years too young to be engaged. Obey your parents and wait. If the young man really wants you he will wait for you.

Address COMFORT, Box 716, Augusta Maine. Three Stars Locust, Decorah, Ia.—The man as

may say he is pleased to meet the lady when he is introduced, but it is better to say something else which may be suggested by the circumstances. Rules of what to say are hard to follow, and usually are stiff and of no meaning.

(2) If the lady does not object the man may take her arm.

Sewing Circle, Dennis, W. Va.—Don't have anything at all to do with a man like that. He's flirting with you, and lying besides. (2) Kisses signed in a letter are not as dangerous as those delivered in person. (3) Yes, the man ought to start right with the girl he goes with. Snub him if he does not.

Sunshine, Eaton, III.—If you and your beau are leaving your house about lunch time it is proper to eat before starting, unless he invites you to take lunch with him. Use your own taste about what to serve, and have it simple. (2) You may ask the young man to go walking on Sunday afternoon when he calls.

on sunday afternoon when he calls.

Sweet Sixteen, Brunswick, Neb.—Keep your engagement with the man you first made it with, unless there is good reason for breaking it.

Ethel Haines, New Creek, W. Va., asks that "Orphan Girl," who inquired in this column for a silk patchwork quilt write to her as she has one.

Blue Eyes, Mt. Carmel, Ill.—We don't answer any more questions about postage stamp significance on letters. There is only one place to put a stamp and one way, and that is, in the right hand upper corner of the envelope, right side up.

L. W., Carrothers, O.—We are not an authority on the various cosmetics you mention. Generally speaking the cosmetics offered for sale, while they may not do all that is claimed for them, are at least not prepared to do harm if properly used.

Emerald, Westville, Fla.—It is quite proper when you are walking and meet a man you know to stop and talk with him, if you want to.

(2) If you are engaged to the young man you may go to see him when he is sick. Otherwise it is enough to merely inquire about him, or send him something to cheer him.

it is enough to merely inquire about him, or send him something to cheer him.

O'eander, Caryville, Fla.—Don't let him stay later than 10.30. (2) You may accept small gifts, candy, flowers, books, from men to whom you are not engaged. (3) If the slight were very pronounced you may resent it by being very formal with the man hereafter. But don't make too much show of your feeling.

Gray-eyed Rose, Dalton, Mo.—It is not only improper, but dangerous, for a girl to write to an unknown man whose name she has found in a newspaper. How do you know that he isn't a convict, or a married man? (2) It is very polite of your escort to tell you when your dress has come unfastened. Why shouldn't he do so? Isn't it much better than to let most young men haven't gumption enough to correct an accident of that kind. (3) The lady speaks first, unless they are well known to each other, and friends, then it makes no difference who speaks first. The object of the rule is to protect the lady against men she doesn't wish to recognize.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

to me now, and I shall take care of the life you have nearly destroyed in your inordinate ambition. Come, the fresh air will revive you."

They stood a moment under the honeysuckle arch over the parsonage gate, where the carriage was waiting to take them to Le Bocage, and Mr. Murray asked:

"Are you strong enough to go to the church?"

"Yes, sir; the pain has all passed away. I am perfectly well again."

They crossed the street, and he took her in his arms and carried her up the steps, and into the grand, solemn church, where the soft, holy, violet light from the richly-tinted glass streamed over gilded organ-pipes and sculptured columns. Neither Edna nor St. Elmo spoke as they walked down the aisle; and in perfect silence both knelt before the shining altar, and only God heard their prayers of gratitude.

After some moments Mr. Murray put out his hand, took Edna's, and holding it in his on the balustrade, he prayed aloud, asking God's blessing on their marriage, and fervently dedicating all their future to His work.

The hectic flush c' the dying day was reflected on the window high above the altar, and, burning through the red mantle of the Christ, fell down upon the marble shrine like sacred, sacrificial fire.

Edna felt as if her heart could not hold all its measureless joy. It seemed a delightful dream to see Mr. Murray kneeling at her side; to hear his voice earnestly consecrating their lives to the service of Jesus Christ.

She knew from the tremor in his tone, and the tears in his eyes, that his dedication was complete; and now to be his companion through all the remaining years of their earthly pilgrimage, to be allowed to help him and love him, to walk heavenward with her hand in his; this—this was the crowning glory and richest blessing of her life.

When this prayer ended, she laid her head down on the altar-railing, and sobbed like a child.

In the orange glow of a wintry sunset they came out and sat down on the steps, while a pair of spotless white pigeons perched on the blood-stain; and Mr. Murray put his arm around Edna, and drew her face to his bosom.

"Darling, do you remember that once, in the dark days of my reckless sinfulness, I asked you one night, in the library at Le Bocage, if you had no faith in me? And you repeated so vehemently, 'None, Mr. Murray!'

"Oh, sir! do not think of it. Why recur to what is so painful and so long past? Forgiv those words and forget them! Never was more implicit faith, more devoted affection, given to any human being than I give now to you, Mr. Murray; you, who are my first and my last and my only love."

She felt his arm tighten around her waist, as he bowed his face to hers.

"Forgive? Ah, my darling! do you recontect also that I told you then that the time would come when your dear lips would ask pardon for what they uttered that night, and that when that hour arrived I would take my revenge? My wife! my pure, noble, beautiful wife! give/mm my revenge, for I cry with the long-banished Roman:

'Oh! a kiss—long as my exile,
Sweet as my revenge!'"

'Oh! a kiss—long as my exile, Sweet as my revenge!"

'Oh! a kiss—long as my exile,
Sweet as my revenge!''

He put his hand under her chin, drew the lips to his, and kissed them repeatedly.

Down among the graves, in the brown grass and withered leaves, behind a tall shaft, around which coiled a carved marble serpent with hooded head—there, amid the dead, crouched a woman's figure, with a stony face, and eyes that glared with murderous hate at the sweet countenance of the happy bride. When St. Elmo tenderly kissed the pure lips of his wife, Agnes Powell smothered a savage cry, and Nemesis was satisfied as a wretched woman fell forward on the grass, sweeping her yellow hair over her eyes, to shut out the vision that maddened her.

Then and there, for the first time, as she sat enfolded by her husband's arm, Edna felt that she could thank him for the monument erected over her grandfather's grave.

The light faded slowly in the west, the pigeons ceased their fluttering about the belfry, and as he turned to quit the church, so dear to both, Mr. Murray stretched his hand toward the ivy-clad vault, and said solemnly:

"I throw all mournful years behind me; and, by the grace of God, our new lives, commencing this hallowed day, shall make noble amends for the wasted past. Loving each other, aiding each other, serving Christ, through whose atonement alone I have been saved from eternal ruin. To Thy merciful guidance, O Father! we commencent had long since passed; and, as his splendid eyes came back to hers, reading in her beautiful, pure face all her love and confidence and happy hope, he drew her closer to his bosom, and laid his dark cheek on hers, saying fondly and proudly:

"My wife, my life. Oh! we will walk this world. Yoked in all exercise of noble end,

"My wife, my life. Oh! we will walk this world. Yoked in all exercise of noble end, And so through those dark gates across the wild That no man knows. My hopes and thine are

one Accomplish thou my manhood, and thyself, Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

(THE END.)

"ST. ELMO" IN BOOK FORM

Now that this famous story of "ST. ELMO" is brought to a close in COMFORT, many will want to have it in the house in book form to pick up and read in order to refresh their memory. We only have a few copies left of the few thousand we secured to give away as premiums. It is an excellent \$6 to page. \$37-chapter edition, printed on extra quality boc paper from new. clear type, bound in cloth, with a very attractive halftone cover portrait of both \$51. Elmo and Edna, with embossed title. This is a suitable presentation or library edition worthy of any home.

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knew you were asking somebody else what to say to her at such a tender moment? And you a Kentuckian!

Blue Eyes, Lynden. Wash.—Don't marry the wealthy man if you love the poor man. Don't marry the poor man if he is the kind that will always stay poor. Better be an old maid.

Babe, Colcharbor, N. D.—You can get at any drug store cosmetics for tan that are better and cheaper than you can make, but none of them is so good for the skin as to wait a little while and have the tan go away of itself. Tan is a good sign and Summer girls like to have it. (2) In this free country of woman's rights women are not often found working in the fields, but we suppose if your father is too poor to hire a man and he needs you to help him do his field work, you should do so. But don't keep it up year after year. You can do your full share of work in the house. Most women do even more than their share.

Blue Bell, Lisbon, N. D.—We suppose, if black at a wedding. Sually women in mourning don't go to weddings, unless they are very women members, wear their hats. The choir may choose its own way of coming in. Or dinarily the members come in as they please.

Violet, Seligman, Ariz.—We suppose you might sit on the knee of your fiance, in the presence of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your fiance, in the presence of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your fiance, in the presence of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your fiance, in the presence of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your fiance, in the presence of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your fiance, in the presence of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of your mother and sisters. You probably do the knee of you The publisher of COMFORT, always zealous of the readers' wishes and desires, is pleased to now announce the purchase of another tremendous issue of the wonderful story "St. Elmo" in a complete edition with illustrated cover of strift boards with buckram and ilnen paid a large price for the serial rights. An order for five thousand copies of "St. Elmo" has been executed, and we now offer COMFORT readers the privilege of reading the complete atory from the book now that we have complete atory from the book now that we have complete the publishing the installments, and this great opportunity to get a bound to the greatest home monthly magazine for but 65 cents, and we will be disappointed if YOU do not write us enclesing an order for the above combination, right now before the five thousand copies are sole, and recall that but 499 of others of the probable six million readers of GOMFORT.

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AUGUSTA J. EVANS

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M. G. B., Edgerton, Wis.—All of Colorado is high and dry, altitude varying from three thousand to fifteen thousand feet, about, and any part of it is good for catarrh. Denver is about 5,200 feet up and the air is high and dry there, but it is a large city and city air is never so good as country air. But Denver would be a vast improvement over your present location if you have much catarrh where you are.

M. J. B. Falls Village Conn.—Your physician

M. J. B., Falls Village, Conn.—Your physician is right, notwithstanding you think you know more than he does about polypus and other growths of that nature. The knife is the only thorough cure.

Thorough cure.

M. K., Hayward, Wis.—Before making any effort to find a hospital where you may learn to become a trained nurse, have a talk with a physician as to the duties and demands of such a position and get his advice on your natural qualifications. It is most difficult work and requires especial natural abilities in more than one direction. If you have no physician near you, write to one you know. A great many young women think they would like to be trained nurses, but only the fewest number are fitted for it. There are many trained nurses who ought to be doing something else.

W. T. and M. T., Opelika, Ala.—Yours are not

W. T. and M. T., Opelika, Ala.—Yours are not cases to be treated through the mails, or in any way except by the close attention of a physician. If your physicians can not help you, we certainly cannot.

W. J. M., Lancaster, S. C.—Better consult a barber. We know of no whisker grower that is reliable. We can say, however, that if the scar is a very large one you will hardly be able to grow whiskers sufficient to cover it, and the hair will never grow out of the scar it. Barbers are the best authorities on whiskers.

Mother, Frostburg, Md.—Have you consulted a physician about the case of the little girl? If not do so. It is a simple weakness that she will outgrow, but just at present your care is required and you must follow the instructions of a physician. (2) Use lunar caustic on the warts. You can get a stick at any drugstore. Ask the druggist how to use it, and be sure not to get it on the skin about the wart. A few applications will remove them, if they are of the ordinary type.

S. W. S., Harveyville, Kans.—Don't try to remove the birthmarks. They are part of you and it is dangerous to tamper with them. Some specialists claim to be able to remove them, but they are very expensive and not always successful.

successful.

P. E. F., Clarksburg, W. Va.—Much depends upon what causes the cough. When a cough persists for four months it is something more than a "cold," and if your physicians cannot cure it, you should at once seek a different climate. The best climatic conditions are to be found in the cold dry air of Colorado, or the hot dry air of Arizona and New Mexico.

J. C. W., La Junta, Col.—We know nothing of your habits or what might cause the red veins in your skin. At a venture we may suggest that you eat very simple food, drink no alcoholic drinks, tea or coffee, and gently massage the skin night and morning, rubbing the veins so as to assist the circulation, that is toward the heart in which direction the veinsus blood moves.

Mrs. F. H. H., South Bend, Ind.—In view of

toward the neart in which direction the ventous blood moves.

Mrs. F. H. H., South Bend, Ind.—In view of the fact that the doctors, the sanitarium and the rheumatism medicine all seem to be unable to relieve you we suggest that you try Christian Science treatment. That may sound irregular and not orthodox, and the doctors and some others may laugh, but Christian Science has effected some remarkable cures and it may be just what you need. We are inclined to believe that it will do you good. At the same time we are not professors of that faith, and do not believe in all of its teachings. Part of your trouble is a species of hysteria—nerves, you know—and C. S. works admirably in many nervous troubles with women. At least, give it a trial. If you have no C. S. people in your town, try the osteopaths, who also effect cures where regular physicians fail. We belong to no school and believe most in that which does the most good to the patient.

J. L. C., Winamac, Ind.—It is pretty hard to

the patient.

J. L. C., Winamac, Ind.—It is pretty hard to guess, from this distance, what alls the baby, but our guess is that he is getting too much medicine. His stomach undoubtedly does not act as it should, but we do not believe the medicine is helping him much. Suppose you stop the medicine and give him injections of warm water to move his bowels. You will have to do this under a physician's direction. Possibly you have already tried it. As he grows older and stronger, he will undoubtedly improve in condition, but you will always have to watch his diet.

diet.

Nulsance, Parsonsburg, Md.—The "growling" you complain of is due to gases in the stomach and it is difficult to correct it. It is caused by poor digestion, and may be relieved somewhat by careful dieting. About as good a remedy as we know of is to take before each meal, a half-teaspoonful of cooking soda m two thirds of a glass of hot water, though cold will answer. This also, in smaller quantity, may be taken when the growing begins. It is an alkali which will instantly-neutralize the acid in the stomach. Half a teaspoonful of essence of peppermint in wineglass of water may also be taken at times to drive off the gas. These are harmless remedies and you may take them whenever you feel like it. Have you ever consulted a physician about it? A too tight corset impairs the indigestion and aggravates the trouble.

H. D., Gridley, Kans.—Stop taking medicine to

the indigestion and aggravates the trouble.

H. D., Gridley, Kans.—Stop taking medicine to build up your system and get your mind off of yourself. Associate with clean-minded people, find some good and cheerful girl for a sweetheart, marry her, and before you are five years older you will be as fit as a fiddle. There is nothing the matter with you that a little exercise of will won't cure.

or cise of will won't cure.

L. R., Webster, S. D.—The massage cup is not in our line. Doesn't it have directions how to use? We suppose massage cream should be used with it as in the other forms of massage. You must not expect too much from such applications. Sometimes they work wonders, but not always.

Sapphire, Atlanta, Ga.—Stuttering, or stammering, is a nervous disease and it is difficult of effect a radical cure, as it will almost invariably return in moments of excitement, or when weakened from illness, or other causes. Many remedies, in fact almost as many as there are stutterers, have been tried, and about the only sure rule is to work out your own cure on lines of autosuggestion, so to say. The schools for stammerers frequently produce excellent results, and we advise that you attend one if you are able to do so. They may not tell you anything

new, but they will compel you to talk as you will not force yourself to do, without assistance. Carelessness has much to do with it.

Carelessness has much to do with it.

Want-to-know, Scott City, Kans.—The hypnotist has no power over a will which opposes his own. Opposition kills hypnotism as far as the opposer is concerned. If the man at a distance hypnotizes you and gives you headaches it is because you are weak enough to yield to the influence. If you will not make the proper effort to resist you may expect to be influenced until you do.

L. L. Ralimora, Md.—Stricker's cott discrete

L. L., Baltimore, Md.—Strichnia acts differently upon different systems. As doctors fail to do anything in this case, we call your attention to what we have said above to Mrs. F. H. H., South Bend, Ind.

Mrs. L. E., Piedmont, S. C.—Golter is practically incurable and can only be properly treated by a physician in attendance. Possibly some reader of Comport may give a recipe which is of household use, and will afford some relief.

reader of Comfort may give a recipe which is of household use, and will afford some relief.

L. S., Fredericktown, O.—The eyes are too delicate to be treated by our facilities. You should see an oculist if possible. If not able to pay one, you might go to your nearest city and apply at one of the free hospitals where the treatment of the eyes is very often under direction of the most skilled experts. Can any Comfort reader who knows of blind persons doing work that earns them money give any information to this patient?

S. Y., Ashburn, Mo.—In our opinion you are suffering from indigestion which has become chronic. If you will at once make an entire change of diet, eating only the simplest food, eggs, rice, brown bread, lean meat and not much of it, no potatoes, and only such other vegetables as digest very easily, no pastry, drink no coffee, and plenty of water between meals, none at meals, and before each meal take half a teaspoonful of cooking soda in glass of hot water, you will soon begin to experience relief. There may be some trouble which does not appear from the symptoms you give, but from all we know you are suffering chiefly from bad digestion. Read up on physical culture and take the exercise it prescribes, including deep breathing every morning when you get up, standing before an open window.

L. L., Lone Tree, Iowa.—Don't sleep on your arm and you will not shut off the circulation and gave it that dead feeling. Change your diet. Quit pork and potatoes, try eggs, beef, rice, other vegetables and milk, taken only in small mouthfuls and never by the gulp. Always stopeating before your appetite is quite satisfied. This sort of diet will improve your digestion and you will not feel so sleepy after meals. There is really nothing the matter with you and proper food will put you all right. Your regular diet of potatoes, pork, bread and water would kill a horse.



herein will be prepared at our expense
by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of
the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divoree. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to
submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered
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benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the
magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special
opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be
had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice,
addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORTS
HOME LA WYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons
seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. E. S.—We do not think that you have a very good case against the parties who sold you the land, we think your acceptance of the deed would operate as a waiver of any verbal misrepresentation they may have made you, in the manner you describe, and that your inability to produce any testimony of disinterested witnesses would also be very much to your disadvantage.

Mrs. E. V. McC.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that an illegitimate child has no right of inheritance from its father's estate, except in cases where its parents have intermarried after its birth and the father has acknowledged the child, in which event the child is legitimatized. It would have no interest in the life insurance unless it was mentioned by name as a beneficiary in the policy.

Mrs. F. W.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws

Mrs. F. W.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State from which you write, unless cut off by will, the husband of your aunt would receive the whole of the personal property your aunt's estate is entitled to receive from the estate of your uncle; perhaps the whole of the personal estate may be used up as expenses of administration, in which event there would be nothing for him to receive. him to receive.

ministration, in which event there would be nothing for him to receive.

Mrs. A. B. Catich.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion, (1) that your marriage was a legal and valid one; (2) that upon your husband's death having no will you would receive one half of both his personal and real estate and the other half would go to your children in equal shares; (3) that a general guardian of your children would be appointed upon proper application to the Court, and that you would be the natural person to be appointed, unless it was proved to the Court's satisfaction that you were an improper person to receive such an appointment; but in case any attempt was made to do this you would be entitled to receive full notice and you would have an opportunity to protect your interest before the Court. (4) We do not think that under the laws of your State you can, without the written consent of your husband, dispose of by your will more than one half of your property, and the other half would go to your children in equal shares without a will.

Mrs. M. J. W.—We do not think that you, or whoever

shares without a will.

Mrs. M. J. W.—We do not think that you, or whoever is the legal representative of your husband's estate, can dispose of a greater interest in the patent you mention than he owned at the time of his death, and that the other persons interested in the patent must be taken in consideration in making a sale of the patent right. We think you would be wise to make some move to either sell or use in some way the patent right you mention, as otherwise it will expire before it will be of any value to you. (2) We do not think you can establish a claim for damage against the Government on the state of facts you submit to us.

J. H. M. M.—We cannot understand your letter. If you

J. H. M. M.—We cannot understand your letter. If you will submit your question again, having someone else do the writing for you, we will answer the same.



Kitty's Bath Picture FREE.

This magnificent, litho. gold-scroll framed picture in colors, showing two wee tots just ready to give innocent little pussy a scrub, absolutely free with every three months' trial subscription to The Mother's Magazine at 10 cents. The Mother's Magazine is the handsomest large illustrated home and family magazine published—artistically illustrated, colored covers, and 48 pages of reading every month. The picture is 16x20 inches in size, is finished with a magnificent litho. facsimile gold and scroll frame, and is reproduced in many beautiful colors. It will add much to any parlor or sitting room. Children just love it. Ready for the wall when received. Send 10 cents to-day (stamps or silver) for the magazine for three months, and ask for picture number 127. Both will be sent you at once. Money back if you are not delighted.

Address, THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, Elgin, Illinois.

course, proper judgment in regard to the expense and necessity for such road or street.

A. W.—We are of the opinion, that the laws of the State you mention do not recognize such a relationship as you describe for the purpose of inheritance. If the will you mention was set aside, the persons you mention would not be entitled to any share of the estate.

not be entitled to any share of the estate.

Mrs. B. A. S.—We are of the opinion that, if a deed to the land you mention was accepted by the purchaser without objection and the description in the deed of conveyance described the property giving distances and describing meets and bounds, both parties would be bound by the deed, unless the discrepancy was so great and the circumstances pointed to a fraud being committed in which event the sale might be set aside. (2) We think you could convey your farm, reserving in the deed such right or rights as you and the purchaser may agree upon provided, of course, such reservation is properly set up in the deed. In the event of such a sale you should pay taxes upon such a proportion of the property as the part you reserve bears to the entire property.

J. B. T.—Upon your statements to us, we think you

J. B. T.—Upon your statements to us, we think you have a good cause of action against the company you mention, the disadvantage you are under being, however, the distance you reside from their place of transacting business; we think you should send your claim to some reliable collection agency or lawyer who is located in their vicinity.

their vicinity.

Mrs. S. S.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion, that, if your husband at the time of his death left no will, you would be entitled to dower in his real estate consisting of the income of one third of the real estate for the time of your natural life. If you took a lump sum in lieu of dower, such amount should be fixed by a series of computation taken from the Life Insurance tables giving the probable length of time you will still live, and then figure what one third of the income of the property would be worth for the estimated number of years you have still to live; such computation could be made by the Court in case you desire to make such an arrangement.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

had not heard aright. "Did you say for me, Mr. Hill?" Mr. Hill?"
"Certainly I did. Anything so very strange about that?"

about that?"
"Why, I never got a letter in my life."
"Well, it's for you sure, for it's addressed to
Master Jeremiah Blue, in care of Joseph Parkhurst, Esquire."
"Vas it must be for me. When the form

Master Jeremian Blue, in care of Joseph Park-hurst, Esquire."

"Yes, it must be for me. Where is it from?"

"You'll find that out when you read it. There's two shillings to be paid, and four shillings for the squire's money, Mr. Hill. And here is a dollar to take out what I owe you."

"Hullo, you're rich, Jerry. Did the squire give you the dollar?"

"No, I got that from Mr. Davenport."

"He must have more than he wants, to give you a dollar."

"I'm going to get more from him some day," was the mysterious reply. "But hand over my letter. I am anxious to see what it has got to say."

letter. I am anxious to see what it has got to say."

The letters were produced and settled for, and Jerry thrust those belonging to Joseph Parkhurst into his breast pocket. Then he gazed keenly at the epistle directed to himself.

It was post-marked New York, and had been sent from the city nearly ten days before. Tearing it open, he read as follows:

"MASTER JEREMIAH BLUE,

"My Dear Young Friend: You will perhaps be surprised to hear from me so speedily, but the fact of the matter is, I feel under heavy obligations to you for the service done me, and I have lost no time in taking up the matter of your parentage, with a view to solving the mystery, if possible."

parentage, with a view to solving the mystery, if possible."

"I have found out several things of great importance and I think the mystery can be solved, if you will come at once to New York and bring with you the blue overcoat that was wrapped around you at the time you were left at the poorhouse, and also the slip of paper that was pinned to the overcoat.

"I am willing to pay all the expenses of your trip to this city and I hereby authorize you to call on my friend Major Davenport of your settlement for a loan of fifty dollars, which I will repay as soon as I can safely send the money. You can show him this letter as your authority for calling for the loan.

"Do not delay in the matter, as every day is of importance. A certain person I wish you to meet wants to sail for England inside of the next month.

"Your obedient servant and well wisher.

meet wants to san account and well wisher,
"Your obedient servant and well wisher,
"HENRY MAXWELL."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This story, full of exciting incidents of a boy, young in years, yet mature in judgment, will hold the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of older years. If not a subscriber send 15 cents for 16 months. Read the next chapter, "A Trip to New York," thereby keeping the thread of the story without a break.

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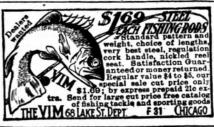
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This handsome ring is a marvel of workmanship. Bet with one large oblong ruby and two one-fourth karat limitation diamonds out. The ring is heavy and solidly made, and is similar in appearance to rings you would pay \$75 at any jewelry store. We guarantee this ring to wear for 3 years and will re-lace it with a new one if it does not. We give this ring free for selling only 4 of our beautiful fruit pictures at 25c each Everybody buys. Send no money, justyourname, and we send pictures, When sold send us the H and ring is yours, W. E. Doan, 611 Ridge Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

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Comfort's Information Burgau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

J. O. G., Concord, Tenn.—We do not know whether the song, or poem, "The Family Bible," has been copyrighted or published. Write to Copyright Division, Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., for information and also for information concerning the copyrighting of manuscripts.

Reader, Otto, Kans.—Manuscript sent by mail goes at the same rate as letters—two cents an ounce. Ask your Postmaster for a little free book which the government supplies to all post-offices on the subject of mail.

omces on the subject of mail.

Janie, Monford, Ky.—"Skidoo" is a slang word that a nice little girl should not use, and therefore we will not tell you what its definition is. Wait until you are twenty-three and you will learn. As for "Mizpah," you should have learned in Sunday-school what it means. Ask your Sunday-school teacher.

day-school teacher.

5. G. S., Evansville, Ind.—If you will go to the Public Library in your town—you have one, haven't you?—and look up the plants in the Encyclopedia you will find out, generally, what they are. If that is not enough, see any teacher in the public schools who teaches botany and you can get detailed information. It should not cost you anything except your time.

A. E. C., Flint, W. Va.—Write to Brentano, ew York City. The usual price is \$1.50, but we elleve it comes in cheaper form. Or write to ohn Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.

N. V. P., Arkansas City, Ark.—Write to Thompson-Pitt Co., No. 947 Eighth Ave., New York City, also to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, O. It may be worth considerable, and it may not. We are

N. C. G., Odenville, Ala.—Such Art Schools are known only by their advertisements and you must look over advertising columns for them. Among art publications are The Craftsman, Art Amateur, Magazine of Art, New York City; Perry Magazine, Boston, Mass.; Fine Arts Journal, Chicago, Ill.

J. K. V. Clerkeville, America, Arts, New York City; Perry Magazine, Boston, Mass.; Fine Arts Journal, Chicago, Ill.

nal, Chicago, Ill.

J. K. V. Clarksville, Mo.—See answer above to "N. C. G." for art magazines. For photography, The Photographic Times, The Camera and Dark Room, New York City. (2) If you will go to St. Louis, or Kansas City with samples of your pictures and show them to dealers, you may be able to make arrangements whereby they will sell your work on commission, if they will not buy outright. You can not do anything by mail.

R. D., Hollywood, Ky.—Write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, for information.

Mrs. S. S. W., Haven, Kans.—Write to Stamp and Coin Exchange, No. 212 Broadway, or to Stanley Gibbons, 167 Broadway, New York City.

Stanley Gibbons, 167 Broadway, New York City.

S. A. B., Manhattan, Kans.—We do not find the poem in any of our collections and can give no information. Maybe the librarian of your school library might be able to tell you something about it. Have you asked?

A. B. C., Dothan, Ala.—If it is a genuine Stradivarius you can get a lot of money for it, but there are hundreds of old violins scattered about the country labeled all right, but spurious in other respects. Write to Lyon & Healy, Chicago, who are experts.

F. D. E., Golden City, Mo.—There may be

Chicago, who are experts.

F. D. E., Golden City, Mo.—There may be some small French colonies in this country where the language is spoken correctly, but they are few and far between and we have not heard of them. In Louisiana you might find one and there are many people in New Orleans speaking French. N. O. is nearer being French than any city in the United States. In Canada, however, the French in some sections dominate. Write to the Mayor of New Orleans for information, or to Secretary of State, Baton Rouge, La.

J. W. K., Lockbart, Taxas.—Write to Tiffany

J. W. K., Lockhart, Texas.—Write to Tiffany & Co., New York City.

Sunshine, Danneborg, Neb.—The only place we know of to sell such fancy work is to supply it to your local merchants and let them sell it for you on commission.

S. A. M., Moorestown, Pa.—Unless you are especially qualified by nature for the duties of trained nurse you can not be successful. The work is hard and trying. If you will talk to some physician on the subject he will tell you what the work is like, and also whether you are adapted to it.

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

(continued from page 6.)

"You alarm yourself needlessly, Warfield. I was in there not half an hour ago and he seemed as usual. I have promised—I mean I am going out—I cannot stay at home this evening." She spoke with averted face, remembering her promised rendezvous with Corcoran.

Recognizing the futility of further pleading he turned away heart sick and entered the nursery. For hours, he knew not how long, the child lay in a lethargy, its breathing so faint at times he had to incline his ear to be assured its soul had not really passed. After a long time it stirred and faintly spoke the only word to which those baby lips had ever given utterance:

"Mamma."

"No darling." said Gene softly, "it isn't mamma. You couldn't, I suppose, say 'dadda' just once, could you?"

In the blue cyes upraised there was a ray of intelligence and a tiny hand reached out and touched his face.

"Dadda", the little creature murmured.

A look of delight stole into the father's eyes and he cried breathlessly: "
"Say it again, precious."

"Say it again, precious."

"Say it again, precious."

"Say at hispered the child. Then suddenly a change came. The little face quivered, darkened, and there was no more suffering—the baby was dead. So swift, so silent had been the passing at first Gene scarcely realized it, then the truth broke on him and with a heartrending sigh he fung himself on his knees beside the little bed.

Dawn was breaking when Victoria stepped out of the elevator and walked down the landing. There was no song on her lips and she did not carelessly pass the nursery as was her wont. Something in the intense stillness of the room impelled her and she softly pushed open the door. As she caught sight of the group, Gene's kneeling figure and the tiny white face on the pillow beyond, the feelings she had stilled so long trembled into being. She had thought of the child only as a restraint upon her liberty, but now as she gazed upon the little one that would never trouble her more those hidden chords which lay beneath all the worl

Four weeks later Warfield was seated in his study writing. In carelessly pushing aside some papers he upset the ink bottle. The great crises in human lives depend more upon the little things than we quite realize. Even the fate of nations may be changed by a five minutes delay.

"Here is a mess," thought Warfield, "and no blotting paper. Perhaps there is some in Victoria's room. I will ask her."

She was not in the room when he entered and without thought of anything but the article he was in search of, he opened the drawer of her desk. A crumpled paper lay there as though she had been interrupted in its perusal and had hastily tucked it away.

As Warfield took it up almost before he was aware of what he was doing he read the words written there. It ran thus:

written there. It is an example with the company of the comfort of your presence.

"Ever yours, Corcoran."

"Ever yours, CORCORAN."

For long minutes Gene stood stricken into dumb silence as the words which convinced him of his wife's guilt burned themselves into his brain, then hearing a gasp ne turned and encountered the startled gaze of Victoria. All the roses had gone out of her cheeks and she looked suddenly old.

"It is true, then—all that this letter discloses," Gene finally said.

"Yes, it is true."

"You love this man?"

"Yes," she said, and the shame in her face was terrible to witness, "I love him. I don't attempt to explain it. I have loved him since the first hour we met. He dominates me body and soul—for him I sacrificed your tender love, I made our life a hell. I destroyed our child—it was my cruelty that killed it,—all for the love of this man. Why do you stand there so silently? Speak—condemn, despise me—say that you loathe me—no amount of reproaches you can heap upon me can hurt half so much as my conscience has tortured me during these past weeks." She ceased and stood a statue of hard despair, asking no mercy.

"Victoria," Gene began slowly, and she listened

OUR FORTUI

ith a 2 cent stamp, and I will send you horoscope of your life from the cradle to the grave, absolutely free of cost. I can tell you just what to do to become happy, and can so lay the future before you that you will bless the day you first

wrote to me. When you look around among your acquaintances and can see those who are successful both in family matters and in business and money affairs, who you know are no smarter than you are yourself, don't you often think, well
self, don't you often think, well
"That's their luck, but I have
had bad luck" you say to yourself;
now let me tell you something and there
is no question about it, they are successful
because they have been advised by some competent astrologer. This you can put down
as certain.

HIBAM GUNTHER

Read what a few of my Patrons say:

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COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD, \$5.

I do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copies of photographs and testimonials with the original photographs and testimonials and that the same are correct transcripts therefrom.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal. J. D. TOOMEY, JR., Notary Public

Remember I send you this horoscope absolutely FREE. Don't hesitate a moment, but write at once and I will prove to you just what I say. I have madethousands happy and prosperous and can do the same for you.

I bless the day when I wrote to you—it was the turnin point in my life—both in family and money matters. HIRAM GUNTHER.

Following your advice about becoming an actress. I am now on the road to fame and fortune. My last season was a complete success, and I now have many flattering offers from several managers, and just to think when I first wrote to you I was only a poor country girl with no future. I owe fit all to you, dear Professor, how can I ever pay you?

I Tell You About Your BUSINESS AFFAIRS FAMILY MATTERS LOVE AFFAIRS WEALTH HEALTH LUCKY DAY UNLUCKY DAY MARRIAGE CHARACTER

Don't delay, send for FREE Horoscope

Simply send me your name and birth date with a 2 cent postage stamp, and I will do the rest.

Shakespeare said: The stars above us govern our conditions. Why should you doubt?

Send at once and learn what the stars have to tell you.

Address PROF. LEO AMZI, Dept. 17, Bridgeport, Conn.

Struck by the nobility of the act a cry burst from her.

"You were always my superior, Gene. I think it was for that I was turned against you—no matter how hard I tried I could never drag you down to my level. I hated you for your superiority then, but I respect you for it now." Gene took within his clasp her little hand that bore his wedding ring, pressed it gently, removed the ring, then released it.

"You are free—my only wish is that you may be happy." Then he left her and went out into the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LADY SEWERS wanted to fnish of shields at home; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept.29, Phila., Pa.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return, Absolutely cured. Never to return, Trial box MAILED FREE. Address, Dr.E.M.Botot, Box 978. Augusta, Me.

How to When to Why not Curious novelty for ??? folks; a!!! book for all. Price 20 cts.; of News and Post Card dealers, or

NELLIE ARMSTRONG

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church o' her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Defeat and Realization." Send 15 cents for 16 months, and read wot only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement. Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

A Remarkable Offer.

A Remarkable Offer.

A Remarkable Offer.

Did you ever do somebody a kindness? Surely; you have spoken kind words of recommendation for many people. And when they said: "Thank you", in return you were fully satisfied.

But we have just heard of a case where you get more than a "thank you" for your mere recommendation. You get an entire breakfast set (you to pay the freight charges on receipt) just for recommending the goods of the famous Quaker Valley Manufacturing Company. A beautiful wild rose gold lace design breakfast set actually given to you just for a few words of recommendation. No canvassie, no taking of orders necessary to get this breakfast set. Nothing of the sort. We know that the offer means just what it says. Read all about it on page 14.

Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich AGENCY 54, Bridgeport, Ct.

How to When to KISS With 48 photo'd MOVING Whom to Why not Curious novelty for??? folks; a!!! book for Mur. Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St., New York.

YOUR BUST Developed FREE The Secret FREE for a Beautiful Bust and a Perfect Figure. Full information how to develop the bust 6 inche will be sent you free in plain sealed pack see, also new Beauty Book, photos from life, and testimonials from many prominent soulant health and the second prominent second promi AURUM CD. Dest. A8, 79 Dearborn St. Chicago



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in cheet, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.





SPECIAL
Any of above in complete Sheet Music Form FREE.

In order to familiarize you with several very popular pieces of new music, we print this month parts of four successful numbers instead of only one full sheet as usual, and think you will all enjoy the change. A complete copy of any of the above songs may be had in full sheet music size with handsome illuminated cover design, for a club of but three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, also we can furnish in sheet music form such popular numbers as "Cheyenne," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Hiawatha," or "Happy Heine." One copy for three yearly 15c. subscribers or two sheets of music for only five yearly 15-cent subscriptions.

Address OOMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Choice of *100 Premiums*

On this page we briefly describe over one hundred different premium articles, which for lack of space we are unable to illustrate, although our catalogue contains both illustration and complete descriptive matter regarding everything, and is free for the asking. You can profitably read over this classified advertising, select a list of the articles you would like to have, then go among your neighbors and show this splendid issue of COMFORT, explain the very reasonable subscription price of 15 cents, and that those who subscribe now will get sixteen monthly numbers. Before you realize it you will have secured a good-sized list of subscriptions, and as we offer presents for as few as two subscribers up to fourteen for larger gifts, you can make up quite a list of items and receive them free of any cost whatever, as a grand reward for the time you will devote. Many articles of wearing apparel, for personal use and for the home, are thus obtained without the use of your own money. As fast as you get your clubs of subribers together, send them to us so that we can send COMFORT at once to each, and your premium when the full number of subscriptions are at hand. Ask upon a postal card for free catalogue, subscription blanks and copies of COMFORT, in order to begin canvassing with the proper outfit; the rest is easy. COMFORT is its own advertiser. You have but to exhibit a copy to secure a subscription. Write us for further information if there is anything more you wish to know about this employment we offer Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

In all cases where we state Premium is given for certain number of that all subscriptions will run 16 instead of 12 months if ordered before Sept. 10th, which is the equivalent of giving a 33 1-3 per cent. discount, and is such an extra inducement you should always mention it to prospective subscribers.

Free for Clubs of Two.

For only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Silver Aluminum Tray, handy for a hundred and one purposes.

A 20-inch Cloth Doll to be sewed and stuffed. Indestructible and pleasing.

One copy of either of these great books, "Young America's Letter Writer;" or, the "Great Book

Politeness."

beautiful oil painting reproduction, 17x24
tes in size, suitable to frame for the parlor, entitled

inches in size, suitable to frame for the parlor, entitled "Deflance."
Your choice of two beautiful stamped Linem Setz, one has American Beauty Roses, the other Strawberries and flowers of the wood. One has 324 square inches of material, the other has 465 square inches of material by the cart load for everyone.

A Pair of Linem Baby Bibs, with an outline sketch for embroidering.

Due 20-inch Ntamped Linem Centerpiece.
Very handsome pattern from our large stock.

A Flying Nong Bird. Curlous Japanese Novelty; very ingenious and entertaining.

A Comfort Stamping Outsit with directions and material, over seventy patterns on four large sheets.

A Venetiam Bead Necklasee, 20 inches long, for fans, etc. Made up of hundreds of pretty glass beads.

A Pair of Gliass Sait Holders for the dining table.

An Aluminum Pocket Brinking Cup, collapses into a neat case for convenient pocket use.

A Paperet Hat, fully described elsewhere in this issue.

A dentieman's Stylish Superb Silk-Sinish
Pocket Handkerchief. Very handsome
Am Assortment of One Dozen Colored Foreign
and American and Comic Souvenir Fost Cards.
All good selections.
An assortment of 16 Transfer Designs, containing 49 patterns for ladies' fancy work.
Four attractive Paper Bells, suitable for decorating in or out doors. Very attractive and a great craze now.

A Post Card Album that will accommodate fifty

cards.
A 1907 Style of Fancy Back Comb for Ladies'
Wear. Very effective.
A Two-binded Pocket Knife, German Silver
Handle, good strong blades, a keen cutter.
A Cute Indian Novelty. A Navajo Purse for
chance, etc.

change, etc.

A Genuine Magnifying Glass of great strength.

A Stamped Mantle Searf or Lambrequin, 88 inches long, also suitable for Plano Cover.

One Pair "Catch-On" Hat Plus, a woman's good friend. Your hat can not be blown off if you use these.

A Teddy Bear Target Glame. Harmless, amusing indoor game to amuse the whole party.

Free for Clubs of Three.

For only three yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Victoria Stamping Outfit, consisting of sever sheets of patterns each sheet 17x22, with outfit and rections.

A Magic Fortune Teller; it tells your fortune and nawers all sorts of questions with surprising accuracy.

will please you.

py of "Lover's Encyclopædia," a large vol-

ume of verses and fascinating literature for young folks.
A Set of Six Beaded Edge Teaspooms. One has use for large numbers of teaspoons and this is an unusual chance to get some free.
A handsome colored embossed Pieture Frame for photographs. Size 7½x9½. Complete with glass.
An Art Table Cover made of pretty material and an addition to a center table in any room.
A Corai Necklace of over three hundred beads, made in three strands. These are the very height of fashion and real coral is now in great favor and very expensive.
A Trumpetone, or Trumpet Harmonica, a loud and sweet-toned instrument. Professional players can appreciate this instrument.

sweet-toned instrument. Professional players can appreciate this instrument.

Aluminum Articles in variety, either a Napkin Ring, Pocket Match Holder or a Child's Mug.

A Chased or Plain Band Ring, made in Gold Shell pattern. Will wear for years and not tarnish.

A copy of our "Diamond Song Collection" of popular music, words and score complete.

A set of Silver Aluminum Sait and Pepper Shakers, full family size; won't tarnish.

A Mamped Linen Tray Cloth, 18x24 with fringed edges a popular premium.

A Ring for Baby, 14k, gold filled and do not wear of black. We have them engraved "Baby," "Pet" and "Darling."

"Darling."
A Set of Three Ladies' Handkerchiefs, all hem-stitched and stamped for embroidering.

stitched and stamped for embroidering.
A copy of Pratt's Chart of Chords and Album of Songs. Teaches how to play Piano or Organ.
A Dancing Polar Teddy Bear for the children.
A beautiful cloth-bound story book, "English Orphans." by Mary J. Holmes.
A "Quick and Easy" Egg Beater. The finest and best on the market. A "Quick and Easy" Egg Beater. The linest and best on the market.

A Ladica' or C'hild's Real Leather Belt with Metal Buckle. Send waist measure.

One of our Battenburg Outfits of over 1000 square inches of all new neat designs.

A Beautiful Framed Picture, the subject in several colors, all complete to hang on wall.

What COMFORT Offers You!

Two new stories begin in this issue and we propose to publish during the coming fall and winter months the most interesting and entertaining issues of COMFORT we have yet brought off our presses.

Having installed a new triple web perfecting color press of the latest design, We now have mechanical facilities to do a very high grade of printing, so that COMFORT will be preseted to you with a clean, attractive appearance at the outset, not to mention the contents, the programme for which has been in the making for many months.

We are anxious to begin this early Autumn subscription campaign in order that we may obtain the greatest possible rumber of new subscriptions, also renewal orders, before January 1st, 1983. We start right in by giving you a bigger and better COMFORT instead of promising improvements, and a partial list of what is now commenced in this issue, or is to appear next month and in October, must be interesting reading for you and convince you of the superiority of COMFORT as the favorite and ideal home monthly magazine, now entering its twentieth year of usefulness.

Two New Stories this Month

From "St. Elmo" to "A Speckled Bird" is a continuation of the feast. The very popular success of "St. Elmo" convinces us that "A Speckled Bird," by the same author, Mrs. Augusta J. Evans, will become its rival among all our readers, and it is a source of pleasure to us to be enabled to offer this great serial, which will appear in generous YEARLY subscribers, take notice monthly installments during the coming season. The opening chapters appear now, and we invite your attention to it, knowing you will be at once interested.

Only a Girl; or, From Rags to Riches," By FRED THORFE, a delightful girls' story, opens with vim and vigor characteristic of the entire story, which is bound to absorb the reader from beginning to end. We have been indeed fortunate to obtain the privilege to publish such a splendid story, which appeals as readily to the older as well as to the younger generation. It is good for anyone to read such a story as "ONLY A GIRL."

Mary J. Holmes and Oliver Optic stories are in hand and the first installments will appear in early numbers of COMFORT. Our Mary J. Holmes' story will be one of the very best features of our magazine for the whole winter. No writer of popular fiction has produced in quantity, the valuable fiction stories written by MRS. HOLMES, who at an advanced age still enjoys the enormous royalties from her numberless copyright stories, which a generous and admiring public are always eager to read. This is one of her favorite stories and is destined to become immediately popular with our readers. Do not fail to be ready for the first installment.

'Charlie's Fortune," a very strong Optic story, commences soon, and while it is a young folks' story, it will entertain persons at any age. OLIVER OPTIC STORIES are not to be had in any and every publication; heretofore a prohibitive copyright royalty has kept these stories in the "book form" class and made it impossible to obtain serial privilege. OLIVER OPTIC, as the premier author of young folks' stories, needs no introduction to COM-FORT readers; the name and story title warrants the quality, and you have but to read to be entertained. These are only a few of the many new stories COMFORT will give you during the coming year.

"JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY," and "THE SHADOW OF A CROSS," continue to appear in regular installments. In each instance there are some of the best features of the stories yet to appear and the closing chapters become all absorbing. A larger number of SHORT STORIES will be printed through the year, and our editors are now making selections from a great many treating on interesting subjects.

The Pretty Girls' Club

is a NEW FEATURE presented this month, and our thousands of feminine readers will derive mental as well as physical benefit from our Beauty Column to oe conducted on the most approved scientific lines by KATHERINE BOOTH, an authority on how to be pretty, as well as skin, scalp and facial defects in general. The article is to be interestingly conducted to suit all girls from eight to eighty and must be of important value to all.

Uncle Charlie, Boys' Corner, etc. In addition to above programme COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, IN AND AROUND

THE HOME, SISTERS' CORNER, COUSIN MARION, ET!QUETTE EDITOR, HOME LAW YER, MUSIC, MANNERS AND LOOKS, FAMILY DOCTOR and the BOYS' CORNER, conducted by Uncle John, are each continued, and best of all, COMFORT'S big agency and premium reward plan is always available. The biggest and best premiums for the least number of subscriptions to the most popular home monthly published.

16 Months' Subscription 15 Cents

In order that you may continue reading our new stories and to induce new subscription for the coming season, to extend the field of COMFORT and further familiarize it among new families, we offer below an extra special subscription privilege, in addition to placing before you an unusual array of all new popular and practical premium gift articles which are free for small clubs of subscribers at our 15-cent rate and in order to have our expirations occur at the year end, we shall send COMFORT until December, 1908. In connection with club agency work we furnish catalogues, etc., free upon application.

Word About Expiring Subscriptions

You will not want your subscription to cease now that we have begun all of these new stories and are to commence so many others right away; so if the number on the wrapper in which you receive this copy of COMFORT is 226 or less, you should renew at once, sending 15 cents for subscription to December, 1908, otherwise you will be without COMFORT. So if you accept now and renew you get 16 months' subscription for 15 cents.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. For inclosed 15 cents please enter this cabecription to COMFORT to expire in December, 1908.				
Name	County			
TownAug.'07.	State			

Our Boys' Printing Outfit. Two hundred separate ieces of type, type holder, pads, etc., complete for pleces of type, type holder, pads, etc., complete for printing cards, etc. Giant Outfit of 56 Assorted Post Cards, all Large fringed and stamped Linea Tray Cloth, with mbroidery floss.

The Nan Francisco Earthquake Herror comembroidery floss.

The Sam Francisco Earthquake Horror completely told in a fascinating manner; profusely illustrated.

Free for Clubs of Five.

For only five yearly subscribers to this mag-nine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, post-paid:

A Complete 850 Page Bible. Both the Old and lew Testament. Clear print on extra quality paper, soft

New Testament. Clear print on extra quanty paper, sobindings.

Wonderful Harmonophone or Full Brass Band
Harmonica, a loud and sweet-toned instrument.

A copy of Chiero's Great Book on Palmistry.
New and complete edition.

A Practical Fountain Pen. Hard rubber barrel,
14k. gold pen point.

A set of Four 24-inch Bandanna Handkerchiefs. Ladies know of many uses for them. They are
very practical.

A Nut Cracker and Six Picks. A splendid sevenpiece set.

nece set.

A Handy Tool Set of twenty useful articles.

A complete set of Four \$4-inch Stamped Lines.

A complete set of Four 24-inch Stamped Lines: Centerpieces. One copy of Wood's Natural History, an 300-page Animal Book. Two handsome Cloth-bound Books by Mary J. Two handsome Cloth-bound Books by Mary J. Holmes, "Mildred" and "Millbank."

Free for Clubs of Seven.

For only seven yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Steeping and Moving Eye, Dressed Bell,
15 inches high. A great big baby doll for the little ones.
A King All Steel Air Rifle, for small birds and
game. Every boy has his heart set on an Air Rifle.
A Laddes' Leather Wrist Bag. New and very
stylish. Worn by all ladies of refinement.
A Gient's Watch, warranged for one year. A full size
watch and suitable for father or brother.
A Shawing Set of seven first-class articles. This set
will please the most fastidious.
A Practical Typewriter.
A Silver Plated Meat Fork of a generous size,
handsomely engraved and sent in a nest case.
A Swedish Raxor-Steel Knife with folding blade.
Suitable for all kinds of rough and heavy work.
One Dozen Tuble Napkins, red or blue border
with deep fringed edges.
A copy of "St. Elmo," one of the sweetest stories
ever written; a book of 560 pages of good reading.
A 20-inch tinted Art Cloth Centerpleces, Il skeins
pure silk with needlework instruction book. One of our
choicest premiums.
Opal, Emerald and Ruby Rings set with thy

choicest premiums.

Apal. Emerald and Ruby Rings set with tiny rose diamonds. Stylish, pretty.

A copy of our 450-page book by Jacob Rus, "Rossevelt, the Citizen." A story every American should

read with interest.

One Hundred Souvenir Post Carda. A large variety, no two alike. Foreign and American views.

Square Deal Jackkmife, for Men or Boys. Has two large steel blades, of extra good quality material; will take and keep a sharp edge. A big, strong knife for practical uses.

Free for Clubs of Eight.

For only eight yearly subscribers to this mag-azine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

A Deerfoot Handle Hunting Knife, with a folding blade. This knife is suitable to dress game and fish. Is extra strong and durable. A Miniature Swiss Clock, imported from the old country where these besutiful woods grow and where the natives are all expert wood carvers. The works in these clocks are first class and the clocks run well for a long time.

clocks are first class and the clocks run well for a long time.

A Family Syringe, Bulb, three hard rubber connections and no metal to rust or corrode.

A Family Carving Set. Needed in every house.

Boy's Steams Engine, complete outfit for a boy. Instructive, amusing.

A Gold Wedding Ring of superior quality. Be sure and send finger measurement.

Two Big Stamping Outfits. The Perfect has four big sheets of designs. The Princess has eight sheets and includes Shirt-Waists, etc.

Complete Household Cabinet of Sewing Silk, Buttons, Needles, Thimble and two dozen other good things.

Hand Bag for ladies' use; very handsome, made of

things.

Hand Bag for ladies use; very handsome, made of real leather, leather handle and metal frame and clasp.

Free for Clubs of Ten.

For only ten yearly subscribers to this maga-sine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

Six Silver Plated Knives and Six Silver Plated Forks. Enough to begin a collection of table-Plated Forks. Enough to begin a confection or insurance ware.

Silver Jewel Casket, including a String of Beads, Brooch Pin and Scarf Pin.

Gold Bends. A String of SI Seamless Beads, making a beautiful Necklace.

Sterling Silver or Gold Plated Cross. Very effective to wear on a neck chain.

Nottingham Lace Curtains. A handsome pair, three yards long, in a pretty figure.

Bressed Boll, with Sieeping Eyes, is a delightful gift for a young person.

A Genuine Teddy Bear, real fuzzy and cute, made of bear skin cloth, with voice. Most popular child's toy ever made. Millions sold annually.

Free for Clubs of Twelve.

For only twelve yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

A Large Porcelain Globe Lamp for dining-room, parlor or hall. A large lamp giving lots of light.

A Set of Six Knives, Forks and Tenapoons, 18 pieces of tableware. First class and a valuable addition to the home.

pieces of tableware. First class and a valuable addition to the home.

A Dandy Hammock woven in several pretty colors.

A Genuine Diamond Ring. A 14k. Gold Shell Ring with a genuine stone, tiny but brilliant.

A Gentleman's Watch in a gilt case that wears like gold. Durable movement, made by best American watch makers. Chain free.

Alarm Clock. Long, strong alarm with special movement; accurate and sure.

Gold Lings Wilton Co.

Gold Limed Nilver Cake Hasket, generous size, has standard and handle is pleasing and useful.

A Happy Family. Consists of one Genuine Teddy Bear, either white or cinnamon bear skin, a Cloth Teddy Bear pattern to be sewed and stuffed, over 15 inches high, a Danieling White Folar Bear, and a Teddy Bear Target Game, which is lots of fun, giving you four different kinds of Bears.

Free for Clubs of Fourteen.

For only fourteen yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

Satin Gilt Clock, one foot high, six inches wide.

Very handsome Household Mantie Clock. First class
movement. movement.

Two Pair Nottingham Lace Curtains, suitable for any room in the house, and an attractive window decoration. One yard wide and three yards long.

Electric Machine for successful home treatment. Dynamo generator type. no liquids, nothing to wear out. Operates by a crank, has hand electrodes. Very beneficial. Bedspread. Extra quality cotton quilt or spread. Full size for regular bed. Guaranteed satisfactory.

Free for Clubs of Seventeen.

For only seventeen yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

Family Bible with works of Christ printed in red, ver 1000 pages, weighs over five pounds, has over 100 full age and other illustrations. Sent by mail or express

postpaid.

Magic Lamtern with complete set of slides and circular views. Big instrument for home or hall amusement. Sent by express prepaid.

500 Shot Air Riffle. Magazine barrel that will hold 500 B. B. shot. Break-down feature makes is quick loader. Very accurate and strong shooting-rifle.

FOR A CLUB OF SEVEN. LADIES' GOLD FINGER RINGS.



The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold Rings you may be proud of and they will wear forever and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing \$25.00 or more. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest lmitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and are sent in A Bronze Ring Box, plush lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one. Emerald.

The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring Free for a club and the college of their sweethearts. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



NEW CHART of CHORDS for the PIANO. A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher.

ANY ONE of these FAMOUS BOOKS for a CLUB OF TWO ALL THREE BOOKS FOR A CLUB OF FIVE.



CHARLES GARVICE The above pictures show the striking cover designs of these paper bound books.

Nicolas Carter is one of the best detective story writers of the times, and "Through the Cellar Wall" is one of Nick Carter's most exciting parns. Anyone enjoying a thrilling yarns. Anyone enjoying a thrilling yarns also should get this great book. We do not sell it, but give it to you for getting only two subscribers to Composer at 15c. each.

Through the Cellar Wall" great book. We do not sell it, but give it to you for getting only two subscribers to Composer at 15c. each.

Charles Garvice is one of the best great authors of English stories. Horatio Alger, Jr., did not write a more exciting book of adventure play a prominent part in all of his books, but the story is followed by the composer who was a clean, bright book, one of his best.

1 Pho. Frame, Pansies, 3 1-2 in., Heart. 1 Pho. Frame, Pansies, Double, 13 in. 2 Scallop Borders. 1 Border Design for Braiding.

Braiding
I Pin Cushion Design, 6 in.
I Border Snow Drops.
I Lace Butterfly, 5 in.
I Lace Tie End.

I Lace Tie End.
I Corner Design for Table
Cover, 11 in.
I Anchor, 3x4 in.
I Large Spray Chrysanthe
mams, 11 in.

Also many small sprays. Sweet Peas, Daisies, Batch Buttons, Wild Ros

watch Buttons, Wild Rose, Wild Rose Buds, Garden B

Joe's Luck

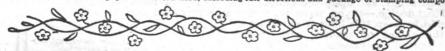
CLUB OFFER. We will send any one of the above large paper bound books for a club of only two subscribers. They are full size, good print and well bound. We will send the three books for only five subscribers. They are full size, good print and well bound.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PRINCESS STAMPING OUTFIT.

Over 60 Designs on Eight Sheets. 17X22 Inches.

Presenting a large assortment of perforated paper patterns for all new and staple fancy work, familiar to woman's needle. These patterns are stamped on a strong bond paper especially imported for the manufacture of this **outfit** and will outwear any similar paper heretofore used, including full directions and package of stamping compound.



In quantity and quality we give more in value than will be found in many dollar outfits, as we have always made a specialty of Stamping Outfits for our lady readers, and have had this outfit made up just as we wished, and with only new and pleasing patterns. You will not find these patterns in any other stamping outfit, offered else where.

The following is a complete list of the various patterns included in the Outfit, and we ask that you read it over as there are innumerable designs and patterns new and not included in the assortment of any other outfit.

Two Complete Shirt

Waist Sets.

Two Complete Alphabets, 26 letters in each alphabets, 26 letters in each alphabet, also many designs on 8 letters.

I Pho. Frame, Pansies, 10 in.

Want Scie.

Two Complete Alphabets, 26
letters in each alphabet,
also many designs on 8
sheets of bond paper, a
box of Modern Stamping
Material, with full directions to stamp.

1 Large Tab Collar.
1 Lace Collar.
1 Turnover Collar.
1 Turnover Collar & Cuffs.
1 Fagoted Collar & Cuffs.
1 Sofa Pillow, Daisies Never Tell.

1 10 in. Cut Work Doily.
1 8 in. Strawberry Doily.
1 8 in. Forget-me-not Doily.
1 8 in. Lace Doily.
1 4 in. Strawberry Doily.
1 5 in. Whist Doily.

Words and Lette Photographs, Glove Collars & Cuffs.

Collars & Cuns. I Suspender Design, Daisies. 1 Suspender Design,

ROIDERED Garden Rose, Poppies,
Lilies, Violets, Buttercups,
Lily of Valley, Cherries,
Bowknots, Holly, Chicken,
Bowknots, Holly, Chicken,
Bowknots, Holly, Chicken,
and flored or the outline





EMBROIDERED

For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine, at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these outfits at our expense.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. South-worth.

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74. The Queen of the Isle.
75. The Midnight Queen.
76. The Dark Secret.
77. Gypsy Queen's Vow.
78. The Heires Castle Cliff.
79. The Brai Brothers.

Charlotte M. Braeme.

The Most Lovable Sort of Girl

BY A. W. KOENIG.

ERTAINLY she is not the blue-stocking crammed with information in an undigested-form, neglectful of her person, sallow of skin, contemptuous person, sallow of skin, contemptuous of those graces which are to womanhood what the scent is to the lily or the color to the rose.

If you could induce her to forget how clever she was, or lose sight of it yourself for half a minute, she might be lovable; upon excitement.

Not the beauty, because handsome is as handsome does, and the prettiest girls are often the shallowest and the vainest.

Not the Martha-like maiden, harassed—about household affairs, whose burning ambition is to live in a large house, and who re-

her cleverness—at least the so-called clever woman of today, who is really the most stupid woman of all time.

Not the society girl, always in a whirl, the devotee of balls and private theatricals, thirsting for publicity, rushing wildly from one thing to another, depending for happiness upon excitement.

gards a husband more or less as an adjunct to it.

gards a husband more or less as an adjunct to it.

Not the exacting girl, quick and passionate of temper, jealous of every other woman, suspicious to an insane degree, always fancying some neglect and resenting it.

Not the sharp-tongued girl, with the quick repartee and the witty sarcasm.

Not the smart girl, with her frequent changes of costume, her inordinate extravagance and her devotion to fashion.

The most lovable type of girl is the oldfashioned. The girl who thinks in many things as her great-grandmothers did before her;

the girl who is glad of a man's protection, his arm across a street, his help over a stile, his assistance in carrying parcels, his escort to the theater—the girl who could stand alone, if she had to do it, but who greatly prefers to be spared the necessity.

The girl who can spend a month at home and stay in every night without once being dull or bored.

The girl who can darn socks, fix buttons and at a pinch, adjust a patch.

The girl who can see good in everything, who has a large heart and a kindly, amiable nature. the girl who is glad of a man's protection,

MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC

The Strining Orb of the Night and Meledious Strains from Sweet Oreheetras Make Summer a Continuous Dream of Joy and Pleasure.

Are you not thrilled with music, sweet ender music, on a beautiful moonlight

Are you not thrilled with music, sweet tender music, on a beautiful moonlight night?

Nothing in this world so arouses the poetic fancies of men and women and nothall makes them so joyful as a combination of moonlight and music.

I want to tell you here how you may have the sweetest, the most tender music and ringing ragtime as well on every moonlight night this summer right on your own lawn or your own porch and it will cost you almost nothing compared with the pleasure that will be yours.

Joy for the Night

I know of no better way to spend the glorious evenings of summer than by listening to the wonderful music of a genuine Edison new style 1907 model phonograph, and for this reason I am glad to be able to place on this page full details of the great FREE TRIAL and easy-payment offer which is being made to every reader of this paper by the Edison Phonograph distributors of Chicago.



The editor of this paper is impressed by the fact that the new style 1907 model Edison phonograph is a truly wonderful machine. It does such a great variety of marvelous things—things almost beyond belief. The new style 1907 Edison phonograph is so far superior to the old style scratching imitations that you cannot imagine how sweet is the music from this marvelous new instrument. Don't form your opinion of the new style Edison by the scratchy, rasping machines you may have heard at public entertainments.

Whole Summer of Pleasure

Think of the joy that will be yours during the entire summer if you get an Edison phonograph now on the easy-payment, freetrial offer made on this page. I want you to read all about this marvelous offer because I want you to have at your command the means of the greatest entertainment you can imagine. Every afternoon, every evening, every Sunday you may have in your own house, on the porch or on the lawn, the sweet toned Edison playing the finest opera selections, the greatest band and orchestra pieces, the best vocal music, amusing recitations and comic songs. The Edison gives you anything you like. You may have a band concert any time you wish and any time you desire. Think of what this means. Your home and your lawn will then be as popular as are the parks of the great cities on the nights when the band concerts take place.

Suppose you want an evening concert to please the widest kind of taste. You get up something like this:

Sample Program for a Lawn Concert

up something like this:

last Sign

and Mail ennon .



LOOK at the happy May party with the joyful children and the parents applauding at the sight of the young merry makers dancing around the pole. All are enjoying the sweet music of the Edison Phonograph. The Edison Phonograph has indeed been rightly called the king of entertainers. Summer or winter its voice carries happiness and content. If you have heard only the old-style machines or the rasping, scratching imitation machines heard at country fairs and the like you cannot imagine what a treasure of good cheer, what endless entertainment the new improved genuine Edison Phonograph can give all of your family. Read what Mr. Edison says. Read below how every responsible person can get a genuine Edison Phonograph on FREE TRIAL to be bought, if acceptable, either for cash or on the easiest monthly payments.



MR. EDISO

I Want to See a Phonograph in Savs. Every American Home."

For the phonograph, as the reader may know, is the wizard's hobby. His telephone and telegraph inventions have passed into the hands of big stock companies, but the phonograph remains Mr. Edison's own. He has worked over it continuously so that today the new improved 1907 model genuine Edison Phonograph is a perfect musical instrument. You cannot realize its superiority until you have heard it and tried it yourself in your own home.

Thomas a Edison

Every responsible person is invited to a **Free Trial** of the new style improved 1907 model genuine Edison phonograph. Free trial means free trial. You pay us nothing—not one cent—no C. O. D. either. You take the instrument to your home and play all the beautiful Edison records—stirring band and orchestra records, the most laughable comic recitations, the latest songs, and up-to-the-minute hits. Let your family and friends hear the machine laugh—sing—talk—play. Then decide.—If you want to, you may return outfit at our expense—But—If you are more than pleased, if you decide to keep this king of entertainers—and we know you will—you have the choice of sending cash in full for the outfit or paying on the easiest possible payments—and the outfit bought on time costs you as little as if you paid cash in full.

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Sign this coupon and get the great Edison catalogs, the catalog of phonographs showing every style of Edison machines and the catalogs of 15,000 Edison records; also the magnificent circular of our new 1907 model Edison outfit No. 5. You will be surprised at the rock-bottom prices on the finest kind of talking machines. Get all these catalogs free, prepaid, and select the machine you want to try on free trial offer. Every responsible reader of this paper should sign this coupon. You need not bother with a letter. Just write your name and address plainly on the coupon and mail in an envelope. Sign coupon NOW.

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DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

September 1907

No 11



Published at Augusta, Maine

A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward." SUBSCRIPTION.

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September, 1907

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Crumbs of Comfort

Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

What you keep by you you may change and mend, but words once spoken can never be re-

Nothing in the world is more haughty than a man of moderate capacity when once raised

There never was law or sect or opinion that did so magnify goodness as the Christian religion does.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
—C. P. Cre

Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.

The person who thinks there can be any real conflict between science and religion must be very ignorant in religion.

The discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good are the two most impor-tant objects of philosophy.

A countryman is as warm in jeans as a king in velvet, and the truth is as comfortable in homely language as in fine speech.

The reason that so many want their desires is that their desires want reason. He may do what he will, who will do what he may.

what he will, who will do what the kill water faileth; Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth; Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth; Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

— Osgood.

If you do not wish a man to do a thing you had better get him to talk about it, for the more men talk the more likely they are to do nothing else.

No man's abilities are so shining as not to need a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend to recommend them to the notice of the world.

The instruction received at the mother's knee and the paternal lessons together with the pious and sweet souvenirs of the fireside are never effaced entirely from the soul.

Inward religion without the outward show of it is like a tree without fruit, useless; and the outward show of religion without sincerity is like a tree without heart, lifeless.

We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives who thinks most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best.

P. J. Bailey The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true. When we wish to go to a place we do not sak whether the road leads through a pretty country, but whether it is the right road.

If ever I reach heaven I expect to find three wonders there: First, to meet some I had not thought to see there; second, to miss some I had expected to see there, and third and greatest wonder of all; to find myself there.—John Newton.

A Few Words by the Editor

a mode of locomotion.

Probably we, who make your favorite magazine, note time's flight even more than you do.
No sooner is one issue off our hands, than we

zine, note time's flight even more than you do. No sooner is one issue off our hands, than we are industriously preparing another. The breathing spell never seems to come. It's busy, busy, busy, sall the year round. However, it is no use grieving over the rapidity of time's flight, and the days that are gone. You will remember the old saying: "The mill will never grind with water that is passed."

There is still a little of the year left, in which we can accomplish many good deeds, if we put our minds to the task. The year need not be a failure if we put our shoulders to the wheel, and work earnestly and hard for the remaining four months. The battle is never lost until it is won, so do not be discouraged if 1907 has so far been a failure for you, but say: "I can, and I will," grit your teeth hard and limber up your muscles, and go to work with grim determination, and you will turn defeat into victory, failure into success.

We are trying to make a record for COMFORT this year, and with a little assistance from you we can make this our banner year. So many of you forget to renew your subscriptions, and we have to drop your names from our mailing list, as we positively do not send COMFORT after the time for which it is paid has expired. Directly your name is dropped from the mailing list and your paper stops coming, you rush to renew your subscription, but, alas, you have

after the time for which it is paid has expired. Directly your name is dropped from the mailing list and your paper stops coming, you rush to renew your subscription, but, alas, you have delayed just long enough to lose a copy, which contained the most exciting part of the story you were so deeply interested in, and you frantically beg for the missing number, only to be disappointed, as we keep a very limited number of back issues, and these are filed for reference, only. All subscriptions commence with the current issue. How much trouble you would save us, dear friends, how much annoyance you would save yourselves, if you would renew your subscriptions a month or two before they expired. When you are subscribing, it is just as easy to send 25 cents as 15. You don't miss that other dime, and it pays for two years instead of one. Get the habit of renewing your subscriptions at least three months before they run out, and get the habit (a most sensible and economical one) of subscribing for two years. It is an immense saving of time and trouble to you and to us. The greatest mistake you can make in this year of greates it to let your subscription to COWENET. ing of time and trouble to you and to us. The greatest mistake you can make in this year of grace, is to let your subscription to COMFORT run out, for this magazine is going to be brighter and more interesting and entertaining than ever, and it will be a constant source of regret to you if you miss a single number. Renew your subscriptions today, and bring in a new member to the COMFORT family with you. Our success wholly depends upon your efforts in our behalf. You enjoy COMFORT, aye, most of you love COMFORT, and others will love to enjoy it too, if you'll only be kind and good enough to shew it to them, and tell them about it.

It.
Tell them of our stories; show them the Sisters' Corner, teeming with valuable suggestions, read them one of Uncle Charlie's replies to a cousin's letter, and get them shrieking with laughter; show them our songs—the real hits of the day—not musty rabbish, and you will get not only one, but fifty new friends and subscribers for us.

The greatest mistake anyone can make is to

and subscribers for us.

The greatest mistake anyone can make, is to let his subscription to COMFORT lapse. As a first step to mending the mistakes of 1907, and making it your, as well as our record year, send in one year's subscription to COMFORT at once, two, if possible. It is the cheapest and best investment in the world.

President Roosevelt made a striking speech at the Jamestown Exposition recently. He advocated Federal ownership of all coal, forest, oil and ranch lands which remain in the government's possession. He called too upon Congress to frame a radical inheritance and income tax law. He also advocated a Federal Child Labor law, and a law making employers responsible for all accidents to their employees. The President also urged upon the country the necessity of keeping the navy at the highest pitch of efficiency, and by yearly additions to our fleet, making the navy capable of upholding the honor of our flag upon the high seas against the fleets of any nation. President Roosevelt said: "The mineral fuels of the Eastern United States have already passed into the hands of large private owners, and those in the West are rapidly following. This should not be, for such mineral resources belong in a peculiar degree to the whole people. Under private control there is much waste from short-sighted methods of working, and the complete utilization is often sacrificed for the greater immediate profit."

President Roosevelt pointed out that coal does not grow, while trees do. The coal supply then is definitely limited, and coal should be conserved, not wasted, and the control of coal lands should remain in the hands of the

be conserved, not wasted, and the control of coal lands should remain in the hands of the government, to protect the people against injustice and extortionate prices as far as it is possible to do so. The government has done much in the regulation of the great oil fields of Indian Territory, and what it has done there Indian Territory, and what it has done there can be done elsewhere. The one great fundamental problem which our statesmen must solve, is the conservation of all our national resources, and as the President truly said, "Upon the wise solution of this much of our future obviously depends". He also went on to say: "Most civilized countries have an income and inheritance tax. In my judgment both should be a part of our system of Federal taxation." Speaking of the inheritance tax, the President said: "The inheritance tax would make the swollen fortunes in this country bear in proportion to their size a constant; in

HE Fall is once more here, and the best part of the year is gone. In a few weeks, we shall be preparing for Thanksgiving, and Thanksgiving tax is in no shape or way a tax on thrift and of the year. Everything moves quickly in the 20th century. Even Time seems to go faster than ever. The old gentleman possibly has discarded his wings and adopted electricity as a mode of locomotion.

Probably we, who make your favorite magazine, note time; flight even more than you do. ciers."

In closing his remarkable speech the President said: "Modern wars are decided long before they are fought. I earnestly hope we shall never have another war; but if we do, its result will have been determined in advance, for its outcome will mainly depend upon the preparations which have been made in times of peace."
Your editor has deemed it necessary that this

remarkable speech should be brought to your notice, as the matters discussed therein are of notice, as the matters discussed therein are of immense importance to the people of this country. The government ownership of coal mines was a plank in the platform of the New York State Democrats in 1902. This idea which has been denounced as ultra Socialistic, now it is advocated by President Roosevelt, will be regarded probably as a sane, sensible, conservative measure. The people of this country are ceasing to be the staves of parties. The people want reforms and care not who make the laws, as long as those laws bring them the laws, as long as those laws bring them better and purer government, both state and municipal.

Electric railroads are making the steam roads sit up and take notice. Between Indianapolis and Muncie, a distance of fifty-four miles, five trains ran daily and the fare was \$1.85. This was a few years ago. Today eighteen electric trains run between these two cities and the cost of transportation is only eighty-five cents. was a few years ago. Today eighteen electric trains run between these two cities and the cost of transportation is only eighty-five cents. Two trains only used to run between Kokomo and Indianapolis, today there are seventeen trains speeding between these two points. These inter-urban roads are solving the traffic and freight problem, and eventually they will enable the people to throw off the railroad yoke. The steam roads did their utmost to stop this competition, but the Indiana Legislature gave the right of Emminent Domain to the inter-city electric lines, a right hitherto only enjoyed by the steam roads, and in spite of lavish expenditures of money in bribing the representatives of the people; the steam roads were defeated, and the people's rights to acquire highways for electric traffic were sustained. It will be noted that the cost of transportation by trolly is only half that of the railroads, which is a saving the traveling public will appreciate greatly. The Indiana roads are also handling a great quantity of freight of a perishable kind. They now operate one thousand miles of track, and two thousand more miles will take merchandise for shipment up to the moment of the starting of the trains, while the railway companies accept no freight

companies will take merchandise for shipment up to the moment of the starting of the trains, while the railway companies accept no freight for shipment after 4 P. M.

What has been done in Indiana can be done in other states, and is being done rapidly in many. If legislation fails to bring the railroads to their senses, we can rely in time upon the trolly lines, to make these over-capitalized concerns less arrogant in their demands on shipper cerns less arrogant in their demands on shipper and traveler.

Your friend, Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

A Hindoo prince is a candidate for the football team at Cornell.

The resignation of David Hutchinson, super-intendent of the reading room at the Library of Congress, Washington, removes an employee of the library who served for 33 years, most of the time in charge of the reading room and serving in the capacity of vice librarian.

The corner stone of the Cape Cod memorial monument, commemorating the first landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on American soil was laid Aug. 21st, with imposing ceremony. President Roosevelt delivered the address. The rresident Roosevett delivered the address. The structure will be built of stone contributed by 125 towns of Massachusetts, as well as a number of towns in England. It will cost \$100,000 and when completed will be one of the most prominent landmarks on the Atlantic coast.

in proportion to their size, a constantly increasing burden of taxation. These fortunes exist solely because of the protection given their owners by the public. They are a source of great anxiety, and it is merely just that they should have to pay heavily for the protection given them." Another pregnant sentence dropped from the President's lips in this remarkable speech: "I do not believe that any advantage comes to either the country, the home, or the individuals inheriting the money, by permitting the transmission in their en-



Fattening by Force

"Some of you chicken raisers," said the man chewing a straw, "may not know it, but there is over \$900,000 invested in this country in fattening plants where chickens are made to get fat whether they want to or not. It has been done in Europe for a long time, but is only recently adopted here. There are 24 fattening plants in Illinois, Kansas, Iowa and Missouri, and each one has its machine for forcing the food down the chicken's throat. Four plants in Chicago fatten hundreds of thousands every year. The chickens are fed the natural way in Chicago fatten hundreds of thousands every year. The chickens are fed the natural way for a week, and then when they don't want to eat any more, they are taken to the machine and the food stuffed down them. After the first two or three operations they seem to like it, and they fatten very rapidly. They are fed only 28 times, twice a day, before they are fat enough to kill. Machine fattened poultry is said to be plumper and have a better flavor than the other kind. The money cost may be a little greater, but the saving is in the time."

A New House Heater 📑

"There is always something new," remarked a dapper little man, and the latest is a plan to heat rooms without heaters—at least, ordinary heaters. It is by electricity, and is invented by a Frenchman, named Hergott. M. Hergott is making at his factory at Valdol, rugs and carpets and curtains, and other hangings and bed clothes, out of a material called thermopile. This material is constructed of wool, silk, or other stuff, woven about fine metallic wire, like the filament in incandescent burners. These stricles, used as such articles usually are wire, like the filament in incandescent burners. These articles, used as such articles usually are in house furnishing, are connected with an ordinary electric wire, and they become warm enough to raise the temperature of a room to 70 or 80 degrees according to the current. They will not take fire and heating from the floor as they do, give a much better distributed heat than by the old way. Bed clothing so warmed does away with all the ordinary blankets and quilts. There are even thermopile nightgowns. Goodness knows, what we'll be having next."

National Banks

"It used to be," said a broker-looking man who had the appearance of having money in his clothes, "that there was a prejudice against national banks, but if there is any of it now, the banks go on growing just the same. Since 1900, there have been 3,167 new banks opened for business, having an aggregate capital of \$\frac{1}{2}\$!80,458,300. Most of these banks have started in the Middle West and the South, 898 with 54 millions capital, in the former, and 791 with 44 millions capital in the latter. The Western and Pacific states have 906 with 36 millions capital. In the Eastern states, where conditions are different, 519 new banks have three millions more capital than the 900 banks of the West. New England has a showing of only 28 new banks with five millions capital, Hawaii has two, with \$600,000 capital, and Porto Rico one with \$100,000. Banking has come to the front strongly in Canada, also, the past ten years showing an increase of deposits from 185 millions to 607 millions, and total assets from 320 millions to 809 millions. Money seems to be plenty everywhere, and I guess it is, but still it strikes most of us as about as hard to get hold of now as it ever did. What?"

The Father of "Labor Day"

The resignation of David Hutchinson, superintendent of the reading room at the Library of Congress, Washington, removes an employee of the library who served for 33 years, most of the time in charge of the reading room and serving in the capacity of vice librarian.

Captain Ameensden, the well-known Arctic explorer, has endeavored to persuade Mr. Walter Wellman and his companions to postpone their expedition for at least a year, when certain improvements which have been of benefit on French and German balloons might be added to their outfit.

The contributions from America to the starving people of China amounted to more than eight hundred thousand dollars. The number of people saved is estimated at eight hundred thousand, and every one who gave than eight hundred thousand, and every one who gave one dellar can have the satisfaction of knowing is was the means of saving a life.

A remarkable race of nearly 15,000 miles by two Maine ships was finished Aug. 1. The start was from Honolulu to the Delaware breakwater, and was between the two ships, and the Astrall, both fourmasted steel ships built at Bath. They sailed from Honolulu April 13, arriving at the Delaware breakwater and was between the two ships, and the Astrall, both fourmasted steel ships built at last he had them quiet and he gave them a burst of oratory that would have the floor. He had some difficulty in getting the enthusiastic delegates to listen, the thin have the floor. He had some difficulty in getting the enthusiastic delegates to listen, the thin have the floor. He had some difficulty in getting the enthusiastic delegates to listen, the thin have the floor. He had some difficulty in getting the enthusiastic delegates to listen, the thin have the floor. He had some difficulty in getting the enthusiastic delegates to listen, the thin have the floor. He had some difficulty in getting the enthusiastic delegates to listen, the thin have the floor. He had some difficulty in getting the enthusiastic delegates to listen, the thin have the floor. He h year shall be set aside and on that day labor shall not labor, but shall go forth and show that it is free and glorious in its prowess.' sat down and the entire convention went into an uproar. A thousand were on their feet shouting and the meeting was wild. After a time Powderly settled them and he asked Price what he should call the day. 'Labor Day,' Price instantly replied, and again the convention went into the air. Before adjournment Price's motion was carried unanimously, and it was not long afterwards until the workingman had his day recognized legally. Today Labor Day, the first Monday in September, is a legal holiday in all the states except Nevada, North Dakota and Wyoming, and it has gone over into Canada, where it is also very generally observed. Perhaps, in the years to come, Robert Price may have a monument, but if he does, it will be because Labor is more willing to reward him after his death than

while he is living."

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crocket

Ch. chain; ch. at. chain stitch; s. c. single crocket;
d. c. double crocket (thread over once); tr. c. treble
crocket (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crocket (thread over three times); l. c. long crocket;
r. st; roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot;
sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch: sts. stitches;
blk. block; sps. spaces; **stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as
indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain: o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long ploot; ch. shain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. *indicates a repetition.

Dainty Waist Accessories

UFFLED strips for the fronts of UFFLED stripe for the fronts of shirt-waists, are at present very popular. Such an addition dresses up an otherwise plain waist and adds to its attractiveness. If made detachable they can be easily laundered and worn with either thick or thin waists. To make one of these, take a strip of lawn or linen four inches wide and forty-eight inches long; hem both edges very narrowly; then knife plait it very finely. Press on wrong side, leaving in basting threads. Baste a band one half inch wide straight down through the center of plaiting; stitch



plaiting; stitch on each side of band and then take bastings out of platting. Use the small fancy s heat h pins, for fastering this down the front, to the waist underneath.

These ruffles are made of plain lawn or linen; of dotted muslin; of plain muslin with narrow lace on the take bastings

lace on the edges; of white

edges; of white lawn with edges bound with pink, blue, lavender or yellow, before being plaited. A specially neat model has small dots worked at intervals in the hem, and larger ones on the straight band down the center. The lower edge may be left straight to tuck under belt, or may be rounded and made to come an incher two above the belt.

or may be rounded and made to come an incher two above the belt.

The laundering of these ruffles is a slow process, but not difficult. Each plait must be laid exactly in place before being fromed. After ironing, pull out edges, so the ruffle will not lay flat but fluffy at the edges. Some of the ruffles are gathered instead of plaited. In that case use twice the length, or thirty-two inches, instead of three times the length, as is always used for plaiting. Cuffs made in the same way are also worn.

There is a great vogue, at present, for the stiff turnover collar, to close at the front, like a man's collar. Of course in past collar, and with severe shirt-waists it is very attractive. It is made much FIG. 1.



tractive. It is made much FIG. 1.
more so now, as these
new designs show embroidery on the front, and often the scalloped edge; some have a tiny plaiting all around the edge of linen. These collars, Fig. 1, are made of heavy linen, exactly like a man's collar, with buttonholes in ends of band and at center of band in the back. Shirt-weight must have neck-

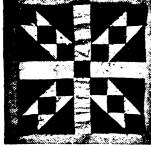


waists must have neck-

waists must have neckbands one half inch wide, with buttonholes to correspond with those in collar, and studs are used. With these collars are worn a small black bow tie, a four-in-hand tied closely, a lace cravat, or a Butterfly Bow like the one illustrated in Fig 2.

Patchwork

These two patterns were submitted by Loisa E. Rhoads, and are good examples of what can be done with



GRANDMOTHER'S FANCY.

Grandmoth er's Fancy can be fashioned of scraps of light and dark cali-co. It would be better to use be better to use two colors for this, red and white, or blue and white—but the Pine Burr is more attrac-tive if made of

GRANDMOTHER'S FANCY. plain colors.

Use a drab or brown for the center of the burr and red and green for the little half squares, white for the background, and place four and four burrs together with squares between of

Knitted Diamonds for Tidy or Bed-Spread

Use white knitting cotton, No. 16 and two knitting needles, and cast upon one, three

stitches.

1st row.—Make 1, p. 1, k. the straight lower loop between the stitches, k. 1, k. loop, p. 1.

2nd row.—Make one (which hereafter will be called edge), k. 1, p. 3, k. 2.

3rd row.—Edge, p. 2, k. 1, knit loop, k. 1, p. 2.

4th row.—Edge, k. 2, p. 5, k. 3.

5th row.—Edge, p. 3, k. 2, knit loop, k. 1, knit loop, k. 2, p. 3.
6th row.—Edge, k. 3, p. 7, k. 4.
7th row.—Edge, p. 4, k. 3, knit loop, k. 1, knit loop, k. 1,

Edge, p. 8, k. 12, n., p. 8. n., p. s. 16th row

Edge, k. 8, p. 11, p. 2 tog., k. 9. 17th row.—

17th row.— Edge, p. 9, k. 10, n., p. 9. 18th row.— Edge, k. 9, p. 9, p. 2 tog., k. 10. 19th row.— Edge p. 16, k. 8.

Edge, p. 16, k. 8, n., p. 10. 20 th row.—



KNITTED DIAMOND FOR TIDY OR BEDSPREAD.

Edge, k. 10, p. 7, p. 2 tog., k. 11. 21st row. Edge, p. 11, k. 6, n., p. 11.

22nd row.—Edge, k. 11, p. 5, p. 2 tog., k. 12.

23rd row.—Edge, p. 12, k. 4, n., p. 12.

24th row.—Edge, k. 12, p. 3, p. 2 tog., k. 13.

25th row.—Edge, p. 13, k. 2, n., p. 13.

25th row.—Edge, k. 13, p. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 14.

27th row.—Edge, k. 14, n., p. 14.

28th row.—Edge, k. 14, p. 1, k. 15, there are now 31 stitches.

51st row.—Purl across narrow.
52nd row.—Rnit across, narrow.
53rd row.—P. 1, thread over, narrow, all across making six eyelets.
54th row.—K. 11, narrow.
55th row.—E. 9, narrow.
56th row.—K. 8, narrow.
58th row.—P. 7, narrow.
58th row.—P. 7, narrow.
59th row.—K. 6, narrow.
60th row.—P. 1, thread over, p. 2 tog. all across, making three eyelets. 60th row.—P. 1, thread over, p. 2 tog. all across, making three eyelets.
61st row.—K. 5, narrow.
62nd row.—P. 4, narrow.
63rd row.—K. 3, narrow.
64th row.—K. 2, narrow.
65th row.—P. 1, narrow.
66th row.—Narrow, draw the thread through the stitch. When casting on stitches and finishing, leave length of yarn enough with which to sew them together; they can be set together in different ways, to suit one's fancy.

MRS. W. V. COPELAND.

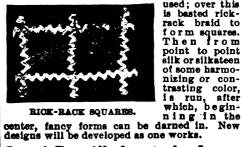
50th row.—Same as forty-ninth row. 51st row.—Purl across narrow.

42nd row.—Knit across, narrow.
43rd row.—Same as forty-second row.
44th row.—Purl across, narrow.
45th row.—Knit across narrow.
46th row.—P. 1, thread over, p. 2 tog. across, making nine syelets.
47th row.—Knit across, narrow.
48th row.—Purl across, narrow.
49th row.—Knit across, narrow.
50th row.—Same as forty-ninth row.

Sofa Pillow Cover

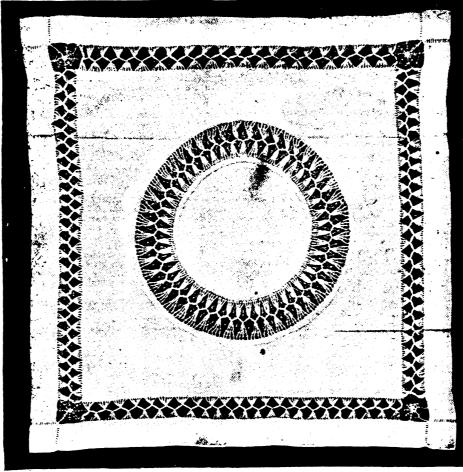
Mrs. Wm. Boeger sends in sample squares for making a sofa pillow cover. For a foun-dation almost any cotton material could be used; over this is basted rick-

rack braid to form squares. Then from point to point silk or silkateen



Round Teneriffe Inserts for Square Doily

After deciding on the size of the circle wanted draw it on stiff brown paper. Then

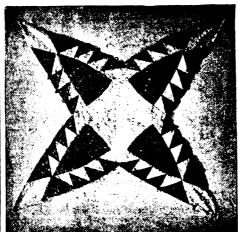


LINEN DOILY WITH BOUND INSERT OF TENERIFFE WORK. Sent in by Lina Brown.

29th row.—Knit across plain.
30th row.—Purl across.
31st row.—Knit across plain.
32nd row.—P. 1, thread over 1, p 2 tog., all across the needle, making fiteen syelets.
33rd row.—Knit across plain, narrow at end.
34th row.—Purl across, purl last two to-

35th row.—Knit across, narrow last two. 36th row.-Knit across plain, narrow.

of purl needles, p. 2 tog.
38th row.—Knit across plain.



PINE BURR.

39th row.-P. 1, thread over, p. 2 tog. across, making twelve eyelets.
40th row.—Knit across, narrow.
41st row.—Purl across, narrow.

draw another circle, either inside or outside of the first, which will determine the width of the Teneriffe band.

Now stitch around on both of the circles on the machine, then with linen thread weave back and forth, from one circle to the other, passing the needle under the machine stitches. To keep the work even, put the thread twice under each stitch in the smaller circle to once only in the stitches in the larger circle.

Now knot all around close in a quarter inch from each edge knot into

in a quarter inch from each edge knot into groups, after which one can work any drawnwork pattern desired in the center.

When the circle is complete, take off the paper and baste down evenly in the center of the linen doily, buttonhole edge down firmly, cut away the linen underneath and the result is very actisfactory.

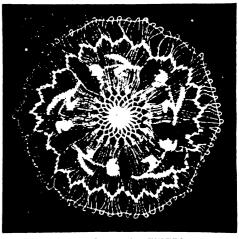
The Tulip one here shown is seven and one half inches in diameter. To hold your threads then put in the threads, crossing each from side to side, tie in the center, then out a quarter inch or so darn around three times. This will straighten the threads out and so adjust them that they can be easily counted, taken up

that they can be easily counted, taken up and knotted as shown, the last row of knots should divide the threads into groups of seven. Next darn in the points, which are placed about an inch in from the outer edge, and formed of squares, made by darning under and over two threads. When this is completed the vilps are made thus:
Firmly knot a thread in the middle between

the center and points of darning, weave up and under three threads once, weave back, taking up two more threads, repeat twice, take one thread at bottom, two at top, over and under three times, ene more thread at top, over and under twice, drop one thread, over and under three times, drop two threads at top, one at top, over and under twice, drop one thread.

If the cardboard cannot be secured, baste can top one at top, one at

petal, bring thread down at bottom of center petal, over and under five threads once, drop thread, take up thread, continue taking up one thread until you have woven up eight threads, take up one more whread at top, one at bottom, weave twice, slightly drawing in at bottom to round off petal. Make other petal in same way only taking up one less thread at top.

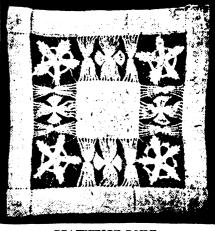


TULIP TENERIFFE WHEEL.

To make stem catch thread in center of lower petal, weave under one thread, over one thread, dropping and taking up one thread until you have woven down twenty threads. Make outside leaf thus, weave up from bottom of the stem nine threads, weave back four threads, drop thread, take up thread, weave twice, continue this up eight more threads, now drop one stitch each time until you have three threads left, run thread down leaf. To make inside leaf, counting twelve threads down from flower, weave up four threads, drop one, take up one, weave twice, continue this way until you have taken up four threads, now weave down taking up one each, each time, continue this until you are weaving down nine threads, carry thread back on leaf and knot stitch, continue making until you have made five of these. tinue making until you have made five of these. Now place in the center of the linen and button-hole down.

Drawnwork Dolly

The doily border pattern is based on one center thread, instead of two. The threads all



DRAWNWORK DOILY.

cross the center, and are knotted alternately from side to side. After which the corners and tans in the center of each side, are darned in.

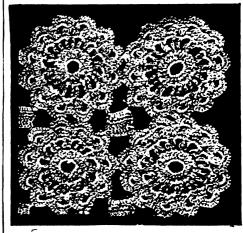
Daisy-wheel Mat

To make the wheels:
1st row.—Ch. 8, join, ch. 3, 28 tr. in ring.
2nd row.—Ch. 4, tr. between next 2 trs., ch. 2,
and repeat.

and repeat.

3rd row.—Ch. 3, 2 tr., 2 ch. and 3 tr. in same place, sl. 2 tr. and shell in next 2 ch.

4th row.—Work 8 short tr. in every shell,

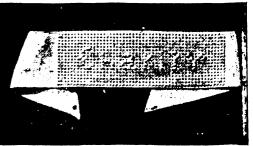


DAISY-WHEEL MAT.

catching with single, between each, join with needle, as in illustration, then work the blocks between each wheel, as follows:

Ch. 4, catch in opposite shell, ch. 2, 7 d. c. on 4 ch., turn, ch. 2, and repeat twice, fasten off in next shells, leaving a square block between. For an organ stool cover, work with luster cotton, or silk, and finish with a fringe.

ALICE PHILLIPS. ALICE PHILLIPS



SPECKLED BIRD

COMFORT

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

EXECUTION OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonair and wily. There is a clandestine marriage, Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother." Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her overseer, Bobert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later.

mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."
A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eglah Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza. At nine years of the wants to know how old she must be before Eliza will tell her why her grandmother hates her father so. Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eglah is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eglah. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eglah's future care. Slowly disease weakens the proud woman. Eliza is wakened from a sound sleep by Eglah. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

CHAPTER IV.

MY ONLY JOY IN ALL THE WORLD.

CHAPTER IV.

MY ONLY JOY IN ALL THE WORLD.

ERE it possible to probe the recesses of cerebration by some psychological process as searching as the Roentgen ray, many strange beliefs would be dragged from secretchambers sedulously guarded, where mental fetiches are worshiped. Those who knew Eliza Mitchell well considered her a very pretty, dignified, reticent young widow, who won respect by her adherence to mourning garments—never laid aside after her husband's death; but her rigid observance of the strictest phase of Methodist discipline presented a certain austerity of character that appeared to rebuke quietly even the members of her own denomination who indulged in "the putting on of gold and costly apparel, and taking such diversions" as aforetime were considered appanages of the "fiesh and the devil."

Keenly observant and silently contemplative, she had grown shrewd as a judge of character, and laid the tribute of her confidence at the feet of few; yet this little woman, eminently practical and rigidly orthodox in the faith of her father, had surrendered to one belief that dominated heart, soul, and mind—that ruled her absolutely, and that she jealously guarded from all but her God. Her most intense and precious conviction was that the soul created and intended for her baby boy, who never breathed, had been assigned to the body of Marcia's infant girl born a little later. She was assured that her child had never known life on earth, and had been in his coffin but a few hours when Eglah first opened her eyes. Souls never die. What of the soulless stillborn? Would God deny any Christian mother reunion with her innocent baby in the world of spirits? From the hour that Marcia's wailing child was laid on Eliza's bosom she accepted it as an incarnation of the soul of little Elliot, adrift in space but housed at last in the form committed to her fostering care. Whether this phantasmal belief sprang from feverish conditions under which she first felt the baby's warm lips at her breast, Eliza never questioned; and

stition that worshiped idols and believed in transmigration of soul.

After Mrs. Maurice's death, Mr. Whitfield as administrator closed Nutwood, leaving Aaron and his daughter Celia custodians, and Eglah and Eliza went to Washington, where two small rooms were selected for their occipancy in the fashionable "apartments" leased by Senator Kent. His daughter now enjoyed every educational advantage that a governess for modern languages and a tutor for Greek and mathematics could supply, while teachers in the entire range of feminine accomplishments were eager to encourage cultivation of any special talent. In dancing and riding she was found surprisingly proficient, and as Senator Kent was desirous she should enter as tor Kent was desirous she should enter as early as possible a "woman's college" in his native state where one of his sisters was professor, the child was industriously coached to

fessor, the child was industriously coached to achieve this purpose.

Standing as it were on the rim of a new world, strewn with the flotsam and jetsam of shattered political, ethical, and domestic systems, where all nations and social conditions found representation, Eglah and Eliza confronted novel customs, strange beliefs, and cosmopolitan diction that clashed sharply on the conservative standards of old Southern usage. Tethered to the pivot of her Methodist discipline, Mrs. Mitchell swung around the narrow circle of conscientious orthodoxy; but Eglah made alarming excursions into ecclesiastical provinces, and their first serious altercation arose from the announcement that the girl had decided to join the class for confirmation in the Episcopal church where Judge Kent worshiped.

firmation in the Episcopal church where Judge Kent worshiped.

"Confirmation? Oh, no; you are too young to take such an important step."

"Now, Ma-Lila, would you say that if I asked to join the Methodist Church?"

"That would be different, because you know more about the Church in which you have been raised."

"I know the Episcopal catechism from cover to cover, and I like the service, and the choristers, and the candles used in some Episcopal churches, and

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

"Dearie, you merely want to follow your father, and, moreover—" and in the complete was a Methodist preacher, and a chaplain who was killed bringing my grandfather off the battlefield. What are fathers for, if not to set us examples?"

"Do you forget your dear grandmother, and her love for the church you were christened in, and could you who owe her so much defy in heaven that she never will worry over me any more; and if I am only good enough to go where she is when I die, what difference will it make to her how I got there? Seems to me, Ma-Llla, all this strife over different choice of routes when they go traveling in summer. If we have perfect right to trust our bodies to our favorite railroad, we ought to feel as free to take tickets for our souls on any line that leads to God."

Eliza took the girl's hands and pressed the soit palms to her own cheeks, as she said, in a voice that faltered despite her will:

"My daring, let us wait. Promise me one thing; do nothing for another year at least. For my sake, baby, I beg of you."

Eglah saw unshed tears in the black eyes that had always shone tenderly on her, and rising she stole one arm around the nurse's neck and kissed her unsteady lips.

"Please don't fret about it. You shall have vor wish. Of course I will wait a veer the server was a work work. When will wait a veer the server was a work work. Of course I will wait a veer the grand of the happy reign over his undivided affection—a monopoly she had long coverted as the tunner monopoly she had long coverted as the curown of life.

"Has the success of the experiment justified the labor and enthusiasm you spent upon it?"

"Yes, Noel, the result far surpasses my hore in thusiasm you spent upon it?"

"Yes, Noel, the result far surpasses my hore of the work, but to receive the grateful acknowledgments of every member of the Order."

"Then you bar your doors against me, because any expression of thanks is annoying, and the great pleasure I gave myself in deed in the leads to God."

"I am always Vernon to you, but

ing she stole one arm around the nurse's neck and kissed her unsteady lips.

"Please don't fret about it. You shall have your wish. Of course I will wait a year if you think it best: but you must help me, because somehow it is harder for me to be good here than it was down at home."

"It is a sacred promi e you make me now."

"It is a sacred promi e you make me now."

"It old you I would wait. Did I ever deceive you? You ought to know me better than Mrs. Kent, and even she told father yesterday she had been trying to find out whether I had most talent for the piano or the mandolin, and she concluded I really had no talent for anything—showed only genius for telling the truth."

Thenceforth Mrs. Mitchell redoubled her ef-

the truth."
Thenceforth Mrs. Mitchell redoubled her ef-Thenceforth Mrs. Mitchell redoubled her efforts to control the spiritual aspirations of the girl to whom she had devoted her life, and the bargain she made with her conscience was that Judge Kent had the right to train and develop and decorate the body of his daughter, even along lines she deemed Philistine, but the immortal spark—the soul intended for her little Elliot—was immutably hers, to be saved eternally in the faith to which her own hopes were anchored. That night, when she had brushed and braided Eglah's golden-brown hair that no one else ever arranged, she suddenly caught the slim form in a straining embrace.

brace.
"God bless my Elliot—my own precious

baby!"
"It has been a long time since you called me Elliot, and it sounds queer to give me the name of your boy. Why should you?"
"You are my boy, and my Eglah also; two in one, and my only joy in all the world. Don't argue, dearie; go to sleep."

She lifted her into bed and tucked the silk quilt carefully about her, as though crib days had not ended.
"Ma-Lila, if we should all meet in heaven."

"Ma-Lila, if we should all meet in heaven—
and I do hope that somehow I shall get there
—1 am aft id I shall feel puzzled to know
who really is my mother, because it seems to
me I belong more to you than to anybody else
except father; but then grandmother will certainly be there, and she will carry me straight
to that special spot—the heavenly 'west-end'
—where all the Maurices dwell, and hand me
over to her Marcia: the beautiful one I never
saw, my own mother, who would not wait
in this world long enough to look at me."
"Hush, my lamb! Good nigh.."

In the adjoining room she sat down at a
table where books were piled, and opening one
read a marked passage:

"The story was told by the owner of a
shop where was sold the amber-tinted syrup
of malt given to young children when mi.a
could not be obtained. A pale woman in white
came very late for many nights to buy a cup
of this syrup—midzu amc—but never spoke.

"One night, when she beckoned him to follow, he went with her to the cemetery, where
she suddenly vanished in a tomb, and he heard
a young child crying under ground. On opening the tomb there was found the corpse of the
woman, and by her side a young infant smiling, who had been fed from a cup of midzu
ame in the hand of the corpse. The woman
had by mistake been prematurely buried. The
child was born in the grave, and love—
stronger than death—compelled the ghost to
provide nourishment for her baby."

Eliza closed the volume and tossed it across
the table.

"As if we needed old heathen Japan to
teach us the length and breadth and depth and
deathlessness of maternal devotion, when we
know from the Bible that though God in
heaven forsook His Son, the earthly mother
clung to Jesus." "Ma-Lila, if we should all meet in heaven—
and I do hope that somehow I shall get there
— I am affilid I shall feel puzzled to know

heaven forsook His Son, the earthly mother clung to Jesus!"

It was an intensely cold, windless, brilliant moonlight night in January, two years after she came to live in Washington, and when the clock struck eleven sne heard a quick but cautious step in the corridor and a slight tap at her door. Mr. Herriott stood at the threshold and beckoned her to the head of the

steps.
"Is Eglah asleep?"
"I think she is."

"Come downstairs quietly."
In the lower hall, where the lights burned brightly, she saw that he looked pale and troubled.

"Mrs. Mitchell, a terrible blow has fallen upon us. Mrs. Kent went sleighing with some friends, and the horses became uncontrollable. The sleigh was over-turned, and poor Nina, thrown against a stone wall, was killed into the Will was debut in the latest and the stone wall. thrown against a stone wall, was killed instantly. Will you do what is best when she is brought home? Don't rouse little Eglah. I am going to find Senator Kent, who is in committee meeting, and break the news as gently as possible. Poor, dear Nina! So merry, so kind hearted! Laughing and chaffing me for my awkwardness when I tucked the lap robe about

her feet."
Once more death levelled a wall that in some degree barred Eglah from her father, have been thrown so intimately into her so-

human is immutable, and it a man does not improve he grows worse. By the way, is your reverence still 'Brother' Temple, or have you climbed the ladder of spiritual promotion?"

"I am always Vernon to you, but the world knows me as 'Father' Temple. When will you come to us at 'Calvary House' and inspect the rich harvest from the seed you sowed? I long for the one thing you have withheld—your deep, hearty sympathy in my grand and holy work."

"Meaning that nothing less than the three

your deep, hearty sympathy in my grand and holy work."

"Meaning that nothing less than the three vows will assure you of my safety?"

"That is beyond all that I ever dared to hope, but your cordial approbation would cheer me more than the indorsement of any other man. Generous though you are in financial assistance, your mental attitude toward our Order is that of the smilling tolerance with which one watches a child building a house of cards.

"When will you come to the lovely home you have given us? There is one room we have called 'Founder's,' and set apart for you; and, Noel, no sun sets that has not brought us to our knees in prayer for you who made it possible for us to own a chapel. When shall we welcome you?"

"Not now. I must go home, where matters

and, Noel, no sun sets that has not brought us to our knees in prayer for you who made it possible for us to own a chapel. When shall we welcome you?"

"Not now. I must go home, where matters need attention. Strange, is it not, that the magic of a name should outlive all it represents? That lonely old stone house staring at its shadow on the lake has no vital element of home except my horses and dogs, and one Maltese cat that sleeps in my armchair. When Nina married Senator Kent the last thread that tied me to anything like domesticity snanped, and I followed my bent and prowled from land to land."

"Why do you not marry some sweet, gentle woman and settle you elf?"

"Scarcely the advice one might expect from the priestly Father of an Anglican celibate order. Has your creed narrowed to such alternatives? Either a cell at Calvary or the snare and disillusions of marriage? Unfortunately for me, women have exerted only a traditional influ nce on my life. My own young mother did. before I could remember her, and I was consigned to tutors when I should have been trundling hoops. I went early to college, and after father's second marriage was rarely at home; hence my acquaintance with women in the home circle is nebulous and legendary. As a boy I disdained sweethearts; as a man they disdain me. The only woman I ever really disdain me. The only woman I ever really disdain me. The only woman is a cell for me at Calvary. Some day at eventide I may creep in, and you will kindly shrive and bless me."

"Mr. Herriott had been leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, and when he rose he tow dix feet two inches, smiling gravely at the upturned face of Father Temple, whose somber clerical habit contrasted vividly with the white yachting flannels worn by his freend.

"Ah, Noel, what a Viking you look! Save prize fighting, is there anything in the realm of athletics you have not accomplished?"

"I fear you would not compliment me with even that civillayed exception if you had seen a skirmish, minus weap

crossed the ocean in the same steamer."

"You have not seen her?"

"For a few moments only. She is a beautiful girl."

"What remains to be said—since you accord her the mantle of beauty, whose folds, broader even than charity's, hide all defects? Where shall I begin? Being her cousin, you must know what I have merely heard; that she swept through college like a southern tornado—or should I have said like a meteor?—carrying off the honors, and was the youngest swept through college like a southern tornado
—or should I have said like a meteor?—carrying off the honors, and was the youngest
graduate who had ever turned the heads of the
spectacled lecturers. Yet it appears she values
her trophy merely because her laurels pleased
her father, at whose feet she sits in adoration.
In her physique, gymnastic training leaves
nothing to be improved; she won badges, and
can hold her own at basket-ball, tennis, rowing, and swimming. Is not the catalogue complete? So much for mental attainments and
physical perfection, but in the domain of womanly emotions she is simply an unknown
quantity—a later-day sphinx, fresh and fair
before drifting desert sands deface her. If a
lover should ever win her heart he will certainly be entitled to it, by the supreme right
of discovery. Her affection for Judge Kent
absolutely rules her, and in one respect she is
unique, she is as utterly incapable of flirtations
as an unfledged ow!"

ciety that I hoped you could tell me something of her religious tendencies."

"I am such a confirmed tramp that my visits to the family have been brief and interrupted by long absences. Eglah always appealed peculiarly to my sympathy because of the pathetic antagonism of her environment. tour cousin, Judge Kent, was very much disliked at the South, where sectional political rancor was, is, and will be rife, and his child suffered keenly on that account. When she came North to live, her social surroundings were even worse, because she furiously resented every reflection upon the people of the South, where the Maurices were conspicuous in war records. Her efforts at loyalty all around the circle have not made smooth sailing for her, and her motives were doubtless complex. You are curious about her 'religious tendencies'? If you are wise you will not stir any Calvary leaven into the pure sweet flour of her soul, unless you covet war with that nondescript personage Mrs. Mitchell—an anomalous blend, alert as a lynx, wary as a fox, stealthy as a cougar—who serves Eglah in divers and sundry capacities: an amalgamated foster-mother, housekeeper, maid, companion, chaperon, and confidante. She is a Simonpure puritan, prim as Priscilla, and her processes of reasoning are quite as broad as the edge of a razor. That she viciously opposes all forms of 'ritualism' I happen to know from listening to a discussion between her and Eglah, in which the whole bundle of dogmas was thrashed out, from 'historic episcopate' and 'contession' to incense, candles, and 'reservation of the sacrament.' What a pile of chaff they built! Eglah's appreciation of senuous beauty and classical music inclines her to gorgeous vestments, jeweled windows, and the rhythmic chanting of choristers that lift their chins like Raphael's cherubs, but Mrs. Mitchell finds in the severe simplicity of her own tabernacle an added sanctity, and your Calvary House will be to her that of Rimmon. In Rome Judge Kent had a touch of fever which frightened Eglah into teleg

together."
"If Eglah's enthusiasm could be aroused in our mission work, she would wield an incalculable power for good."

our mission work, she would wield an incalculable power for good."

"Vernon—pardon the lapse into argot—
'don't!" Let the child pick her own way to
peace. She is not addicted to enthusiasms:
one attack long ago destroyed her susceptibility to subsequent seizures; she can be enthusiastic over only one teraph—her father.
Must you go? Wait a moment. Friendship
is frank, and I am sorry to see you losing the
vigor that in college days distinguished you.
Fast less, and sleep more. Come home with
me and hunt and fish and row, and let other
people's souls enjoy a vacation."

As they shook hands Father Temple asked:
"And what have scientific congresses done
for your soul, Noel?"

"Drawn me closer, I hope, to the Creator
whose subtle and inexorable laws are best revealed to the faithful student that fearlessly
analyzes His universal work. The sole aim of
scientists is 'to admit nothing false, and to
omit nothing true.' Vernon, have faith in me
as of old, and keep a cell whitewashed for me
at Calvary House. Truly—
"So many paths lead up to God,
"Twere strange if any soul should miss them all."

With his hand on the stair rail the minister paused and looked back.

"So many paths lead up to God,
"Twere strange if any soul should miss them all."

With his hand on the stair rail the minister paused and looked back.

"One thing I wish to ask is whether Eglah had any special admirers abroad? American heiresses are attractive."

"She had as many beaus as she chose to permit. Two attaches of American legations were particularly attentive, and a handsome English naval officer whose father is a duke will doubtless cross the ocean to renew his acquaintance. Possess your soul in patience. Her heart is as sound asleep as when she dreamed in her crib, and the man who wakes and wins it will travel no macadamized road. Before Lent she will be in New York for a week, and when Congress adjourns the family will come to me on the Lake for a visit."

Given a man of thirty-three, unusually good-looking, possessing by inheritance a large fortune, dowered with infinite leisure upon which no professional duties laid intrusive claim, handicapped by no church obligations, and the world assumes that he has inevitably run the gamut of those iniquities set by Satan as snares for the idle rich. Intensely virile as was Noel Herriott, his polished placidity of manner and courteous conservatism masked in some degree the strength and tenacious obstinacy of a character that presented enigmatical phases to those who knew him best. Heredity and education had combined in kneading him physically, mentally, and morally along rather peculiar curves during the plastic period of boyhood, and the finishing touches that determined the mould came from his parting interview with his Presbyterian father, when Fergus Herriott sent him away to college.

"My son, God gave you a remarkably fine body. Neither neglect nor abuse it, but be sure you master it from the start, else you will be the slave of your own flesh. Bad habits are the leeches that would suck a Hercules to effeminacy. Steer as clear of the sins labelled "Thou shelt not" as you would of these be the slave of your own flesh. Bad habits are the leeches that would suck a Hercules to effeminacy. Steer as clear of the sins labelled 'Thou shalt not' as you would of that leper island down in the Pacific. The ten commandments are equal links in the moral chain, and it is no man's privilege to pick and choose which he will break or which he will keep; because if he violates one, it is merely a question of temptation, necessity, and opportunity when he will transgress all. If he bears false witness and lies, he will steal money as he filched character; if he covets his neighbor's wife, the time comes when he murders her husband. You are going where you neighbor's wife, the time comes when he murders her husband. You are going where you will hear much fine talk about 'lofty, broadening, philosophic ideals' and 'progressive, altruistic standards of humanitarianism and honor.' Now mark you, God's laws are not 'progressive,' they are absolutely fixed, and when you are as old as I am you will have learned that 'man's honor,' unless based on them, is merely a sliding scale set up on a quicksand. My boy, try to lead such a clean life that when the mirror of records is held up to you in the final judgment you will not squirm and want to look the other way, and now, my last word is, you had the great misfortune to lose your dear, sweet mother in this world—be sure you deserve to find her in the next."

During the journey to college he found in (CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines. Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in-atead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely uscless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solegy to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

De not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar recents.

quests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel ut-terly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Address all letters for this department to MBS. WHERLER WILKINSON; care COMPORT, Angusta, Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I first wish to thank you for permitting space for my letters, request, etc., which have been the means of bringing me in touch with many kind friends who nobly responded to my appeal, and second to dear kind sisters, cousins or any of COMPONT's million of readers who have remembered me in my dark hours of suffering and, especially, those who have more than remembered me by sending me help. I wish to impress it on their memory and may those works must as for have done it, unto the least of these my brethren ve have done it, unto the least of these my brethren ve have done it, unto the least of these my brethren ve have done it unto me." I trust these lines will not be your only comfort, but to think how I appreciated all and my poor drooping heart revived at each token of remembrance or gift as a drooping, willted flower from a drop of rain.

I am still suffering great agony and my diseases become more complicated and more serious in many ways worse than a year ago and the end is only a question of time, as I can never recover. I see much to be done, and so many places needed to be filled and so many ways open, I have a dissine to be also an an ways open, I have a dissine to be also an an additional to the sisters and trails.

Now dear sisters, and all who have a mother and are married, or away from home, please bear in mind to go to see mother real often. Your presence is welcome every time you go, be it ever so often and mother is always delighted to see her own. Many witness the loss of mother and then it is too late to make the visits and there is much left undone that can never be done. I know how it is to be without a mother. Many of us never realize the treasure this is an admit while the sisters of a I am one of the limber tongues, I can always find something to talk about. I think the Courport Sisters' Corner is a real enjoyment to many. Th

The outlying shoals of Capes Hatteras, Fear, and Lookout make navigation very dangerous. This state is divided into three natural divisions—the eastern, middle, and western. The eastern is generally low, level, and sandy. The middle is hilly, and the western mountainous. The eastern part of the state was once sea bottom, as is clearly shown by the marl beds, and bones of sea animals found in many localities of this division. One hundred miles from the present coast-line, was found the skeleton of a whale fifty feet long. The portion near the coast is intersected by numerous swamps and marshes. The largest is the Hyde County Swamp and has an area of about three hundred square miles of the Great Dismal Swamp, besides a number of smaller ones.

an area of about three hundred square miles. We also have about one hundred square miles of the Great Dismal Swamp, besides a number of smaller ones.

Some of the finest corn grown in the state is in the well-drained swamp lands. North Carolina is one of the best watered states in the Union. In the eastern region we have the Roanoke. The Indians used to tell the first settlers in the eastern part of the state that the head waters of the Roanoke were in a cave so near the shore of a far-away western ocean, that in stormy weather the salty spray from the breakers would sometimes be dashed into it and there mingled with the river water. The lowlands near the coast are dotted with fresh water lakes. In the eastern division the soil is of a peaty nature and burns readily.

There are few islands on the coast except the long, narrow, sandy islands called "the banks." These are few islands on the water to mark to more than two miles. They are inhabited by a hardy race of people called the "bankers," who subsist mainly by fishing and occasionally by whaling. Sometimes as many as five or six whales are caught in a couple of weeks, usually in the spring, then again none are caught for several years. The "bankers" raise for market a small, tough pony known as the "banks" pony. They receive no care or attention from their owners. Frequently the fresh-water pools on the islands dry up in summer. Then a pony wishing to drink goes to the bed of the pool, paws a hole into the sand where the water soon rises, and thus he gets all the water he wants. In the region of Nag's Head the winds blow the sand into large hills, some of which are more than forty 1 et high. They form on the ocean side . I the banks, and in a few years the winds move them across the banks into the Sound. Nothing can stop them, hotels and cottages being frequently buried by them on their journey from the beach to the Sound.

und. The largest island is Roanoke, it has an area The largest island is Roanoke, it has an area of twenty-tive miles and is the island on which the first English colonists attempted to make a permanent settlement in America. The first white child was born here and the Carolineans are very proud of this fact. The eastern section

the mountain. I am sure you would enjoy it. I have been to the top several times. One can see the Ridge Mountains on a clear day and they are one hundred miles away; of these, Mitchell's High Peak is the highest land east of the Mississippi. It attains an elevation of 6,688 feet above the sea-level. The journey from Montreal to Mt. Mitchell is fifteen miles and part of the way has to be made on the backs of mules, the rest walked. The mountain is named in honor of Dr. Mitchell, whose life was lost so many years ago in the pool on the top of the mountain. His body was in perfect preservation after having been in the water eleven days. In the mountain section, the air is singularly pure and healthful. The summers are cool and refreshing. There is in this section a peculiar belt, frost sufficient to injure fruits and vegetables, is unknown. This belt of exemption from frost is found on both sides of the mountains. The lines of exemption are so sharply defined that there, sometimes, stands out before the eye a horizontal belt of verdure between parallel ines above and below of flowers and foliage that have been killed by frost.

Formerly three fourths of the mica used in the world was supplied by North Carolina. Natural objects of interest are numerous and are found mostly in the western section. We find the Hickory Nut Gap, a deep pass in the Blue Ridge, Table Rock, and the curious pile of stones in the form of an inverted pyramid called "Ginger Cake Rock."

Any person wishing further information enclose stamp and I will answer all inquiries pos-

ike Rock. Any person wishing further information en-ose stamp and I will answer all inquiries pos-

Miss Lou Anna Bamhardt, Concord, R. D., 3, N. C.

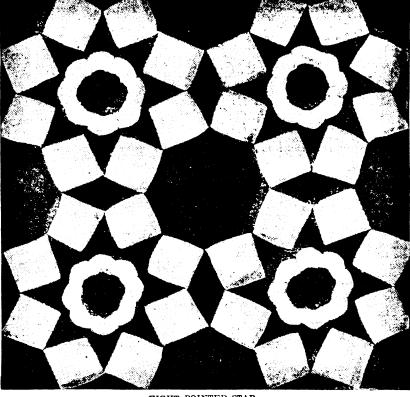
MISS LOU ANNA BARHARDY, Concord, R. D., S. N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have just moved into this community of "Comfort Sisters" but don't intend to wait for them to call. I intend to push right in, and contrary to the advice given to children, I shall be "heard and not seen."

I have tried almost every suggestion found in this valuable paper, from putting vinegar in the lamps to make them burn brightly, to rubbing the top of my cook stove with molasses and water, and much as I have read there are still a few things I would like to know and some suggestions I would like to make.

Miss Clara Bliss. You gave directions for making Easter lilies. I want you to try crystallizing your paper flowers and report result. Get some paraffine (you can get quite a large plece at the drugstore for ten cents), after your flower is finished melt the paraffine, and while hot, dip the flower in it. It will look as though it is ruined, but it isn't. If any of the leaves are doubled up, take a toothpick and carefully straighten them, and set the flower in a tumbler until it gets cold and it will be perfectly hard and appears to be covered with ice. Easter



EIGHT-POINTED STAR.

The centers of each star are yellow surrounded by white circles, then points of red and white squares. Red is also used for the diamonds and hexagons which unite the stars. MRS. JOSIE WHITE.

The centers of each star are yellow surrounded by white circles, then points of red and white squares. Red is also used for the diamonds and hexagons which unite the start.

of the state extends far out in the ocean and approaches the Gulf Stream hence, it has, especially in the southern portion, a warm, semilar of the state extends far out in the ocean and approaches the Gulf Stream hence, it has, especially in the southern portion, a warm, semilar of the control of the southern portion, a warm, semilar of the control of the southern portion, a warm, semilar of the control of the southern portion, a warm, semilar of the control of the southern portion, a warm, semilar of the control of the southern portion, a warm, semilar of the control of the southern portion, a warm, semilar of the world. I mington. The forests of long leaf pine are most in important and furnish immense quantities of important and furnish immense and state of the world.

The fisherles are of great value to the state, as the southern portion of th that is why we ask for so many to remember us through the mails, and thus the "catch" of the middle ashore and thus the "catch" of the middle of the state is called the "Hill suggest one plan to make use of garments and press, then cut in blocks of strips and without much labor they can be made into useful comforts or quilts that will last as iong as new cloth.

I hope to be remembered by all in any way, Leaving all in the hands of Him who doeth all things.

Dear Comport Readers:

Dear Comport Readers of the state is called the "Hill may as the most valuable water-powers in things."

Dear Comport Readers of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the state is called the "Hill most of the state with state of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the state with state of the middle of the state is called the "Hill most of the state is called the "Hill most of the state is called the

carpeting, and it hides all the warp, makes good heavy rugs, always better than when woven like common carpet. I made my rug machine two years ago, and I think it is a good, cheap way to make rugs. After you have woven six or eight inches in length you will notice it begins to draw in from the sides and get narrower; to avoid this I thread some warp in my darning needle and pass through edge of new rug and around side of frame, pull tight and tie It, some on both sides, you will need to repeat this about every six inches or less to keep rug even wiath.

We live on a homestead on what is called a desert, in southern Oregon, near the rushrag, roaring Rogue river, and just on the opposite side of the river is old Table Rock mountain, where about forty-five years ago, the whites had a battle with the Indians, and one old Indian chief took his squaw in his arms and leaped over the two hundred foot wall of rock, rather than to surrender.

I love the dear old mountains, and we are surrounded by them; it reminds me of a mammoth dish with the mountains for the edge, they are all several miles from us except old Table Rock, it seems most like we might reach out and touch it.

As Mrs, Laura Wester has told us of some excellent ways to make a little pin money I will add my mite by telling how my daughter and I made a few dollars during the rainy days in winter. We were in town for the winter so the children could go to school, and we made over thirty erochet circular shawls, just before Christmas; we had to sit up late into the nights to fill our orders in time. We also made splashers by painting designs of birds or flowers on white ollcloth. They look neat, take well, are durable, and can be easily cleaned with a datop cloth. I found some pretty agates on the desert that I sent to a jeweler in New York and received a good price for them.

Will some sister that lives where palmetto grows, please send me enough palmetto to braid me a sun hat? I will return favor anyway I can.

I have started a silk and worsted crazy quilt. I have started a silk and worsted crazy quit. Have any of the sisters more pieces than they know what to do with? If so, they would be greatly appreciated. Some other time I want to tell you how a smart old lady earned her clothes. I wish all many happy days, with Comfort to read always.

MRS. NETTIE HAYES, Central Point, Oregon.

MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for three years and have never written but one letter and as it failed to appear I thought I would try again. I live in Butler County, the "buckwheat" county of the state, in a little village called Petersville. The town was so called after Peter McKinney who once owned all the land on which the town is situated. The nearest railroad is at Reibold, two miles away, but we are now getting a trolley line right through the town.

We have three general stores, and one drug store and three churches. My husband is clerk in one of the general stores, and one drug store and three churches. We have been married three years. We had a little daughter, but she was called to a better home. We have no other children and I get very lonesome.

I am five feet end inches tail, have gray eyes and brown hair and weigh one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. I have traveled a good deal though I am only twenty-one years old. I have been in five states, Pa., Col., Conn., N. Y., and Ill.

I am now going to tell you of my mother's trip to Alaska, in 1898. My father died when

thirty-seven pounds. I have traveled a good deal though I am only twenty-one years old. I have been in five states, Pa., Col., Conn., N. Y., and Ill.

I am now going to tell you of my mother's trip to Alaska, in 1898. My father died when I was quite small so mother has been more or less of a wanderer ever since. She was a dressmaker by trade but her health gave out and the doctors said she should take a seavoyage; and she went to Alaska. When she got there she did a little sewing and sometimes cooked for miners and washed and mended their clothes, and finally she established a "road house" as they are called in Alaska, in this country it would be called a boarding house. She had a canvas tent and two cabins built of logs. On top of the logs they piled moss, which kept the water out. In the canvas tent she had a grocery store and through the middle of it ran a long table made of boards, off of which they ate. Directly behind the grocery were the two cabins, one behind the other. The first was called the "messhouse" or place where she cooked and slept. The other was called the "bunkhouse" or where the men slept. The "bunks" were built in the form of shelves on the wall, one above another. She sold bread, served lunches, twenty-five cents for a cup of coffee and a sandwich, kept boarders and mended clothes. In that country gold is the only money they use and this is weighed on gold-scales when buying anything. The country is beautiful. The trees built in the form of shelves on the wall, one above another, she sold bread, served lunches, twenty-five cents for a cup of coffee and a sandwich, kept boarders and mended clothes. In that country gold is the only money they use and this is weighed on gold-scales when buying anything. The country is beautiful. The trees built in the form of shelves on the wall, one above another is no wind so it is not noticed as much as our Pennsylvania winters. The lee breaks up in June and it is an old saying among the miners that a newcomer is a "Chechocka" (Indian for white man) until

n. Mrs. Wm. F. Burr, Conoquenessing, Pa.

MRS. WM. F. BURR, Conoquenessing, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I hail from the dear old Wolverine State, and as I have never seen a letter from this little village, I thought I would like to come in for a few moments' chat with you.

How many of you ever made scrapbooks? I presume a good many of you have some time, and I wish to tell you about mine.

I procure large, well-bound books (generally they are state statistics of old date), which may be had for the asking. I take the shears and cut out every other leaf. I then take a pen and ink and page the remainder and on the last two or three blank leaves, which I have left on purpose, I arrange my index in alphabetical order.

My first volume is for household hints. In it

My first volume is for household hints. In it I paste all useful information whether it concerns the family, the kitchen, nursery, sewingroom, or any part of the house.

My second and third are for history and biography. In them are to be found all clippings of prose and poetry (my old papers and magazines are mere skeletons), relating to the history of our country during the different epochs, pictures of buildings at the various expositions, portraits of great men and women with cuts of birthplace and burial spot when obtainable, also their biographies.

My fourth and last is for pictures only; and contains all of the best wood cuts of scenery that I could find, also colored plates of fruit and flowers.

Having poor health I spend many hours in reading and I have gained much historical and other valuable knowledge, besides a great deal of pleasure from these books.

"In the ragged old books all tattered and torn, Are badly soiled leaves by constant use worn; The backs have a crack, And of gilt there's a lack;

And of gilt there's a lack;
The corners are bent and the binding forlorn.
But never were books made by book maker's art
Could be so precious by half to my heart.
No gold you could hold,
No jewels untold
Could bribe me from my scrapbooks to part."

I am a great lover of music, all kinds of fancy work, and flowers.

How many know that you can remove grass stains by washing the spots in alcohol and then in cold water?

Plant the seed of the house plant, Sultana, and (GONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

mittance to the League of Gousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everyt

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

EPTEMBER is here, and I wish you all many happy returns of my birthday. This historic event happened on the 5th of September, some centuries back. I'm not quite sure what year, but I think it was in the year 0 before one was invented. I did know how old I was once, but my birth certificate got burned up in a fire that devastated my chicken-coop a few years ago, and I never knew after that what my age was. Toby says I am older than Methusaleh's buck goat, and perhaps he is right. I remember when Christopher Columbus landed in Columbus, Ohio, and he remarked then that he thought it was nearly time I applied for an old age pension, but I changed my mind, and ever since I have been growing younger. Growing old is foolishness. Cut it out! I am a year younger this year than I was last year at this time. If I keep on at this rate, I shall soon be in long clothes, and chewing a rubber rinz, and sucking a milk bottle. I have got back to the infantile period anyway, as far as being hairless and toothless is concerned, and I can say "goo goo" like the real thing. All I want now is a waist band, and a bunch of safety pins sticking in my hide, and a good dose of colic, and I would be right back in the bee-yutiful baby days of yore.

Now I want you to understand right here that I don't want this auspicious event, my

a waist band, and a bunch of sately pins sticking in my hide, and a good dose of colic, and I would be right back in the bee-yutiful baby days of yore.

Now I want you to understand right here that I don't want this auspicious event, my birthday anniversary, to go by without getting six million letters—that is one from each reader of Comfort. I want each letter to contain seven one year "subs" to Comfort, and in return for that service I will send you one of my books of poems. You get a fifty cent book and eighty-four numbers of Comfort for one dollar and five cents. The Lord knows that ought to satisfy you if nothing else does. If an offer like this does not make you get action, not even an earthquake would get you moving. Remember also that not only are you,paying a compliment to me, but you are spreading Comfort far and wide, and Comfort is what the world needs. Comfort ought to go into ten millions of homes. and it would if you boys and girls would get a wiggle on. This paper is a power for good, and this League helps more helpless people than all the societies and organizations in the U. S. put together. Ask the shut-ins if anyone helps them as we do. Other people and other organizations hand out sympathy and tell the sick how to die comfor ably and go to Heaven, and they give them a beautiful obiturry notice when they are dead. Shut-ins don't want to die, life is as sweet to them as anyone, and my object is to put some life, and hope and good grub into their frail bodies and keep them alive. They will go to Heaven when their time comes and they don't want to be packed off to another world on the double-quick, by people who want to send them there with a diet of talk and tracts. Christ fed the multitude as well as preached to them. He gave bodily food as well as spiritual. Christ did not give the sick tracts and sympathy, and suggest that they hurry up and die and go to Heaven. Christ healed them, and gave them health, and strength, so they could enjoy life and live out their natural term of years on this

less and nourishing article of diet. But I have a grudge against cheese and I will tell you why. I once had a very bad cold on my chest, and was threatened with inflammation of the stove pipe and appendicitis of the undervest. My boarding-house lady was Dutch, and she had two religions, one was sauer-kraut the other was Limburger cheese. When she was not worshiping at the shrine of cheese, she was prostrating herself before the altar of sauerkraut. When I got down sick, Mrs. Dutch came up to my room, and told me only one thing could save my life and that was a Limburger cheese poultice, and she clapped one on my chest before I could scream "Police' one time's once. Well, I stood that poultice for one hour—for I honestly believed the old lady was giving me the straight goods and it alone would save my life. If you had seen me lying there, with that essence of violets under my smeller, holding my nose with one hand, and gasping for breath with the other, you'd have screamed. Finally I tried to tear the awful thing off, but couldn't as I found the old lady had nailed it on and screwed it down. Then I got another boarder to 'phone for the doctor. After an agonizing suspense of twenty minutes the physician appeared in the doorway with the landlady. Directly "Doc" got his nose inside the door, he began to sniff and then to cough. Then he turned to the landlady and said: "Madam, how long has he been dead?" "He no vos yoost sick, mit some grippes on der chest!" "Madam," replied the landlady," he vos yoost sick, mit some grippes on der chest!" "Madam," replied the landlady." Then le turned to the landlady and said: "Madam, how long has he been dead?" "He no vos dead yet," replied the landlady." Then li jumped out of bed and tore the poultice from my chest and said, "Doc, I'm not dead, I've just got an attack of cheeseitis on the chest;" and I waved the poultice in his face, and he screamed "Murder!" and fell in a faint. Then I went into the back yard, burned the poultice and got out of town as fast as the train could ca

Here is a letter that I want you to read carefully and ponder ove. Preserve it, never lose it, and when you are tempted to do wrong read it, as it comes hot from a repentant heart and a chaste...d soul. It is the greatest and most powerful sermon ever given to the world, and many an eye will fill with tears as it is read. The letter bears the postmark of Auburn, N. Y., as the writer is doubtless an inmate of the great prison there.

the start police when they are dead. Shutims don't want to die, life is as sweet to them as alyone, and my object is to put some ill with a double and keep them are all with a double and seep them are all with a double and seep them are all with a double with a few many of the double with a few many of the double will be packed off to another world on the double-quick, by people who want to send them there with a diet of talk and tracts. Christ fed the multitude as well as preached them, and suggest that they hurry up and die and go to Heaven. Christ healed them, and gave them health, and strength, so they could enjoy life and live out their taught them how they should live on earth to that in time they could reach Heaven. So I want you to do as Christ did, and when you will do as I ask, my birthday anniversary will be indeed a memorable one. It is no good will do as a lask, my birthday anniversary will be indeed a memorable one. It is no good will do as 1 ask, my birthday anniversary will be indeed a memorable one. It is no good having two or three bundered million relatives, and Billy are making me a cottage pudding, and Billy har print in the yard. If you don't zet your substitute the your house the play grand month. Now for the letters.

Here is a bright jolly letter from a New York cousin, Lestershire, N. Y.

Box 103, Lestershire, N. Y.

Box 103, Lestershire, N. Y.

Box 104, Lestershire, N. Y.

Box 105, Lestershire, N. Y.

Box 106, Lestershire, N. Y.

Box 107, Lestershire, N. Y.

Box 108, Lestershire, N. Y.

Box 108, Lestershire, N. Y.

Box 109, Leste

wastioners. I mean horned instruments, and all sweetly accompanied by an infant's vocal chords. How many times I have been harmoniously have made to the country the same state of the country the same state of the country that is not found to do the farmers out there take their milk to a cheese factory. I will tell you how cheese is made. About nine o'clock in the morning all the milk is put in one or more large vats. A quantity of rennet is put on, to bring it just to the boiling point, for two fours. Then the whey is run off, the curd washe and spread on long porous tables. It made and spread on long porous tables. It made in a machine which takes out all the card washe and spread on long porous tables. It may be the source of many it is taken out and put on tables in the storeroom. In about a week it is stamped and boxed ready to sell.

I would like to be hear from some of the cousins. Lovingly yours. ELLYN MAS WYNNE.

Ellen, I am much interested in your account of farm life and cheese making. I am very fond of cheese, its someone will first take the cheese into the backyard, chloroform it, kill it, and drive the smell out of it with an are. After the cheese has been subjected to this civilising and deodorizing process it is a harm-

than one.
Even if I am in prison and a convict (Oh! how the name makes the shivers run up my spine) I do not consider myself a criminal at heart. I thank God for showing me my great mistake as without it I would have been no doubt led to a greater evil. It is not the name God looks on when He judges us nor on the appearance, but on the heart. I can be called a convict, criminal or any other such name but that alters me in God's sight not at all. So, dear readers, respect your dear mothers and treat them as you would want to be treated in your old age.

Trusting that I may soon see this in print for it no doubt, will be a help to a great many, I remain,

There, let that lesson sink into your hearts. You see what happens when a boy turns a deaf ear to his mother's advice, and starts out to be a "sport" and go with a fast set of young people with whom he is unable to keep the pace. This is an age of extravagance, an age of fake and sham. A young man wno earns \$10 a week is expected to dress as well, and keep up the same appearance as those who earn treble the amount. A young man has not the moral courage to tell his companions that his wages are small and that he cannot keep up with them unless he becomes a thief. The ones who are to blame for this young man's ruin are the young women of his home town. A girl knows that automobile rides, dances, suppers, flowers, theater parties, cost a whole pile of money. One such typee as you see, cost the writer of this letter twenty-five dollars, and it ruined him and landed him in jail. The girl got the fun, and it did not cost her a cent in money, nor send her to jail, though I think, and I know hundreds will agree with me, that those girls who let a man lavish money on them, knowing full well that the man's income does not warrant the outlay, are morally as guilty as he, and ought to go to jail with him. Half the young men who go wrong, owe their ruin to their girl friends, who permit them to lavish their money on giving them what they call "good" times, and the majority of these so-called good times are really the worst kind of bad and wicked times. I wonder how the young men on his last twenty-five dollar spree felt I remain, "ONE WHO INTENDS TO DO BIGHT." bad and wicked times. I wonder how the young woman who accompanied this young man on his last twenty-five dollar spree felt after she knew his efforts to give her a few hours' fun, had landed him in state's prison. I would also like to know what the fathers and mothers of these young seminary girls would think, if they knew their daughters were chasing around at all hours with boys of the town in autos. There is a custom obtaining in a certain country in Europe, which we might adopt here. A girl over there will not let a man spend money on her, as it is considered bad form, unladylike, and in a sense places her under an obligation to the spender. I know girls who openly boast that such and such a man of their acquaintance spent a whole month's salary on giving them a good time. I have known other girls (God bless them) who have positively declined to go to theaters, supper and dances with young men, because they knew they were not in a financial position to have positively declined to go to theaters, sup-per and dances with young men, because they knew they were not in a financial position to spend a lot of money up them for a few hours' pleasure. The mainity of young men can hardly keep themselves, and if they start cut-ting a wide gash with the girls, they have either to borrow, get credit and go into debt, or steal.

either to borrow, get credit and go into debt, or steal.

Most of the boys who are ready to go to jail to give a girl a good time, if they were married to the same girl would not give her ten cents to buy a ribbon, or a bill to buy shoes, unless forced to. The young man who won't fool away his money on giving girls a good time is called stingy, but he is the one who is saving his money and who can and will give a girl a good home, though he sensibly declines to give her champagne suppers, or moonlight rides in automobiles. Girls, think this matter over. Your influence over boys for good is enormous, and you have also only got to give him the least encouragement, and he will rob a bank to make himself solid with you. What the son of a millionaire does, the ten dollar a week clerk will ? if he can. It is cily natural, for none of us like to be the ten dollar a week clerk will ? if he can. It is (1) natural, for none of us like to be outshone in the eyes, of the girls we admire. I agree with all the writer of this letter says, but I also think it is a great mistake to send anyone to prison for a first offence of this kind. We should have a "first offence act." Let the offender be severely admonished by the judge, and warned that if he is arrested again, he will receive a double sentence, and will have to explate both crimes by a long term in prison. If a man breaks the law twice we know he is bad stuff, and a criminal at heart, and the sooner he is behind the bars the better. But don't imprison a man and ruin his life, because, as in the case of the writer of this letter, he took a few dollars to give a feather-brained idiot of a girl—the worst possible kind of a so-called "good time."

in the United States Marine corps, uoing duty in the navy-yard and coaling station at this place.

I will try to describe the place now, there are about two thousand acres in the reservation. There is a coaling station here, a large drydock, and a target-range for rife and pistol and artillery practice, just for U. S. navy men, marines and sailors, also officers. There are thirty-eight marines here. We have nice Barracks, with every accommodation which soldiers generally have. There are two station ships, a monitor named the U. S. S. Amphirtite, and an old wooden sailing training ship the U. S. S. Monongahela. Well, dear Uncle, I cannot write much this time, but will try and do better next time. Tell the cousins that I will answer all letters, and tell them everything I can about Cuba, and the situation here, also about Marine-corp or navy life. I will exchange postal cards with anyone who wishes to do so. I will now bring my letter to a close. Hoping to hear from some of the cousins soon, also see some part of my letter in print sometime. Your cousin, Cliffon United I am always glad to hear

man should try and better himself if he gets the chance, and a job with "6" per and grub, would hit me fine just now. I can get fine re-ferences. Here is one from the governor of this state: "I have known Uncle Charlie for would nit me line just now. I can get line references. Here is one from the governor of this state: "I have known Uncle Charlie for the last three centuries, and I can honestly say I never knew him to be anything else but a public nuisance. If anyone will give him fifty years in a steel cage in the penitentiary, I shall be supremely grateful. P. S. If it is possible to electrocute him, please do so." There, Clifton, I think that ought to get me a situation anywhere. I saw a headline in a New York paper a few years ago: "THE EUROPEAN SITUATION," and I went all the way to Europe to look for it, only to find there was no situation at all. I had to walk back, and it was wet walking all right, all right. Some of the waves needed paving and macadamizing as they were extremely rough and needed a lot of grading. Later on I saw in the papers in big letters: "THE EUROPEAN CONCERT," and off I went to Europe to see if I could not get a job to sing at the concert. I offered to sing for a whole week for a dollar and ten cents but it was no use, for I found out there was no concert at all. Three old fool kings over there were holding a powwow, and that was what the ginks called a concert. Cliff, I'm just disgusted the way people put fool things in the paper, and mislead the innocent goons like myself. Now, Clif, honest, I want that situation, and if you can't hold it for me, call in the marine guard and the warships and get them to hold it, as I am tired of being frozen up here in Maine, and more tired still of telling the Buttinskies it takes twenty cents won't even gain a peep under the canvas.

A Kentucky cousin has a little piece to speak.

A Kentucky cousin has a little piece to

TRIMBLE, KY., June 15, 1907.

TRIMBLE, KY., June 15, 1994.

DEAR UNCLE:

I received my membership card and button all O. K., and I think they are real nice. I am a stave dresser by trade, and am sixteen years of age, five feet six inches high, weight one hundred and fifty pounds. Have dark hair, and Uncle, I hardly know how to describe my eyes, as one is brown and one blue.

Uncle, I wish you would come down and help me dress staves. I live in Kentucky, and this state is noted for its fine horses and pretty girls. I will close, I hope I will see this in print, so good by Uncle, and all of the cousins.

JAS. BLAND (No. 17,395).

girls. I will close, I hope I will see this in print, so good by Uncle, and all of the cousins.

Jas. Bland (No. 17,895).

Jim, I would like nothing better than to come down and help you dress staves, but the fact of the matter is I would be of very little use in a business of this kind. I never dressed a stave in my life, and I am perfectly, utterly, entirely and completely ignorant of the details of a stave's toilet. To be candid and frank with you, Jimmy, I don't even know what sex a stave belongs to, whether it is feminine, masculine, or neuterine. I would not know whether to put pants on a stave, or a skirt, corset and hip pads. The odds are I might dress a stave in pants and a plug hat, only to find you hopping mad because I had not togged it out in a chemise, petticoat and straw bonnet. I never was much of a dresser anyway. A friend sent me one of those new combination suits of underwear once, and I thought it was a neck muffler, and wore it to a prayer meeting, and it raised a riot and I got read out of the church. In fact I was more than read out, I was thrown out. My ideas of clothing always were primitive.

When I was visiting Europe I was ordered to attend a court function and be presented to attend a court function and be presented to the King of England. I went dressed in a pair of overalls, a flannel shirt, and a smile of condescension. When I got to the door, the court flunkeys told me to come back in regulation court dress. I asked a friend of mine who had been presented at court a good many times, what kind of a dress was needed, and he said it was a coat of paint and pants to match. So I painted myself from the head up and feet down with a nice coat of paint—red, white and blue, and then I started out to get presented at court, and you bet I got presented this time, and I made such a hit that they insisted on my remaining at court one month. I forgot to mention that it was a police court. No, Jim, I won't attempt to dress staves for you. A man who can't dress himself has no right to be foolin

Here is a letter that will touch a sympa-thetic chord in many hearts.

the judge, and warned that if he is arrested again, he will receive a double sentence, and will have to expiate both crimes by a long term in prison. If a man breaks the law twice we know he is bad stuff, and a criminal at heart, and the sooner he is behind the bars the better. But don't imprison a man and ruin his life, because, as in the case of the writer of this lefter, he took a few dollars to give a feather-brained idiot of a girl—the worst possible kind of a so-called "good time."

A brave soldier laddie will now entertain us.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA, May 9, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have received your membership cards and button. How pleased I am with them. I also am glad that the pledge is so nice. I try to comfort my parents, and I dearly love any kind of an animal, also my country and its flag. I am in the United States Marine corps, doing duty in the navy-yard and coaling station at this place.

I will try to describe the place now, there are about two thousand acres in the reservation. There is a coaling station here, a large drydock, and a target-range for rife and pistoi and artillery practice, just for U. S. navy men, marines and sailors, also officers. There are thirty-eight marines here. We have nice Barines, with every accommodation which soldiers as monitor named the U. stee high the proposition of the sum of the country and but time. The lite cousins that I will answer all letters, and tell them everything I can about Cuba, and the situation here, a large drydock, and a target-range for rife and pistoi and wooden sailing training also my his proposition to a sum of the country and increase with every accommodation which soldiers as monitor named the U. stee high the proposition of the sum of the place of the place now, there are also about two thousand acres in the reservation. There is a coaling station here, a large drydock, and a target-range for rife and pistoi and proposition the country and its flag. I am of the place of the place

I have a world of sympathy for you, Mrs. I have a world of sympathy for you, Mrs. White. It is a tough proposition for a man in health to keep the home going, and provide for his family, and educate the little ones properly; but it is simply wild, wicked and awful, when a woman is robbed by death of her husband and is left to struggle with these problems of food, clothes, rent and education, which almost baffle the strongest man to solve. To add to the trouble you are sick and tion, which almost baffle the strongest man to solve. To add to the trouble, you are sick. and though you are young in a sense, forty-five, yet after forty, we all commence to go down hill, and lose our staying powers and vigor. As far as sewing is concerned, if you were in the city you would get sweat snop work to do, that would bring you in from ninety cents to a dollar a day if you worked fourteen hours (CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

September ONLY A GIRL From Rags to Riches By Fred Thorpe Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kelly, two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-natured lad of fifteen pulls them apart. Ralph Straight, who buys papers of Madge, places his hand on her shoulder. He is surprised and asks the girl to go with him. The boys mistake him for a fly cop, and Dave tells him if the girl is in trouble he'll go bail for her. Ralph turns to Madge; it is a pity for a girl like her to be selling papers on the street for a living. He will get a place for her in the bindery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge goes to Ralph's home, and she opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. "It 'link dey's kep' me good more dan any-ving else." Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Bverton, at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son whose tastes are different. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Shirley sole heir to his estate. Hereceives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can his silence. The price is one half million. It is absurd. Shirley will pay well for the proof of the girl's death. There is a rap and Harold is confronted by a shabbily dressed old man. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stamwix is in a rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel eneircled by a belt. Her hair blows dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man asks Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice, whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and selzes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton grasps the gi

CHAPTER V.

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

FTER his interview with Richard Harold, Shirley Everton had a long interview with himself.

Though it was after midnight when Harold left him, Everton was in no mood for sleep. His valet, seeing that he was disturbed in mind, urged him to go the ball, but the event of the season had no charms for him now, and he harshly ordered the man to bed, accompanying the command charms for him now, and he harshly ordered the man to bed, accompanying the command with an oath so forcible that Tompkins fairly gasped for breath, scarcely able to believe that the expression could have proceeded from the lips of his usually mild and Anglomaniacal master.

Yes, Shirley Everton was seriously disturbed in mind, and no wonder.

The whispers regarding his f ther's past life referred to in a former chapter had reached his ears, but had not disturbed him to any serious extent.

is extent.

But the sudden revelation of the startling

But the sudden revelation of the startling fact that Shirley Everton, the leading member of St.—'s Church, the philanthropist, the trustee in a dozen or more religious and benevolent societies, was at heart a scoundrel, came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. The evidence was indisputable, however; the documents presented by Harold proved the truth of every word he said.

Ahe marriage certificate bore the names of Shirley Everton and Anna Hilton; the clergyman who had performed the ceremony was alive, as were the witnesses.

The certificate of birth bore every mark of genuineness, and Everton knew that the letters presented by Harold were really in his father's handwriting.

Love letters they were, everyone breathing

Love letters they were, everyone breathing devotion.

Alas! how soon those vows of fidelity had

Alas! how soon those vows of fidelity had been forgotten.

The documentary evidence produced by Harold was confirmed by a thousand and one incidents, each one trifling in itself, that Shirley Everton recalled as he reflected upon the strange story to which he had just listened. There could be no doubt of it; his father, the wealthy, the respected Shirley Everton, upon whose tombstone were inscribed his many supposed virtues, was a hypocrite, a whited sepulcher.

"What could have induced him to commit such an act of folly, of madness?" groaned young Everton, as he paced the floor of his room, much to the wonder and discomfort of his valet, who was trying to get to sleep in the adjoining apartment.

Shirley Everton had something to think of

Shirley Everton had something to think of now beside the latest London styles.

What could have induced old Shirley Everton to commit such an act of folly?

What could have induced old Shirley Everton to commit such an act of folly?

It was the old, old—yet ever new—story.
When he was a young man, accident had thrown him and Anna Hilton together.
Her station in life was of the humblest; she could neither read nor write.
But she had a face and form over which a poet or a sculptor would have gone mad.
It is no wonder that Shirley Everton, young, romantic, susceptible—very different from the hard-headed Shirley Everton of later years—fell deeply in love with her.
His social position, though not very high, was much better than her own, and it was a sacrifice to marry her.
His expectations—afterward realized—were great, and Anna Hilton was not the woman to share the honors he expected to gain.
After a long conflict with himself, he married her.
He did not keep her in ignerance of his

He did not keep her in ignorance of his ume; he flattered himself that he conducted

name; he lattered himself that he conducted everything in the most straightforward way possible, but he made her take a most solemn oath that she would keep his identity a secret, and that she would allow herself to be known as Mrs. Mason until he gave her permission to reveal the truth.

mission to reveal the truth.

To the untutored girl this oath had a terrible significance, and she kept it until the end.
Within two years an opportunity for what the French call "a marriage of convenience," presented itself to Shirley Everton.

He was young, handsome, talented; a brilliant future seemed to stretch out before

him. and a wealthy family sought, almost begged, alliance with his.

It was a terrible temptation,
A marriage with Alida Fenton, the daughter of the millionaire banker, meant wealth and fame for him.

His first marriage was still a secret—might

His first marriage was still a secret—might ever remain so.

Some men would have spurned the thought of an act which must ever lower them in their own estimation, even if the world remained ignorant of their villainy.

But Shirley Everton was not such a man. He was married to Alida Fenton at Grace Church, amidst pomp and splendor, while his legitimate wife was living in comparative poverty in a lowly down-town tenement.

Thereafter he led a ouble life.

He had two wives, two homes.

Neither woman was aware of the existence of the other.

Neither woman was aware of the existence of the other.

Perhaps Mrs. Everton No. 1 would have learned of the birth of Shirley Everton, J, through the daily papers; but she could not read, and as all her friends knew her as Mrs. Mason, i never occu red to anyone that she could have any possible interest in that momentum avent.

stason. I never occu red to anyone that she could have any possible interest in that momentous event.

Soon after the birth of Madge, Everton deserted his first wife altogether.

He caused reports of his death to reach her ears, and she mourned him sincerely.

It a bold step, but it succe Jed.

Husband and wife lived in the same city: every day the banker, or his way down-town, passed within a stone's throw of his first wife's wretched dwelling; sometimes he bought a paper of his dughter—of whose identity, however, he was not aware.

Thus he lived for years, and when he cied his secret remained unsuspected.

Does this seem incredible, reader?

It is no fancy sketch, it is the plain, unvarnished truth.

Almost e ery morning we see some start-

It is no fancy sketch, it is the plain, unvarnished truth.

Almost e ery morning we see some startling item in the paper of which we say: "If I had read that in a story I should have considered it impossible."

Truth is, indeed, stranger than Fiction.

With all the chances against the success of his vile plot, Shirley Everton managed to deceive the world, and to live and die a respected, honored citizen.

But "murder will out," and now the hideous skeleton had stalked out of the closet and stood confronting young Shirley byerton.

It seemed to grimly ask him:

"What are you going to do about it?"

He was in the power of Richard Harold.

The marriage certificate, the certificate of birth, the letters which the unhappy woman to whom they were addressed had been unable to read, were all evidence against him.

At a word from Harolc his wealth, his position, even his name 'ould be taken from him.

The thought was maddening.

He knew enough of the world to place very little reliance in the promi es of Richard Harold.

After meditating upon the situation until the gray light of dawn began to peep into the room, he retired to rest, and slept uneasily until nearly noon.

Then, refusing the offices of Tompkins, much

the room, he retired to rest, and slept uneasuly until nearly noon.

Then, refusing the offices of Tompkins, much to that worthy flunky's dismay, he made a hasty toilet an sallied out with a new purpose in view—to find his half-sister, Mauge

pose in view—to find his half-sister, Madge Mason.

Harold had told him that she was a newsgirl, and had informed him where he would be likely to find her.

He went, therefore, to the corr r of Park Row and Frankfort Street, and catechized the numerous youngsters who were engaged in plying their vocation there.

They all knew Madge, but none of them was able to tell h m where to find her.

"She ain't been here terday," said An:'e Kelly, "an' I don't t'ink she'll show up ag'in jes' yet, fer she knows I'm a-layin' fer her."

Twice afterward 'verton went in search of the girl, and he had come to the conclusion that Harold had smitted her away, when he learned from one of the boys, a friend of Dave Lane's, that she had found employment in tanley's book-bindery.

To that establishment he proceeded at once, and rea d it just as the girls came trooping out for dinner.

"Just my luck!" he muttered. "Now, which one of these creatures is she, I wonder? Perhaps she isn't among them. I'll go in and make some inquiries."

haps she isn't among them. I'll go in and make some inquiries."
He vont in, and the result of his inquiries we have seen.
Dave Lane, believing him to be a "masher," pointed out Alice Straight as Madge

When Alice's hair became entangled in the

When Alice's nair became entangled in the belt the thought occurred to Everton that Fate had interfered in his favor, and that the girl who stood between him and fortune was about to be removed without any interference on his part.

So when Madge attempted to rush forward and rescue Alice he seized her in his arms so tightly that she was powerless to free herself.

CHAPTER VI.

"THERE IS A MYSTERY HERE."

"Let me go!" fairly shrieked Madge again, as she struggled vainly to free herself from Everton's grasp.

"Not yet

"Not yet, my beauty," cried Everton in a hoarse whisper, "not yet."

See first page illustration.

But the next instant he received a blow on the head that caused him to release his hold on the girl and reel backward with a cry of rage and pain.

The blow was dealt by the hard fist of Dave

It had occurred to the boy after he got downstairs that Alice might possibly be annoyed by the supposed "masher," and he had run up again, reaching the head of the stairs just in time to see Madge struggling in

Everton's grasp.

While a myriad of stars were still dancing before the millionaire's eyes, Dave, who had not observed Alice's peril, cried:

"Got here just in time, didn't I, Madge? No show for mashers while I'm around, yer bet. But—"

bet. But—"

He paused in open-mouthed astonishment, for Madge had rushed into the workroom with the lightness and speed of a frightened

with the lightness and speed of a frightened fawn.
Glancing in, he saw the frightful position in which Alice was placed.
He instantly followed Madge.
But the girl had not lost a moment.
Seizing the shears, she ran up to Alice, and with one quick movement severed her long, flowing tresses close to the head.
In another i stant she would have been too late.

late.
"Madge," gasped the terrified girl, "you have saved—".

The words died away in an inarticulate murmur, and she sank fainting to the floor.

"Go fer water, Dave—quick!" cried Madge.

"Git a move on yer now."

"By Jingo!" exclaided Dave, lingering a moment, "it's too blamed bad about dat purty hair o 'hern! Why, she ain't got no more left 'n I have."

"Well, ain't it a lot better dan ef she'd lost her life?" cried Madge. "Hurry up, now! W'at's der matter wid yer?"

While Dave rushed off to get the water, Everton, outside the door, gazed admiringly at Madge.

Everton, outside the door, gazed admiringly at Madge.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "how did that divinity drop down in this vile locality. She's a study—a goddess in arnate with a Bowery dialect. And, by Jove, how strangely she looks like father around the eyes. If she had been pointed out to me as Madge Mason I'd have believed it—she's much more like the family than the real one."

S. irley Everton was quick-witted. He had already made up his mind what to do.

He would not attempt to leave the place while attention was attracted from him; he would remain and "face the music."

So he stepped into the room, assumed a smile, and addressing Madge, said:

"Do not be alarmed. Miss Mason has only fainted."

Madge looked up with flashing eyes.

Madge looked up with flashing eyes. Madge looked up with flashing eyes.

"How dare yer speak ter me, yer cowardly dude? Ef yer'd had yer way dis young lady'd ha' been dead or disfiggered fer life by dis time. An' who are yer callin' Miss Mason?"

"Why?" gasped Everton, "isn't that the young lady's name?"

"No, it ain't; it's my name—Madge Mason, an' I ain't got no reason to be ashamed of it."

"But he—that young man who just went out—told me that her name——"
"Was Madge Mason?"

"Was Madge Mason?"
"Yes."
"Well, den, he sized yer up fer a masher, an put up a job on yer. See?"
"Dat's der size of it." added Dave, coming in with a pitcher of water at that moment. "But I sized him up wrong, fer he's worse nor a masher. Ef he'd had his way Alice 'd be dead now. Der's some deep-laid plot in all dis."
"You are mistaken, my good fellow, you are, by Jove!" protested Everton, assuming a conciliatory air.
"Am I?" sneered Dave. "Was I born dis mornin'? Sa-ay! what d'yer take me for?"
"So he t'ought she was me," said Madge, who had been bathing Alice's pallid face with the contents of the pitcher. "What grudge has he got ag'inst me? I never seen him before in me life."
"My dear, Miss Mason," began Everton, with an oily smile, "you were never more mi aken. Do you know why I seized you and tried to prevent you from going to this young lady?"
"Yes—yer wanted her to git killed."
"How absurd!" exclaimed the millionaire.

"Yes—yer wanted her to git killed."
"How absurd!" exclaimed the million "Yes—yer wanted her to git killed."
"How absurd!" exclaimed the millionaire, with a shocked look. "I believed that you would imperil your life, and I detained you to prevent you from sharing the young lady's fate. I was wrong, as it has turned out, but r motives were certainly good."
"I don't take no stock in dat yarn," said Madge decidedly.
"Me nc'4er." added Dave with a lowering glance at Everton. "Say, Madge, shall I chuck him downs.airs?"
"No, let up on him." directed Madge. "Dat lump on der side of his head is enough for one dose."
The "lump on der side of his head," which had been inflicted by Dave, was paining Everton not a little, and if he could have followed the bent of his own inclinations he would have punished the young workman severely.

And he could have done it, for he was by

And he could have done it, for he was by no means a weakling, and Dave was but a

But policy forbade, and wreathing his fea-

But policy forbade, and wreathing his features—not without some difficulty—into a smile, he said:

"My young friend, I bear you no ill-will for the blow you gave me, for your motives were praiseworthy, although you were laboring under a mistake. If I had been in your place I should have done the same thing."

This speech somewhat impressed Dave.

"D'yer mean dat, mister?" he said.

"Certainly I do."

"Will yer answer me one question?"

"Certainly I do."
"Will yer answer me one question?"
"A dozen, if you like."
"Den how was it dat yer happened ter come here a-askin' fer Madge?"
"Yes, dat's der way ter put it," added our heroine. "How did yer ever git a-hold o'my name?"

name?"
Everton hesitated a moment.
He was, however spared the immediate necessity of replying by the sudden appearance on the scene of Ralph Straight.
The young foreman sprung forward with a cry of alarm as his eyes rested upon the motionless figure of his sister.
As he knelt beside her, her eyelids quivered and the nonemed.

and then opened.

In a few moments she was quite herself

In a few moments she was quite herself again.

Then the situation was explained to Ralph alternately by Madge and Dave, Everton standing quietly by meanwhile.

When they had finished what, it must be confessed, was not a very intelligible story, Ralph turned to the millionaire and said sternly:

"Well, sir, how do you explain all this?"
The words, the tone and the gesture that
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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extras of any kind.

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JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with
Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow
he finds bot of 1860, I tell you? Suddenly a
horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags
the form of a horsems. Jerry stops the horse,
saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions bursts into view. From one stirrup drags
the form of a horsems. Jerry stops the horse,
saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry
does not know how long he was there? A mun
named Cass takes him away for two years; he tenlife and Jerry goes may two years; he tenlife and Jerry goes may. When he goes back to
New York he will look into the matter for him.
Jerry does not dream of the odd things to happen
before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the and darkness overtake Dick
Grick, who meets Indian John, and asks him to
guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at
Hill's Tavern. The landhord is curious as ho him
visitor's home.

And they have well be guided by circursances, and he inquires about the chief setthere. There is Issac Davenport, an officer in the
war, Henry, the Major's only son, the daughter
May and the Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's,
and at thirty-seven is unmare secony Mehitable.

They are the server of the landhord the way to Squire
Parkhurst's. As he walks alseg there is the discharge of a gun, the builden for a deer. Dick
Clarke inquires of the landhord the way to Squire
Parkhurst's. As he walks alseg there is the discharge of a gun, the builden for a deer. Dick
Clarke in the server of the same of the server is

Hill's have the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurs's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mehitable meets him. Jerry relates his give him to

Grick Clarke Squire Parkhurst lives in the

William of the server of the same of the server of the

Hill's have been an experimental the server of the server of

CHAPTER XXVII.

A TRIP TO NEW YORK.

ERRY could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses as he perused the letter sent to him by Mr. Henry Maxwell.

"Can this be true?" he asked himself.

"Am I at last to find out who I really am? Oh, if only it is true!"

"You seem to be mightly interested, Jerry," observed the landlord curiously.

"I am," was the answer.

"From some friend in New York, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And good news?"
"Very, Mr. Hill. But I can't stop to tell
you about it now. I've got to get home," and
without saying more the boy hurried from the

without saying more the boy hurried from the tavern.

He felt as if he was treading on air. The trip to New York was enough to elate him. But what if he should find his parents, and what if they should be rich!

"I wish I could fly to New York," he muttered. "Somehow, it seems to me I won't be able to get there quick enough. So Mr. Maxwell is a friend to Henry Davenport's father, the major. I ought not to mave any trouble getting that loan. Not but what I reckon the squire or Miss Mabel would let me have it, if I asked them."

He was almost home when he saw Henry Davenport coming toward him on horseback.

"Well, Jerry, off on an errand?" said the young man pleasantly.

"Yes, Mr. Davenport, By the way, is your father home these days?" went on Jerry.

"He is. But why do you sak?" questioned Henry Davenport, coming to a halt. "This morning of this feed to the him in the woods some time ago and stopped his runaway horse for him. He asked stopped his runaway horse for him. He asked to the him in the woods some time ago and stopped his runaway horse for him. He asked to the him in the woods some time ago and stopped his runaway horse for him. He asked to the him in the woods some time ago and stopped his runaway horse for him. He asked to the him in the woods among to this letter."

Henry Davenport read the communication with much interest.

"I must congratulate you on your good for tune, Jerry!" he said warmly. "I trust you will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Herry Davenport read the communication with much interest.

"I must congratulate you on your good for tune, Jerry!" he said warmly. "I trust you will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and the woods will be the woods with the thing!" cried you will see the wood will be a fellow the woods will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and the wood will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and the wood will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and the wood will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and the wood will be a long without the shall come and see her before long."

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and the wood will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and the wood will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and the way you will she come?"

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and the wood will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Better wait

dollars."

"Indeed! That is rather out of the ordinary, Jerry."

"It's on account of this letter. Do you know Mr. Henry Maxwell of New York?"

"Quite well."

"I met him in the woods some time ago and stopped his runaway horse for him. He asked me about myself and promised to try to find out something about me. This morning I got this letter."

Henry Davenport read the communication with much interest.

"I must congratulate you on your good fortune, Jerry!" he said warmly. "I trust you will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Thank you. I wonder if I can't start for New York this afternoon."

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and then we can go together. It will be better for you to go with me than to go alone."

"Oh, Mr. Davenport, just the thing!" cried Jerry enthusiastically. "When are you going to start?"

"Directly after breakfast. I shall ride on one of our best horses and you can have his com-

and I don't blame you. Have you seen him today?"
"Yes, he tried to bully me about an hour ago."
"What did you do?"
"Gave him as good as he sent. I hope, after
you have found that treasure, that you send him
about his business."
"We'll certainly do that," answered Henry
Davenport.
When Jerry reached home he took the letters
to Squire Parkhurst and then told both the
squire and Mabel about the communication from
Mr. Maxwell.
"Jerry, I sincerely hope the news proves good,"
said Mabel. "But let me warn you not to raise
your hopes too high. Mr. Maxwell may be mistaken."
"We tried our best to learn something vears

"Here Davenport read the communication with much interest."

"Internation," be said warmly, "trust you will will be record to the control of the control of

said the boy.

There was nothing for him to do but to wait, and thinking he might assist Henry Davenport in the search for the Parkhurst treasure he hurried back to where he had left the young man.

"Why, yes, Jerry, you can go along to old Aunt Phœbe's house, if you wish," said Henry Davenport. "There may be quite some digging to do and you can help at that."

"It will just suit me," said the boy.

CHAPTER XXVIII. UNEARTHING THE TREASURE.

UNEAETHING THE TREASURE.

The little cottage occupied by Black Phœbe was situated at the extreme upper end of Manhattan Island, so far anove the then line of settlement that its value was regarded as merely nominal. It belonged to the Parkhurst estate, but the old family nurse had occupied it free of rent for years. On the land surrounding the cottage the aged colored woman raised a few vogetables. She also did such odd jobs as were offered to her, but she was getting too old to do a great deal.

When Henry Davenport rode up, accompanied by Jerry, the old woman yas at work just behind the house, hoeing potatoes. She was still vigorous, although she could not have been less than eighty years of age. Although it was midsummer, she wore a dress padded like a comforter of the present day. On her head she wore a white cloth that had been twisted into the form of a turban.

rban. She looked up with curiosity, leaning on her be meanwhile, as the young man dismounted

Jerry was introduced, and it was determined at once to proceed to dig for the treasure. As there were no houses near by, and it was not in sight from the road, this step was not considered imprudent. Stripping off his coat Henry Davenport proceeded to dig with energy, followed by Jerry. At length Jerry's spade struck a hard substance.

port proceeded to dig with energy, followed by Jerry. At length Jerry's spade struck a hard substance.

"Dat's it!" exclaimed Phœbe, clasping her arms. "Oh, for de love of Heaven, child, work as quick as you can."

Finding they were on the track, Henry Davenport and Jerry began to dig with greater energy than before, and at length revealed the top of a chest very strongly resembling those now used by sallors. Digging around it they discovered that it was bound up in heavy ropes, many of which had long since gone to decay.

"Let us try to lift the box out." said the young man in a slightly strained voice.

He was now tremendously excited, and so was Jerry. Using a spade and a block of wood, they pried up one end of the box and at last brought it up to the surface.

"Hadn't we better take it into the cottage?" suggested Jerry. "Somebody may come here while we are opening it."

"Yes, we'll take it in," said Henry Davenport. "Has yo' got a key fo' dat box?" demanded Black Phœbe.

"I have not; but it is much rotted, and I think it will break open with ease."

It was a heavy load to shift to the main room of the cottage. But neither the young man nor Jerry thought of the labor involved. To get the box open was their one thought.

At last it was in the cottage, and Black Phœbe shut the door and fastened it. Then, with a spade, Henry Davenport knocked off the top of the chest.

spade, Henry Davenport knocked off the top of the chest.

There, beneath the cover, lay a pile of gold,

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN OLD MYSTERY CLEARED UP. My young readers will well understand that Jerry was very anxious to see Mr. Henry Maxwell on the following day.

Half an hour before noon the boy and Henry Davenport set out for the home of the rich merchant.

Jerry was very anxious to see Mr. Henry Maxwell and hour before noon the boy and Henry Davenport set out for the home of the rich merchant.

"Let me caution you not to have too high hopes, Jerry," said the young man, for at least the tenth time. "After all, Mr. Maxwell may have made a mistake, or the news may not be as good as you anticipate."

To this Jerry did not answer. His heart was too full for speech.

When they reached the merchant's house they were invited into the parlor, and in a few minutes Henry Maxwell joined them.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, as he shook hands. "And also glad to see you, Mr. Davenport."

"I came just as soon as I could, Mr. Maxwell," said Jerry. "I am more than anxious to hear about what you have found out."

"Did you bring the overcoat and the slip of paper with you, Jerry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good, then. I presume they are in that bundle under your arm."

"The blue overcoat is, sir. The slip of paper is in my pocket."

"Will you let me see the paper?"

"Certainly, sir."

Jerry produced the slip and Henry Maxwell scanned it closely for a minute.

"It certainly looks like the same writing." he murmured to himself.

"Like what writing?" demanded Jerry, catching the words.

"Never mind now, Jerry. I wish you would come with me. I want you to pay a visit to an old woman who may know a good deal about your past. She was going to sail for Europe, but I managed to detain her in New York."

"Shall I go along?" questioned Henry Davenport. "I take a great interest in Jerry. He has just done the Parkhursts, and incidentally myself, a great service."

"The merchant called for his coach, and soon it came around to the front door and all three entered. It was a handsome affair, with soft toushions, and much better than Jerry had ever the requipage came to a standstill before a row of buildings that were in a highly dilapidated condition.

"We will alight here," said Henry Maxwell.

"Follow me," and he led the way into the hall-way of one of the houses. He passed up two

dition.

"We will alight here," said Henry Maxwell.

"Follow me," and he led the way into the hallway of one of the houses. He passed up two
flights of stairs and knocked loudly on a door in the rear.
"Come in," said a somewhat hoarse voice, and

the rear.

"Come in," said a somewhat hoarse voice, and the three entered.

The room was dirty in the extreme and contained furniture that had long ago seen its best days. There was one small window, which was open to admit the iresh air, and before this, in a rocker, sat an old woman, with whitish hair and wrinkled features. On the table was a can that had contained ale, and it was plainly to be seen that the woman was a hard drinker and had been for many years.

"So it's you, Mr. Maxwell," said the woman, in her rough voice. "I've been looking for you these three days."

"I had to go away on business," answered the merchant. He turned to Jerry, "Jerry, this is Mrs. Starfield. Mrs. Starfield, this is the boy I mentioned to you."

The woman turned to Jerry and gave him a sharp look. Then came a gasp and she held up her hands in astonishment.

"It is Maurice Robertson! It is Maurice Robertson come to life again!" she panted.

'You are sure of this?" demanded Mr. Maxwell.

"Yes, yes! Why sir, he is the dead image

well.

"Yes, yes! Why sir, he is the dead image of his father! If you do not believe it, look at the portrait of Maurice Robertson which you will find in the old Robertson home in Concord."

"What is this you are saying?" asked Jerry.

"Who was Maurice Robertson?"

"He was your father," answered the woman.

"My father?"

"He was your father," answered the woman.

"My father?"

"Yes, and vou look exactly like him."

"Hold, not so fast," interrupted Henry Maxwel.

"Let us make certain first." He brought forth the blue overcoat. "Do you recognize this. Mrs. Starfield?"

"I do, sir. It is the very same that my husband wore on the day the child was stolen."

"And now this slip of paper." The merchant passed it over. "Look at it well, and let me know if you are prepared to swear that it is your handwriting."

Mrs. Starfield took the paper and held it to the light.

"Yes, I wrote that. I am sure of it."

Without replying, the merchant passed over a blank piece of paper and a pencil.

"Write that same line on this," he ordered. In a somewhat agitated manner the woman compiled. Then the two slips of paper were compared.

"It is certainly the same hand," said Henry Davenport. "Sue trembles a little now, but the formation of the letters is exactly the same. and so is that flourish on the capitals, Mr. Maxwell."

"1ou are right," replied Mr. Maxwell.

"But what does all this mean.

well."

"You are right," replied Mr. Maxwell.
"But what does all this mean, Mr. Maxwell?"
demanded Jerry. "Tell me who I am, won't
you?"

"I will, but first I will have to tell you a little
story." answered the merchant. "This woman

"I will, but first I will have to tell you a little story," answered the merchant. "This woman here and her husband were once in the employ of a merchant who lived at Concord. Massachusetts, and did business in Boston. This merchant had one son, a little fellow christened Jeremiah. The woman was, so far as I am able to learn, a faithful servant, but the husband was a man of low degree and one very fond of liquor.

"The merchant owned some property in New York and wanted to sell the same. At about (CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

a day steady, but express charges would eat up all you made, if work were sent you from the big cities by manufacturers, and they would not send it anyway. I know a woman who makes children's dresses for a New York

from the big cities by manufacturers, and they would not send it anyway. I know a woman who makes children's dresses for a New York firm, and she gets ninety cents for making a dozen dresses. I will mail you her address and you can write to her. This woman is very quick and expert, and with her daughter's assistance, working fifteen hours a day, they can make close on a dozen and a half dresses. They make about a dollar and thirty cents a day, but it is killing work. White slavery, and such work at such prices, is a disgrace to our land. But people want, and must have things cheap, and they get the articles out of the blood and sweat of their brothers and sisters. This woman has to carry her huge bundle of work back to the factory, and wait many long days before she can be paid.

I don't know what to suggest for your boy. He should, of course, be in school for two more years at least, but you, in your delicate health cannot support and educate him. The state ought, in my opinion, to help support and educate all fatherless children. Children should not be forced to suffer, and be deprived of the education we owe them, because death has robbed them of their parents. An educated child is an asset to any state, an uneducated one is of little use and often develops criminal tendencies. These matters will be attended to some day, but at present there is no graft for our politicians in passing legisation for poor children, and so you will have to wait. Millons will read your letter, and many will be able to make you helpful suggestions. Perhaps someone would be glad to educate that fine boy of yours.

Acre is a special Providence watching o'er the widow and orphan and God will not forget you, and I am sure He will show you a way out of your difficulties. Those who write Mrs. White will discover from her reply that she is above the average in education and refinement. She was averse to my publishing her letter, but as I can help her only through you, I prevailed on her to let me publish it. Tens of thousands in this br

Comfort's League of Cousins

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Comfort, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comfort's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of Comfort's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to Comfort for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the Comfort to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also Comfort for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a full-fledged League member.

How to become a Member

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance Comport subscribtor by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join Comport's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brocklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for September

Stette Rhinehart (31), Denver, Ohio. Never stood on her feet, can only use one hand, wants reclining chair, help her to get it. Willie Jane Sheppard, Wedowee, Ala. Poor Never stood on her feet, can only use one hand, wants reclining chair, help her to get it. Willie Jane Sheppard, Wedowee, Ala. Poor colored girl, terribly crippled, buy her book, thirty-five cents. Hetty Latimer, Marshall, Mo. Shut-in, writes charmingly, Cheer her up. Fred W. Bizell, Newton Grove, N. C. R. D. 2, Box 61. Terribly crippled from rheuman tism, quite helpless and in great need, help him, please, John Crow, 286 Broome St., N. Y. City. Has spinal trouble, needs money to buy a brace. Mrs. Maggie A. Rees, Winfield, Ala. Is helpless and sick. Needs a wheel chair, also a Morris chair. Johnnie Adkens, Ranson of above. League for providing him with wheel chair. Sells pictures of himself for seven cents. Will be glad to receive letters. Nancy chair, Will be glad to receive letters. Nancy chair, Will be glad to receive letters. Nancy chair, Mrs. Ella Rea, Spencer, R. F. D., 3, Va. Never walked in her life. No father. Grateful for any assistance. Ethel Riddle, Trivin, Mo. Great sufferer. Very poor. Do what you can for her. Mrs. Ella Rea, Spencer, R. F. D., 3, Va. Never walked in her life. In hospital. Wants material for fancy work, and cheery letters. Can anyone pass her on a phonograph? Bertha Brammer. Gallipolis, Ohio. Crippled all her life. In hospital. Wants material for fancy work, and cheery letters. N. D. Adams (62), Farmington, Me.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

To be a member of the Club means that you have the privilege of writing me confidentially, any and every time you want about anything that troubles you in your personal appearance, and I'll tell you my way to overcome it. So many people write me about just such things that I can't reply through the mails, but I'll answer in these columns. Sign your letter with your full name, of course, but also tell me what initial or nom de plume to use in answering you, and you will find the answer under these initials. Of course all of this advice is intended to be given free for the good of all COMFORT subscribers, so in asking any questions you only have to be sure that your subscription is paid in advance; if it has expired or is about to expire you had batter inclose 15 cents to the Publisher for a renewal to COMFORT when you write—then you will not miss any of the Beauty Talks.

Talk on Complexion

O woman, however charming she may be in other respects, can ever be entirely satisfied with herself if she be afflicted with any eruption of the skin, however slight.

As this is rather important, I have decided to devote this article to telling you how to prevent or banish these unsightly conditions of the skin.

of the skin.

First of all we must put away from us all of the skin.

First of all we must put away from us all thoughts of alluring creams, salves, cosmetics, etc., and go right to the root of all our troubles. Pimples and blackheads are merely a manifestation of the unhealthful condition of the stomach and bowels. Uninteresting as it may seem, constipation and indigestion are the cause of most of our skin troubles and cannot be reached by external treatment to any great extent. Now in order to get rid of these unpleasant little visitors, we must first lay a good foundation by ridding the system of all impurities and promoting the proper circulation of the blood, and this is accomplished by a firm adherence to a simple form of diet, proper baths and lots of fresh air. That isn't very hard to do, I'm sure. Why not try living rightly and be rewarded by a clear smooth skin and a mind at peace with itself? Candies, pastries, etc., are very dear to the feminine heart, I am free to admit, but are they worth all the trouble and annoyance they bring in their train? I think not.

It is enough to give one the horrors to think of the things some

It is enough to give one the hor-rors to think of the things some women eat, and yet, when their skins lose their fresh, natural tints, and little blotches slowly (or rapid-

skins lose their fresh, natural tints, and little blotches slowly (or rapidly) appear, as the case may be, they wonder why, and hasten to some great specialist in skin diseases, when all they need to do is to eat simply, bathe properly and walk two or three hours every day in the open air and everything will come right and they will live happily ever afterwards, as the fairy books say.

Now, girls, won't you put away from you all thoughts of rich ples and puddings, hot biscuits, pancakes and similar food, and your strong cup of coffee that you "just can't do without," and make up your minds to develop a liking for simpler things? After you one begin and see how rapidly the troublesome blotches and blackheads disappear, I'll wager my hopes of a new spring hat that the flesh pots of Egypt, as represented by sweets, your favorite dessert, etc., will be shorn of all their attractions. A skin free from all blemishes is within the reach of all of us and costs only a little time and patience. And think of the dainty frills and furbelows you can adorn yours self with out of the money that the skin specialist didn't get!

A very pleasant little fad has lately become epidemic in this country and is very efficacious as a purifier of the blood if taken persistently. The prescription is one quarter of a pound of the best table raisins, taken daily. They must be masticated carefully before swallowing. The seeds and the skins, are, of course, not eaten. This is certainly a very pleasant treatment and one well worth trying. I also understand it adds weight rapidly, which is something it would be well to remember.

The belles of the old Colonial days had many simple methods for cleansing the blood of all I the rate to store the same and the many simple methods for cleansing the blood of all

The belles of the old Colonial days had many

The belles of the old Colonial days had many simple methods for cleansing the blood of all impurities, and the most remarkable results were obtained by the use of these old-fashioned remedies. A tea made of red clover tops was then considered to be a wonderfully curative agent in cases of slight skin troubles, and as no women in the world were ever so careful of their looks as these sprightly damsels of yore, it would not be well to disdain this simple beauty recipe. You will find it not only effective but delightful to the taste.

I wish to impress upon your memory that pimples and blackheads must not be irritated. So many people make the mistake of bruising or breaking the pimple under the erroneous impression that they are improving conditions, in which they are much mistaken, as they are simply spreading the inflammation. There are many external remedies to lessen this unsightly condition of the skin, among the foremost of which I class my Beauty bags. These Beauty bags have a healing effect upon skin disorders, and should be used three or four times a day. If you do this you will notice an immediate improvement. A good lotion for allaying inflammation of the skin is made by putting a solution of boracic acid in boiling water and using while warm. Listerine, eau de cologne and witch-hazel are also used for the same purpose and are considered good.

The application of any of these remedies for

unhappy damsel, who I hope will see this article and start a crusade against them on her own account.

Blackheads

In cases where there are both pimples and blackheads, the former must be gotten rid of first, and when your skin is perfectly free from eruptions, it is time to take up the question of blackheads, which is done by giving your face a thorough scrubbing every night before retiring with a good complexion brush and warm water. It would be best to add a little alcohol to the bathing water if your blackheads are very bad. Alcohol, while very cleansing, also has the effect of drying the skin, giving it a parched appearance which can be easily remedied by rubbing in a little cold cream immediately after you have dried your face. For those who use soap, a word of caution. Avoid cheap, scented soap! Instead, try to get pure imported Castile, as it contains no injurious ingredients. Be sure to rinse all soap off your

imported Castile, as it contains no injurious ingredients. Be sure to rinse all soap off your face with warm water before drying and applying cream, as otherwise your skin will be rough, scaly and darkened in color.

While you are holding this house-cleaning session it may seem to you that you are simply making a bad matter worse, as for a number of days your pores will seem larger, coarser and more open, but this is only a phase, and you eventually will be the proud possessor of a skin free from all blemishes.

If your blackheads are large and

If your blackheads are large and stubborn, you might remove them by the use of a little instrument called a comedone extractor, which I think only costs seventy-five cents. For myself, however, I would prefer property in the black.

and grime.

Many a poor complexion comes from neglecting the proper cleansing methods. Please don't forget this and save yourself much annoyance and trouble.

A few words about freckles will not come amiss, as about one half of feminine humanity seems to be afflicted with these little marks. For the comfort of those unhappy ones, I can say that only women with thin, delicate skins ever have these blemishes, and the more fine and delicate the skin is, the more subject it is to this freckling habit.

In order to scatter the freckles, the outside layer must be removed, as freckles lie below

In order to scatter the freckles, the outside layer must be removed, as freckles lie below the skin. A good home remedy is lemon juice and glycerine. For those who do not feel that they can use glycerine, I would suggest diluting it with water until it is mild enough to use. Pure glycerine is a great irritant to most people. The above mixture is extremely beneficial. You must use equal proportions of lemon juice and glycerine.

A simple lotion for freckles and one that has been used with great success, is composed of one dram of ammonium chloride to four ounces of distilled water. Apply this lotion at night and after the face has been bathed in hot water.

So many have asked for directions for making the Beauty Bags that I am printing them here this month:

Directions for Making Pretty Girls' Club Beauty Bags.

Take ordinary cheesecloth and cut it into strips two and a half inches wide by five inches long, fold over and sew up the sides making nice little bags about two and a half inches square, fill these with Quaker Oats and sew up the top of the bag and you have one of the most wonderful little healthful cleansers for the skin ever devised; they have such a healing effect upon skin disorders you will notice an immediate improvement if used as per following directions. Every night on going to bed fill a basin full of warm water and allow the bag to soak for a few seconds, not long, just till you see a little milky substance begin to ooze forth. Then using the bag as a wash cloth, thoroughly rub the face—every little crevice and wrinkle (later we'll get rid of crevices and wrinkles). Keep moistening the bag just as you would a wash cloth. The result will surprise you. It has a wonderful cleansing effect and removes all roughness and all scaly bits of skin leaving the face smooth and soft and clean. (You don't realize how much the latter means, but half of us aren't clean, even when we think so). In the daytime, if for any reason your face feels rough and dry, use the "Beauty Bag" again. One of the most delightful presents I know of for a pretty girl is a box of Beauty Bags, all daintily overcast or buttonholed with wash silk in delicate colors.

In the October issue I will answer some of

Massage will also be sent with the skin food and cream. This little book will give you much valuable information how to make the neck, arms and bust plump and pretty.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Has been invalid seventeen years. Needs good reading. Too poor to buy a paper. Mrs. Annie Weaver, Shreve, Ohio. Is helpless and has little children. One girl (15), has all the care of them. They need sunshine and cheer. Mrs. F. L. Taylor (69), Poynette, Wis. Helpless and a great sufferer. Would like pictures, stamps and stationery and any little remembrance will be appreciated. Mrs. E. A. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio. Helpless, cannot sit up. Brighten her sad life by sending her postcards, picture cards, good reading, stamps, etc. M. T. Powell (32), Mocksville, R. F. D., 5, N. Car. Feels he is a burden to his friends and asks us to do all we can to help him in his sad life. His father has dropsy. Mother crippled and he lying helpless. God prompt you all to send substantial help to this man. John Gordon, 2419 So. 14th St., Omaha, Neb. Wants orders for his work. Knits elegant shawls and other articles. Remember him. Rhoda Knippe, Vandalia, Ind. Wants a wheel chair. See she get sit. Mrs. Mary Sanders, Box 86, Pottersville, N. Y. Needs sunshine. May Tutor, Cofer, Miss. An orphan and invalid. Been a cripple all her life. Any help will be appreciated.

There's a big bunch for you. Do your best for them and God will do His best for you.







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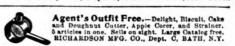
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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OULTING, clean, draught-proof house, and judiciously selected food are the principal factors in getting winter eggs, and September is the month in which the fundamental month in which the fundamental in the fall it is impossible to get them into condition before the really cold weather, for the growth of new feathers requires so much oil that there is none left to provide animal heat, so the food which should be converted into eggs has to furnish the warmth necessary to keep the bird alive.

After many experiments, it has been generally conceded that by withholding food entirely for three weeks, and then feeding heavily rations suitable for the formation of feathers, the moulting season can be controlled. The last week of August mature hens are turned out on free range to forage for their own living. About the end of the second week in September, flocks are returned to their respective yards, roosters being kept in a separate enclosure until the breeding pens are made up in January.

Feed a morning mash of equal parts, wheat bran, ground feed, and oil-meal. Noon: Meat scraps, vegetables, or some sort of green. Night: Wheat, corn, and oats mixed. The first few days give only half meals, as the excessive heavy feed might cause indigestion after the semi-starvation. By the 10th of October the birds should be in possession of full new coats of feathers and robust health. Three weeks after reyarding change the diet to regular egg rations.

The chicken-house is, unfortunately, a dark, dilapidated place on most general farms, needing thorough renovating. Commence by having the old roosting poles and nests torn out and burned at once. Do not let them be left lying about. Ceining and sides must be swept with a stiff broom: corners, ledges, all crevices well scraped off, the surface carted to a remote part of the farm, and scattered broadcast. It is excellent fertilizer for the garden: but as the previous occupants of the chicken-house may not have been healthy, it is safer not to leave it where your birds can scratch in

floor; shut the door and leave the place alone for twelve hours.

Unless it is an exceptionally well-built house, the outside will have to be covered over with two-ply tar paper. When calculating the quantity required remember that the dealer's quotation of feet in a roll, is of square, not running feet; therefore a roll of two hundred and fifty feet of the usual yard width would only be about eight-two lineal feet.

Choose a dry day without frost; start at

and fifty feet of the usual yard width would only be about eight-two lineal feet.

Choose a dry day without frost; start at the bottom, using the caps and nails which are specially made for the purpose; some makers send out sufficient for er h roll and include it in the prices quoted. Each row must be allowed to lap over the edge of the preceding one, two inches. Fit up snugly under the eaves of the roof, or, if it is even with a sides, allow ample overlappings; otherwise slanting, beating rains will find a vulnerable spot and cause trouble. Whatever the size of the building, have the greater part of the south or southwest exposure, glass. Ordinary-sized sashes can be bought in or near every village, and are best fixed in grooves top and bottom, because then the whole sash can be pushed back and out of the way on fine days. On the outside, cover the opening with wire netting.

After the exterior of the poultry-house is put into good repair, the interior must be considered.

If the floor appears damp, have a thick layer of stones laid over it before felling.

considered.

If the floor appears damp, have a thick layer of stones laid over it before filling in clean earth in place of the surface scraped away. It must be leveled and well stamped down; when finished, the floor must be a foot above the outer ground.

Half a small cup of crude carbolic acid and a similar-sized cup of kerosene stirred into whitewash applied hot to the walls and ceiling of the chicken-house, makes it wholesomely clean. When this is done, have a platform three feet wide run across the back, or end, of the house, two feet from the floor.

Get hardwood slats four inches wide by two inches thick; from these construct a frame

Get hardwood slats four inches wide by two inches thick; from these construct a frame eighteen inches wide and six inches shorter than the length of the platform. At each corner of this frame put a nine-inch leg. This frame when stood upon the platform, makes two roosts which, being on the same level, prevents the birds fighting and crowding upon one another, as they always do when the roosts slant, each bird desiring to be on the too rung.

top rung.

If the house is to accommodate twelve hens, If the house is to accommodate twelve hens, provide six nests a foot square, made in groups of three, with legs a foot high; they are easily handled and removed for house-cleaning. Stand them in the darkest and most secluded part of the house. Put a handful of hay and a china nest-egg in each. Scatter dry sand, earth, fine ashes, or sawdust on the platform, to prevent the droppings from adhering to the boards; it facilitates cleaning. The entire floor space is finally to be covered five or six inches deep with straw cut a foot in length, common bedding hay, or dried leaves.

The yard is best in front of the house. Straight poles about seven inches in circumference and eight feet long, cut from the woods, or four-by-four spruce scantling, inserted two feet in the ground and six feet apart, constitute the foundation on which to

stretch the wire netting. Make a door into the yard, using very light poles or slats for the foundation, and, of course, covering it with wire. Run a baseboard from post to post, and above it two-inch mesh galvanized wire netting, five feet wide. Yards for a house accommodating twelve birds should be at least fifty feet long and ten feet wide.

If time or the restriction on expenditure prohibits the platform, nests, etc., they can be dispensed with for a time by standing the roosting frame on the floor, taking the precaution to have plenty of the scratching material under it; empty grocery boxes can be substituted for the made nests. Nail the netting as low down on the posts as possible, if baseboards are not used, and throw earth all around the outside. Even the roosting frame could be made from straight saplings.

Scratching materials and green food should now be thought of, or else they will go short in the winter and the egg crop will diminish. Dandelion, plantain, chickweed, and all green things, gathered and packed into barrels with a board fitted tightly to the inside on which a heavy weight is placed, will remain in a fresh, succulent condition far into the cold season. This will save expense, materially increase the egg yield, and insure fertility. Ferns and weeds, cut now and dried, will enable you to be generous with litter during the cold months.

September should find all the pullets "singing." Keep them busy, get them to laying be-

September should find all the pullets "singing." Keep them busy, get them to laying before the really cold weather arrives.

Correspondence

Correspondence

E. J. L.—I have been losing my hens; one every few days. They droop for a few days; combs pale; at last have something like a fit, and in a moment fall over dead. I opened one and found its liver greatly enlarged; in fact, the entire liver appeared like a large clot of blood. The hens are fat and have laid well all through the winter and spring. They are B. P. R.'s; have free range, with a little Kaffir corn night and morning.

A.—You say the hens have free range and only a little Kaffir corn night and morning, but I think that their rations have been much heavier during the winter and early spring, for you also say "they laid well"—"and are fat." I should judge you feed heavily during the winter; probably used some highly-seasoned "egg food." The results of over-feeding is often not noticeable until long afterwards. Being now on free range they will recover without any doctoring, but be careful to get them into good condition before cold weath or the heavy feed necessary in the winter will bring back the trouble. Let them find their own food for a few weeks, and twice a week put one teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia into every quart of drinking water until October, then give one fourth of a teaspoonful of Nux Vomica in every pint of drinking water, twice a week for three weeks.

D. M. C.—I am sorry that I cannot help you. Look through the advertising pages of the local

D. M. C.—I am sorry that I cannot help you. Look through the advertising pages of the local

Look through the advertising pages of the local paper.

J. C. Y.—I had two Silver Penciled Wyandotte pullets and a cockerel. I set three hens and hatched four chicks. Then I sent and got a two-year-old rooster and set two hens, which hatched one chick. The eggs were not over four-teen days old, and when I broke them they looked as if they were half-cooked, and did not smell rotten. There were 15 eggs under each hen; a total of 75 eggs and only five chicks.

A.—You do not say how long you had the two-year-old rooster before setting the last two hens. It would take at least ten days and probably as long again before his influence affected the eggs. I do not care to use eggs for hatching when more than five days old. Were they kept in a cool place and turned every day? Please let me know if you have had any better success since.

since.

J. S. J.—(2) How will cut green grass do to feed young chicks?—cut up fine with their other food. (3) Can you tell me where I can get eggs from Black and White Dorkings?

A.—Your first question is being answered by mail. (2) Grass would do; clover would be better; green tops of onions and lettuce leaves still better. (3) I know no one who keeps Dorkings. If any of our readers breed them and will send me their addresses, I will gladly forward them to you. (The person who desires to get eggs lives in Obio.)

W. S.—Can you help me? I have written

them to you. (The person who desires to get eggs lives in Ohio.)

W. S.—Can you help me? I have written to the poultry paper we take and their answer is not satisfactory. I have had several pullets and cockerels go blind. Their appearance does not indicate anything wrong. Their eyes are open most of the time, but when they walk they run into anything that happens to be in the way. They have trouble to find food, though when they get started on a pile they eat some. They got so weak it seemed best to kill them. On dissecting we found the inside lining of the gizzard to be loose from the outer wall, and had several sores on it. They are Leghorns and have unlimited range. Have been fed on cornmash and sunflower seed.

A.—I must own that I don't know what is the trouble, but should fear poison of some sort had caused it; the blindness being the result of the inflammation of the intestines. Has there been any quick-lime, paint, chemical fertilizer, or such material left about the place? All I can suggest is to yard the birds and give them milk to drink. Do you use much washing-powder and throw the water where the chickens can get at it to drink? It must be something of that sort.

Only a Girl or. From Rags to Riches

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

accompanied them were such as might have been used by a master to a servant.

Everton could not help feeling cowed. He drew a card from his pocket.

"My name, sir," he said, with as much dignity as he could assume.

Ralph glanced at the card and started.

"You know the name, I see," said Everton.

"It is a well-known one," said the young foreman. "I can scarcely believe that you have disgraced it."

"I have not, sir."

And Everton repeated the explanation that he had made to Dave and Madge.

"But," said Ralph, "how did you happen to be inquiring for Miss Mason?"

This time the millionaire was ready with an answer; he had thought up a story.

"The explanation is very simple," he said. I said to be a news-girl, and her face was familiar to hundreds of business men and women."

"Yes."

"Well, a friend of mine have a servant.



"Well, she don't," said Madge decidedly, she's got enough o' dat biz."
"You hear her decision, Mr. Everton?" said

Ralph. "Everton!" interrupted Madge eagerly. "Is dat yer name, mister?"
"Yes," replied the millionaire in uneasy surprise, "that is my name. Why do you

ask?"

For a few moments Madge did not reply. She pressed her hand to her forehead and seemd to be buried in deep thought. Then she said:
"I know now where I've heard dat name! It was from me mudder's lips."

And tears filled the girl's eyes.
"From your mother?" exclaimed Ralph.
"Yes. W'en she was in her last sickness, an' was out of her head, she kept callin' out der name 'Everton, Everton, Shirley Everton!' all der time. I never heard it from dat day ter dis."

Shirley Everton shifted uneasily from one

ter dis."
Shirley Everton shifted uneasily from one

foot to another.

Then he said hastily:
"All imagination, my child, all imagina-

"No," said Ralph Straight sternly, "it is not all imagination. There is a mystery here, and it shall be my duty to unravel it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 15 cents for renewal or new subscrip-tion for 15 months, and read the next chapter, "Madge Progresses," when she realizes the in-terest shown for her is better and higher than a brother's love.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

you will get different varieties. I got four kinds from the common rose color and one of these is a beautiful salmon shade.

I would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters as we could exchange ideas in regard to fancy work and flowers.

I wish "Comfort" and all its readers abundant success.

MRS. BERTHA CHIPPS, Vermontville, Michigan.

dant success.

Mrs. Bertha Chipps, Vermontville, Michigan.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Sisters:

I have been a reader of "Comfort" for a long time and of late, a subscriber. I am also a member of "C. L. O. C." I, too, must say "Comfort" is an ideal magazine, full of interesting literature from cover to cover.

I will endeavor to describe myself: I am a born and bred Kentuckian, am twenty-four years old, have blue eyes, brown hair, light complexion, small for my age, weight, one hundred and thirty-three pounds. I love outdoors sports and sunshine, nature's best tonic.

I will tell the sisters how I keep my "Comforts," I have sheet-music folios, and every month when a new number comes I place it in the folio, they can be placed in rotation and read without being taken out, and instead of clipping out recipes and mutilating my "Comforts," I have a blank book that I write in ink, every tested recipe that comes to my notice, and besides cooking recipes I have "items" of all kinds and it is very valuable to me.

Did any of the sisters every try the "Emergency Box?" It sounds funny and odd, but if tried, it will prove a great idea, to start one. You must put in a bank or box all the stray pennies left from purchases and to add every economic move and self-denial act and you will be surprised to see how it will furnish assistance at certain times when there is a "draw" on the "bank or Emergency Box."

I would be delighted to hear from any of the sisters, who care to write. Wishing success to "Comfort" and with sympathy extended to all the "shut-ins" I am.

Miss Jennie Steffen, 84 John St., West Covington, Ky.

Dear Comfort Readers:

I have taken Comfort nearly two years and

ington, ky.

Dear Comfort Readers:

I have taken Comfort nearly two years and I eagerly await its coming each month.

I have lived in Michigan since I was married and that was two years last June; before that my home was in sunshiny Santa Fe, New Mexico. The natives of New Mexico speak the Spanish language among themselves. It is a pretty soft sounding tongue and very easily learned.

The buildings are mostly made of dried mud bricks, called adobe (pronounced adoby). The poor people have flat dirt roofs and hard dirt floors, but many adobe houses have tin or shingle roofs, are plastered on the outside to look like stone or brick

The donkey, or burro as he is called, is indispensable. He is used instead of a horse. They live well on what a horse would starve on. 'Ahe natives make a tiny saddle of wood, bind wood on this and take it to town to sell. It is surprising how much one of the little burros can carry.

The larger towns in New Mexico are getting to modern now for one to see much of the

The larger towns in New Mexico are getting too modern now for one to see much of the real native customs, but in the smaller towns, especially away from the R. R.'s the people live very much as they did before the Americans invaded their country.

MRS. NELLIE WARNING, Crowell, Mich.

MY DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a reader of our little paper over two years, and have made up my mind I want to be a "Comfort Sister."

About a year ago I read a letter in this corner written by Miss Maud Berry and would like to have her write me, I would surely answer.

Winnie Shewmake. Mayn't I come sometime and help you drive the cows. I do love the green pastures, and the golden sunset.

Mrs. M. M. Greene. Your little verse for the shut-ins, has been a great help to me although I am not one.

Mrs. M. M. Greene. Your little verse for the shut-ins, has been a great help to me although I am not one.

I am beginning to make Christmas presents. Last year I was so hurried about Christmas-time I didn't have time to remember half of my friends, so I am going to begin early and have everything ready and some of my friends will be remembered with one of those pretty bureau scarfs, J. A. D. was telling us about.

Mrs. A. Grover. How I wish I could visit you, I dearly love all flowers, but the rose is my favorite, the "Empire state's" flower. I sent and got me a "Philadelphia Rambler" and I do hope it will live.

Mrs. Nelson Ashdown. I can sympathize with you, I have been sick twice with nervous prostration, but I think Mrs. Greene's verse is helping me, and Uncle Charlie's Epartment is very interesting.

Prudence Morast. I agree with you about having a motto, and like, "Inasmuch as ye (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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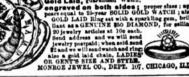
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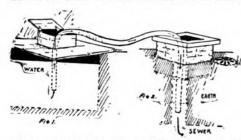


A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Draining a Cistern

N any yard that has sewerage and an outside slop sink a quick and almost magical way of draining a cistern is by the much understood but little utilized siphon principle. It matters not how far the cistern and sink or vault are apart, or what intervenes between them, the only thing necessary is to have the outlet of the rubber hose or other tube lower than the inlet. To start the flow is the trick that not one out of a hundred



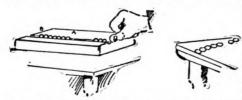
can do. The way to go about it is to first fill the hose with water, thus exhausting the air out of it, then while one person drops the lower end into the vault another inserts the intaking end into a full pail of water and quickly lowers pail and all into the cistern. This half minute's work is all that is needed, and the flow thus started will continue until the cistern is entirely drained. To a bright, active boy this idea is worth many crisp dollars.

A Strange Fact

What is it that warms the air? I fancy I can What is it that warms the air? I fancy I can hear thousands of COMFORT boys answer, "Why the sun, of course." Now this is not so, the sun does not warm the air. The earth, by giving off its own heat performs that service. It, of course, is heated by the sun, but there must be something to stop the rays before heat can be produced. It is a very strange fact that heat can pass through a body without affecting it in the least. A gigantic illustration of this is the sun itself, we know that if we travel towards it, increasing cold is encountered. A simple way to prove it is to use a globe of ice for a burning glass. The heat passing through it will ignite cloth yet it does not melt the ice.

Marble Trick

For this trick you need about a dozen mar-bles and a block of wood or other material with a long groove into which the marbles fit. Place six or seven in the groove touching each other, and tell the company that you can by striking the right end "a" knock as many off the left end "b" as you wish. If someone asks you to knock off three all you have to do is to place three more marbles in the groove a few inches away from the others, and with a



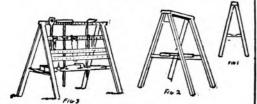
sharp blow of the thumb start them rolling toward the latter. When they strike three will separate themselves from the row off the end opposite to that which is struck. The rule is this. Whatever number of marbles strike the row a like number will be detached from the other end. You can try the same trick with a row of pennies on a flat, smooth table top, but you will not get as good results as from the marbles and groove.

Paint Brushes

A paint brush properly cared for will give good service until it is worn close to the handle, while one upon which the paint is permitted to dry and harden is practically destroyed. Before using a new paint brush or one that has been lying idle you should soak it in warm water for about an hour. This causes the wood to expand, tightens its hold on the bristles and prevents their falling out. When you finish painting cleanse the brush by immersing it in turpentine, dry it thoroughly, wrap in clean paper, and place on a shelf. You need not waste the turpentine used; if the vessel that contains it is sealed, the sediment of paint will settle to the bottom, you can then draw it off and use it for any you can then draw it off and use it for any

Tool Rack

One of the most creditable things a farmer's One of the most creditable things a farmer's son can give his time to is the making of this tool rack. At a glance you can see that it is simple, useful and practical in a high degree. It is shaped a good deal like a common saw horse, and should be made of scantling or heavy plank. The ends, as shown in Fig. 1, are shaped like inverted "V's" and are connected with long strips like the rungs of a ladder. In the top scantling spikes are driven for the tools to hang from, and on the bottom an extending hang from, and on the bottom an extending



piece or shelf is placed for them to rest on. Under and between the side parts a wide flat board is nailed by means of two end cleats, as in Fig. 2. This latter serves for a shelf for small tools, boxes of nails, rivets, screws, etc. For a lad who has the use of a large dry barn this rack is handier and more accessible than a or shelf is placed for them to rest on

Liquid Glue

If you are fond of making things, especially of wood you will welcome this recipe for liquid glue. Dissolve an ounce of borax in a pint of boiling water and pour this mixture into a pint of shellac, stirring it gently until the shellac is melted. Then bottle and keep tightly sealed. This glue will not harden unless exposed to the air and is applied by brushing on with a small camel's-hair brush. It is very valuable to anyone who does small care very valuable to anyone who does small car-penter work, cabinet making, picture framing,

Multiplying by 9's

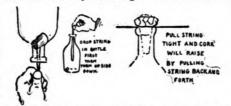
To multiply by 9, 99 or any number of 9's, annex as many ciphers to the multiplicand as there are 9's in the multiplier, and from the result subtract the multiplicand. This makes the work far shorter and simpler as shown in the example.

Example: Multiply 2736 by 999 equals 2736000

It is a good plan to cut out those rules that have been appearing in the Boys' Corner and paste them in a scrapbook or in the back of your arithmetic. Practice them a little every your arithmetic. Practice them a little every day and you will soon have a fund of mathematical knowledge that will place you far above the average boy of your age. In banks and other places of business rapid calculators receive yeary large wages. receive very large wages.

Cork in Bottle

To get a cork out of a bottle form a piece of tough cord into a loop and lower it down through the neck. Have the cork on the bottom of the bottle with the tapering part up, and by a little maneuvering you can get the loop under it. Raise it slowly till it is fast in the neck, then jerk it out. A glass stopper is best removed by twisting a cord around it,



then grasping each end of the cord and drawing rapidly back and forth. This heats the stopper and causes it to contract.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Mrs. Rickard. You have given us a good many suggestions which I know will be of value.

How many are interested in Physical Culture? I am for one, and here is a good exercise for strengthening the back, and the muscles of the abdomen. Lie face down on the floor with the hands each side of the shoulders, then slowly raise the thorax as high as possible not moving the limbs, inhaling when you go up and exhaling when you lie back, try it. What it has done for me it will do for you.

If any of the sisters have the song entitled "Only a Little Brook after All," and will send it to me I will return favor in any way I can. I have an organ and am very fond of music.

I would like to correspond with anyone that is going to training, or is training to be a nurse.

Miss Katie L. Potts, Williamstown, R. D., 1,

Dear Editor:

May I ask for an introduction to the Sisters'
Corner? Being a new subscriber I should like to know you all a little better.

I am a New Yorker, but have left the city be-

cause of ill health. I live on the famous Merrick Road; it is a beautiful spot, though I lived all my live in the city till one year ago I do not get lonely. I enjoy reading Comfort more than I can say, and the letters from the different sisters. I should like to live on a farm. I have read what the sisters have written over and over and gained much information from them. I hope these few suggestions will meet with your approval. How to make a workbag and apron combined.

Cut a circle as large in circumference as a yard of dimity will permit and roll the edge, trimming with lace edging two and one half inches wide. Sew small brass rings on the inside of the circle about three inches from the edge and run double drawing strings through these rings of ribbon, run ribbons in opposite directions through rings, make them as long as your circle is round, finish at the end with small bows. When drawn up this forms a dainty workbag for knitting or a large piece of embroidery and when opened it entirely covers the dress, keeping the work rresh and clean.

A good footstool can be made from an ordinary cheese box by covering inside and outside with cretonne, adjusting the cover with hinges so that it can be opened and closed; it then can be used as a hat box, it is serviceable as well as ornamental.

In the city one appreciates a bit of green; the most of the sisters have farms and gardens and would not bother with a hanging garden but it might be someone would like to try it.

Take a good-sized sponge and sow it full of rice, oats or wheat placing it for a week or ten days in a shallow dish containing water.

The sponge will absorb the moisture and the seeds will begin to sprout before many days.

When this has taken place suspend it by a cord from a hook at the top of the window where it will get a little sun, it will become a mass of green and require little moisture.

I should like to hear from any of the sisters who would write.

Mrs. E. B. McCAFFREY, Sunbam Cottage, Valley Stream, Long Island, New York.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Surely our paper is rightly named, "Comfort,"
I glean comfort and information each month
from its visit. I have often longed to join the
band of sisters, but felt I could bring such a
tiny mite of information I hesitated to ask for
admission.

Our house and contents were destroyed by fire

admission.

Our house and contents were destroyed by fire April 20, from which we narrowly escaped.

Some of the sisters I know have had a similar experience. And sometimes it takes misfortune for us to realize how much love and kindness is among us in the hearts of our fellowmen. Sisters, the world is full of kindness; let's hunt it ever and add our mite.

Try rubbing your lamp chimneys out with a dry cloth every morning.

I would be glad to hear from anyone who attended the S. N. S. and Business College of Bowling Green, A. I., in the year of 1891. Wishing COMFORT all success,

EDNA TALBOTT QUALLS, Hanson, Ky.

COMFORT all success,

EDNA TALBOTT QUALLS, Hanson, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Nearly two years ago I wrote a letter to this corner. I felt at home when writing to COMFORT, asking the readers of COMFORT to give me a letter party and it was a grand success. I received nearly one hundred letters. I am very thankful to all who wrote me. I have gained several dear friends through the paper.

I still live on a farm and like farm life. I raise a great many chickens. We own our farm and have a good orchard. This is a mountainous country, very rocky in most places, still there are many good farms almost free from rocks. It is a good a untry for small fruits of all kinds and vegetables. Plenty of timber and good clear water, pure air and very moderate climate. Cotton is raised abundantly in the southern part of the state, while corn, oats, hay and vegetables are our chief crops here.

Why don't the farmers of this good old state make up and write and give us a good hand shake or howd'y'do, so we will know you are living enjoying this comer?

Mrs. Ward. Write us more of your island home. Like most of the sisters I would be lonesome many a time if it were not for my little folks.

If any of the readers have calico or gingham scraps to spare I could make use of them. Thanking all the dear sisters for their kind letters, with best wishes, I remain.

Mrs. E. A. Underhill, Solo, Ark.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

Perhass a short letter from "Dixie" land may

of "The Sunny South," and wonder why it is, I am not a "native," for I came here from Minn. nearly six years ago, but I can truthfully say that I like Florida and anyone who would not be delighted with the climate here, would be hard to suit. Dear old Minn, is all right (except the awful cold weather), but nothing could induce me to again make my home in that land of ice and snow, where—to quote from a correspondent—"one has to wait eight months of the year for the other four to come." Such a winter as this last one was in the North! Snow and sleet on the 11th of May, and no signs of "letting up." About two weeks ago I read in a Northern newspaper: "There is not a warm place to be found on the map." That certainly was news. I imagine if the editor could have been set down in Florida about that time, he would have changed his tune in a hurry. Just at the present (May), the orange trees, or groves, are a signt to be remembered, to my mind, a grove in bloom is even a grander sight than when loaded with great golden balls, though some might think differently, it is beautiful either way. The Magnolia trees, too, I cannot describe them, but a person who has never seen one in blossom has missed a great treat. The gardens here are pretty, nearly every home in both town and country has their wealth of flowers, not for a few weeks but all the year. Of course old Jack Frost makes a short visit once or twice during the winter, and gives a little nip here and there, but in a few weeks you would never know it. Orchards are used for hedges and grow into large trees, the flowers, at a little distance might be thought to be roses. Another favorite flower is the Crape Myrtle. Pink, red and purple, they occupy the same place here that our lilacs in the North, do there. There are hundreds of other beautiful flowers and vines, but I am afraid Mrs. Wilkinson will scold me if I take up any more of her time, so I will close. I will send my favorite "fruit" cake recipe for the "family" to try.

MES. E. M. DECOSTER, Winter Haven, Fla.

MRS. E. M. DECOSTER, Winter Haven, Fla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Perhaps some of you will remember seeing my letter in the Feb. COMFORT, asking that someone send me a relief or cure, for my mother, wao had ulceration of the bladder. We received nearly a hundred kind letters, I believe. Mother is well now, thanks to Mrs. J. W. Coffland of St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Coffland has nothing to sell in this line, but sent the remedy to mother, so I am now going to send it to you all. Go to your druggist and get ten cents' worth Cream of Tartar (the same as you use for cooking purposes), and get also ten cents' worth Cream of Tartar (the same as you the Permangnat Potash. Take a teaspoonful of the Niter, night and morning, and as much Cream of Tartar as you can get to stay on a knife blade, letting it extend back a quarter of an inch—three times daily. After using the Niter and Cream of Tartar for two (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12).



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ORETTE.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(continued from Page 11.)

(continued from Page 11.)

days, begin with the Potash, use as a wash, being careful not to get it too strong at first. Use the golden pumpkin, which can be made into peak it pretty red.

To all who do not understand these directions, will say inclose me a stamped, addressed envelope, and I will endeavor to make them plainer. But be sure to send the self-addressed envelope, or I can't answer, as I have not money for it. Our own dear native land is a pretty good country to live in after all. We have many blessings, and "COMFORT." Of course in terspersed with sunshiny weather.

Hoping some poor suffering sister or brother will be benefited or cured by this, I remain a friend to all, Bits McKinzie, Homer, La.

After a stroll through our beautiful and

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Marfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rösslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Their Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wind the chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Their Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win was an analysis of the chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears he had a they ago do crucifix; he snaps the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain as wounded animal, she eatches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love work deceive me into forgetting the depth of the guit of youth, but the girl dare not yield.

Gene finds his mother waiting and she tries to comfort him. He feels all is lost awa motition. Genity the motor the harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The legal battle in which he is engaged seems your and the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The legal battle in which he is engaged seems you have the her work of the him of the supper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It is the supper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It is the supper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. He was a supper sup

feared to speak and admit his wrong position lest he, too, would break down.

Warfield remained silent, slow tears gathering, then overflowing in sympathy with the sobbing heart of a loving woman deprived by nature of motherhood.

It was the day following the election. Warfield along one back to the West and had stood for re-election. He had taken the stump and discussed the questions of the hour. Corcoran had quietly, but not openly, opposed him. Money had done its work. The great political fund of the Trust was used to the best advantage. Newspapers, which had sung his praises while he obeyed the dictates of the corporations, turned against him after his memorable speech in Congress. They had defiled him, both politically and personally. And nov it was over. His constituents did not believe him: they feared to trust his honesty and the defeat had been decisive. Warfield knew his opponent had made before his election; but the people did not know. He cared nothing for the allusions to his private life. What he had made before his election; but the people did not know. He cared nothing for the allusions to his private life. What he had done satisfied his conscience, but the death of his boy was a sacred thing. It had nearly broken his heart. When Mrs. Blodgett touched this subject all his reserve strength was swept away in the torrents of suppressed grief.

The judge arose, walked over to his weeping wife, touched her gently upon her gray locks, hastily drew on his coat and hat and went out. After a time the bird in its cage by the window began to chip, then as the sun burst from the clouds throwing its rays in autumnal splendor upon the window, the inspiration was caught up in rapturous song.

Warfield recovered first. Dashing back the unbidden tears he turned his attention to the songster.

"Dickey, I wonder if you ever long to be free! You sing beautifully but I believe something out of my system, and I want to do something out of my system, and I want to get something out of my system, and I want to get some



sometimes, even now, the great blue sky is calling you. Dickey! Nice Dickey!"

The bird sang on. Mrs. Blodgett had regained control of herself and was busily removing the dishes used for the morning meal.

"Mr. Warfield—Gene—you don't mind my calling you Gene, 'cause I am old enough to be your mother, I shall never forgive your wife. You never had her love and you are better without her, but that little grave in the village cemetery just out of Washington—he was such a sweet child, and how I could have loved him—just as my own——"

And the net storm broke again and the tears flowed afresh. In a little while Warfield, spoke.

"Mrs. Blodgett, your sentiments are as pure as the starlight of heaven. You are a woman as the starlight of heaven. You have begined in th

And the nicesth unite the little one in death unite the part of the she and Gene pleads to let the little one in death unite the part of the she and taking of the wedding ring tells Victoria she is free.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEFEAT AND REALIZATION.

66 Por a defeated man, Warfield, you are in most excellent spirits!

"Not, a defeated man, Judge, a defeated candidate."

"Not, a defeated man, Judge, a defeated man, Judge, a defeated candidate."

"Not, a defeated man, Judge, a defeated man, Judge, a defeated candidate."

"Not, a defeated man, Judge, a defeated man, Judge, a defeated candidate."

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"Not, a defeated man, Judge, a defea

so many times in his day dreams. Several times on the way he stopped to address old acquaintances, and, although no one recognized him until he had spoken, his heart was gladdened by the cordial welcome he received.

"All here is the same—I alone have changed," he said to himself. But this thought, while it brought a strain of sadness, did not detract from the joy of his home coming. As ne reached the lane leading up to the Catholic Church, an uncontrollable desire impelled him to stand once more beneath the old tree where he and Theta had parted so long ago, and climbing the hill he saw that someone had recently passed that way, for there in the soft snow lay the imprints of slender arched feet. The blood beat strangely in his veins and a joy so keen as almost to stop the pulsation of his heart swent over him.

"Who but Theta would visit this spot?" he thought. "And if she comes here still, she surely cannot have forgotten the past." Gaining the crest of the hill, he stood for some moments gazing out across the valley. The air had in it the sharp bite of winter but the declining sun shone brightly in a sky of cloudless blue. As on that day so long ago the shadow of the cross stretched darkly to Warfield's feet, and one of his old musing moods being strong upon him, he addressed it as though it had been some animate thing.

"Black cross, between us two there was once a contest in which you came off victor. Have I but come back to renew the fight? and which shall conquer, now? Today I stand here a free man—free in the sight of the law from the woman who bore my name—but will Theta recognize that fact? Is there not some common plane where we can meet and be happy? Can it have been only a dream that I heard my darling cry out to me and fall with a face like death at the foot of this tree? Ah! how I have been only a dream that I heard my form the woman who ber my name—but will Theta recognize that fact? Is there not some common plane where we can meet and be happy? Can it have been only a dream that I heard my fert

snow.
"She probably tucked that into her bodice,"

and the place where her skirt had brushed the snow.

"She probably tucked that into her bodice," he thought.

Drawing ever nearer to his quarry he passed through the feathery snow, at length to find himself in a grove of monster pines. There was something cathedral like in the place, the long columns lifting in grandeur to the arches of the clouds and the wind murmuring softly here and there like whispering acolytes.

Then suddenly he saw her.

She was standing on a little knoll in the midst of the grove, her slender figure poised as if on wings, all the awe and mystery of the forest in her wide dark eyes.

Warfield stood speechless. He saw the pure contour of her cheeks with their wild-rose bloom, the lovely red mouth in dazzling contrast to her white skin and the waving hair like a cloud of spun light above her pure brow, and all his being trembled. He, the man of strength and will who had passed through the flame of temptation and come out hardened as the iron, trembled now before the presence of one frail girl standing alone in the ancient wood. The love which had lived through all the years of separation awoke at the sight of her. A strong sense of his own unworthiness came over him.

"Dear Soul!" he cried softly to himself, like one in pain. "She is pure as the snow about her. What have I to do with such as she—I, with the soil and grime of the world upon me?" Yet never had the need of his heart demanded her as it did now. He wanted to speak to her, to touch her hand, and the mere thought that he was free by the law to do this choked him and made him weak.

Presently she started, her hand leaped to her breast, her lips parted and her breath quickened as her aves caught his and rested

thought that he was free by the law to do this choked him and made him weak.

Presently she started, her hand leaped to her breast, her lips parted and her breath quickened as her eyes caught his and rested.

Gene remained motionless. The desire, the yearning, the long years of ceaseless struggle, the thirst for love—all flamed in his eyes and fixed their gaze in a speechless ardor. So for long, long minutes the duel of their glances lasted—his masterful, passionate; hers tender yet aloof, half proud. Then the mastery of his look prevailed and she took a quick step forward and held out both hands.

"It is you! Or am I dreaming? And yet—

took a quick step forward and held out both hands.

"It is you! Or am I dreaming? And yet—how changed!" She half lifted one little hand as if to touch the whitened locks on his temples, then a sudden remembrance came to her of the woman he had married and she stiffened a little and drew back, the hand dropping to her side. In the depths of her soul what woman ever quite forgave a man for having forgotten her for another?

As Gene looked down at the sweet flower-like face and drooping, half parted lips, a torrent of the old feeling came over him and he longed to crush her slender body to his breast; to press his lips to hers until she cried out with the pain of it, yet, so great was his sense of humility he wished to throw himself down in the snow at her feet. He was no longer an impetuous youth, and he had learned to curb his emotions, but he did none of these things, merely taking in his, her little hand, his eyes alone speaking a language his lips dared not utter.

"Yes, Theta." he said softly. "I have utter.

"Yes, Theta," he said softly, "I have changed. So, too, have you, but it is only that you have grown more beautiful."

She blushed again under his ardent look but

She blushed again under his ardent look but made no reply, and soon they found themselves walking through the wood in a silence more potent than speech. It seemed to Gene the strangest and yet most natural thing in the world they should be walking there, side by side. Every now and then he stole a glance at the lovely face framed in the becoming hood.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

"The years that have left such an indelible impress upon me—how lightly have they touched her!"

impress upon me—how lightly have they touched her!"

Theta was thinking of the manner in which Gene had tracked her through the snow.

"How foolish of me; that today of all days I should have come this way! Will he think because I visit the old tree I still cherish a love for him?" she thought half angrily, while the hot blood mounted to her face. "And why should he seek the place when he has not yet even been home to see his mother? He forgot me for the other. How the thought has tortured me! And yet, he, too, has suffered. A mere political defeat would not have brought the worn and world-weary look into his face—there must have been months of cruel suffering occasioned by the parting from his beautiful wife. He must have loved her else he would not have changed so sadly! How I long to comfort him! Yet how I suffer! I must not be too tender else he will think I still love him, and yet I must be sympathetic lest he think me cold. Poor Gene—it is only right I should be kind to him." Some of the thoughts in Theta's mind found utterance as she broke the silence by asking softly:

"Have you heard nothing from your wife, Gene? Was there no chance for a reconciliation?"

He looked gravely down at her.

Gene?

tion?"

He looked gravely down at her.

"I have neard nothing from her since the day we each received a decree of divorce. There wasn't any chance for a reconciliation. You see, Theta, she never loved me, and she found a man she did love." A spasm of pain contracted his lips and a sorrowful light came into his eyes as he spoke. He was thinking of his child. But Theta interpreted differently.

ently.

"How he must love her, for the mere mention of her name brings a stricken look into his face."

"It was noble of you—giving up your beautiful wife—as Ruskin gave up his."

He stooped to lift a bough obstructing the path before anyworing

"It was noble of you—giving up your beautiful wife—as Ruskin gave up his."

He stooped to lift a bough obstructing the path before answering.

"It was not a matter of my sensibilities. Theta, it was a question of right. Women ought to be the equal of men, not by degrading but by elevating them—not by fettering but by unshackling them. My wife had the right to the control of her own personality—it was not for me to hold her against her will."

"But Gene," Theta cried in astonishment, "where are all your old creeds and beliefs? You who believed so strongly in the power of the strongest, in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest—were you not strong enough to hold one woman?" She stopped short, crimsoning as she remembered his powerlessness to hold herself so long ago.

He smiled a little at her questioning.

"My old creeds and beliefs? I have thrown them away, as one casts aside an outworn garment. And the god that once I worshiped. Ambition, I cry unto no longer. Ah! Theta," he went on, as he drew in a long draught of the strong aromatic odor of the pines; "all that had any value in life I gave up when I left these woodland solitudes. My early, happy, boyhood years were the only ones worth living." There was a touching sadness in his tone. But in Theta's soul a bitterness welled up. He to speak of sacrifice and ranunciation! Had not all happiness for her, too, ended with her childhood? In spite of the suffering so plainly written in his face, he, at least had trodden the path of success, and honors had been heaped upon him. For her had remained the stony way of adversity, and while it had steeled her character, it had also robbed her of many of the joys of youth.

Gene seemed to read these thoughts in her face, as he turned to push aside a dead limb which would have brushed against her.

"You think I have no reason to complain, Theta? You believe I have had an enviable existence? You little realize how barren and comfortless it has been." He broke off suddenly as the bitter memory came back to him.

Theta dr

Theta drew nearer and looked up sympathet-

"Your married life, Gene, was there no way of making it endurable?"
"No possible way, Theta. Our natures were as opposite as the poles."

as opposite as the poles."

"But, Gene, are you quite sure you have done right in setting your wife free? The Church has always taught no man can h. ve more than one wife and no woman more than one husband, and that the marriage bond, once validly formed, can be dissolved only by death. It is true the Church admits there may be cause for separtion but never sanctions the forming of new ties. It is written: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." The severing of the marriage relation—it seems to me the most terrible thing!" She flung out her hands with a passion te gesture as she uttered the last words.

Warfield turned swiftly and caught the little fluttering hands and held them as he asked softly:

"But, Theta, when love, the one thing that

Warfield turned swiftly and caught the little fluttering hands and held them as he asked softly:

"But, Theta, when love, the one thing that makes life worth the living is dead, would you have had her drag out a miserable existence with me, a man she did not love, or live in separate loneliness simply because the Church refuses to tolerate the remarriage of divorced persons? Would you deprive human beings of the right to love and happiness because of a wornout creed?" Gene was desperately pleading his own case but Theta did not understand. She had no answer ready to his questions. The touch of his hands confused her and she withdrew them quickly from his clasp.

"Don'tyou think we had better be getting home?" she said with a quick change of manner. "You, haven't seen mother yet."

At her words a sudden warmth suffused him. It was her strange use of his mother's name which brought that glow to his heart.

He smiled at the way she had avoided a reply and a light stole into his eyes.

"This is the opening battle and I have won!" "Yes, it is getting late, the sun is sinking and here is the stonewall. Let me help you over, Theta So—down you come as lightly as a snowflake."

As they went downward through the dell a hundred tender recollections of the olden time

Theta So—down you come as lightly as a snowflake."

As they went downward through the dell a hundred tender recollections of the olden time came back. The years rolled away and they were like boy and girl again.

"Do you remember. Theta, this is the hollow where we used to hunt for lady-slippers?"

"Yes," she replied softly, "and down here is the old pine tree where you carved our names so long ago."

Like two children they stole up to the tree and examined the rough bark.

"Why Theta, nature has played a queer prank with our names. She has obliterated the last part of yours and the first part of mine. As it reads now it is "Theta Warfield—""

"Let us not waste any more time," she interrupted with a very red face.

When they came to the brook, Theta paused dismay. The winter had not been very severe do the ice had formed only along the outer inks. The middle of the stream was running gh and free and brawling noisily over the ones.

"What shall we do?" she asked.
"We must try to find the old stepping-stones." he replied, glancing up and down. "Ah yes, here they are, but they are too wide apart for you, Theta. Perhaps," with a hesitating look at her, "you had better let me carry you over."
"No indeed," she replied independently, "I can manage very well."
He crossed the brook and stood waiting for her.

He crossed the brook and stood waiting for her.

Theta took one hesitating step, her foot slipped on the spray-wet stone, the next instant she would have been immersed in the icy waters had not Gene sprang forward and carried her swiftly to the opposite bank.

As for one precious instant she lay on his breast it may have been the temptation of the roses in her face and the red lips so perilously near which brought that sudden madness upon him, for before she could utter a protest he bent his head and crushed her lips with a kiss.

TO BE CONTINUED. TO BE CONTINUED.

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Paying the Price." Send 15 cents for 15 months, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

in tin cans, put solder on the tops, then take a darning needle and pierce the top letting out the gas; when it stops hissing, solder again. Will someone try this and report?

Mrs. Mary E. Cooper has a famous remedy for ivy poison. Use sweet spirits of niter, full strength as a wash two or three times a day, and take a few drops internally three times a day.

for ivy poison. Use sweet spirits of riter, full strength as a wash two or three times a day, and take a few drops internally three times a day, and take a few drops internally three times a day.

Mrs. Jane White, Athol, Kentucky, would like clothing that can be made over for children. She has five from two years to eleven. The eldest is a girl.

Eugenia Moon, Cody, Virginia, is one of our most patient sufferers. Will not someone write her? Please do not forget the stamps.

I have distinctly stated in my letters, that I cannot exchange postal souvenir cards. I am truly grateful to all those who have sent me souvenirs but I cannot return the favor.

For an every-day housework dress, try a skirt made to come to the ankles, of black duck, perfectly plain and not too full, brown gingham shirt-waist plainly made, have two of the skirts and four waists, that gives enough for a change, and they will wear for years. A plain white tie made twenty-two inches long by five in width, trimmed on the ends with a bit of lace or embroidery, fasten in front with a fancy pin, or they can be made long enough to tie in a bow and ends, they are easily laundered and iron easily. One of my girls sent me one for Christmas trimmed with tatting and tucks. By the way half a dozen of the twenty-two inch length make an acceptable present for the housekeeper. A kitchen apron or two, together with two kitchen holders with slip-off covers that can be washed easily, these are so handy hanging by the stove to handle hot irons, frying pans, or kettles, tea towels, dust cloths, roller towels, for the kitchen will not be despised by the young or old housekeeper. Here 1 am writing about Christmas presents and Hallow E'en not here yet.

The "Dalsy Handkerchief Bag" in our June pumber is "a thing of beauty and a joy foreyer."

for the kitchen will not be despised by the young or old housekeeper. Here 1 am writing about Christmas presents and Hallow E'en not here yet.

The "Dalsy Handkerchief Bag" in our June number is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and very dainty.

Mrs. Moore. Your letter reminds me of a May morning in 1894, when I visited Tia Juanna. We had spent six months in San Diego. What in the world did you do with fourteen hundred pounds of sweet pickled figs? I wish I had some of those ripe olives, guavas, apricots, strawberries and cherries this moment.

Gertrude Jessie, Mrs. Griffitts, Mrs. M. P. Hunter, Alice, N. H. I thank you all for the postals sent, I wish I could return them but I cannot. L. L. Your letter received, which I enjoyed. You are undoubtedly correct as to the fir balsam. You are one of the young Grandma's. I wish there were more like you. Send that letter in to the corner; it would be interesting to all our readers.

Mrs. George Ables writes that she sent some maple sugar to James Wall on his birthday. God bless her and others that helped to make the day one to be remembered.

Mrs. Seymour and Mrs. Collier. I was glad to hear from you both. Thanks for the card.

Lily Ann Witmer, Grabill, a dear little Christian writes me: "I am fourteen years old, I was converted last February. Oh! what blessed peace was brought to me, at that time. I am happy in the thought that I am the child of "The King," that I shall spend eternity with him in that beautiful home, that he has gone to prepare for me. Dear, dear friend, if I do not meet you here, I pray that I may in heaven." What beautiful thoughts, for a little child of that age; her home is in Indiana.

Clara dear, yours received. I regret you had to move.

Mrs. Gus Leff. Have you tried painting the swollen glands with Iodine?

what beautiful thoughts, for a little child of that age; her home is in Indiana.

Clara dear, yours received. I regret you had to move.

Mrs. Gus Leff. Have you tried painting the swollen glands with Iodine?

Mrs. Edith Trenhaile. Shake hands on the husband question. It made me happy when I read your letter, and of the home ruled by love and affection, God bless those little ones. I hope they will continue to love and honor you.

Mrs. Crawford. No doubt you have your dark days, but with your bright sunny disposition you can see the silver lining, while some cannot. Do write again, your letter was one of the bright spots in our June number.

I am sending in Mrs. Linden's recipe for Tomato Catsup.

H. C., Cuba, Mo., sends me some money for my shut-in fund. Thank you in their name, I have in mind two birthdays that I shall brighten. God bless your kind heart, but I wish I knew your name. Will you not write me and reveal it? I certainly appreciate the confidence you have in me by sending the money to be used in that way. I am wishing to have a Christmas fund. What I sent out last Christmas was thoroughly appreciated, by our dear sufferers. The time will soon be here; let us not forget it, and our invalid friends.

Mrs. Summers. I am glad you are satisfied with the land in which you live. Illinois is a grand state. I love it. Write again do, and tell us of the cherries, that are so beautiful with you. I have a distinct remembrance of several stained frocks, and tumbles out of cherry trees, in endeavors to procure the luscious fruit.

I did not pass on the syrup recipe.

A great many are sending in subscriptions and getting St. Elmo for Christmas presents; it is in demand.

"J. A. D." Mrs. VAN DYKE, Orange, Mass.

Letter of Thanks

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to thank the many who have written to me. I have enjoyed all the letters and would like to correspond with others, but cannot unless one of the sisters will volunteer as my secretary, which I think will be impossible. I believe I have answered all up to date and I feel more in touch with the whole "sisterhood" in consequence.

in touch with the whole "sisterhood" in consequence.

I want to ask the sister who wrote asking
me to look up several names in the directory, to
please write again. I was unfortunate in misplacing that one, and have lost the names. I
will refund the postage with pleasure.

How many throw away a tin fruit or vegetable can without removing the paper around it?
Try cutting out the pictures and saving them,
and in a short while you will have enough to
fill a scrapbook to amuse some little shut-in
child.

Pictures of children and animals, etc., cut

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I will send my Aluminum Eye Cup free to everyone afflicted with any Eye Trouble, I care not whether you are suffering with the most serious and complicated disease of the Eye, whether you have inflammation of the Eye Ball or Granulation of the Eye Lids you should have one of my Eye Cups in your house for prompt and imme diate use. It is the newest, up-to-date and most effective way of applying remedies to the Eye, I tis made from beautiful, white Aluminum, from molds specially constructed at great expense for the purpose; is lighter, more sanitary and in every way better than any other style or material yet devised. I will send you one without a cent of cost and at the same time will forward you in addition

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from papers and magazines are interesting and attractive. Whenever you read one, look through it and see how many pictures you can find to use, and in this way you can collect a great many from the advertisements alone.

How many of us are making new resolutions with the awakening of spring? It seems to me that is the best time of the year to renew our good resolutions, when Nature is renewing her good things. Why should we wish for a better resolution than the one to use every opportunity to say a kind word or do little helpful deeds. We can all be of some use in this way, if we cannot in some great way.

"Oh what a little thing can turn A heavy heart from sighs to song! A smile can make the world less stern, A word can cause the soul to burn With glow of heaven all night long."

Especially must we be kind to the little ones in our care. Of course when we are tired and things will go wrong, it is so hard to control our tongues. It seems to me that that is the hardest task of all, and one of the most necessary. But we must keep trying.

Mrs. PRUDENCE MORAST, 3119 Penn. St., Kansas City, Mo.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

White Oak Cancer Cure

Buy or take the inner bark from a white oak, steep it slowly, then take the sap obtained and strain, then boil down slowly till about the consistency of oil, apply this, renewing at intervals, for nine days or more if necessary.

A case of cancer in the cheek was killed this way last winter, after which the doctor removed the roots.

If the white oak cannot be obtained, try tannic bark. Hoping some of the many who suffer in this way may be relieved I remain a Comfort sister. Mrs. E. E. Lister, Thornport, Ohio.

Jelly made of currants and raspberries, equal portions, is fine, scald the fruit, then drain in a bag (do not squeeze), put the strained juice on the stove and boil down one half, then measure and allow a cup of sugar for one of juice, and boil fifteen minutes, try it then and see if it jellies; if it does remove at once, and fill glasses. When cold and firm cut a paper to fit, wet with white of egg, and it will never mould, some pour on melted parafine. I make all fruit jellies in this way, and usually have good success. Girls above all things, do not call jelly "jell" if you love me. love me.

Chili Sauce

Six green peppers, six large onions, one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two cups cider vinegar, two cups sugar. Boll all down until quite thick.

India Relish

India Relish

One pint of young string beans cut into such lengths; one pint of small cucumbers (an inch long) cut them into three pieces; three sliced cucumbers, one pint of butter onions peeled, four long red peppers cut small, one cup green nasturtium seed, medium-sized caulifiower, cut into small clusters. Put these all into a jar, thickly stewn with salt. Cover with cold water, put a plate on top weighted with a stone to keep the vegetables from floating, and leave in the cellar for three days. Drain off the brine, rinse with cold water thoroughly, by putting vegetables in a colander and holding under the faucet; return to jar, cover with fresh cold water and leave for twenty-four hours, then drain the vegetables and put in the following: Three quarts of vinegar, one teaspoonful of Hungarian sweet paprika, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cleves, one teaspoonful of celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of curry powder, one teaspoonful each of ground mustard seed, mace, and grated horseradish, one and one half cupfuls of brown sugar. Let this mixture come to a boil before adding the vegetables, then let it simmer ten minutes after it boils. Turn into stone crock, cover closely, let stand forty-eight hours. Drain off the vinegar and bring it to a boil; pour over the pickles and leave for a day longer. Fill small glass jars, cork, and seal. Keep in the dark. It will be ready for use in three weeks, but is better if not used for six weeks. This is fine.

Canned Sweet Potatoes

Prepare a rich syrup in kettle, in another kettle boil the potatoes which have previously been peeled and sliced. Fill jars with the potatoes, then pour in the boiling syrup. Tin cans

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

Cure for Liquor and Tobacco.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add. with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Soc'y, 78 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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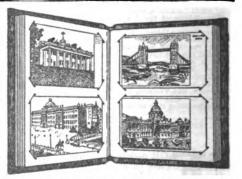
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COMPARE THESE SPECIAL OFFER PRICES with the lowest price at which you can buy a gun of similar style from your dealer at home or elsewhere, and you will see that by taking advantage of this most extraordinary offer at once, you can buy a breech loading shotgun from us for less than one-half the lowest price at which you can buy a gun of similar style from your dealer at home or elsewhere the two illustrations, one an illustration of our \$2.59 New England made 12-rauge Breech Loading Shotgun, the other, an illustration of the celebrated A.J. Aubrey Hammeriess Single Barrel Breech Loading Shotgun, the highest grade hammeriess single barrel breech loading shotgun made in the world. In this special sale we have two great offers to make, one special offer on the \$2.59 New England breech loader, shown in the illustration hereon, \$2.59 leguipped with automatic shell ejector which throws the shell clear and free from the gun; another free, guaranteed and 60 days free trial proposition on the A. J. Aubrey gun, also shown on the illustration hereon, \$2.59 IS OUR SPECIAL \$ALE PRICE for this SEND US \$1.00. You can either send us \$1.00 with your order, and pay the New England Devention of the series agent after

great offers to make, one special offer on the \$2.59 New England breech loading shotgun made in the world. In this special sale we have two throws the shell clear and free from the gun; another free, guaranteed and 60 days, free trial proposition on the A. J. Aubrey gun, also shown on the illustration hereon, \$2.89 equipped with automatic shell ejector, which have England 12-gauge Armory steel barrel, choke bored, be sufficiently and the state of the state

OUR SPECIAL TERMS AND FREE TRIAL OFFER ON THE \$2.59 AND \$2.89 NEW ENGLAND SINGLE BARREL BREECH LOADER. IF YOU WILL SEND US AN ORDER for a \$2.59 or \$2.89 New England Single Barrel (cetty satisfied with your purchase, you can return the gun to us at any time within ten days and we scribed bereon, you should send all the money with your order. We will then send the gun to you by now that the understanding and agreement that you can give it 10 days' trial, and if it doesn't prove at the control of the \$7.95 A. J. Aubrey Hammerless Single Barrel Gun, the one single barrel gun satisfactory, if you don't find it in every way equal to guns that sell at double the price, in fact equal which we make in our own factory at Meriden. Conn., the gun which we guarantee the highest grade to single barrel guns that you can buy at from \$5.00 to \$8.00; in short, if for any reason you are not persisting gun made in America, and worth more than any single gun you can buy elsewhere at any price.

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REMEMBER You take no risk whatever in ordering this gun, 'cr whether you send \$1.00 or any other hou

DESCRIPTION OF OUR \$2.59 AND \$2.89 HAMMER 12-GAUGE SINGLE BARREL BREECH LOADING SHOTGUN, THE NEW ENGLAND SHOTGUN.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR \$2.59 AND \$2.89 HAMMER 12-GAUGE SINGLE BARREL BREECH LOADING SHOTGUN, THE NEW ENGLAND SHOTGUN.

THIS IS A GENUINE NEW ENGLAND SINGLE BARREL SHOTGUN, made for any contract by a New England maker. The illustration shown hereon is engraved by our artist direct from a photograph and will give you a general idea of the appearance of this, our special \$2.59 single barrier gun. It is in general outline, style, general construction and general make along the exact same lines of several other American guns, guns that are being sold generally at retail at from \$5.00 to \$8.00 to \$8.

geommending it for ammunition other than black powder; nevertheless, it is a strong, good shooting and 60 days' free trial proposition, on the basis of the extual cost of material and labor, good and the good of the strong of the profit of

ompare with it. It is worth half at \$15.00 and upward.

It \$15.00 and upward.

It \$15.00 and upward.

It \$15.00 and upward.

It is the state of the

FORE END. The fore end is a beautiful piece of work, beautifully shaped, but unfortunately same alignment construction, the same alignment construction, the same ease of action, the same automatic shell ejecting effect, the same from the same fact on the library close fit, the same elector, the same top break construction, the same satety device, safety methanism and safety centrol, the same general style, the same strength, the same fact same looking effect, the same of the same fact same looking effect, the same for the same fact same looking effect, the same for the same fact same looking effect, the same for the same fact same looking effect, the same for the same fact same looking effect, the same fact

accuracy of target, for all purposes, it is in every way the equal of the highest grade, highest priced double barrel hammerless breech loading shotzuns made.

THE LUG AND LOCKING MECHANISM of the barrel is the same construction, the control of the barrel is the same construction, and to the highest grade double hammerless shotzuns.

AUTOMATIC SHELL EJECTOR. This automatic shell ejector which throws the shell free and clear from the gun when the gun is opened, is the same type of automatic shell ejector, the same automatic mechanism as is used on the highest priced automatic shell ejector, the same automatic mechanism as is used on the highest priced automatic shell ejector, the same automatic mechanism as is used on the highest priced automatic shell ejector, the same automatic mechanism as is used on the highest priced automatic shell ejector, the same automatic mechanism that you will pay from \$5.00 to \$10.00 extra for in a double gun in order to get the highest grade automatic ejector made.

FRAME. This gun has the highest grade dop steel forged frame, perfectly milled. It has grade and highest priced double hammerless breech loading shotzuns, the same strength as it was the same type of automatic shell ejecting double hammerless or the highest grade automatic shell ejecting double hammerless or \$5.00 to \$10.00 extra for in a double gun in order to get the highest grade automatic ejector made.

FRAME. This gun has the highest grade double hammerless breech loading shotzuns. The frame is reinforced, self-with the same type of automatic shell ejecting double hammerless breech loading shotzuns that you can buying gun and don't buy a double barrel hammerless breech loading shotzun, don't buy a muzzle loading shotzun at any price, but unner breech loading shotzun, then in you are buying a gun and don't buy a double barrel hammerless breech loading shotzun, don't buy a muzzle loading shotzun at any price, but unner breech loading shotzun, don't buy a muzzle loading shotzun at any price, but unner breech loading s locking and double strengthened, rendering it absolutely safe for shooting any kind of ammunition that can be shot in any gun.

TOP SNAP BREAK. break and lock construction as is used on the highest priced and most expensive double hammerless breech loading shotguns.

SAFETY DEVICE. possible with a touch of the finger or thumb to lock the gun securely, so that it cannot be pulled off or loosened from the trigger. It is the same mechanism, the same device, shotguns made.

FINISH. This gun is given the highest possible finish. All metal parts are beautifully mottled and case hardened.

STOCK. grain walnut stock, full pistol grip, fancy butt plate; all grips are fancy hand checkered; the same spond, full store ends are also fancy hand eleckered; the same good, the same high grade stock that you try it at the shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, do we ask that you try it at the shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had experience at trap shooting, and if you have never had be shooting, in the shooting, in the shooting, and if you have never had be shooting, in the high shooting

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SOME OF THE BEST MARKSMEN, trap shooters, professional shooters, market single guns to a double gun; first, as an advantage in weight, for this gun expensive guns of adouble on man for the guns that the guns of the guns



Conducted by Cousin Marion In order that each cousin may be answered this column, no cousin must ask more than aree questions in one Month.

EPTEMBER is with us and the months of summer have gone away into the past, never to come again. Have all the cousins spent a pleasant summer? Have they made it pleasanter for others? Have they done with it what they could to help them go cheerfully into the saddest days of the year which come in the autumn? I hope so, and I hope the days that the poet has called the saddest will not be sad, because we must get busy over a big pile of letters.

The first one is from a cousin who wants

big pile of letters.

The first one is from a cousin who wants her initial to be "Railroader"—that's a queer initial; isn't it?—and she lives at East Alton, Ill. She says she has been waving to a "pretty young fireman" on a train for over a year and doesn't know his name and address, and wants to know if it would be proper to ask him. My, my, cousin, why don't you wait till he asks for yours? Do you want to know him he doesn't care enough who you are to ask? How silly some girls are, and how unladylike some can be.

Era, Azalee, and Izetta, Frankfort, Ky.—Here

How silly some girls are, and how unladylike some can be.

Era, Azalee, and Izetta, Frankfort, Ky.—Here are three girls, fifteen years of age, asking about beaus when their letters show plainly that they should be thinking about spelling-books and grammars. When they are up on those homely subjects I'll answer their romantic questions. I'm sure it will be two or three years.

Troubled Cousin, Noble, III.—Why should I give you more advice when you failed to follow what I did give, and are now suffering from your carelessness? You will have to get out of it the best way you can.

Blue Eyes, Frankfort, Mich.—In view of the fact that he is engaged to another girl, your interest should cease. You say there is nothing deceifful about him, yet you tell me he was engaged to the other girl all the time he was making love to you and you only found it out when he went away. Don't you call that deceit? And not only of you, but of the other girl? Forget him, and keep him forgot.

Scottish Bluebell, Yelton, Okla.—It is very nice to give your best young man a Christmas or birthday present. Give him something that will be pretty and useful. (2) Girls of seventeen marry men of twenty-three, but they should not. They should wait four years and marry men of twenty-seven.

Blue-eyed Nell, Ft. Worth, Texas.—Of course

Blue-eyed Nell, Ft. Worth, Texas.—Of course a girl should not keep her marriage a secret from her parents, nor should she marry a man only twenty-one years old, and she seventeen. (2) Music and flowers and books and candy may be accepted as presents, but not rings, unless you are engaged.

Leoria, Lebanon, Mo.—From your description of the man I should say you ought to follow your friends' advice and let him alone. Certainly you can do better than that in Missouri. You will be safe in believing anything they tell you against him.

Nobody's Darling, Owingsville, Ky.—Don't

Nobody's Darling, Owingsville, Ky.—Don't bother about the soldier sweetheart. He isn't any good. His wanting you to run away with him after he had enlisted showed what he was. Don't write to him and don't ever see him again, if you can help it.

if you can help it.

Little Wild Bess, Duncan, Ariz.—Don't marry him till he has put his farm in condition and is able to support you nicely. I think he is filrting. If he loves you he will make a home or you to prove it. Otherwise, drop him.

Brown-eyed Susan, Ferndale, Cal.—Don't marry Tom if you are thinking of Jim all the time, and don't marry either so long as you don't know which one to marry. That kind of marriage only means misery and often shame. (2) How can a nice girl be "sociable to a man" whom she has not met? Are nice girls sociable to strange men in your town?

Blossom. Chillicothe, O.—In view of the fact

whom she has not met? Are nice girls sociable to strange men in your town?

Blossom, Chillicothe, O.—In view of the fact that you are corresponding with a man of whom you know nothing, and never saw, you should not be surprised at anything he says or does, and he is quite warranted in saying anything he pleases. He has a right to think you don't care very much for yourself anyway. Before writing further you had better make his acquaintance.

Wild Cucumber, Sandusky, Mich.—The color of the hair and eyes has nothing to do with harmonious love and marriage. Light and dark may like each other simply as a matter of contrast, and they may never love, or they may. Love depends on a good deal more than mere color.

Wild Rose, Tina, and Daisy of Guymon, Okla., are referred to answer above to three girls of Frankfort, Ky. They all seem to have the same trouble—too many beaus and too few spelling-books.

books.

Dreamy Eyes, Chariton, Iowa.—Certainly you should tell the young man your parents object to your accepting attentions from him. If he is the right kind he will regard your parents' wishes. (2) You could not very well take him along with you to find the lamp, could you? Of course, he should wait in the dark till you go get it. (3) You should ask your escort to come in unless it is too late.

Buth Fondu Lac. Wis.—It is quite right to

Ruth, Fon du Lac, Wis.—It is quite right to

Ruth, Fon du Lac, Wis.—It is quite right to ask him to call. (2) Kissing games are no longer the vogue except in primitive sections. They don't have them in Fon du Lac, do they?

Miss J., Newport, Ky.—The divorced man has a legal right to marry and if you love each other, and he is all right, the proper thing to do is for you to marry. Some people are prejudiced against divorced persons marrying, but most divorced persons marry and their marriages are about as happy as the other kind, and happier than their first attempts usually. It is entirely personal and you must decide for yourself.

Rosebud, Sharon, Conn.—When a girl has graduated she is supposed to enter society and accept the attention of men, so you may, if your parents do not object. As you are only sixteen you should not forget that you have a great deal yet to learn out of books, and should read much more than you go into company. Improve your mind and you will be that much more attractive to the right kind of men.

Edna, Elmwood, Ill.—Don't let him know

Edna, Elmwood, Ill.—Don't let him know that you love him. He will find it out for himself if he wants to know. If he doesn't want to know, you shouldn't want to think of him. You are too young to understand these things yet, and so is he, from what you tell me of him. It is all very pretty and you two must just be good friends till you are older. Then—well, if it is the same then, you will marry and live happily ever after.



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disc and cylinder records and the records are the only ones that produce the full lyric, liquid tones.

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A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

his well-filled pocketbook a folded sheet containing additional memoranda in his father's cramped, old-fashioned wfiting.

"Be honest first, then generous—never wasteful. Pose on no pedestals and you will escape falls. Avoid priggishness, which is detestable mental dry-rot; and flee from cant, the convenient domino of hypocrisy. Cultivate genuine sympathy for all suffering humanity, and remember that a man's safest companion is his own conscientious, incorruptible self-respect."

Doubtless in the years that followed Noel realized that indeed

"Souls were dangerous things to carry straight

Doubtless in the years that followed Noel realized that indeed

"Souls were dangerous things to carry straight. Through all the spllt saltpetre of the world;" but that he succeeded fairly well might have been inferred from a certain scar on his throat, received while chastising two of his classmates who had caricatured him in doggerel under the title of "Sir Dandy Galahad." Misled by the quiet reserve of his manner, and an inborn courtesy that made him as good a listener as talker, strangers never suspected the existence of a temper fierce and, when fully aroused, wellnigh implacable. In his third collegiate year the death of his father left him untrammelled in the selection of a profession, and soon after he entered into possession of a fortune so large that its golden key would have opened the door of almost any career he might have chosen.

Ince the death of his stepmother, Mr. Herriott had established temporary headquarters in New York in "apartments" not far from the old Herriott house, which by provision of his wife's will was now the property of Judge Kent. While the family of the senator usually remained in Washington, Eglah and Mrs. Mitchell frequently spent a week in New York, and on such occasions, if Noel chanced to be in the city, they relied upon him to serve as escort when needed. That he had successfuny run the gauntlet of Eliza's years of cautious, suspicious observation, and finally commanded her admiring confidence, contributed in some degree to the easy camaraderie maintained between Eglah and

Now, dears, your questions are answered and I have had very little scolding to do, and some of your love affairs are just too sweet for anything. I hope they will remain so as long as you live. By, by, now till we meet again in October.

Cousin Marion.

a lonely life. From the day he first saw the little quivering white-clad girl standing in the sunset glow that flooded the fragrant, flower-filled dining-room at Nutwood, he had opened the empty temple of his heart, and where no image dwelt—save the memory of his father—he lifted this child to a pure altar, and offered silent homage.

fered silent homage.
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PHONOGRAPH



Money in the Bank?

Will any reader of this magazine who has money, from \$10.00 only upwards, in the savings bank drawing only 3 or 4 per cent interest, or stored away in some hiding place drawing no interest at all, please write me at once. I have something to tell you that I know will interest you. Address me personally and at once. L. N. Cushman, Pub., Dept.6, 291 Congress St., Boston, Mass. "Personal."





herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COM-FORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to nubmit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (16) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscriber enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

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G. S.—Upon the death of your mother, the executor of your father's estate should file a final account and divide the property. If you can agree among yourselves as to the value of the property, such division of the estate could be made upon the basis of such agreed valuations. You should employ a lawyer to draw the necessary deeds of the real estate and to see that the division of the estate was made in a legal way. (2) You can procure a certified copy of the charter of the corporation from the Secretary of State of the State under the laws of which the Company is incorporated, upon your payment to him of his fees for same.

A. L.—We do not think the young lady you mention

him of his fees for same.

A. L.—We do not think the young lady you mention could be punished for the act you mention, unless she received some of the money from the cashing of the checks, or unless some fraud was perpetrated in connection with the cashing of the checks. We think the act you say she committed was technically a punishable one, but from your explanation of the way she came to do it we think she could clear herself, provided, of course, no one suffered any loss from her act, and she received no benefit therefrom.

fered any loss from her act, and she received no benefit therefrom.

Mrs. E. L. E.—Upon your statement to us we are of the opinion, that neither you nor your brothers and sisters who signed and executed the deed of the property, you mention, to your father could recover it from the present owner. After you executed the deed conveying the property to your father, he had a perfect right to convey the property to any person he saw fit.

Mrs. J. A. J.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that the man you mention could sell the property without the signature of his wife to the deed; upon his death, we think that all his property, except community property would go to his children, provided, of course, he left no will. The community property, consisting of the profits of all the affects administered by the husband, of the produce of the reciprocal industry and labor of both husband and wife, of property acquired during marriage by donations made to them jointly or by purchase in the name of either during said marriage, would upon the death of the husband go, one half to the widow and one half to be divided among the children.

O. S.—Your communication to us presents no inquiry

the children.

O. S.—Your communication to us presents no inquiry calling for an opinion on any legal matter. We, however, take the opportunity of advising you not to take too seriously the letters of the young lady with whom you are corresponding, if you have never met her, as we infer from your letter that she may be quite a different person from what you think. She may be carrying on the correspondence with you simply in a spirit of mischief or fun. Possibly she may be all that you think she is and might make you an excellent wife, if you have that in view. We think that if you feel you desire to follow the matter up, you should manage some way to become personally acquainted with her. After you become personally acquainted with her, and the property of judgment you can learn to understand her likes and dislikes, and, what is more important, her disposition and character, but even then, be your courtship successful, you take some risk of returning home a sadder, but wiser man.

Mrs. M. S. D.—We are of the opinion, that the relivence

ter, but even then, be your courtship successful or unsuccessful, you take some risk of returning home a sadder, but wiser man.

Mrs. M. S. D.—We are of the opinion, that the railroad company you mention cannot take the property you mention without first acquiring title to the same; that they can acquire title, or a right of way over the property, either by purchase at a price agreed upon between them and the owner of the property, or by condemnation proceedings (i. e.—a proceeding in Court for the purpose of fixing the value of the property, or the right of way over the same; in which event the owner of the property would receive the amount fixed by the court as a reasonable value of the property condemned.) In the event of such a proceeding it is often advisable for the owner to be represented by an attorney in order that the facts submitted to the Court shall constitute such evidence as to necessitate a judgment by the Court for the full value of the property; as in case no evidence is submitted to the owner of the property, the railroad company might put in evidence which would result in their getting the property at less than its true value. No company or individual has any right to confiscate property or take it in any way without due process of law.

C. W. N.—An examination of the deed you mention would be necessary before rendering an opinion on the question you submit, but as near as we can gather, from your statements to us, the title to the property you mention vested, at the time of the purchase, in the two sons, subject to a life estate of the mother; if this is the case the property, unless the same has been conveyed by the parties interested, would now belong to the heirs at law, or devisees of the deceased son, and to the surviving son, subject, of course, to the life estate of the mother. The only way to dispose of the interests of the heirs of the deceased son in the property would be by purchase from they would either get a portion of the land or the value of their share in money.

Mrs. O. H.

of their share in money.

Mrs. O. H.—Provided the charter of the borough you mention is broad enough, we are of the opinion, that the borough council, or governing board, would have power to grant a telephone company a franchise to run their wires through the streets of the borough and to make such changes in the condition of the streets as are necessary for that purpose, but not to interfere with private property; perhaps the tence you mention was on the street, or perhaps the company took more liberty than their franchise allowed them. We do not think they have any right to interfere with private ownership except as empowered by law, without being liable for damage.

damage.

Subscriber.—We are of the opinion that the parent you mention, if he possesses testamentary capacity, can by a will cut a child off from any share in his or her estate.

Miss J. C.—We are of the opinion that the fact that you changed your mind about taking the lesson in dressmaking would not relieve you from your legal liability under your contract; perhaps, if you let the matter drop, the person with whom you made the contract would not try to enforce the collection of further payments. We know of no way for you to recover the amount you have paid.

Mrs. H. V. H.—We think that any action, or proceeding, you might bring against the woman who led your husband to transgress, would result in more unhappiness and trouble to yourself and children than to the woman you mention. Such women, as you say she is, have very little to lose, while any further agitation of the matter would keep you in a constant state of bitterness and trouble, and the probable result would be that your husband would have to bear the most of the blame. You say you have forgiven your husband. This seems to us to have been the wisest thing for you to do, and our best advice to you is, to add to your forgiveness, forgetfulness, and to turn your mind to happier things.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

that time he discharged his man servant for stealing. This servant concocted a scheme with a New York lawyer to swindle the merchant out of his New York holdings. But the merchant got wind of the plan, and both the servant and rascally lawyer had to leave the city in a hurry. "The servant was much enraged over his failure to swindle his former employer, and under threats compelled his wife to steal the little boy Jeremiah and bring him to a small settlement on Long Island. Here the good-for-nothing husband and the rascally lawyer laid a plot to make the merchant pay dearly for the return of his child. But the authorities got wind of the affair and the evil-doers had to fiee once more. Then the husband of the woman went on a long spree and tried to kill the little boy, but the woman took the child, wrapped it up in this blue overcoat, and left it at the door of the poorhouse. Shortly after that the woman got employment with a family of Philadelphia and went to that city, and the good-for-nothing husband lost his life by falling off the Battery into the water and being drowned."

"Amos would not have been so bad if it hadn't been for that rascally lawyer," sighed Mrs. Starfield. "He was led on, Amos was."

"More than likely," answered Henry Maxwell.

"Do you mean to say I am the son of that

"More than likely, answered Lenry small well.
"Do you mean to say I am the son of that merchant of Boston?" asked Jerry.
"Yes, Jerry, there seems to be no question about it. Your real name is Jeremiah Robert-

well.

"Do you mean to say I am the son of that merchant of Boston?" asked Jerry.

"Yes, Jerry, there seems to be no question about it. Your real name is Jeremiah Robertson.

"Is my father living?"

"Yes, and your mother too, although both are now no longer young."

"Where are they?"

"Here, in New York."

"Will you take me to them?"

"O. course I will."

"At that moment Mrs. Starfield set up something akin to a wail.

"What is to become of me?" she whined.

"Ya say it would protect me if I confessed."

Henry Maxwell.

A little later found Jerry, the merchant, and Henry Davenport on their way to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Robertson. The boy felt as if he was in a dream, and pinched himself to see if he was really awake.

Soon the coach stopped in front of a fine mansion and Mr. Maxwell went ahead and rang the bell. They were ushered into a parlor and a fine gentleman came to meet them.

"This is Mr. Maurice Robertson?" questioned Mr. Maxwell.

"That is my name, sir," was the answer.

"What can I do for you?"

There was an awkward pause, broken by Jerry who stepped forward.

"Mr. Robertson, I am looking for my father," he said bluntfather?" faltered the other.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Maxwell thinks that you are my father, and a certain Mrs. Starfield, who was once your servant, thinks the same. She says I was stolen from home when I was a baby." Maurice Robertson drew a quick breath and gazed at Jerry as if stunned.

"Can it be true!" he murmured. "After all these long years!"

"In think it is true," put in Henry Maxwell.

"Let me tell you the whole story," and in as few words as possible he did so.

"You will wonder how I got on the track of this mystery," he said. "Jerry had done me a good turn and I resolved to aid him all I could. I engaged one of the smartest polle-officials and the countral of Mrs. Starfield confessed, after I promised to do all I could to protect her from the law. She is old, and drink has almost finished her. Besides, I think she speaks the truth when she says that that lawyer was to blame

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The Value of a Trade-Mark.

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tical patch pockets arranged over the front. The cuffs are made simply in one piece each, finished with hems or facings at the upper edge with elastic or tapes inserted or lacings at the upper edge with clastic or tapes inserted to regulate the size and to keep them in place. The cap is in one piece faced and stitched to form a casing, the clastic inserted in which regulates the size. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. This is a regular 15 cent pattern but will be sent postpaid for only three 2 cent stamps or 6 cents. Address Pattern Dept. THE MOUSEWIFE, 52-56 Duane St., New York. MEN'S FINE SUIT \$4.95
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ree.

T. B., Youngstown, N. D.—Pimples and blackheads—which are practically the same thing—are common at your age and will disappear as you grow older. About all that you need do now is to keep your face thoroughly clean with hot water and pure soap, massaging the skin gently to improve the circulation. The blackheads may be pressed out, but do not squeeze them so hard as to bruise the skin. Give your eyebrows also time to grow. The cocoanut oil will do no harm.

Blue Eves. Sanford Va.—With your eyessive.

Blue Eyes, Sanford, Va.—With your excessive fat, the bumps on your face and the lack of rosiness in your cheeks, you need a course of treatment by a physician. Carelessness at your age may mean a long life of ill health, or death before you are thirty.

before you are thirty.

M. Z., Jackson, Cal.—It may be necessary for you to take medicine all the time to prevent constipation just as your physician prescribes. He should know more about your case than we do. We can say, however, that you may assist nature very greatly by taking the exercise prescribed in physical culture books and we advise that you get sucn a book and follow its instructions. You must do what it says, though, and not simply read it and think that is enough. Some people are too lazy to be well and strong. (2) Scars from burns are permanent and cannot be removed. be removed.

be removed.

J. U., Coloma, Wis.—Your physician is right—you should go to the dry air of the high western country, Colorado is cold and dry, Arizona and New Mexico, hot and dry. Either is good, and will cure your bronchits and catarrh if anything will. Unless there is consumption in your family somewhere near, you haven't got it, but what you have will go into it if you neglect it and try to cure it with medicine. Climate is the thing. Go to the dry air and get well.

J. M. P., Blakesburg, Iowa.—You have asked for a "recipe" to cure organic troubles which the most profound physicians of the world fail to control with any degree of certainty. Under the circumstances you will understand why we don't cure you on the spot. Your only chance is to consult the physician you know best.

M. E. Mc., Aux Vasse, Mo.—Use glycerite of

M. E. Mc., Aux Vasse, Mo.—Use glycerite of tannin. Wash the nipples after nursing. Apply after each nursing and always wash off after nursing. You may get the glycerite at any drug

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y.—As you are in the midst of things you can get at any drug store pimple lotions much better than any you can prepare yourself At your age you don't need much lotioning. Time will take them away. Keep your face well washed and morning and night massage it thoroughly but not roughly. Be a little careful of your diet and don't eat too much fats and sweets.

a little careful of your diet and don't eat too much fats and sweets.

Benita, Headrick, Okla.—You should consult a physician on the more serious part of your trouble. The coughing and spitting in the morning are due in part, we believe, to poor digestion. Eat lightly at evening, and before going to bed drink a glass of water with a teaspoonful of cooking soda dissolved in it. Drink another glass when you get up. That may not cure, but it should relieve. See the doctor about the dizziness that comes at stated intervals.

Mrs. R., Eldorado, Okla.—While your physician is in attendance why not get from him a prescription for the skin blotches, as he knows from personal observation what causes them? He would not charge you for it. We can only say that you should diet yourself and get your blood in good condition. Take a dose of Epsom salts before breakfast, two or three times a week. A good skin whitener and softener is made of four parts of yellow of egg and five parts glycerine. Work them thoroughly together. Apply to the face on going to bed. Rub well into your hands after washing. This is very simple, but is efficacious for freckles, moth spots and blotches.

J. D., San Antonio, Texas.—You are doing for piles about what most people do who suffer

spots and blotches.

J. D., San Antonio, Texas.—You are doing for piles about what most people do who suffer with them—keeping the bowels open. They are practically incurable when once well started, though sometimes an operation may effect permanent results. They may be relieved by care and the patient will suffer very little, but they will become troublesome when neglected. Some of the advertised remedies are excellent. But you will have to try several in order to learn which is best for your case. Of course, you understand that absolute cleanliness is necessary. Washing in ice cold water is always quieting. quieting.

quieting.

Orange Blossoms, Fon du Lac, Wis.—Your greasy complexion may be relieved by eating no fat or sweet food, and drinking plenty of water, with little or no coffee. The surplus grease you eat comes out largely through the pores of the skin. Don't try to reduce flesh by drinking vinegar. It may produce results, but you will not be in a condition to enjoy your lack of flesh. Lemons are not harmful. On the contrary they are good to take in moderation. But don't "suck a lemon" as some do. Dilute the juice with water.

C. N., Evanston, Ill.—Spanish fly is known

"suck a lemon" as some do. Dilute the juice with water.

C. N., Evanston, Ill.—Spanish fly is known to the druggists as cantharides. Its "weight measure" depends upon how much you want. Ask the druggist. Haven't you a drug store in Evanston? (2) We are as authoritative as anybody on the subject of conquering the liquor habit without the aid of "antidotes and cures." The only way to do it is to quit and stay quit.

Subscriber, Morristown, Tenn.—We hardly think you have "heart trouble," but we do believe you have a pretty bad case of indigestion. Don't doctor for anything else but that and get those four doctors to advise you what to do. Don't take much medicine. You only need a laxative occasionally and a glass of water with a teaspoonful of cooking soda dissolved in it, before meals, and perhaps before going to bed. Then eat simple food, eggs, milk, rice, thoroughly toasted bread, no coffee,—break dry bread in the milk—plenty of water between meals and practice the exercises prescribed by physical culture books. Do these things faithfully and you will regain your health.

S. H. P., Burwell, Neb.—See answer above to "Mrs R. Eldorado. Okla." about splotches on

S. H. P., Burwell, Neb.—See answer above to "Mrs. R., Eldorado, Okla." about splotches on the skin. The same remedy will apply to re-

moving the brown of your neck, unless that is the natural color.

the natural color.

S. J., Comet, N. C.—Your cold, with evening cough, is probably bronchial. There are so many cough remedies that we hesitate to offer one. You can get a better one at any drug store than you can compound yourself. About thirty grains of quinine in half pint of whiskey taken in teaspoonful doses will afford relief, if you are not handy to a drug store. The climate has something to do with its hanging on so long. Try a couple of weeks at or near Asheville, unless you are already in a similar climate. Change of air is what you need.

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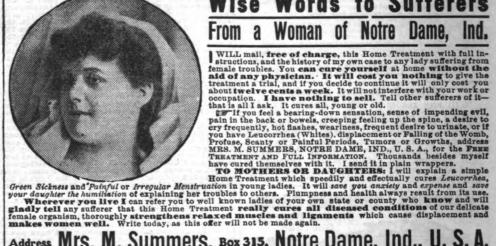


Adjustable Reclining Chair. It is made of the finest Oak and so arranged by a simple device in the backthat it can be adjusted. It is the most useful and popular Easy Chair on the market. They seem to just fit the tired body after a bury day's work in fact it fits one's every mood. We are giving these Chairs away as Fremiums for selling our Remedies.

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Sell only six Electric Plasters at 25c. each, which we trust you writh and we will send you a pair of these slegant Nottingham Lace Curtains, each Curtain is nine feet long so you get six yards of Curtains in the pair, and as they are four feet wide for the two, they gather up nicely and furnish an elegant drapery for even the very bread windows; in fact in many instances one pair would do for several windows, and just what any one needs to adorn the home with. Every one of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" as room so much as a pair of lace curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside well as from the inside. They are of the real it has other than the section of forms of the section of the s

READ MY FREE OFFER. Wise Words to Sufferers



From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

FIVE SOUVENIR POST-CARDS

The beautiful cards we offer you are among the very finest ever produced. They are not only fine specimens of the printer's art, but are selected from copyrighted subjects which are not easily obtained elsewhere. We have made arrangements to supply our friends with a set of five. The following are the titles:

FATHER AND SON THE VILLAGE EXPRESS

JACK ROSES

THE START FOR HOME SUMMER ON THE FARM

The VILLAGE EXPRESS

SUMMER ON THE FARM

They will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, free to all who take advantage of our offer. We want to introduce our new paper THE AMERICAN FARM WORLD into homes where it is not now taken. THE AMERICAN FARM WORLD is a large monthly publication of from 20 to 32 large pages, filled to overflowing with original matter that the Farmer, Gardener, Poultryman, and in fact any man or woman, even though he or she have but a small flowergarden, ought to know. It contains helpful departments for every member of the household. The regular subscription-price is only 15 cents a year, or five years for 50 cents. It is unusual for us to accept subscriptions for a shorter time than one year, but to give all the opportunity to get acquainted with it before subscribing for a longer time we make the following most liberal offer: Send us Ten Cents and we will send you THE AMERICAN FARM WORLD from now until January, 1908, together with five beautiful post-cards free, a POST-CARD ALBUM FREE If you will send us a club of ten trial three-prion-price of ten cents each, we will send you fen sets of Postal Cards, five cards in each set, to deliver to each subscriber; and, to reward you for your time in securing the subscriptions, we will send to you, absolutely free and post-paid, by mail, a beautifully decorated Post-Card Album in cloth binding. It will hold one hundred cards. Better take advantage of this offer to-day.

of this offer to-day.

The American Farm World AUGUSTA, MAINE, or CHICAGO, ILL.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

Gray-eyed Twins, Fairmount, N. D.—You greet the relatives of your new husband's just as you would greet your own kin whom you were meeting for the first time. You would know how to do that, wouldn't you? The wedding supper or luncheon must depend entirely upon the means of those giving it. It may be very simple or very elaborate, and still be in equally good form. A reception by your young friends, would be very pleasant and proper.

Black Eyes, Kerrville, Texas.—We will give you no recipe for painting the face white, no matter if other girls do use it and you want to. Keep your face well washed and use a little simple powder occasionally is all you need. The other is vulgar and nice ladies don't use it. If you have a naturally brown skin it may be made as beautiful as the whitest by proper care and no rank cosmetics. Why do you want a drug-store complexion?

Pansy Blossom, Spencer, Ind.—Look up your

Pansy Blossom, Spencer, Ind.—Look up your almanac for the moon's signs. (2) You can't make your hair golden except by using chemicals that will do much more harm than good, besides making you appear as something that you are not. Let your hair be the way the Lord made it.

Lord made it.

Dolly, Circleville, O.—Your hair is rather neutral, and you can wear any colored ribbon, if not too pronounced. (2) Better not use anything on your hair to make it less greasy. If you get it dry and harsh it will begin to fall out. (3) The pinching of the nose pimples is what has done the harm. Stop the pinching and wait for time to make good the damage.

Heart's Content, Sand Lake, Mich.—We think it will be safer for the lady to put her arm around the gent while driving, because he can have the use of his hands to handle the horse. However, etiquette is rather indefinite on that point, and they can fix it to suit themselves. P. S. Be sure to drive a safe horse. (2) The lady sits at the man's left while driving. You don't expect the man to drive on the off side, do you? (3) Ten thirty is the proper time for a caller to depart, Sunday or any evening.

Mamma's Darling, Bethel, O.—It is the custom in the less formal social circles, town or country, for the lady to go to the door with a caller, though when a girl is only fourteen as you are, she should not have carliers unless with her mother. Sae might kiss her caller good night if her mother consented and watched her do it.

Blue Eyes, XXXtown. Texas.—If we recom-

do it.

Blue Eyes, XXXtown, Texas.—If we recommend the first young man you ask about what shall we do with the other? Hadn't you better wait until you know your own mind? In the mean time go ahead having a good time without caring whether they are the ones or not. (2) Sisters are apt to be jeatous of each other, and you must get along with yours until you marry and have other troubles to worry about. Grey Eyes, Moor's Hill, Ind.—It is not fair to the young man to drop him without giving him a chance to set himself right if he can. Ask him to explain. If he cannot do so satisfactorily, that will be the time to drop him.

Western Girl, Harvey, N. D.—If it is the custom of your community to hold hands without squeezing then there is nothing improper in it. Violet, Faribault, Minn.—It is not the lady's

Violet, Faribault, Minn.—It is not the lady's place to ask for the ring when she becomes engaged unless the man is so ignorant or stupid as not to give it to her without asking.

engaged unless the man is so ignorant or stupid as not to give it to her without asking.

L. W., Peru, Ill.—The lady speaks first, unless they are well known to each other and friends, and then either may speak first. (2) The man should lead the way off the car and assist the lady to alight if she needs it.

Comfort Sister, Dullman, Ill.—Always thank a man or any other person for any courtesy extended, though in the case of an escort it is not necessary to be constantly thanking him when you can show your appreciation by saying how much you enjoy what he does for you.

Brown-eyed Gyp, Charleston, W. Va.—A remedy for freckles—if you must insist upon applying remedies to them—is composed of sulphocarbolate of zinc, two parts; glycerine, twenty-five parts; rosewater, twenty-five parts; alcohol, five parts; rosewater, twenty-five parts; alcohol, five parts; Your hair is a very nice color. Let it remain so.

Don Quixote, Chester, Miss.—We believe the

Don Quixote, Chester, Miss.—We believe the custom everywhere is that gentlemen do not tip their hats in passing on the street ladies whom they do not know. Of course, you tip your hat to ladies who refuse to recognize you. You tip your hat as you shake hands at parting or meeting.

Blue-eyed May, Lancaster, Ky.—Don't be finicky. Though you were never formally introduced your acquaintance is just as proper and you should invite him to call and take a walk with him, too, when he asks you. Afternoon callers usually get away just before the evening meal, unless they are asked to stay. (2) If you want the caller to stay though he says he must be going, you can tell him so. But don't coax him. He frequently says he must go, just to be coaxed.

Tomato Relish

Tomato Relish

One peck of ripe tomatoes peeled cold, chop three heads of celery, five red peppers, one small cup of sait, drain off and add two pounds of five cups of vinegar. Put in glass jars cold—in took.

MRS. AURILIA SAYRE, Sibley, Mich.

Split crackers, and put in deep dish, a layer of the coax hit.

J. M., Gaffney, S. C.—It is not necessary to acknowledge the receipt of an acknowledgment of a gift, though if you want to write to the young lady, it offers a good opportunity. The proper inscription on a man's card, unless he has a title of some kind, is simply, "Mr. John Milton." The street address should be given on city cards, in the lower corner, right or left.

Sad Heart, Beckwith, Tenn.—Break the engagement by all means. He does not care for you or he would not be so neglectful. Besides how does a boy only eighteen years old know how to act as an engaged man? He should be at home with his mamma.

R. C., Throop, Cal.—Unless you wish the hair on your arms and hands to become like whiskers you had better not attempt to remove it. A specialist can remove it permanently if you want to pay him several hundred dollars. An old-fashioned shave is just as good a depilatory as those mixed in a drug store and lasts just as long.

Know-nothing, Mew. va.—We do not know anything about the lady. You may write to her in care of her publishers. (2) The eyebrow pencil must be used very skillfully not to be detected. Your druggist can get it for you from a dealer in druggist's supplies. We advise you not to use it.

Brier Rose, Sebeka, Minn.—Simply mention the man's name to the ladies and their names to him, or better, say "Mrs. J., this is Mr. K.", "Mrs. L., Mr. K." The mere mention of names after the first introduction is enough. (2) Better try the hot milk to make the eyelashes grow. It can't do any harm.

J. F. M., Clearbrook, Va.—Vaucaire's remedy is said to be the best. We do not know from personal knowledge what its merits are, but it has the reputation. Its cost would depend upon where you had it prepared. Have you ever reled the developing exercises prescribed by the physical culture books? It is very much like work, but it produces results in many instances. The majority of cases we believe are beyond help. Pumpkin Bud, Brazil, Ind.—In the old-fashloned times it was proper for children to be taught to say to their elders; "Yes, sir, No sir; Yes Ma'm, and No Ma'm," with "Sir" and "Ma'm' in response to a direct question. But they do not teach it so any more, and until recently nothing seemed to be taught instead. Now, we believe, they are beginning to teach children to say "Yes, Papa," "No, Mamma," and other relatives similarly, but so far nothing definite seems to be taught them as to how they should reply to done, for the directed "Yes," "No," and "What." are almost barbarous, and we advise you to take up the old-fashloned "Yes Sir" and "No Ma'm." I may have its fauts, but nothing better has yet been offered. "Beg pardon," or "I beg your pardon" is used by older persons as a substitute for "What?" or "What did you say?" but that is too cumbersome for children's constant use. Maybe we'll have something right old-fashloned method you have the military but and naval schools of the United States. Cadets always say "Sir?" "Yes Sir" and "No Sir."

Anxious Darling, Carman, Ill.—If the young man does not know when to go home it is the lady's place to tell him. This is proper and onot, they should be taught. (2) If the man is an authority for teaching the old-fashloned method you have the military but have young man does

Comfort Sisters Corner Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

are the best to use, sealing with wax, though the glass jars are used extensively. I send this recipe in for the sister who requested it some time ago.

Baking Powder

One pound of cream of tartar, half pound each of baking powder and corn starch, mix well, then sift.

Ribbon Pudding

One quart of sweet milk or cream, one cup granulated sugar, put in double boiler, dissolve two heaping tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a little cold milk, and stir into the above until thick and creamy. Have ready the whites of six eggs, beaten stiff, add this to the boiling mixture, stirring in very carefully and lightly. After removing from the fire add pinch of salt. Divide this mixture into three parts, melt two squares of Baker's chocolate and stir into one part. Color the second part pink, and have twice as much white, as a layer of white is put into a glass dish first, then the pink, then white, then chocolate, and lastly the white, cool until firm, serve with whipped cream. (This was sent in by either Miss Hutton or Mrs. H. H. Smith, in our November number.)

J. A. D.

Jersey Pickle

Two quarts onions chop fine, two quarts green tomatoes chop fine, and salt down for a couple of hours before mixing, squeeze juice out, six green peppers chop fine, four quarts Lima beans, cook till tender in clear water, with pinch of salt, two quarts string beans, break short and cook same as Lima beans, drain beans, chop fine, one dozen whole pickled cucumbers, one dozen ears corn cut small, ten cents' worth mustard seed, ten cents' worth dry mustard, one gallon apple vinegar, one and one half pounds sugar. Put vinegar in vessel, then sugar, mustard and mustard seed, and cook until it is nearly thick, stir often to prevent scorching. I cover my jars with paper, any pickle bottle will answer.

M. G. Browning, Atlanta, Ga.

Raspberry Punch

Mash sufficient berries to give two cupfuls of juice when strained. Pour this juice upon one cupful of granulated sugar and allow the sugar to dissolve. When dissolved, add the juice of a lemon and a quart of iced water. Serve very cold with a few whole berries added.

To Dry String Beans

Pick, wash, cut in strips, scald in salted water, place on tins and dry thoroughly. When wanted for use, soak and cook until tender, seasoning as you would green beans.

To Dry Corn

Cut from the cobs, spread in a dripping-pan and set in the oven long enough to scald through; remove or reduce the heat until thoroughly dried, and put away in paper bags closely tied up, when wanted for use soak over night, and cook for two or three hours.

EDNA WARD, Millican, Tex.

Brandy Peaches

To one gallon of peeled peaches add two pounds of sugar and let stand over night. Take a pint of the syrup and half pint of brandy, and one and one half pounds of sugar, and boil to a thick syrup; lay the peaches in about five minutes and put in glass jars.

MISS C. L. HICKMAN, Alleghany Springs, Va.

Tomato Relish

We Trust The People Everywhere FURNITURE, STOVES and HOUSEHOLD GOODS ON CREDIT TO YOU WHEREVER YOU LIVE.

SEND US A POSTAL CARD TODAY for our free beautifully illustrated catalogues graphophones and pianos. Catalogue G contains furniture, carpets, stoves, household goods, Catalogue H embraces a complete line of stoves and ranges. Catalogue K contains Golumbia graphophones and records and Catalogue M contains our celebrated BECKMANN Planos. When writing state definitely whether you desire any particular one, or all catalogues. We will send them by return mail FREE.

we will trust you and will send you anything you want and guarantee a saving of from 25% to 40% on anything ordered from us. We will give you the full benefit of the cleanest and most desirable credit system ever created, one which is strictly confidential and devoid of any and all embarrassing features. We are the greatest of America's national home furnishing concerns with a combined capital of \$7,000,000. We own 25 mammoth retail stores located in the principal cities of the United States and on account of our great size we are enabled to undersell all, and at the same time give you over a year to pay for your goods.

TERMS FIXED TO SUIT YOUR SALARY AND MEANS, and ample provision made in case of illness, accident or other misfortune. Goods shipped on approval to any part of the country, and if not exactly as represented and the greatest bargains you ever saw, they may be returned at our expense. You assume no obligation of any sort until you are convinced that you have saved considerable money by ordering from us.

WRITE US TODAY and do not under any circumstances order any household goods until you have received our free catalogues. In the meantime INVESTIGATE OUR RELIABILITY write to any banking house in Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Detroit, Cincinnati, Milwan, kee or any other big city and you will find that we are rated at the highest terms of financial responsibility, that we do everything we promise and sell precisely as advertised.

Terms 75c cash, 50c monthly. s an example of the wonderful value andsome high-grade Parlor Bocker uilt of solid oak, thoroughly seasoned, nished golden, upholstered in our saranteed fabricord leather, with full fifled top, sides and front and up-olstered arms; besutifully hand-reved exactly as Illustrated in every stail, for \$4.95. Terms, 75c cash, be monthly. Will ship to you prompt on receipt of 75c first cash payment.

I am unable to work, sew or walk, but can read. I would be pleased to have a letter party, Aug. 24, also seeds, bulbs or silps. MRS. MARY F. EARNEST, Lonnrot, Minn.

Price \$4.95

Miss Esther Carpenter, Stillwater, N. J., a little shut-in of thirteen, requests letters, cards, reading matter and bright pleces of ribbon, silk,

eading matter and origin pieces of etc.

Mrs. Daisy E. Wilhite, Glenwood, Okla., a sufferer from curvature of the spine, requests patchwork pieces and reading matter.

Miss Julia Thayer, Swift River, Mass., a shut-in who cannot walk a step, and is deaf, requests pieces of any material for patchwork.

Ruress Rox 19. Flona, R. F. D.,

Mrs. N. A. Burgess, Box 19, Flona, R. F. D., 2, Ga., a widow and semi invalid of sixty-eight, requests letters and good reading matter.

Orelia McKenzie, Box 30, Hico, R. F. D., 2, Texas, a cheerful but lonesome invalid, requests reading matter, patterns for eyelet or shadow embroidery, cards, letters, etc., those containing stamps answered.

Mrs. Margaret Carpenter, Peachland, R. F. D., 1, N. C. Reading matter, silk, or woolen pieces, and letters.

Mrs. A. J. Parson, Box 121, Pigeon Cove, Mass., a sufferer with rheumatism, would like to be remembered with pictures, letters, views, reading or anything to help pass the lonely hours.

mis or anything to help pass the lonely hours.

Miss Jessle R. Catlin, Box F., Palmer, Mass.,
a young motherless epileptic, asks to be remembered by young people with letters, cards, pieces
for patchwork, reading matter or samples of
crocheted lace or any kind of fancy work.

Mrs. Jennie Stucker, Allendale, R. F. D., 1,
Ill., an asthmatical sufferer, requests letters of
cheer and calico scraps.

Mrs. Rufus Brown, Verano, Va., wants a letter party, Aug. 4. All who can, please remember her with bright cheery letters.

Mrs. John Ream, Sunbury, Pa. Any large dry-goods house could without doubt supply the feather-edge braid.

Miss Pearl McCown, Elizabethton, Tenn., a six-teen-year-old girl who has not walked for four years, would appreciate letters, remembrances of any kind. sample of fancy work, or materials for

Mrs. P. Masy, Lebanon, R. F. D., 1, Tenn., would appreciate letters, pieces for patchwork, bulbs or seeds.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a minister's wife, an invalid, and live here in this great health resort. I would like letters and pieces of ribbon, and will return favors.

Mrs. H. R. Mills, Box 204, Summerville, S. C.

Miscellaneous Requests

Miss Estella Boswell, Hallowell, R. F. D., 2, ans. Pieces of ribbon three inches wide. Mrs. Maude Herman, North Collins, R. F. D., 1. N. Y. Worsted crazy quilt blocks, twelve by twelve inches, with name and address of sender worked; will return favor in any way I can.

Miss Elizabeth Anderson, City Point, Wis. Silk pieces for patchwork. Favors returned,
Miss Clara Siverind, Waukon, R. F. D., 5,
Iowa. Pieces of calico, four by six inches.
Favors returned if possible.
Mrs. E. Pittman, Sibleyton, R. F. D., 3, Miss.
Pieces of any kind for patchwork, and also letters.

Mrs. Albert Bowman, Grand Haven, Mich. Pieces of any kind of cotton material. Favors returned if possible.

Miss Blanche Ford, Blaney, School Craft Co., Mich. Pieces of silk, satin, velvet or woolen, also letters welcomed and answered.

Mrs. L. Kramer, Ionia, R. F. D., 2, Ia. Pieces of any material for patchwork. Mrs. Lula Parrish, Parrish, Fla. Blocks of cotton material, seven by seven inches square.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Let of Souvenir Postale Free

How to Get a Let of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list. The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Lillian Moore, 280 Buckingham St., Newark,

assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Lillian Moore, 220 Buckingham St., Newark, Ohio. Mrs. J. E. Salisbury, Fairmont, Minn. Miss Geneva Doyen, Richmond, Missouri. Wm. M. Stull, Waukon, Iowa. Henry Michael, 29 Orchard St., Gloversville, N. Y. Bessie L. White, Loretto Academy, Santa Fe, N. Mex. Ter. Louise Neff, 651 East King St., York, Pa. Miss Blanche Hart, Switchback, W. Va. Alden F. Keyes, Jr., Box 141, Wareham, Mass.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

\$25 PER WEEK and traveling expenses paid salesmen to sell goods to grocery dealers; experience unnecessary. PURITY C. R. CO., Chicago.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

FREE Send two-cent stamp with birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death as indicated by astrology. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the world's greatest Astrologer. Patrons astonished and satisfied with my true predictions. Prof. A. H. ASTRO, Box 3693. Philadelphia. Pa.



DO YOU WANT A BEAUTIFUL SUIT, SKIRT, WAIST, FUR PIECE, CAPE OR JACKET? One peck of ripe tomatoes peeled cold, chop three heads of ver right, six onlons cut fine, and left drain over light, six onlons cut fine, and left drain over light, six onlons cut fine, and left drain over light, six onlons cut fine, and left drain over light, six onlons cut fine, and left drain over light, six onlons cut fine, and left drain over light, six onlons cut fine, and three heads of very left peoples, one small three heads of very light six of the cut of salt, drain of very left peoples, one sugar, two ounces white major pounds od five cuts of very left of the cut of salt, drain of very left peoples, and put in deep dish, a layer of rackers, butter, and grated cheese, alternate it until dish is nearly full, then a slight squeeze of only and the stirring the while, then pour into a baked crust and ice.

Chocolate Pile

One cut of sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of bolling water, and boil a few minutes, stirring the similar of sugar, transporting of chocolate, stir together the similar of sugar, the large pounds of su LADIES, if you have any

Comfort's

Information

Burgau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered as far as may be.

COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 26th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

C. K. S., Hancock, Md.—You are not far from Washington, where the Secretary of Agriculture has his headquarters and where you can get any and all kinds of seeds. Write to him for information. If he cannot supply you he can tell you where you can get them.

Subscriber, Fayetteville, Texas.—We imagine that every town of any magnitude in Texas has one or more dancing academies and we also imagine that teachers do not receive very large salaries. Write to your nearest city and find out what it has.

J. W. W., Handley, Texas.—We do not know

salaries. Write to your hearest city and and out what it has.

J. W. W., Handley, Texas.—We do not know where the return-ball is manufactured, but you can buy it at any toy store, or department store in the larger towns. Write to any one of the big stores advertising in Texas papers. The price is from a nickel up.

W. H., Evansville, Ind.—Write to Sup't Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., where you will probably get all the information you wish.

Wayside Lily, Lookeba, Okla.—The Isle of Man is a small island off the coast of England. Have you no geography or encyclopedia?

W. B., Lowell, Mass.—You live where there is much nand machine work to be done and should be able to find it near your home if it is to be found at all. It is difficult to find anywhere. Reader, Mahanoy City, Pa.—You can get the

Reader, Mahanoy City, Pa.—You can get the books you inquire for from book dealers in Pitts-burg. Have you ever tried there? Have you no Carnegie Library in your town? Inquire

there.

G. S., Mitchell, Neb.—If your friend thinks he has found gold, he had better submit some specimens of his dust to an assayer, or to a chemist, or jeweler. He need not tell where he got it. If he has any pay dirt he can wash it by putting it in any sort of a pan, pouring in water and shaking it around when the gold particles, idust' will sink to the bottom, where he can pick it out after he has poured off the water.

E. G., Cuyahoga Falls, O.—Write to Tiffany & Co., New York about the pearls. They will give you what they are worth, if they are worth anything. About the buttons write to F. G. Dexter, No. 338 Broadway, or to Empire City Pearl Button Works, No. 395 Broadway, New York City.

Subscriber, Oconto, Wis.—We haven't time to

York City.

Subscriber, Oconto, Wis.—We haven't time to do it. Get a dictionary and work them out for yourself. It will improve your habit of thought, and teach you to do for yourself what you want somebody else to do for you.

somebody else to do for you.

Mrs. M., Cropper, Okla.—Your questions are too vague for us to answer. Ask some music teacher in your town. (2) There are numerous musical magazines published. Kunkel's Musical Review, St. Louis, Mo. is what you want. Write for a copy.

Mrs. E. J. B., West Finley, Pa.—The author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" is John Fox, Jr., a Kentuckian. You can get the book from John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa. The price is \$1.00, with twelve or fourteen cents extra for postage.

extra for postage.

J. U., Coloma, Wis.—There is a demand in all Western states, including Colorado for farm help. As you are not strong, you might find a home with some farmer and do light work on a light salary with your keep. When you got stronger you could do better. Open air work is the best for you, even if you got no pay: You would have to go there to find the place, because satisfactory arrangements could not be made from a distance.

F. E. M., Pine View, Ala.—The pearl in the

F. E. M., Pine View, Ala.—The pearl in the mussel shells might be used by button makers. See answer above to "E. G., Cuyahoga Falls, O." (2) As far as we have ever heard the firms you ask about are reliable.

C. A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—If you will pay a visit of inquiry to the Brooklyn Library and ask anyone there you will get information in much more satisfactory shape than we can give it to you. We believe you will find the library on Montague Street, not far from City Hall. Information is free.

Corna C. Haselton, Bennett, R. D., 1, Iowa, a cripple who wishes to help herself, would like to hear from wire artists and those acquainted with the trade as to how best she should go about acquiring the art and selling her product as she cannot walk. Anyone having any information will write direct to her.

she cannot walk. Anyone having any information will write direct to her.

Anxious, Headrick, Okla.—A general course in some one of the numerous correspondence schools is the best plan to acquire an aducation at home. Write to several of them—they advertise in Comfort and elsewhere—and make your selection when you have found what you want. In addition read such good books as you may be able to buy or borrow.

Sue, Fon du Lac, Wis.—Really we have forgotten the names of those children. Ask the editor of your local Republican newspaper. If he does not know, he is unworthy of his party. (2) Any encyclopedia is good if you have none. We don't know the price. If you get one from a second-hand dealer if will cost much less and be just as good until you are ready for the very best. (3) By all means finish your High School course. A cyclopedia won't do you much good if you know that you should continue at school as long as possible.

If Orphan Girl, Talladega, Ala., will write to

as long as possible.

If Orphan Girl, Talladega, Ala., will write to Mrs. E. Van Andersen, Annandale, S. C., or to The Ladies' Art Co., 404 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., she will get information about the making of patchwork quilts. In writing to the Art Co., she should mention whether or not she has the silk pieces, as that will make considerable difference in the price.

ference in the price.

Subscriber, Alderson, W. Pa.—All the states do not have laws as to age of persons marrying without consent of parents. In those that do, twenty-one is the age for males, in all except California, Delaware, Idaho and N. Dakota where it is eighteen; and Tennessee, sixteen. For females twenty-one is the age in Florida, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, N. Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, S. Carolina, Kansas, S. Dakota, Utah, Virginia, W. Va., Wisconsin and Wyoming. It is eighteen in all the other states, having laws, except Delaware, Dist. Columbia, Idaho, Maryland, New York and Tennessee in which it is sixteen, and in California and N. Dakota, it is fifteen.

U.S.I

following month.

A Friend in Need-Always with You.

THEN you have Heartburn, Colic, Coated Tongue, Suspected Breath, Acid-rising-in throat, Gas-belching, or an incipient Cold, take a Cascaret.

Remember, all these are not merely Discomforts, but indications of a serious

Nip them in the bud-eat a Candy Cascaret. Cascarets don't purge, nor punish the stomach like "Bile-driving" "Physics."

They act like Exercise on the Bowel-Muscles that propel Food, and that squeeze the natural Digestive Juices of the body into Food. * *

Cascarets ward off, or cure, the following diseases:

Constipation Biliousness Indigestion Dyspepsia Torpid Liver Appendicitis Colic

Worms

Bad Breath Headache Diarrhæa Flatulence Faundice Nausea Vertigo Pimples

Piles Blotches In such cases a little Cascaret in time is worth fifty dollars worth of Treatment later on, to say nothing of the suffering, discomfort, loss of Business Energy, and loss of Social Sunshine it saves.

Headaches, Heartburn, Gas-belching, Acid-risings in the throat, and Colicky feeling are sure signs of bowel trouble from food poisons, and should be dealt with promptly.

One Cascaret will stop the coming trouble, and move on the Bowel load, if taken at the first signs.

Don't fail to carry the Vest Pocket Box of Cascarets with you constantly.

All druggists sell them-over ten million boxes a year.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

And Sympathy For Her Own Sex Leads Her to Devote Her Life to Relieving Their Suffering

TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering sister, a FREE treatment, and the denefit of her long years of experience in combatting disease:
Lucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb; disease of the ovaries; barrenness; nammation of the womb; disease of the ovaries; barrenness; trregular, delayed, profuse or painful menstruation, are cured as if by magic. Backache, bloating, nervous prostration, slok headaches and the many other ills so common to the sex are speedily cured.

Middle aged ladies passing through that painful and depressing period, the change of life, are relieved instantly. If you are suffering let the doctor help you. It costs you nothing. Write today describing your case fully.

Address Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, Box 328 ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Mois.—"A valuable medical pamphlet free to

Note.—"A valuable medical pamphlet free to every woman applying for the free treatment."

How to When to Whom to Who to Whom to Why not Curious novelty for ??? folks; a !!! book for all. Price 20 cts.; ONE only, 10 cts. if ordered NOW. Mur. Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St., New York.

A MODERN HARMONICAS



The new model 1907 instrument with big nickel horn for sound variations is the most modern Harmonica in use. Just improved and patented, it furnishes a new field for Harmonica music, as one is enabled to give the beautiful softer fect to certain notes which renders the interpretation of many songs to the satisfaction of the hearer. Some

of the hearer. Some kinds of music is written for loud notes, other music is largely composed of softer notes, and it is to properly render these variations that this new model has been devised. The Harmonica is a full-size instrument, easily played, and being attached to this Silver Nickel Horn, the notes are modulated and magnified until the sounds are distinct to all hearers, making it extremely desirable for concert work. Single, double and triple "tongueing" feat can be readily performed with this Harmonica and the horn can be made to respond to the player's feelings by the proper use of the Phone. To convince you this is our best Harmonica production. we will send you one free if you will send us a club of only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 16 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite, our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

Gospel Ship

What ship is this that's passing by?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Why, it's the old ship of Zion,
Hallelujah!
Why, it's the old ship of Zion,
Hallelujah!

Is your ship well built,
Is your timber all sound?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Yes, she's built of Gospel timber.
Hallelujah!
Yes, she's built of Gospel timber,
Hallelujah!

Who have you for your captain on board?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Why King Jesus is our captain,
Hallelujah!
Why King Jesus is our captain
Hallelujah!

Who have you for your passengers on board?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Why they're all converted soldiers,
Hallelujah!
Why they're all converted soldiers,
Hallelujah!

Where do you think she will land her crew?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Why, she'll land it on the highlands of
Heaven, Hallelujah,
Why she'll land it on the highlands of
Heaven, Hallelujah!

What will we do when we all get there?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Why we'll sing and shout forever,
Hallelujah!
Why we'll sing and shout forever,
Hallelujah!



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TRIAL BOX FREE. No dieting, exercise or exertion is necessary. My natural
scientific Obesity Reducer
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the first day you try this wonderful home reducer. Send
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Absolutely cured. Never to return,
A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic,
Trial box MAILED FREE. Address,
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BED-WETTING CURED It is not a habit but a disease.
Cure guaranteed. SAMPLE FREE Dr. F. E. May.
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thousands and thousands of wonderful bargains in latest things in dry goods and notions of all kinds, including ribbons, handkerchlefs, laces, embroideries, knit goods, gloves, toilet sets, dress goods, silks, domestics, linens, hosiery, underwear, shawls, trunks, suit cases, etc., at wholesale prices. WRITE FOR DRY GOODS CATALOG TODAY.

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The Secret FREE for a Beautiful Bus and a Perfect Figure. Full information how to develop the bust 6 inches will be sent you free in plain sealed package, also new Beauty Book, photos from life, and testimonials from many prominent society ladies who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Write today enclosing stamp.

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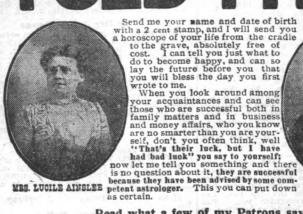
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ders, boxes absolute all charges pai sell the Pills box, sens ney within 20 days. In all, and we give you as a Premiur this wonderfu Gold Lines Silver Distirce. These dishes are war anted and drawn and an arrest of the silver of the

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THE GIANT OXIE PILL DEPT. M. Augusta, Maine.





Read what a few of my Patrons say:

I followed the advice you gave me, and everything has turned out grandly. Charley and I are now married, and in our happiness we pray that you may live long to continue your grand and noble calling.

NELLIE ARMSTRONG:

Following your advice about becoming an actress, I

Your wonderful power is beyond my understanding, You not only told me about affairs that I thought no one knew anything about, but all you predicted has come true. MRS. LUCILE AINSLEE.

Following your advice about becoming an actress, I am now on the road to fame and fortune. My last season was a complete success, and I now have many flattering offers from several managers, and just to think when I first wrote to you I was only a poor country girl with no future. I owe it all to you, dear Professor, how can I ever pay you?



STATE OF CONNECTICUT, \$55.

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BRIDGEPORT, July 15, 1905.

I do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copies of photographs and testimonials with the original photographs and testimonials and that the same are correct transcripts therefrom.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal. al. J. D. Toomey, Jr., Notary Publi

Remember I send you this horoscope absolutely FREE. Don't hesitate a moment, but write at once and I will prove to you just what I say. I have made thousands happy and prosperous and can do the same for you.

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Simply send me your name and birth date with a 2 cent postage stamp, and I will do the rest.

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If you are sick—if you suffer—if you are afflicted with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or a pain—if you need medical advice—if you are not in perfect health—if you lack the energy, vim, vigor and "go" that make life worth living, whether you are rich or poor—old or young—man or woman, read what I have to say, hear what I have to offer you.

Positive Proof Without Price

I have probably had more experience and more success than any living physician, but I don't ask you to believe that. I don't ask you to believe that my remedies are better than others. I don't ask you to take my word for anything. But I do ask you to give me a chance to prove my ability—to prove what my treatment will do for you—to prove that I can cure you—and to prove it at my own expense—to pay the cost, every penny of it myself. I ask permission to send you—to deliver into your hands—absolutely without cost to you a proof treatment that will convince you. Remedies that have cured thousands, remedies that I believe will cure you.

May I Send the Proof?

This is all I ask. No money—No promises to buy—No papers. On the virtue of my treatment I base my reputation. On your gratitude and honesty I base my hope of reward. I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better," but cured to stay cured—restored to perfect health. Is the prospect of being hearty and strong and big and well worth a few minutes of your time and a two-cent stamp? That's all it costs. Don't let the opportunity pass.

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All afflictions that can be cured by medicine—many that others consider incurable—no matter how many remedies you have vainly tried—no matter how many other doctors have failed. Curing desperate chronic cases is my specialty. Phonestics Kidney Trouble All Diseases of the Standard Course of the Standard Cou

cases is my specialty. Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, All Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh, Diseases of the Bladder and Prostate Gland, Nervousness, All Female Troubles, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Chronic Coughs, All Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Impure Blood, Partial Paralysis, Piles, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Anaemia, General Debility. All Chronic Ailments are being cured every day. Thousands have been cured in the past—many just like your case. Won't you let me try to cure you?

The Proof is Free This is all you have to do—Write me a description of your case—write me fully and freely

case—write me fully and freely—tell me as much about your condition as you can. Careful attention to each case has helped to make me successful. I want to succeed in your case—I want you to help me. Tell me how you are and by return mail I will send you the proof treatment, sealed in a plain wrapper, postage paid, and free—free to you—free to any afflicted friend or neighbor. It may mean long life, health—strength—vigor—to you, if you write me today. You have nothing to lose, everything to gain. Address

DR. JAMES W. KIDD, Box 1231, Fort Wayne, Ind.

NOTE: We have known Dr. Kidd for years—we know that he will do exactly what he promises. If in need of treatment you should accept his generous offer.

Until 1909-15 Cents.

In order that you may have an idea of what we really do for our agents as well as our subscribers, we now instruct you to get up clubs of new sub-scribers for a period of 15 months for 15 cents—a three months' subscription is included with each year's subscription order, making an attractive in-ducement, in addition to all else we now give in our regular editions at 15 cents for one year. This is positively the biggest and the best Family and Home Monthly published, has more valuable information and more stories than any family paper offered you at any price. It is profusely illustrated, has bright interesting stories and is constantly improving in quality and appearance.

If you will but try club soliciting for a few hours, you will be delighted with results, and more than pleased with the rewards we offer you. request for our big catalogue, subscription blanks, etc., and go to work at once. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Free for Clubs of Two.

For only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Silver Aluminum Tray, handy for a hundred and one purposes.

and one purposes.
A 20-inch Cloth Doll to be sewed and stuffed. Indestructible and pleasing.
One copy of either of these great books,
"Young America's Letter Writer;" or, the "Great Book

on Politeness."

A beautiful oil painting reproduction, 17x24 inches in size, suitable to frame for the parlor, entitled "Defance"

inches in size, suitable to frame for the parlor, entitled "Defiance."
Your choice of two beautiful stamped Linen Sets, one has American Beauty Roses, the other Strawberries and flowers of the wood. One has 324 square inches of material, the other has 456 square inches of material, the other has 456 square inches of material.

A Bubber Singing Pig. Fun and squeals by the cart load for everyone.

A Pair of Linen Baby Bibs, with an outline sketch for embroidering.
One 20-Inch Stamped Linen Centerpiece.
Very handsome pattern from our large stock.

A Flying Song Bird. Curious Japanese Novelty; very ingenious and entertaining.
A Comfort Stamping Outfit with directions and material, over seventy patterns on four large sheets.

A Venetian Bead Necklace, 30 inches long, for fans, etc. Made up of hundreds of pretty glass beads.

A Pair of Glass Sait Holders for the dining table.
An Aluminum Pocket Drinking Cup, collapses into a neat case for convenient pocket use.

A Paperet Hat, fully described elsewhere in this issue.

issue.

A Gentleman's Stylish Superb Silk-finish
Pocket Handkerchiel. Very handsome
An Assortment of One Dozen Colored Foreign
and American and Comic Souvenir Post Cards.
All good selections.

All good selections.

An assortment of 16 Transfer Designs, containing 49 patterns for ladies' fancy work.

Four attractive Paper Bells, suitable for decorating in or out doors. Very attractive and a great craze now.

A Post Card Album that will accommodate fifty

A 1907 Style of Fancy Back Comb for Ladies'
Wear. Very effective. Tear. Very effective.

A Two-bladed Pocket Knife, German Silver andle, good strong blades, a keen cutter.

A Cute Indian Novelty. A Navajo Purse for

A Cute Indian Novelty. A Navajo Purse for change, etc.
A Genuine Magnifying Glass of great strength.
A Stamped Mantle Scarf or Lambrequin, 88 inches long, also suitable for Piano Cover.
One Pair "Catch-On" Hat Pins. a woman's good friend. Your hat can not be blown off if you use these.
A Teddy Bear Target Game. Harmless, amusing indoor game to amuse the whole party.

Free for Clubs of Three.

For only three yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Victoria Stamping Outflt, consisting of seven sheets of patterns each sheet 17x22. with outflt and directions.

sheets of patterns each sheet itself sheets of patterns each sheet itself sheets.

A Magic Fortune Teller; it tells your fortune and answers all sorts of questions with surprising accuracy. This will please you.

A copy of "Lover's Encyclopædia," a large volume of verses and fascinating literature for young folks.

A Set of Six Beaded Edge Teaspoons. One has use for large numbers of teaspoons and this is an unusual chance to get some free.

A handsome colored embossed Picture Frame for photographs. Size 1/5/29%. Complete with glass.

An Art Table Cover made of pretty material and an addition to a center table in any room.

A Coral Necklace of over three hundred beads, made in three strands. These are the very height of fashion and real coral is now in great favor and very expensive.

fashion and real coral is now in great favor and very expensive.

A Trumpetone, or Trumpet Harmonica, a loud and sweet-toned instrument. Professional players can appreciate this instrument.

Aluminum Articles in variety, either a Napkin Ring, Pocket Match Holder or a Child's Mug.

A Chased or Plain Band Ring, made in Gold Shell pattern. Will wear for years and not tarnish. A copy of our "Dismond Song Collection" of popular music, words and score complete.

A set of Silver Aluminum Salt and Pepper Shakers, full family size; won't tarnish.

A Stamped Linen Tray Cloth, 18x24 with fringed edge; a popular premium.

A Ring for Baby, 14k. gold filled and do not wear off black. We have them engraved "Baby," "Pet" and "Darling."

A Ring for Haby, 14k, gold filled and do not wear off black. We have them engraved "Baby," "Pet" and "Darling."
A Set of Three Ladies' Handkerchiefs, all hemstiched and stamped for embroidering.
A copy of Prati's Chart of Chords and Album of Songs. Teaches how to play Piano or Organ.
A Dancing Polar Teddy Bear for the children.
A beautiful cloth-bound story book, "English Orphans," by Mary J. Holmes.
A "Quick and Easy" Egg Beater. The finest and best on the market.
A Ladies' or Child's Beal Leather Belt with Metal Buckle. Send waist measure.
One of our Battenburg Dutitis of over 1000 square

Metal Buckle. Send waist measure.
One of our Battenburg Outflits of over 1000 square inches of all new neat designs.

A Beautiful Framed Picture, the subject in several colors, all complete to hang on wall.
Our Boys' Printing Outfit. Two hundred separate pleces of type, type holder, pads, etc., complete for printing cards. etc.
Large fringed and stamped Linen Tray Cloth, with embroidery floss.

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For only five yearly subscribers to this mag azine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postyour o

A Complete 850 Page Bible. Both the Old and New Testament. Clear print on extra quality paper, soft

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Wonderful Harmonophone or Full Brass Band Harmonics, a loud and sweet-toned instrument.

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New and complete edition.

A Practical Fountain Pen. Hard rubber barrel, 14k, gold pen point.

A set of Four 24-inch Bandanna Handkerchiefs. Ladies know of many uses for them. They are very practical.

A Nut Cracker and Six Picks. A splendid seven

iece set. A Handy Tool Set of twenty useful articles. A complete set of Four 24-inch Stamped Linen

A complete set of Four 24-lines.

Centerpieces.
One copy of Wood's Natural History, an 800-page Animal Book.
Two handsome Cloth-bound Books by Mary J.
Holmes, 'Mildred' and 'Millbank,''
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A Gold Mine of Interest and Information by Which You Save Dollars.

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Prof. Oscar Gleason, the greatest horse owner; trainer and breaker that ever lived in America has at last consented to write a book on the Horse. We have made arrangements to furnish copies of this your attention to the great value of the and stable in work which shade the Horse Book is a large hand work which shade the Horse Book is a large hand work by hound book of 400 pages, printed on pure white paper in large clear type, bound in colored covers and richly and elegantly illustrated with 186 tull plates and illustrations drawn by special artists. It is the most complete horse book ever published, produced under the direction of the United States Government Veterfnary Surgeon, In this book Prof. Gleason has given to the world for the first time his wonderful methods of training and treating horses. It contains chapters on History, Education, Teaching Tricks, How to Buy, Feeding, Breeding, Breeding, Breeding and Taming, How to Detect Unsoundness, ing and an Invaluable Study of the Diseases and Treatment of these the value of the book and will save horse owners hundreds of acts every person ought to know who is in any way interested in horses. Order one today and you will never regret It; It is a Whole Library in the libraries of the wealthy and has always been sold as high as \$3,00 trees and Cattle we make this liberal offer: Send us 33 cents to pay all

0 CLUB OFFER. To our new readers interested in Horses and Cattle we make this liberal offer: Send us 33 cents to pay all club of the shipping charges and for a trial of six months' subscription to our great NATIONAL FARMER, and we will send you, postpaid, a copy of Professor Gleason's great 520-page book. If you will get up a club of only two yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each, we will send you one of the above described books free.

What COMFORT Offers You!

Two new stories continue in this issue and we propose to publish during the coming fall and winter months the most interesting and entertaining issues of COMFORT we have yet brought off our presses.

We are anxious to begin this early Autumn subscription campaign in order that we may obtain the greatest possible number of new subscriptions, also renewal orders, before January 1st, 1908. We start right in by giving you a bigger and better COM-FORT instead of promising improvements, and a partial list of what is now commenced in this issue, or is to appear next month and in November, must be interesting reading for you and convince you of the superiority of COMFORT as the favorite and ideal home monthly magazine, now entering its twentieth year of usefulness.

Two New Stories this Month

From "St. Elmo" to "A Speckled Bird" is a continuation of the feast. The very popular success "St. Elmo" convinces us that "A Speckled Bird, by the same author, Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, will become its rival among all our readers, and it is a source of pleasure to us to be enabled to offer this great

will become its rival among all our readers, and it is a source of pleasure to us to be enabled to offer this great serial, which will appear in generous monthly installments during the coming season. The opening chapters appear now, and we invite your attention to it, knowing you will be at once interested.

"Only a Girl; or, From Rags to Riches," By FRED THORPE, a delightful girls' story, opens with vim and vigor characteristic of the entire story, which is bound to absorb the reader from beginning to end. We have been indeed fortunate to obtain the privilege to publish such a splendid story, which appeals as readily to the older as well as to the younger generation. It is good for anyone to read such a story as "Only a Girl."

"Only a Girl."

Mary J. Holmes and Oliver Optic stories are in hand and the first installments will appear in early numbers of COMFORT.

Our Mary J. Holmes' story, The Heiress of Beechwood, will be one of the wall be features of our magazine for the whole winter. No writer of popular fiction has produced in stories written by MRS. HOLMES, who at an advanced age still enjoys the numberless copyright stories, which a generous and admiring public are always of her favorite stories and is destined to become immediately popular with our standard for the first installments. Do not fail to be ready for the first installment.

"Charlie's Fortune," a very entertain persons at any age.

OLIVER OPTIC STORIES are not to be had in any and every "Charlie's Fortune," a very it will entertain persons at any age. publication; heretofore a prohibitive made it impossible to obtain serial stories, needs no introduction to COMFORT readers; the name and story title warrant the quality, and you have but to read to be entertained.

STILL ANOTHER NEW STORY. We have had a great call for more stories by that famous author, Ida M. Black, and take pleasure in announcing one of her latest and best serials entitled, The Death Bed Marriage or, The Missing Bridegroom, which we are sure all of our readers will appreciate when it appears in COMFORT this fall. These are only a few of the many new stories COMFORT will give you during the coming year.

"JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY," and "THE SHADOW OF A CROSS," continue to appear in regular installments. In each instance there are some of the best features of the stories yet to appear and the closing chapters become all absorbing. A larger number of SHORT STORIES will be printed through the year, and our editors are now making selections from a great many treating on interesting subjects.

subjects.

The Pretty Girls' Club

is a NEW FEATURE, first presented last month, and our thousands of feminine readers will derive mental as well as physical benefit from our Beauty Column to be conducted on the most approved scientific lines by KATHERINE BOOTH, an authority on how to be pretty, as well as skin, scalp and facial defects in general. The article is to be interestingly conducted to suit all girls from eight to eighty and must be of impor-

Uncle Charlie, Boys' Corner, etc.

In addition to above programme, COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, IN AND AROUND THE HOME, SISTERS' CORNER, COUSIN MARION, ETIQUETTE EDITOR, HOME LAWYER, MUSIC, MANNERS AND LOOKS, FAMILY DOCTOR and the BOYS' CORNER, conducted by Uucle John, are each continued, and best of all, COMFORT'S big agency and premium reward plan is always available. The biggest and best premiums for the least number of subscriptions to the most popular home monthly published.

Word About Expiring Subscriptions

In order that you may continue reading our new stories and to induce new subscriptions for the coming season, to extend the field of COMFORT and further familiarize it among new families, we offer below an extra special subscription privilege. In addition to placing before you an unusual array of all new popular and practical premium gift articles which are free for small clubs of subscribers at our 15-cent rate and in order to have our expirations occur at the year end, we shall send COMFORT until December, 1908. In connection with club agency work we furnish catalogues, etc., free upon application.

15 Months' Subscription 15 Cents

You will not want your subscription to cease now that we have begun all of these stories and are to commence so many others right away; so if the number on the wrapper in which you receive this copy of COM-FORT is 227 or less, you should renew at once, sending 15 cents to December, 1908, otherwise you will be without COMFORT. So if you accept now and renew you get 15 months' subscription for 15 cents.

		RT to run until December, 1908.
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Town		Stat

Free for Clubs of Seven.

Free for Clubs of Seven.

For only seven yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Sleeping and Moving Eye, Dressed Doll, 15 inches high. A great big baby doll for the little ones.

A King All Steel Air Rifle, for small birds and game. Every boy has his heart set on an Air Rifle.

A Ladies' Leather Wrist Bag. New and very stylish. Worn by all ladies of refinement.

A Gent's Watch, warranted for one year. A full size watch and suitable for father or brother.

A Shaving Set of seven first-class articles. This set will please the most fastidious.

A Practical Typewriter.

A Silver Plated Meat Fork of a generous size, handsomely engraved and sent in a neat case.

A Swedish Razor-Steel Knife with folding blade. Suitable for all kinds of rough and heavy work.

One Dozen Table Napkins, red or blue border with deep fringed edges.

A copy of "St. Elmo," one of the sweetest stories ever written; a book of 569 pages of good reading.

A 20-inch tinted Art Cloth Centerpleee, 13 skeins pure silk with needlework instruction book. One of our choicest premiums.

Opal, Emerald and Ruby Rings set with tiny rose diamonds. Stylish, pretty.

A copy of our 450-page book by Jacob Riis, "Roose-veit, the Citizen." A story every American should read with interest.

Square Deal Jackknife, for Men or Boys. Has

read with interest.

Square Deal Jackknife, for Men or Boys. Has
two large steel blades, of extra good quality material;
will take and keep a sharp edge

A big, strong knife for practical uses.

Free for Clubs of Eight.

Free for Clubs of Eight.

For only eight yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

A Deerfoot Handle Hunting Knife, with a folding blade. This knife is suitable to dress game and fish. Is extra strong and durable.

A Miniature Swiss Clock, imported from the old country where these beautiful woods grow and where the natives are all expert wood carvers. The works in these clocks are first class and the clocks run well for a long time.

A Family Syringe, Bulb, three hard rubber connections and no metal to rust or corrode.

A Family Syringe, Bulb, three hard rubber connections and no metal to rust or corrode.

A Family Carving Set. Needed in every house.

Boy's Steam Engine, complete outfit for a boy. Instructive, amusing.

A Gold Wedding Ring of superior quality. Be sure and send finger measurement.

Two Big Stamping Outfits. The Perfect has four big sheets of designs. The Princess has eight sheets and includes Shirt-Waists, etc.

Complete Household Cabinet of Sewing Silk, Buttons, Needles, Thimble and two dozen other good things.

Hand Bag for ladies' use; very handsome, made of real leather, leather handle and metal frame and clasp.

One Hundred Souvenir Post Cards. A large variety, no two alike. Foreign and American views.

Free for Clubs of Ten.

Free for Clubs of Ten. For only ten yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:
Six Silver Plated Knives and Six Silver Plated Forks. Enough to begin a collection of tableware.

Silver Jewel Casket, including a String of Beads,

Brooch Pin and Scarf Pin.
Gold Beads. A String of 81 Seamless Beads,
making a beautiful Necklace.
Sterling Silver or Gold Plated Cross. Very
effective to wear on a neck chain.
Nottingham Lace Curtains. A handsome pair,

Noting am Lace Currains. A sandsome pair, three yards long, in a pretty figure.

Dressed Doll, with Sleeping Eyes, is a delightful gift for a young person.

A Genuine Teddy Bear, real fuzzy and cute, made of bear skin cloth, with voice. Most popular child's toy ever made. Millions sold annually.

Free for Clubs of Twelve.

For only twelve yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

A Large Porcelain Globe Lamp for dining-room, parlor or hall. A large lamp giving lots of light.

A Set of Six Kinives, Forks and Teaspoons, 18 pieces of tableware. First class and a valuable addition

pieces of tableware. First class and a valuable addition to the home.

A Dandy Hammock woven in several pretty colors.

A Genuine Diamond Ring. A 14k. Gold Shell Ring with a genuine stone, tiny but brilliant.

A Gentleman's Watch in a gilt case that wears like gold. Durable movement, made by best American watch makers. Chain free.

Alarm Clock. Long, strong alarm with special movement; accurate and sure.

Gold Lined Silver Cake Basket, generous size, has standard and handle is pleasing and useful.

A Happy Family. Consists of one Genuine Teddy Bear, either white or cinnamon bear skin, a Cloth Teddy Bear pattern to be sewed and stufed, over 15 inches high, a Dancing White Polar Bear, and a Teddy Bear Target Game, which is lots of fun, giving you four different kinds of Bears.

Free for Clubs of Fourteen.

Free for Clubs of Fourteen. Free for Clubs of Fourteen.

For only fourteen yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

Satin GlitClock, one foot high, six inches wide. Very handsome Household Mantle Clock. First class movement.

Two Pair Nottingham Lace Curtains, suitable for any room in the house, and an attractive window decoration. One yard wide and three yards long.

Electric Machine for successful home treatment. Dynamo generator type, no liquids, nothing to wear out. Operates by a crank, has hand electrodes. Very beneficial.

Bed Spread. Extra quality cotton quilt or spread. Full size for regular bed. Guaranteed satisfactory.

Indestructible Stuffed Bolls that Stand Up or site

Bown. Their Heads Will Not Come Off.
These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, fust patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be brighted than anything ever gotten out before. For hours and hours every child will play with these good old grandma style, unbreakable stuffed dolls, even nutring aside the very axe.

ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as We Send You 2 Dolls

Now Instead of 1.

A new arrangement enables us to send you a 10 inch doll free, in connection with the 20 inch doll we have already described. So you get 2 dolls for the price of 1. We have arranged to give these dolls for eleasing and will send 1, all charges fly prepaid, if you send the name onew yearly subscribers at 15 cents ea

Remember we send this maga-the subscribers you secure and send to the subscribers you secure and send to 2 sets, 4 Dolls for securing 4 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. 4 sets, of Dolls free for a club of 6 yearly sub-scribers at 15 cents each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

PRINCESS STAMPING

Over 60 Designs on Eight Sheets 17X22 Inches.

Presenting a large assortment of perforated paper patterns for all new and staple fancy work, familiar to woman's needle. These patterns are stamped on a strong bond paper especially imported for the manufacture of this outsi and will outwear any similar paper heretofore used, including full directions and package of stamping compound.



In quantity and quality we give more in value than will be found in many dollar outfits, as we have always made a specialty of Stamping Outfits for our lady readers, and have had this outfit made up just as we wished, and with only new and pleasing patterns. You will not find these patterns in noy other stamping outfit, offered else where.

The following is a complete list of the various patterns included in the Outfit, and we sak that you read it over as there are innumerable designs and patterns new and not included in the assortment of any other outfit.

Two Complete Shirt

Waist Sets.

Two Complete Alphabets, 26

Letters in each alphabets.

Waist Sets.
Two Complete Alphabets, 26
letters in each alphabet,
also many designs on 8
sheets of bond paper, a
box of Modern Stamping
Material, with full directions to stamp.

1 Large Tab Collar.
1 Lace Collar.
1 Turnover Collar.
1 Turnover Collar & Cuffs.
1 Fagoted Collar & Cuffs.
1 Sofa Pillow, Daisies Never

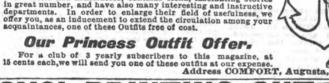
Tell.
110 in. Cut Work Dolly.
18 in. Strawberry Dolly.
18 in. Forget-me-not Dolly.
18 in. Lace Dolly.
14 in. Strawberry Dolly.
15 in. Whist Dolly.
Words and Letters, etc.
Photographs, Gloves,
Handkerchiets,
Collars & Cuffs.

1 Suspender Design, Daisies. EMBROIDERED

2 Scallop Borders.
1 Border Design for
Braiding.
1 Pin Cushion Design, 6 in.
1 Border Snow Drops.
1 Lace Butterfly, 5 in.
1 Lace Tie End.
1 Corner Design for Table
Cover, 11 in.
1 Anchor, 3x4 in.
1 Large Spray Chrysanthemums, 11 in.
Also many small sprays.
Sweet Peas, Daisies,
Batch Buttons, Wild Rose,
Wild Rose Buds,
Garden Rose, Popples,
Liliy of Valley, Cherries,
Bowknots, Holly, Chicken,
Butterflies, other outline
and floral designs.
(wear, shirt
fancy work. Daisies.

1 Suspender Design,
Forget-me-nots.

Style and custom now require that ladies wear hand-embroidered neckwear, shirt waists and underwear, also the fad is prevalent for all sorts of embroidered fancy work, such as doilies, table covers, cushion covers and many other articles of use and ornament. The most fastidious person will find this assortment so varied and yet complete; hardly a want can be imagined that will not be satisfied with this outfit. Our monthly home magazines are of interest to each and every member of the household, and today represent the efforts of the best writers and illustrators, contains clean, fascinating stories in great number, and have also many interesting and instructive departments. In order to enlarge their field of usefulness, we offer you, as an inducement to extend the circulation among your acquaintances, one of these Outfits free of cost.





i " Daisies I Pho. Frame, Wild Ro

2 Scallop Borders. I Border Design for

1 Pho. Frame, Pansies, 3 1-2 in., Heart. 1 Pho. Frame, Pansies, Double, 13 in.

Make Money Printing Cards.



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickeled pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and keptin perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLUB OFFER For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine**.



33. Queechy.

G. A. Henty

The author of favorite juven

Family Pride.
Homestead on the Hillside
The Leighton Homestead.
Lena Rivers.
Meadow Brook.
Maggie Miller.
Marian Grey.
Mildred; or the Child of
Adontio

25. Millbank; or Roger Irving's Ward.

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Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. South-worth.

Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors.

Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, is 7½ inches long, 6 wide and vary in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, as shown in the illustration, and the titles are all done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book at once attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excelent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

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66. Cruel as the Grave,
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77. Gypsy Queen's Vow.
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With Lee in Virginia.
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For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c, each, we send you any book of 8 at 15c, each, we send any four books you may select. REMEMBER. We send our magazine to the subscribers you get, and to you we send the books you may select, by mail or express at our expense, and fully guarantee them to be in every respect as represented. Just think what an open the subscribers and fully guarantee them to be in every respect as represented. Ten Nights in a Bar Ro

AUTUMN AND FALL PATTERNS

SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFERS

For 60 days only you have the opportunity of securing these new Autumn and Fall style seamlowing patterns at these bargain rates. Order at once at the following prices: Any one pattern
or if you will send 25 cents for a year's subscription to Comport, or two patterns and a year's subription only 30 cents. We will send you, postage prepaid, without subscriptions, any Five Patterns
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Address COMFORT Bargain Fashion Dept., Augusta, Maine.

6940

-CHILD'S SHORT CLOTHES SET; one size, 6 months.
4137—TEDDY BEAR and RAG DOLL; 14 and 18 inches.
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4059-MISSES' SIDE-PLAITED SKIRT; 5 sizes, 12 to

4228-CHILD'S OVERALL ROMPERS; 4 sizes, to 2

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6813-LADIES' DRESSING SACK; 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches.
6826-LADIES' COMBINATION CORSET COVER and
DRAWERS; 6 sizes, 32 to 42.
6828-LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6832-LADIES' NIGHTGOWN; 4 sizes, 32 to 44 inches.
6833-LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT; 7 sizes,

6833—LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT; 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches.
6836—LADIES' TEA GOWN; 5 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6839—LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6848—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6849—LADIES' WORK APRON; 7 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6859—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6863—LADIES WORK APRON; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6863—LADIES WRAPPER; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6891—LADIES' WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6892—LADIES' WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6892—LADIES' S-GORED FLARED SKIRT; 8 sizes, 20 to 32 inches.

6911-LADIES' 8-GORED PLAITED SKIRT: 7 sizes, 20 6919-LADIES' DRESSING SACK; 6 sizes, 32 to 48

6938-LADIES FRENCH LINING; 9 sizes, 32 to 48

6939-LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches, 6940-LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST DRESS: 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
6965-LADIES' COAT; 3 sizes, 32, 36 and 40 inches. Address your Orders COMFORT BARGAIN FASHION DEPT., Augusta, Maine.

A Profitable Business

Any Man or Woman

Can Make a Lot of Money and Make It Right at Home.

For Over Twenty Years We Have Been Helping

MEN AND WOMEN To Make Money at Home.



OLD AND YOUNG MAKE MONEY

ONE OF OUR SUCCESSFUL

How to make money without a large capital has always troubled men and women, and never more than in these days. We have helped thousands of people to do this, who are not able to do hard work. And thousands of widows, through us, have been able to care for their families and educate their children. One woman writes us:

"I was left a widow with house mortgaged. For three years I have worked for you. I have paid off the mortgage, have \$1,100.00 in the bank, and have paid all the expenses of one child at a boarding school, and cared for the others at home." A man who lost his position writes us:

"It was a god-send to me when I took up your work. I was almost down to my last dollar and my family was suffering. Since taking up your work, I have far more money than I ever had before, and my family has known some of the comforts of life. I have found you in every way honorable and your word as good as a bond." We have hundreds of letters like these.

Don't Be
Fooled by
Big Talk

We do not say you can make 25 or 50 dollars a day as some do. You know that is foolish talk, and those who promise such things insult your intelligence, and talk nonsense, but, we do say that any man or woman can make a good salary if they will take up our work. Some of those with us have been doing this for 5, 10, 15 and more years. You can do the same be you man or woman. The work we offer is easy and agreeable and can be done from your own home. Thousands of women who have worked for us during the past twenty years have earned as much as their husbands. A few days ago, a woman wrote: "My husband had been earning only a small salary, and four years ago I took up your work to help him—during those four years I have averaged over \$1,200.00 salary each year, and now my husband is giving up his position, and he also will work for you."

It would be easy for us to say you can make from \$50.00 to \$100.00 a day, but it would not be true. And we believe it is always better to stick to the truth, both because it is right and also because only fools are caught by such foolish talk.

We will assure you a good comfortable income in our work and if you work steadily, even more than that.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD CHANCE TO WORK AND GET GOOD PAY FOR IT, YOU WILL FIND IT TO YOUR INTEREST TO READ THIS PAGE THROUGH CAREFULLY.

The articles we have for you to sell are a big line of Forks, Spoons, Knives, &c., made of a new metal called Brazil Silver.

We will describe these, then you can judge for yourself whether we are offering you a good chance to make money or not.

Brazil Silver
Warranted for
Twenty-five
Years

Brazil Silver is believed to be the very best metal in existence for the manufacture of forks and spoons; it has all the lustre and brilliancy of burnished coin silver, and is much harder and more durable, in fact, it is impossible to wear it out. It is absolutely indestructible. The goods made of this metal are the same all the way through; there to coin silver. It is as lustrous and pure as coin silver, and being much harder it will wear even longer than silver; in fact, it is absolutely impossible to wear it out. It will wear forever. As there is no plating to wear off, the metal being the same all the way through, it stands to reason that you can't wear it out. Our confidence in the metal is so great that we guarantee it to wear twenty-five years. We give a guarantee signed by the company warranting the goods to wear and to give perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years. We are an old, strong and thoroughly established firm, with ample capital to carry on our business and make our guarantee as good as the Bank of England. In selling these goods an agent can recommend them with the greatest of confidence, for they are just as represented, absolutely indestructible. And, furthermore, our guarantee warranting the goods to give satisfaction for twenty-five years clears the agent from all responsibility in the matter, for if any article fails to give perfect satisfaction, no matter how long it has been in use, we hold ourselves ready to refund the money paid for the article. These goods are the same metal all the way through; they will never wear out. They always wear white and bright. We give a guarantee signed by the company, warranting every piece of Brazil Silver to wear twenty-five years. You can sell these goods to your best friends with perfect confidence, for every sale is as much a benefit to your customer as to yourself.

Working with goods that are warranted to wear and give satisfaction for so long a time as twenty-five years, and by

Working with goods that are warranted to wear and give satisfaction for so long a time as twenty-five years, and by a company, too, whose capital is sufficiently large to make their guarantee good for almost any amount, is an advantage which no other firm is prepared to offer. If you want to make money fast, now is the time to do 'it. If you think that five-dollar bills are good things to have, now is the time to get them. Never in the history of the agency business have agents had as good a chance to make money rapidly, and it is reasonably sure that they will never have another chance like it.

All Marked With Initial Letters, Without Any Extra Gost

Among all classes there has always been a strong desire to have their table ware marked with their initial letter, but on account of the heavy expense of having it marked only a very few have been able to afford it. Heretofore the cost of artistically marking table ware has been even greater than the cost of the elegant Brazil Silver goods, all marked with any initial letter desired in the very highest style of the art, without any extra cost for marking. These Brazil Silver goods, even if unmarked, would be the greatest bargain ever offered the public in table ware, but with the additional and highly desirable feature of

being all marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, these goods are not only great bargains in table ware, but are the greatest bargains that have ever been offered to the public through agents or in any other way.

The people are always ready enough to buy what they want when it is presented to them in the form of a genuine bargain. Well, here is absolutely the greatest bargain ever offered, and the agent who works with it will find that what he has is earnestly desired at nearly every house he visitatic seasy to get orders when you can offer great bargains that the people really want and can afford.

Solid Silver
Knives That Last
A Lifetime

The plating wearing off. How to make a solid Silver knives that seven years ago we succeeded. Every one knows that Silver plated Knives cause trouble by the plating wearing off. How to make a solid Silver knife that had spring like a steel Knife, the beauty of a silver one, and yet be solid silver with no plating to wear off and that had spring like a steel Knife, the beauty of a silver one, and yet be solid silver with no plating to wear off and that succeeded in making this knife. This is the greatest discovery made in 50 years, in cutlery. Today we are using these Knives bave proved a gold mine, and those who use them will never use any others. Think of it—Solid Silver Knives that never wear out, at no higher price than ordinary knives.

For those who are attached to plated Knives, we can furnish the finest tempered cutlery steel Knives plated with 12dwt of pure silver, hand burnished. Not cheap, shoddy plated Knives, but the best that can be made warranted for ten years.

But the solid Bazil Silver Knives that last a lifetime at

But the solid Brazil Silver Knives that last a lifetime at price of ordinary Knives are the thing. When people see them, they will have no others.

We are not only selling at greatly reduced prices, but also guarantee every article just as represented, and give perfect satisfaction to the purchaser or MONEY REFUNDED.

The First Thing
To Do

If you decide to accept the agency, the first thing to do is to send to us for the agent's case of samples, which is the most complete and perfect case of samples that has ever been prepared for the convenience of agents. Our complete and perfect case of samples that has ever been prepared for the convenience of agents. Our complete and perfect case of samples is not to be compared with anything in the market that agents can sell as fast and sell as easily and make as much money out of as they can the goods contained in this splendid case of samples, and everything i arranged and explained so that any agent can't fail to understand just how to go to work and make a great success of the business. As soon as you receive the case of samples you are ready for business. And if you are willing to work you are just as sure to make a good income as the sun is to rise. Take the case of samples and canvass your territory according to the directions sent with the samples, until you have taken orders for the amount of goods you are prepared to send for. Then order the goods from us and fill your orders, and so continue.

The Magnificent Case of Samples Which We Furnish to Agents.

The case of samples which we furnish to agents contains the following articles:

One Sample Table Knife, retail price \$2.10
per set of six
One Sample Dessert Knife, retail price
\$1.95 per set of six
One Sample Table Fork, retail price \$1.95
per set of six
One Sample Table Spoon, retail price \$1.95
per set of six
One Sample Dessert Fork, retail price \$1.90
per set of six
One Sample Dessert Spoon, retail price,
\$1.80 per set of six
One Sample Tea Spoon, retail price,
\$1.80 per set of six
One Sugar Shell
One Butter Knife
One Salt or Pepper Shaker cents each 32 1-2 cents each 32 1-2 cents each 32 1-2 cents each cents each cents each 15 5-6 cents each 25 cents each 25 cents each 25 cents each alt or Pepper Shaker

Total retail value of samples - \$2.83 1-3 cents We also send you with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrating a full line of plated ware, such as Casters, Pickle Cruets, Butter Dishes, Tea Sets, Napkin Rings, etc.,

Reckoning the above samples at our lowest retail prices they amount to \$2.83 1-3. We furnish them to agents nicely put up in an elegant sample case or roll, for only \$1.00, which is \$1.83 1-3 less than they amount to at our regular retail prices. This is less than one-half of the retail value of the samples, and much less than they cost us. The sample case or roll, which the samples are put up in, costs us nearly as much as we require you to send for the samples, case and all.

Watches and Jewelry.

We also furnish a fine line of Watches and Jewelry of all kinds. First class goods at low prices—great sellers. We send Jewelry Catalogue with outfit.

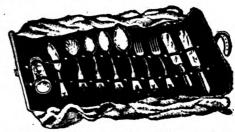
Wholesale Prices.

Wholesale or agents' prices and all necessary information for carrying on the business will be furnished with the outfit. Remember we make everything plain to you about wholesale prices, methods, etc., when we send you the Outfit.

Very Important.

Very Important.

The Outfit we furnish our agents is exactly as we represent it, and is always sent the same day the order is received, just as agreed. We have tried to state these facts so they could and would be believed, and still we are constantly receiving letters from parties who would like to engage in the business and would do so if they felt sure we were telling the truth and would do as we agree. Many of these doubters have been cheated and are not altogether to blame for doubting; the most of them say they think we are honest, they say we talk honest, but as they have already been swindled they don't feel like risking even one dollar, and so, although our business is in every respect just as represented and we always do just as we promise, we lose the services of a great many agents and they lose the benefits they might derive from the business because they are afraid we may not be telling the truth. Now, to overcome this spirit of doubt, we have decided to send Samples to all who wish us to do so, 'C. O. D., with privilege of examination at the express office. It costs us from twenty-five to forty cents more to send the samples this way, as we have to pay that amount for return charges on the money, but we are willing to do it and so prove to all that are interested that the Outfit and our goods are just what we claim. If after reading this notice you think you would like to give the business a trial, but wish to see the Sample Case before you pay the one dollar, cut out the following printed form, fill it out and send it to us, and we will send the Outfit to your express office prepaid, and give the express agent instructions to let you thoroughly examine the Outfit; then if you are satisfied that we have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and are also satisfied that you can make money selling our goods, you can pay the express agent one dollar and take the Outfit. If you are not satisfied, you can refuse to take it, and the agent will re-



This cut shows the Sample Case or Roll, and how the samples appear put up ready for business. The Roll is made of highly finished waterproof cauvas, and lined with soft finning goods. The samples are held in place by strong straps. The whole rolls up and fastens with a leather strap which is firmly fastened to the back of the Roll. This is the most practical arrangement for carrying the samples that could be thought of. When rolled up the Case is compact and easy to carry. When opened the samples show to the best possible advantage, making a good impression at first sight. This Sample Roll gives a business-like appearance: it is substantial and handsome, and invariably gives the impression that there is something valuable inside. All are anxious to see what it is you are carrying around with such care. This is of importance, as it secures attention and interest at the start. The fact is, in the agency business, as in every other business, you must have things fixed up just right if you expect to succeed. Our Brazil Silver goods are the best that have ever been offered for the price, or anywhere near it. The new feature of being marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, free of cost, is the greatest popular hit of the times, and the Sample Roll is arranged so as to show the goods off to the best possible advantage. Furthermore, we carefully teach every agent just how to take advantage of all these splendid qualities and popular features. Is it any wonder that our agents succeed better than those who are working for other firms?

We Prepay all Express Charges on Everything. rking for other firms? We Prepay all Express Charges on Everything.

Royal Manufacturing Co.,

Box 8100. DETROIT, MICH.

Form to be Cut Out and Signed by those who wish us to send the Outfit C. O. D. with Privilege of Examination.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH., BOX 8100. GENTLEMEN:—Send the Outfit by Express C. O. D., with privilege of examination. If I find the Outfit just as you say, I will pay the one dollar required and give the business a fair trial, but if I am not satisfied that the Outfit is as good as you recommend it to be, I shall refuse to receive it. Now, remember, the understanding is that I am not to take the Outfit unless I, myself, am satisfied that it is all right. It must all depend on my own judgment. If I am satisfied, I will take the Outfit; if I am not satisfied, I shall not take it and shall not pay the one dollar. If you want to send the Outfit with this understanding, send it along C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

Postoffice		
County	State	

HON. HAZEN S. PINGREE, Michigan's Famous Governor, says we are worthy of your confidence.

To Whom It May Concern: In answer to all inquiries I have received concerning the standing of the Royal Manufacturing Co., of Detroit, Mich., I have invariably replied that the Company is in every way worthy of the confidence of all. In regard to its financial standing and the trustworthiness of the gentlemen connected with it, the reading public may rely upon them implicitly.

HAZEN S. PINGREE.

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

October 1907

No 12



Published at Augusta, Maine

A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle

> Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward." SUBSCRIPTION.

United States and Guba, England, Ganada and foreign countries,

England, Canada and foreign countries.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are entered on our books as soon as received, and are always dated from the current issue, unless otherwise ordered.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Motives are better than actions. Wisdom is the right use of knowledge. Morality is but the vestibule of religion. Keep cool and you command everybody. Solitude is the audience chamber of God. We are never like angels until our passions die

Measure your mind's height by the shadow it casts.

The good need fear no law;
It is his safety and the bad man's awe.
—Massinger.

Heaven must be in us before we can be in Delicacy is to the mind what fragrance is to

When a man knows what he is he will know

why he is. Riches are not an end of life, but an instru-

ment of life.

Sincerity is the face of the soul, as dissimulation is the mask.

Justice is the bread of the nation; it is always hungry for it.

yays hungry for it.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

—Pope.

To have ideas is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands. Absence in love is like water upon a fire; a little quickens, but much extinguishes.

Humanity is never so beautiful as when pray-

ing for forgiveness, or forgiving another. Repentance without amendment is like continual pumping without mending the leak.

If the sinner grapples with sin in his own strength, the devil knows he may go to sleep.

If God hath made this world so fair, Where sin and death abound, How beautiful beyond compare, Will Paradise be found.

-Montgomery.

No joy in nature is so sublimely affecting as the joy of a mother at the good fortune of her child.

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Accuracy of statement is one of the first r quisites of truth; inaccuracy is a near kin to falsehood.

falsehood.

Pleasures, like glowworms, afar off shine bright,
But looked too near have neither heat nor light.

—John Webster.

A good book is the precious life blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond.

"What is eternity?" was asked of a deaf and dumb pupil, and his striking answer was: is the lifetime of the Almighty."

Men might go to heaven with half the labor they put forth to go to hell, if they would but venture their industry in the right way.

Angels may have a wider sphere of action than ourselves, and nobler forms of duty, but truth and right, to them and to us, are one and the same thing.

A Few Words by the Editor

ing on the hearth and the long evenings spent in their cheerful glow, give us time to enjoy the work of our favorite authors and magazines. Now is the time that COMFORT comforts, cheers and entertains. Don't miss a copy, for COMFORT this winter will be better than ever before. Thousands of homes have never known COMFORT'S cheery influence and helpfulness. You know such homes—they are on every hand. Take compassion on COMFORTLESS homes and tell them have COMFORTLESS homes and tell them passion on COMFORTLESS homes and tell them how COMFORT can be obtained for fifteen cents a year. The people who would go without COMFORT when it can be secured for the trifling price of fifteen cents a year, must have determined to be at outs with the world, and to go through life diagruntled misanthropes. Friends, preach the gospel of comfort and good cheer, and remember the chief exponent of that joyous doctrine, is the magazine whose name is COMFORT. Remember if you subscribe now you can get the magazine until January, 1909, for fifteen cents. Fourteen copies mailed to your home for a little over one cent a copy. You can surely spare a cent a month for the best magazine in the world. Even this trifling outlay rou can strely spare a cent a month for the best magazine in the world. Even this trifling outlay can be saved and turned into profit, if you will consult our superb premium lists. Study this list and note the article you want, and you can earn it in an hour's easy work. Read what Mrs. Ennis of Narcoossee, Fla. did in a few hours between mealtimes. Mrs. Ennis, by a lucky chance, got a sample copy of COMFORT. COMFORT and she had never met before. She hadn't grown up with COMFORT as most of you have, but had only the contents of that one sample copy to fire her enthusiasm. She looked through that copy and it set her warm kindly heart aglow. She didn't care a rap for premiums. She hadn't a single selfish motive. Quite the reverse, for she felt it was her duty to put COMEORT into the hands of everyone of her neighbors for the sake of the good it would do them, and what is most important,—what her neighbors for the sake of the good it would do them, and what is most important,—what she set out to do, she did. She got twenty-one new subscribers in an hour, and she also induced each one to join the League of Cousins, of which they knew nothing, and for which privilege they had to pay an extra five cents. No premiums are given for subscriptions that include League membership, as the running of the League entails such a vast amount of detail work and expense that premiums are out of the League entails such a vast amount of detail work and expense that premiums are out of the question. However, Mrs. Ennis saw that the League was doing a great work, and she determined all her friends must join it—and they did. She brought in twenty-one new League members in a batch, which is, as she says, "going some", and establishes a record. Turn to page seventeen of our August issue and read of Mrs. Ennis' good work and try to catch some of her splendid enthusiasm, and you can easily obtain results as fruitful as hers, and those results will acorne to you if you will examine our premium lists. The young folks can take up this profitable work, if the older once are busy. Comport speaks for itself, and in the hands of child or grown up, it brings immediate results, for it is not only the cheapest but the very best and most helpful magazine of its kind in the whole world.

The sending of the Atlantic fleet to the Pacific is an act that every one will commend, as it is dictated by common sense, and is a precautionary measure against attacks en our Western coast, which, in the absence of a strong fleet, is very much at the mercy of a powerful and aggressive foe. The vessels ordered to the Pacific coast are as follows: Virginia, 14,948 tons, Missouri, 12,400 tons, Maine, 12,500 tons, Connecticut, 16,000 tons, Louisiana, 16,000 tons, Alabama, 11,522 tons, Rhode Island, 14,948 tons, New Jersey, 14,948 tons, Illinois, 11,522 tons, Kearsage, 11,522 tons, Kentucky, 11,522 tons, Ohio, 12,500 tons, Indiana, 10,288 tons, Iowa, 11,546 tons, Vermont, 16,000 tons, Minnesota, 16,000 tons.

In addition to these, several of our large huge cruisers will move into Western waters. The conveying of this great fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific has caused much comment, as twas feared in the present strained condition of our relations with Japan, this movement might be construed as a hostile act. However, as the fleet is simply moving into our own waters, no nation, if it has friendly feelings toward us, need feel alarmed. We have a right to protect our Pacific coast, and it is for coast protection alone that our fleet was created, not for aggression. The very weakness of our fleet in Pacific waters, and the defenseless condition of our Western coast, has doubtless made the Japanese jingo element, regard us as an easy of our Western coast, has doubtless made the Japanese jingo element, regard us as an easy mark. With twenty battleships in the neighborhood of the Gelden Gate, the position of this country, from a strategic and diplomatic point of view, will be greatly strengthened, and no one will want, without sober thinking, to attack us. to attack us.

A strenuous fight is being made all over this country against consumption. Each city is taking up the work and engaging in a systematic tuberculosis crusade. Health departments issue advice and instruction to consumptives, and in New York old disused ferry boats have been anchored in the Hudson river for the use of tubercular patients who cannot get fresh air in the stuffy tenements in which get fresh air in the stumy tenements in which they live. On these ferry boats, trained nurses are on hand to care for the patients, and free nourishment, such as milk, eggs, etc., is provided and distributed at regular intervals of an hour or so daily. In St. Louis, the health department has issued the following circular to those suffering from lung troubles.

nour or so daily. In St. Louis, the health department has issued the following circular to those suffering from lung trouble:

"You must live in the open air. If you can do so, fix up a tent in your yard, on the roof, or on your piazza, and spend your time there. Fresh air and sunlight kill the germ that causes your disease. You must get at least nine hours sleep at night. Better ten hours. The more you rest, the more you eat, the more you stay out in the air and sunshine, the sooner will your body overcome the disease." The following diet is advised by the St. Louis board of health. It consists of six meals a day, and is as follows: "A glass of hot or cold milk on getting up in the morning. Breakfast, consisting of what you want, with two glasses of milk and one or two eggs. Lunch at ten A. M., a pint of milk and two eggs. Dinner, meat, vegetables, dessert, and a pint of milk. Lunch at three or four P. M., a pint of milk, and an egg or two." The first step towards the identification. The first step towards the identification of the tenth anniversary of the death of the content of the president McKinley the transfer of the President's casket was made from White lawn cemetery to the receptacle in the great mausoleum erected in Canton, Ohio, to contain the dead bodies of the President's casket was made from White lawn cemetery to the receptacle in the great mausoleum erected in Canton, Ohio, to contain the dead bodies of the President's function, Ohio, to contain the dead bodies of the President McKittlery, Maine, in 1842, has been stricken from the naval register and will be sold. The Saratoga built at the navy yard, Kittery, Maine, in 1842, has been stricken from the naval register and will be sold. The Saratoga built at the navy yard, Kittery, Maine, in 1842, has been stricken from the naval register and will be sold. The Saratoga built at the navy yard, Kittery, Maine, in 1842, has been stricken from the naval register and will be sold. The Saratoga built at the navy yard, Kittery, Maine, in 1842, has been st

King will soon be holding us in his icy grip. Already the logs are blazing on the hearth and the long eventings spent in their cheerful glow, ime to enjoy the work of our favorite and magazines. Now is the time that recomforts, cheers and entertains, is a cory, for Cowport this winter. samptives should remember that the disease is very easily communicable, and those afflicted with this terrible trouble, should use the utmost precaution, or they will quickly infect their loved ones and friends. The writer has seen a consumptive cough at the dinner table without turning his head, thus smothering the viands with the deadly germs of pthisis, which, later are taken into the systems of all those present.

There are half a million persons in the United States afflicted with tuberculosis. The actual loss in earning capacity of this vast number of people amounts to one hundred and thirty-six people amounts to one hundred and thirty-six millions of dollars yearly. Of all the people dying between the age of 15 and 60, tuberculosis kills nearly one third. By sensible, scientific, hygienic treatment, combined with plenty of fresh air, rest, and good nourishment, consumption will be eventually stamped out. It is already on the decrease. This is probably due to the fact that we know how to handle it, and that people live better; have better dwellings, and sanitation, and have a better and more nourishing diet than they had formerly.

One more word of advice to consumptives.
The majority of us do not know how to breathe. We do not as a rule use more than a third of our lung capacity. If we knew how to breathe and did breathe as God intended us to breathe and did breathe as God intended us to, there would be no consumption. By deepbreathing exercises alone the chest measurement can be increased from one to two inches in a very short time. Deep-breathing strengthens the lungs. A society is being formed in New York to start a deep breathing crusade, and to educate people upon this vitally important matter, a matter of which the majority of us are profoundly ignorant. Mrs. Emily Noble has written a book called "Method for the Millions," and it can be obtained free, by addressing her at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York City. This book has been endorsed by the international Congress on tuberculosis. Mrs. Noble went to India to teach the Hindoos how to be well; but instead of teaching them, by the international Congress on tuberculosis. Mrs. Noble went to India to teach the Hindoos how to be well; but instead of teaching them, they taught her. Mrs. Noble discovered that in India, where sanitary conditions are terrible, and the people are underfed, that diseases of the head, chest and throat are almost unknown. This is because the Hindoos know how to breathe. They breather rhythmically, and use their entire lung capacity. Mrs. Noble says: "By deep breathing, the lungs eliminate thirty per cent. of the waste material of the body in the form of poisonous vapor, which is constantly generating in the system through its electro chemic processes. There are only two sources of life, food and air, and breath controls them both." Respiratory exercises and correct breathing are absolute preventives of pulmonary troubles. Prevention is better than cure. To be able to resist disease is better than to conquer it. Probably in another year, the deep-breathing crusade will have made its influence felt in every quarter of the land. We have no doubt that correct breathing will be taught, and become a part of the curriculum of every schoolhouse in the United States, and we cheerfully do our part in extending a knowledge of this vastly important work.

Comfort's Editor.

The southern half of the great cantilever bridge across the St. Lawrence, above Quebec, which was begun in 1900 and was to be finished b, at a cost of \$10,000,000, collapsed Aug.
Seventy-nine of the 90 who were carried into the river with wreckage perished.

Six years ago to the day and hour of the funeral of President McKinley the transfer of the President's casket was made from White lawn cemetery to the receptacle in the great mausoleum erected in Canton, Ohio, to contain the dead bodies of the President and his wife.



The Force of Vegetation

A curious instance of the wonderful force A curious instance of the wonderful force exerted by growing vegetation is reported. Some half-hardy annuals were sown in a frame in a garden at Beckenham, England. Some days afterwards signs of cracking were observed in the brickwork, and gradually a block, weighing in the aggregate one and one half hundred pounds was pushed out of position. After cutting out several bricks a mass of mushrooms was found, three pounds, three ounces in weight, growing in the center of the wall.

About Music

Music is one of the grandest accomplishments a man can have. It is a language by which we express feelings and emotions too fine and subtle for words. But it is rank folly fine and subtle for words. But it is rank folly to suppose every boy has musical talent and its rank injustice to compel a lad without aptitude for music to spend long hours in dreary practice. There are thousands of ways of profitably employing the youngster's time, not the least of which is romping in God's open sunshine. Boys, study your own abilities, and if you have special talent for any line cultivate it to the fullest extent.

Something of a Building

"The man who lives in the one story house of two or three rooms," said the architect, "don't have any conception of what a really big building is. The biggest one on earth, used as a habitable place, is the new double structure in New York which will be the terminal of the McAdoo tunnel system under the Hudson river. It will be 22 stories high, will contain 4,000 offices, and will house 10,000 persons. It is estimated that 1,000 people a minute will pass through its halls, or about 600,000 a day. Thirty-nine elevators will carry people uptairs. The total area of all the floors will be 987,000 square feet, or about 23 acres. The ground area is about 70,000 square feet. Sixteen and a half million brick will be used, 4,500 tons of terra cotta, 5,200 doors, 5,600 windows, 500,000 square yards of plastering, 113 miles of electric wiring and 29 miles of steam pipe. It will be lighted by 30,000 incandescent lights attached to 13,000 fixtures. It will cost anywhere from five to seven millions. Nobody really can understand what a big building is until be sees one of these huge structures, and every year one goes up bigger than any of its predecessors. What the limit is, and there must be one, no architect has yet mid."

The W. U. Telegraph Company

"Some of the people of this great country have never seen an automobile, and perhaps there are some who have not yet seen a locomotive," influence felt in every quarter of the land. We have no doubt that correct breathing will be taught, and become a part of the curriculum of every schoolhouse in the United States, and we cheerfully do our part in extending a knowledge of this vasity important work.

Your friend,

Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

It is reported in Mandarin circles that the Ministry of Finance has decided to make a trial of the gold standard in China, which is togo into effect about the end of 1905.

The latest appeal for the raising of the Mains from the mud of Havana harbor comes from the Bapanish war veterans who sak the President to urge the matter upon Congress.

A tablet has been put up in Salisbury Cather deal, England, in memory of the twenty-eight persons, mostly Americans, who were killed in a railroad accident at Salisbury in July of last year.

Miss Kathleen Leupp, daugater of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will leave Washington this month to spend some time among the recent discoveries is the use of lectricity in producing anaesthesia, which it is declared will replace ether and chloroform. If it is the success the reports declare it to be it will rank as one of the greate and chloroform. If it is the success the reports declare it to be it will rank as one of the greate and chloroform. If it is the success the reports declare it to be it will rank as one of the greater and chloroform. If it is the success the reports declare it to be it will rank as one of the greater and chloroform. If it is the success the reports declare it to be it will rank as one of the greater and chloroform. If it is the success the reports declare it to be it will rank as one of the greater and chloroform. If it is the success the reports declare it to be it will rank as one of the greater dentities and the success of the companies. In 1864 the U. S. Tel. Co. was the only companies of which was absorbed. Thus in fifteen years the W. U. took the land and gradually began gathering in all competing companies. In 1864 the U. S. Tel. Co. Thus in fifteen years the W. U. rose from a company with 550 miles of wire to the possessor of 75,000 miles. Since that time it has gone on growing at a wonderful rate as the demands made by the growing country compelled it, and today it has 200,224 miles of poles and cables, 1.184,457 miles of wire, 23,814 offices, and sends 67,477,320 messages a year. With its increase has come a decrease in price of sending messages, so that a ten word message from New crease has come a decrease in price of sending messages, so that a ten word message from New York to Portland, Oregon, which once cost \$10.20 now costs but a dollar, and to Washington from 75 cents to 25 cents; to Denver, Col., from \$7 to 75 cents; Santa Fe, N. M., from \$10.50 to 75 cents; and the average toll per message from \$1.04 cents in 1866 has gone down to 31.6 cents. There are 10.000 stockholders.

"In recent years the Postal Telegraph Company has been organized in opposition to the W. U. and it has 53,476 miles of poles, with 305,295 miles of wire and 22,000 offices. The United States leads the world in the number of messages sent per year, with 100,000.000. and

United States leads the world in the number of messages sent per year, with 100,000,000, and the total number of messages sent every year by all the countries of the world is about five hundred million, or about a million three hundred thousand a day. The highest priced message to any part of the world from New York City is \$1.60 a word to Brazil, interior. To most European countries it is 25 cents a word. To the Philippines we pay \$1.12 cents a word, and to Alaska, from \$2.50 to \$5, for a message of ten words. No rate lower than 25 cents a message is made, except on local city messages where 20 cents is charged."

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treb!; crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochete r. st; roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; *stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. *indicates a repetition.

A Christmas Box

HIS month I want to tell you all of the many attractive Christmas things which were the result of one practical

which were the result of one practical woman's work since last July.

She decided to take the advice given in the department last fall and begin her Christmas gifts early enough this year, and have plenty of time to leisurely carry out her plans. I recently had the pleasure of looking over her big box full of dainty articles all ready for the labels.

As soon as the summer sew-

over her big box full of dainty articles all ready for the labels. As soon as the summer sewing was finished she made her Christmas list of names, and opposite each put the name of the article that she thought she might give to that person. She found that to several she could give the same thing, so planned to make up three or four at the same time. For instance: she had three brothers to whom she decided to give ties and sleeve elastics. For the ties she bought thirty-two inches of nice soft silk, in changeable navy blue. This she cut into three strips, lengthwise—it being eighteen inches wide. The ends of the ties were to be two and one half inches wide, for a distance of seven inches on either end, and the remaining speeches. of seven inches on either end,



of seven inches on either end, and the remaining space between one inch wide—so she doubled the silk; for the narrow strips that goes under collar and cut into about one half inch, on the raw edges; then she turned in all the edges and ends, basted them and then stitched where she had basted on machine. No lining was used. These were to be tied in a tight, double bow knot, and worn with turn-over collar—our illustrations Fig. 1 and 2 show the shape of tie flat, and when tied. These three ties cost her only seventy-five cents, but equalled any regular fifty cent tie, and being made of especially selected soft and durable silk would wear much longer.

longer.

For the arm elastics she got two yards of light blue silk elastic, three fourths of an inch

wide, and made up four pairs. Each had a tiny rosette of the same colored satin ribbon to cover where the ends were joined. (See Fig. 3.)

Then being of an origi-nal turn of mind, for brothers and neighbors

WHEN TIED. FIG. 2. who shaved, she made of cardboard, cloth and rib-

cardboard, cloth and ribbon a rack for shaving supplies.

These she cut in the shape of a derby, covered each neatly with dark silk, and finished one side with a plain band of ribbon and the wording as shown in illustration Fig 4. On the opposite side she arranged the paper and ribbon bands for balding the rayor and brush. See bands for holding the razor and brush. See

Fig. 5.

The minister was to be remembered with a The minister was to be remembered with a sermon case in which to keep his manuscripts. This was made of a delicate shade of lilac or lavender, and decorated with embroidered lilies. The words were worked in a deep purple and the bands in gold, or ribbon could be utilized for these, by sewing on flat. The lining was white and ribbon straps formed separate compartments for

arate compartments for

arate compartments for different sermons.

Between the cover and lining stiff cardboard was inserted. This case was eighteen by twenty-one inches when flyighed by the statement of the statement when finished, but, of

course, when folded over was only half the

Next she got a yard of fine sheer handker-chief linen and cut it into nine inch squares, drew the threads and hemstitched the hems

all around. She bought narrow, fine lace insertion and edge to match,



by the piece, and sewed this to the linen, over and over, tion first, straight, turn-ing the cor-ners carefully and neatly, and the lace to the inser-tion, fulling tion, fulling enough to

THE SHAPE OF A DERBY. FIG. 4. make a scant ruffle. The

handkerchiefs made beautiful gifts for her sisters and lady friends, and by buying material for several at once she saved considerable, particularly on the lace, which is much less by the piece.

Fancy Aprons

Aprons are much appreciated, particularly the small, dainty, fancy aprons, which are

rather expensive to buy. For these she got muslin with a tiny pink rosebud scattered over it; this was less expensive than the plain



white muslin, and made much prettier aprons unless one could use a good deal of lace. For the rose-sprinkled apron no lace was used. The pattern she used makes an apron about three

about three fourths of a yard deep and two thirds of a yard wide, including THE RAZOR AND BRUSH. FIG. 5. ruffle. Our illustration Fig. 6 shows the style. To give the ruffled effect at bottom, a rounding slit is cut, six inches from the bottom and the same distance from each side. from each side

The part below this slit is cut this slit is cut in two, to allow putting in about a half yard of muslin the same width. After this has been inserted the whole is gathered to the apron proper. apron proper, and a narrow bias band is

on the straight, four inches wide and twice the length of outer edge of apron, is cut and hemmed, gathered

stitched on to cover raw edges. A ruffle PLAIN MUSLIN APRON. FIG. 6.

word can be outlined in red on a white back-

I have also used this word and the key for the center of a rug. I pulled in the letters in red, the key in gray, and the rest in dark green, and when done the rug was much admired.

A Crocus Pincushion

Cushions like the illustration were most dainty and surely are suggestive of spring. They were very natural and would brighten up any dressing case all through the dreary winter days.

The founda-tion was a small well-filled bran cushion, to the top of which was sewed the blossoms formed of the lawn scraps left from the floral

bags.
The covering The covering for the cushion was of green silk, very thin wire being used to outline each leaf to keep them upright, Silk ravelings were caught in the bottom to the bottom to represent the roots. The box also

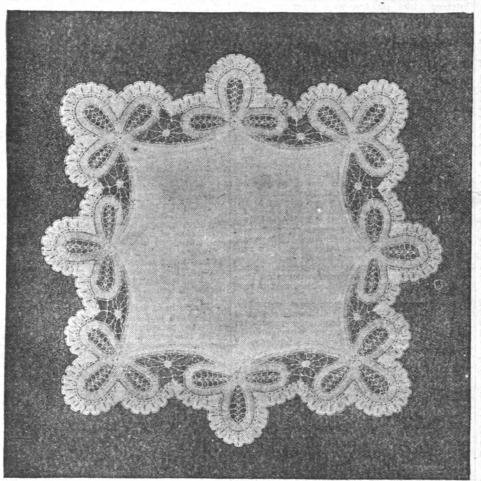
contained many smaller articles, which can be even more easily made. I will tell you of these next month.

Begin your
Christmas
things now and
then when the
eventful season
arrives see what
a sense of relief

you will experience, with nothing to do but drag out your article and

start them off.

J. E. E. comes with some suggestions for



PRINCESS LACE HANDKERCHIEF. By Mrs. Lydia P. Eckle.

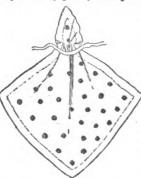
ends and sides, are attached to ends of belt.

For aprons upon which she didn't care to put much work, she bought the large fancy bandanas, so popular just now for aprons and kimonas. She made these up cornerwise, using the corner for a bib and taking in the taken. one corner for a bib, and taking in the fullness to make it fit the waist, with narrow tucks—she used ribbon belts and long ends for these, of a color to match the handkerchief. (See

A Comfort Motto

Some of these mottoes I made last year and they are very pretty and quite ornamental.

Cut out the



DOTTED BANDANA. FIG. 7.

This design also makes a fine center quilt ing rib block for a friendship quilt. It can be appliqued either horizontally or obliquely, or the asleep.

Cut out the word COMFORT its key, cut out with then each letter carefully and from another paper cut out the key. Now cut out letters and key from cloth and applique them down in place neatly, on a dark cloth back-ground, or white cardboard can be used, and the letters cut from red or blue paper, and the key from gold.

and attached to edge of apron, and finished at top by narrow bias band stitched on both sides. A double belt, one inch wide, is attached at top, and strings three inches wide, hemmed on ends and sides, are attached to ends of belt.

For aprons upon which she didn't care to top, the purply where the large force.



FOR THE MINISTER.

A mosquito netting nicely hemmed and having ribbons at each corner to tie it in place is also a convenient, useful article when baby is

A Fish Pincushion

This little fish was very cute and nicely made but as will be noticed, the fins should have been just reversed, or put on so they would slope backwards.



A FISH PINCUSHION.

Cut the body of the fish and the tail all together, and in between the seams set the fins, which should be made of double silk.

After the fish is well stuffed, work the

mouth and gills with silk and sew on beads for eyes.
Finish all edges with buttonhole stitch, drawn down loosely so as to make loops.

A Heart-shaped Sofa Pillow TE

Several of these covers were made up of pink and white, blue and white, and yellow and



HEART-SHAPED PILLOW COVER.

white lawn. A yard of the colored and one half yard of white being used for each cover. Cut two large hearts of the colored lawn (hers were eighteen inches in diameter), and on one put small hearts of white about four and one half inches in diameter, and applique these down neatly, then finish with a ruffle of colored lawn under a white ruffle, which has been edged with ribbon of the same shade.

These pillows were very dainty, and the shape is one of the latest.

Floral Flower Bag

These bags were another novelty—a dainty gift, planned for flower-loving friends. The bag really consists of six



small bags, all the same size, sewed together around a circle and caught together at the

sides.

For each bag different shades of lawn were selected; if pink, the lining must be of a much deeper pink, and so with all the colors chosen.

FLORAL FLOWER BAG. With all the colors chosen.

Allow a deep frill at the top of each bag, then make your casing and run in ribbons to match the colors used.

When the various bags are drawn up the whole looks indeed like a garland of flowers, and a fitting case for seeds till the spring planting. planting.

Princess Lace Handkerchief

This beautiful handkerchief was made and submitted by Mrs. Lydia P. Eckle, an old Comfort contributor.
We cannot supply patterns for making this handkerchief, but illustrate it, because the work is so beautifully done and the pattern so simple that most anyone can easily copy it.

Emery Acorns

Miss Pattie Odum, a little shut-in, sent in the acorns here illustrated, and also the fish pincushion

Either of these little articles would be a suitable Christmas gift especially for a person who is fond

of sewing.
The acorns are formed of green velvet, with crocheted silk caps. To make each take two pieces of velvet one and one quarter inches



one and one quarter inches long by one and one eighth inches wide, round off one end and sew up, put a drawing string in the top. Fill full with emery, then draw up, putting a piece of wire in each acorn for a stem. Knit or crochet cans of green silk and sew

Knit or crochet caps of green silk and sew them over the top of the cones and finish the rounded end with green French knots.

When all your acorns are ready, twist the wires together and make a loop for hanging up, then complete with a bow of brown or green

SPECKLED BIRD

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Eghert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonair and wily. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and tinds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgrared the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her overseer, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivlan plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

mother to be mercitul. Mrs. maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eglah Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza. At nine years of age she wants to know how old she must be before Eliza will tell her why her grandmother hates her father so.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eglah is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eglah. She only wants her father.

Eglah is Marcia's baby. She wants to combit det. At so too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eglah. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eglah's future care. Slowly disease weakens the proud woman. Eliza is wakened from a sound sleep by Eglah. She hears her randmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Eliza guards Eglah and believes that the soul created for her baby boy who never breathed is living in Eglah. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. From that time Eglah dates the undivided attention she craves from her father. "Father" Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspect the seed he sown in the lovely home he gives. He inquires of Eglah and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace. From the day he first sees her he opens the empty temple of his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

"TO HELP HIM EVEN IN TRIFLES IS MY LIFE."

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"TO HELP HIM EVEN IN TRIFLES IS MY LIFE."

F course, Mr. Herriott, you are vastly amused by my ambitious pretension."

"Why Mr. Herriott? And why assume amusement which I certainly have not expressed?"

"Not verbally; but I quite understand that look in your eyes, when by sheer force of will you hold your lips from smiling. Only courtesy keeps in check your contempt for our 'higher education.'"

"Eglah, be a little more just in your generalizations. If the education be really 'higher' and thorough, no reasonable man could afford to disparage it. You have spent the morning over volumes of tedious statistics, extracting figures on ad valorem and 'specific' schedules that only a custom-house clerk or a tariff expert could utilize by eliminating non-essentials and compiling valuable tables. Why waste this perfect day over metric puzzles—dekameter, hectoliter, myriagram?"

"Father wished the exact figures, and to work for him is my greatest pleasure."

"Do not confound motive and accomplishment. Your father's secretary would have collected the statistics in half the time and in a more satisfactory form, simply because he has been trained for such search, as dogs are taught to hunt truffles."

"Mr. Metcalf was needed in Washington, and as father has tried me sufficiently to trust the accuracy of my work, he asked me to make this investigation while I was in New York. Mr. Noel, to help him even in trifles is my very life; he is my world, my all."

Mr. Herriott lifted his hat and bowed.

"Your devotion is beautiful and sacred, and Judge Kent should feel proud of the list of rivals he so successfully defies. Perhaps it has not yet occurred to him that in chaining yourself to his library desk you are restricted to sawdust diet."

"Varied now and then, you must admit, by banguets of opera, germans, receptions, teas,

to sawdust diet."
"Varied now and then, you must admit, by

"Varried now and then, you must admit, by banquets of opera, germans, receptions, teas, theater parties, and the embassies. When I was working so hard at college I looked forward eagerly to 'coming out,' as to a magical door that would swing suddenly open into a wonderful world, where, because of new conditions. I should become a different person, and shed my girlish ideas as serpents slip their skins; but since the 'onen sesame,' and I have 'arrived,' I seem to have lost nothing of the past, and my old, tiresome self is tyrannous as ever."

"Is social life in Washington disappointing?"

"That is scarcely the right term. Life is certainly very brilliant, and gay and panoramic, and I enjoy nusic and dancing, and some dinner parties; above all, I find keen plensure in following a spirited debate in the House, or listening to speeches in the Senate, but sometimes I catch myself wondering if this is indeed all—the veritable kennel of society, politics, diplomacy, or merely the shell partly cracked. Life here and in Washington dos

tics, diplomacy, or merely the shell partly cracked. Life here and in Washington does not seem so absolutely real as it was at home at Nutwood."

not seem so absolutely real as it was at nome at Nutwood."

They were driving in Central Park, and Eglah shared the front seat of the trap where Mr. Herroitt held the reins of his spirited horses, and brought them down to a steady, rapid trot. It was a cold but sunny day in February, and as he laced his way in and out of the stream of vehicles, he and his companion were the theme of much comment from the passing throng. Fastidious in the matter of clothes, he was always remarkably well dressed, and at the two fashionable clubs to which he belonged he was penerally regarded "as all around, the best looking member." The dark steel-blue gray eyes—with no hint of yellow—which his Scotch father gave him, lost something of their penetrating brilliance under the long jet lashes that, with black brows and thick clustering hair, his mother had contributed, and his naturally clear olive had contributed, and his naturally clear olive skin had been weather-tanned in various cli-mates to a browner tint. In profile his face re-

sembled a bronze medallion, and when he smiled his well-cut lips, that in repose seemed ominously thin, showed curves of rare beauty around a faultless set of teeth.

Gowned in a fur-trimmed cloth of hunter's green, Eglah wore a velvet toque of same hue, that failed to conceal the mass of golder. that 'failed to conceal the mass of golden-brown hair burnished by sunshine into the similitude of a white-oak leaf dyed in nutumn. Under delicate, level brows, her large dark eyes were set rather far apart in an oval face whose exquisitely clear, pure pallor was

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

stained only by the healthy rich red of slender lips, that had a treacherous trick of quivering when any strong emotion stirred the deeps of her heart. By the accepted canons of art and cultured taste her form and features had been adjudged "beautiful," and some great-grandmother of the far South had downered her with a peculiar grace of movement, —not languid, nor sinuous, nor Delsartian—a natural idiosyncrasy that made the manner of her steps, the lifting of head and motion of hands, unlike other women's. Only one gift—most potent of all—had been withheld from her birthright: she was absolutely devoid of personal magnetism, and her habitual cold some unclassified heast whose method of of personal magnetism, and her habitual cold indifference approached haughtiness, that the world resented.

world resented.

Sudden congestion in the line of equipages, stretching far ahead, had caused a temporary halt, and when the knot dissolved, and the impatient horses sprang forward once more, Eglah said:

"I thought you loved good music too well to lose last night's over treat, and until the

lose last night's opera treat, and until the final act I expected you."

See first page illustration.

"Shall I flatter myself that even in the midst of the select party occupying my box you really missed me?"
"Certainly I missed you—all the more because some of them chattered, and you would have hushed the tattle."
"Am I so successful in the role of ogre as to

overawe my guests in an opera box?"
"Your quiet way of setting an example of good breeding is sometimes contagious among thoughtless, people."

good breeding is sometimes contagious among thoughtless people."

"My lucky star is surely ascending; you have paid me two compliments, and I am puzzled to know whether I shall be expected to balance my account at ad ralorem rates on the basis of your assessment or mine?"

"Oh, you and I established free trade long ago, and I can always tell you the truth without pausing to weigh words as do legation attaches, and as father does when wily lobbyists intercept him on his way from committee rooms. Arr. Noel, had you any special reason for absenting yourself? The lovely lilac orchids were, of course, far more ornamental in your empty chair, and you must not think me lacking in appreciation because I am so tardy in thanking you for them."

"An unexpected change in the date of a lecture given by one of my friends kept me

lecture given by one of my friends kept me away, when I had hoped to join you. As I had promised to attend, there was no alternative when a belated note informed me that last night had been selected for its delivery."

"If I should so afflict you most certainly

ast night had been selected for its delivery."
"Tell me about it."
"If I should so afflict you, most certainly you would vote me a bore, or fall asleep in self-defence."
"When you say that, you know curiosity always covets the forbidden."
"At your peril then! It was a monograph on the autochthonic origin of American races."
"You preferred that tiresome jargon to listening to a superb tenor solo?"
"In a way—yes. We all ride hobby-horses from the nursery to the cemetery, and it is merely a question of individual taste what blood strain or pedigree we choose. My racing stable is not so generously supplied as yours, which embraces colts of various breeds; reports of fisheries commissions, bounties, American tonnage from 10— to 18—, and a vast erican tonnage from 10- to 18-, and a vast

"Sarcasm does not fit you becomingly, Mr.

"Sarcasm does not fit you becomingly, Mr. Noel; it hangs askew, like a clown's cap on a cowl. What have you registered your own special toy, that you canter so vigorously around the world? Is it called ethnology, or totemism, or anthropology?"

"When I have finished trying all its gaits, and find the sum total satisfactory, I shall label it, and fit a comfortable side saddle and introduce you formally. Now, Miss Kent, come to confession. Did you see the list of passengers who arrived on yesterday's steamer from Liverpool?"

"I did not."

"Can you recollect a certain prophecy I made at Cowes, anent a handsome naval officer who entertained us at luncheon on his father's

Cassandra was a woman, and men should not trespass on the one feminine right of 1 told you so,' that has descended to us intact from Hecuba's daughter. But Mr. Noel, if you

"I can only say I am sorry to hear it."

"While he is in New York I must, in part, return the hospitality shown us, and your father will pay the remainder of the debt father will pay the remainder of the debt in Washington. I have arranged a dinner for this evening, and later we shall see 'Hamlet',' then a supper afterward at Delmonico's. Will Will

then a supper afterward at Delmonico's. Will you join us at the theater, if I call for you, bringing Mrs. St. Clair as chaperon?"

"Thank you, I much prefer not to be one of the party; besides, I have a previous engagement. I am going with my cousin, Vernon Temple, to a meeting of shop girls, a sort of night school established by some of his lady friends."

What class does he teach?

"What class does he teach?"

"I believe he 'talks' now and then on 'feminine arts,' and tonight there will be a lecture on lacemaking and tapestry guilds, illustrated of course by a sketch of the inevitable Matilda and the indestructible 'Bayeux.' I am trying to classify this new cousin, who seems to me a queer blend of mediaval monk, pre-Raphaelite reformer and socialist. He is altogether unlike anyone I ever knew, but his beautiful sad face reminds me of a picture I saw in Munich—a young priest administering the viaticum to his dying sweetheart, whom he forsook for holy orders." whom he forsook for holy orders."

Lowering his eyelids, Mr. Herriott glanced

enly at her. "You find Temple wonderfully magnetic at

Have you noticed the expression of Mrs. Mitchell's face when they happen to meet?"
"Haven't I! It is too funny to see her narrow her eyes and look at him as if he were some unclassified beast whose method of pouncing on his prey had not yet been warningly advertised. She is convinced he is an ingly advertised. She is convinced he is an ecclesiastical infernal machine trying to wreck our family orthodoxy. I asked him——"
She stopped suddenly at sight of two gentlemen approaching on horseback, and Mr. Herrictt smiled, as he whispered:
"Lo! the second son of a duke!"

CHAPTER VII.

"BY WHAT RIGHT DO YOU TOUCH GIFTS BROUGHT TO HIM?"

In a quiet and unfrequented cross street—equally remote from the thronged thorough-fares of trade and from fashionable avenues lined with palaces—stood the low and unpretentious Chapel of St. Hyacinth, marked by neither spire nor belfry. The old stone front receded sufficiently from the pavement to permit a short flight of shallow steps that led to an arched door in a pillared portico with a cross on its pointed roof, which hung over the entrance like a sullen, frowning brow. A northeast wind came fitfully in hissing blasts, dashed with nne sleet; but when Eglah passed through the swinging inner door a warm atmosphere spiced with resinous incense infolded her as in a fragrant mist through which glimmosphere spiced with resinous incense infolded her as in a fragrant mist through which glimmered brass lattice screens, rows of tall candles, the gilded carving of the white altar, laden with lilies, and the marble statue of the Virgin, at whose snowy feet a red light burned in a silver lamp. On each side of the wall below the brass lattice that barred the chancel was a "confessional" of dark wood surmounted by a cross, and the clustered lights in the center of the concave ceiling formed in the center of the concave ceiling formed

On the right and left of the altar the white surpliced choristers filled several seats, and the quivering thunder of the organ ceased suddenly, as if to listen to the marvellous voice of the boy soloist, that swelled and rose as if the singer felt himself "hard by the gates of heaven." A slender child of ten years, graspirahis music with waxen hands almost infantile in size, while his head, covered thickly with shining ripoles of golden hair, was thrown back, and his blue eyes almost purplish, like a periwinkle, were raised in contemplation of the crown glowing above him. The colorless face was delicate and beautiful as if wrought out of ivory, and a certain pathetic sadness of expression inherent in fragile childhood was for the moment dominated by the radiant exultation of his wonderful eyes, that seemed made to dwell between the wings of a scraph. Father Temple left the altar before which he had knelt in prayer, and advancing to the On the right and left of the altar the white

he had knelt in prayer, and advancing to the steps of the chancel, stood with one hand on the prass railing and briefly explained his unexthe brass railing and briefly explained his unexpected presence. A telegram had summoned to rector of St. Hyacinth's to the deathbed of his father, and the request to officiate in his absence had been received too late to permit the preparation of a regular sermon; hence the patient indulgence of the congregation was invoked for some desultory remarks which might not prove entirely fruitless. After a few exordial sentences, he repeated slowly the orening ten verses from St. John xv.

by the orening ten verses from St. John xv., and waited a moment.

"For text let us consider: "I am the true vine," said our Lord, "and ye, my brethren, are the branches." "

vine," said our Lord, "and ye, my brethren, are the branches." "

Then followed a recitative of various selected passages from the "Sermon in the Hospital," in tones so musical and liquid, and with a repose of manner so profound, yet full of subtle magnetism, that his audience gazed in sympathetic wonder at the slight figure clad in the somber habit of his order—at the thin, pallid spiritual face where large, deep-set black eyes burned with the preternatural light of consecrated but consuming zeal. The folded arms attempted no gestures—what need, while that rhythmic wave of sound flowed on?—until the end, when the clasped hands were lifted in final appeal:

". . . the Cross of Christ

the Cross of Christ Is more to us than all His miracles.

Thou wilt not see the face nor feel the hand. Only the cruel crushing of the feet When through the bitter night the Lord comes

To tread the winepress. Not by sight, but faith.

Endure, endure—be faithful to the end."

Unconscious of his movement, and irresistibly drawn, the young soloist sitting in the front row of choristers had risen, and leaning far forward, looked up into the face of the priest like one mesmerized, his parted lips trembling in a passion of ecstasy. Then the organ boomed, and the boy fell from paradise and joined the choristers chanting as they marched away behind the uplifted cross.

A lady stepped into the aisle and touched

A lady stepped into the aisle and touched Eglah's arm.
"So glad to see you here, Miss Kent. Shall

always welcome you to my pew. What a de-lightful elecutionary tour de force Father Temple gave us! He would make a fortune on the stage of secular drama.

on the stage of secular drama.

"Yes. Fra I go himself could scarcely have been more impressive when he talked to the sick and dying on hospital cots. To my cousin Vernon this world is only a hospital of sick souls. Mrs. St. Clair, I should like to meet souls. Mrs. St. Clair, I should like to meet that little boy who sang so beautifully. Can you help me?"

"Very easily. Come back with me now to the vestry and we may find him. Did you notice how that lovely boy seemed almost hypnotized?"

Only two of the larger choristons linguistics.

turned toward the rear stairway leading to the street, Mrs. St. Clair exclaimed:
"Mr. De Graffenried, stop the boys! We want to see the soloist. Call him back."
"Madam, I think he is still in the chancel."

Lifting the velvet curtain that concealed the

altar from their view, she beckoned Eglah to her side.

Father Temple had been detained by one of the church-wardens, and as he turned to hasten away the boy, standing near, caught the black skirt of the priest.

black skirt of the priest.

"Please, sir, may I speak to you?"

"Certainly. I am glad to be able to thank you for the music today. Your solo gave me great pleasure."

"I could have done better, but my throat is sore; it bled just now. I told nobody, because I am the only one who can reach that high C, and so I tried not to fail. I want to ask you how I can learn all the wordz you spoke? Oh, if I could, I would set them to a chant; they would lift my heart out of me if I could sing them."

sing them."
"You shall have them. What is your name

Leighton Dane.

"Leighton Dane."
Father Temple took his tablets from an inside pocket and made an entry.
"Where do you live?"
"Oh, a long way off. Far down in East—
Street: but, please sir, if you would leave the poetry here. I could get it at next rehearsal."
"My little man, how do you know it is poetry? The words do not rhyme."
"Rhyme? I do not understand that word—but I feel poetry. I always know it by the way my blood beats, and the little shiver that runs down my back, and the joy that makes me cry sometimes."

runs down my back, and the joy that makes me cry sometimes."

"I will send you a printed copy, in care of the rector. Dear child, God has given you a wonderfully sweet voice, and I am glad you use it in His service."

He laid his thin hand on the boy's golden head, and smiled down into the wistful blue eyes, where tears glistened.

The childish fingers, holding two snowy spikes of Roman hyacinth, were lifted and placed on the priest's hand, pressing it timidly against his curls.

"Thank you, sir. Please take these. They smell like the heavenly gardens, and I have mothing else to give."

"Were they not on the altar?"

Were they not on the altar?"

"Yes, I slipped out two from the cluster there."
"Then they belong to God. By what right "Then they belong to hought to Him?"

there."
"Then they belong to God. By what right do you touch sacred gifts brought to Him?"

See first page illustration.

"They were mine. I bought them last night and laid them yonder when I came today—and God can spare just two, when I have nothing else to pay you with. Did you—oh! did you think I—stole—them?" A sob shook him. and tears followed.

Father Temple stooped and drew the little white-robed form to him, pressing the head against his breast.

"Forgive me, I did not quite understand: and I am sure the dear Father knows what is in your grateful heart. God bless you and keep you. I shall put the hyacinths between the leaves of my Bible."

Eglah stretched an arm across Mrs. St. Clair's shoulder and dropped the curtain.
"Come away. Some other time I may talk to him, not now."

The following day Eglah returned to Washington and two hours before the departure of the train she drove to Twenty-third Street, where she and Mrs. Mitchell usually made their purchases of damask, ribbon and lace. While the latter bent over boxes of wools and crochet cottons, Eglah seated herself at the handkerchief counter. When she had selected the desired number, the saleswoman filled out her index sheet and rapped sharply with her pencil.

"Cash! Here, cash!"

"Cash! Here, cash!"

peneil.

"Cash! Here, cash!"

Several minutes elapsed.

"These cash boys are so tiresome. Cash, cash! I had to report one last week. Cash—here he comes at last. Now do hurry up; you are a regular snail."

In the boy who hastened away Eglah recognized the soloist of St. Hyacinth's, and noticed a bandage around his throat. When he came back with the parcel and counted the change into the palm of the saleswoman, Eglah touched his arm.

"I heard you sing yesterday, and want to tell you how much I liked your voice."

"Thank you, ma'am, I—"

"A spell of coughing interrupted, and she noticed how wan and weary he looked, and how heavy were the grayish shadows under his lovely eyes.

"I am afraid you are not well today. Are you an orphan?"

"Oh, no. Mother is living, and she says a

you an orphan?"

"Oh, no. Mother is living, and she says a mother is worth forty fathers."

"Will you tell me her name, and where she

"Mrs. Nona Dane, and she has the glove

Ars. Nona Tame, and sae has the glove counter at —, Fourteeth Street."

At this instant the floor-walker strode forward, and a frightened expression crossed the boy's white face as he turned quickly, but Eglah laid a detaining hand on his head as, rising, she confronted the floor-walker.

"If he loitered it is not his fault; I kept him. If he missed a call I am to blame. Good by, Leighton; shake hands. When I comeback to New York I hope to hear you sing again at St. Hyacinth's; and if I miss you here, I shall buy elsewhere."

His hot fingers quivered in her clasp, and, pressing a folded bill into his hand, she joined her foster-mother and left the store.

"What a frail, beautiful boy, and what genuine golden hair! Looks as if it had been dipped in a pot of gilt. Dearie, don't you think it a shame these young children are chained up in stores when they ought to be romping and playing ball?"

As their carriage turned from Twenty-third Street taward Broadway, that always crowded.

As their carriage turned from Twenty-third Street toward Broadway, that always crowded angle was even more than usually thronged, and during the brief pause Mr. Herriott came out of Maillard's with a box of bon-bons. "I am just going to the ferry to wait for you. Are you not too early, or has my watch gone astray?"

"Come with us, Mr. Noel, we have ample room. Yes, it is early; but of course at the last minute I must needs shop on the way." As he scated himself in the carriage he handed a package to Eglah. As their carriage turned from Twenty-third

handed a package to Eglah. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himselt why a woman of Mrs. Ross byn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace should embrace the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting earstheat Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge chover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge chow here the his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain shoult Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he dinas at my gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and the dinas him and the state of the chain he dinas at my gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and the dinas him and the catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I elevyour love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us." Gene pleads with all the fervor. Gene finds his mother waiting and she tries to comfort him. He feels all is lost save smbition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Exceisor, the lawyer. The legal battle in which he is engaged seems like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether milistone, the It isn't the Trusta, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and ther daughter, Miss from and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's snare, and was a state of the proper shall be an experience of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced, and she presents her card, Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride back to town on Engene Warfield shows the same and the proper shall be shall grow great by his power. Does Corcoran admires his grit, yet go against him and he will crush him. He had so the hard of the him he will crush him if the becomes his friend he shall grow great

and walls "mamma, mamma!"

The debate of the Harvester Trust Bill arrives, and the battle between ambition and conscience ends with victory for the latter. With the defeat of the bill goes Corcoran's hopes of a lifetime. He will ruin Warfield if he sends his soul to perdition. Victoria pleads. "Would you not spare him, Michael, for my sake?" Corcoran's wife dies. Gene goes home. The baby grows worse. Victoria refuses to stay with her child. It dies, and Gene pleads to let the little one in death unite them. She is unworthy. Gene discovers a note written by Corcoran, and Victoria admits her love for him. Gene thrusts the note into the heart of the flame and taking off the wedding ring tells Victoria she is free.

Gene returns to New Hampshire. He sees footsteps in the snow and meets Theta. Is there no chance for a reconciliation with his wife? Has he done right in setting her free? "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." When love is dead would she have him drag out a miserable existence? Theta suggests they go home. They come to the old stepping-stones. Just how it happens neither know. Before she can protest he crushes her lips with a kiss.

rom those parched lips.
Victoria started as she felt a light touch on her hand.

"Sister, what are you doing here?" It was the figure in black who spoke.

At the first kind words she had heard for many months a quivering seized Victoria.

"You call me sister—me! Do you know what I have done—what I have been?"

"I neither know—nor care," the other answered. "It is enough for me that you are suffering, and in distress—and I wish to aid you. I heard you call yourself 'an outcast' just now. Remember—Christ loved all the fallen ones."

There was infinite pity, infinite tenderness in the words.

As they fell upon ears attuned only to harsh sounds a long sigh came from Victoria, then as a new burst of laughter floated out some of the old fire came into her eyes as she pointed with shaking finger to the room beyond.

"Do you see that man sitting there—the one who is holding aloft the wineglass? That is the man who dragged me down and turned away. God in heaven, how I loved him! I spent my soul in loving him! I gave up a position in

plainly the effects of a life given over to the gratification of every delight.

The prince had previously met Corcoran abroad and when on his arrival he tucked his arm familiarly into that of his host and the two walked into the great banqueting hall together, the elite of Excelsior smiled approval.

Outside in the shadows a woman crouched. As the wintry wind swept down in a flurry of snow she drew her faded garments about her and came closer to the window as if to draw from it a fictitious warmth. As the light fell upon her ghastly face it would have been hard to recognize in the outcast standing there the woman whose beauty and distinction had once placed her among the leaders in the social life of Excelsior and Washington.

Within the great hall the merriment was at its height. Mine host was m fine fettle and told one of his most charming stories, and this the prince capped with his best bon-mot. Bursts of laughter floated out into the night. The royal visitor was unanimously considered a thorough democrat and a prince of good fellows.

The eyes of the crouching figure were fastened only upon Corcoran who occupied the place of honor opposite his guest, his face darkly flushed only upon Corcoran who occupied the place of honor opposite his guest, his face darkly flushed with wine. She looked until she could bear it no longer, then tossing back the Titian red hair, turned her white face to the bitter night sky while a cry of agony burst from her.

"Alone! abandoned! an outcast!" she moaned. "Nothing remains for me now but the river!"

Alone sheight. Mine host was m fine fettle and told one of his most charming stories, and this the prince capped with his best bon-mot. Bursts of laughter floated out into the night. The royal visitor was unanimously considered a thorough democrat and a prince of good fellows.

The eyes of the crouching figure were fastened only upon Corcoran who occupied the place of honor opposite his guest, his face darkly flushed on the place of honor opposite his guest, his face darkly flus Sister as she took Victoria's hands in a gentle clasp.

"You are not all bad," she said. "Down in the depths of your soul are the germs of good—we have need for such women as you. Listen! We are a little band of men and women devoting ourselves to the succoring of the oppressed, to lifting up the fallen. We have no church and our only creed is to do good. You have expressed a wish to come back to the ranks of respectability. You shall come. You have sympathy for the sinning and the suffering. There is noble work in the world for you. We have hospitals—your hands shall minister to the needs of the ill and dying. Let the dark river roll on—come with me and find peace."

A cry burst from Victoria.

"You would give this chance to me—to me?"

"Yes. Will you come?"

For answer Victoria went down on her knees in the snow and pressed the hem of the Sister's dark robe to her lips. When she arose there was a look of cestasy in her eyes. It was as though some light from beyond this world had filled her soul. Then the two went forth together—the gentle Sister—and Victoria—an outcast no longer.

Inside the banquet hall another scene was tak-

the gentle Sister—and Victoria—an outcast no longer.
Inside the banquet hall another scene was taking place. The feast was ended and Corcoran had arisen to propose a final toast.
"Your Royal Highness," he began, then stopped short, a strange expression passing over his face. He tried to speak again but the words ended in a jumble of unmenning sounds.
The guests looked at each other in astonishment. Could it be that this was some practical joke their host was attempting to play upon them? There was nothing feigned about those

YOU WOULD GIVE THIS CHANCE TO ME TO ME



society as assured as that of any in yonder room; I sacrificed a husband who had as tender a heart as ever beat on a man's bosom; I killed my child with neglect—all—all for the sake of that man. I loved him so well that had he been poor I would have gathered the his sworn promise to wed me if once I were fire he kept putting me off from time to time. After my divorce we went abroad. It was a year of mingled hell and heaven. Shall I ever forget the day I met one of my old friends in a picture gallery in Rome? At school she had been my dearest friend and when I saw the scorn and loathing on her face—how I suffered!

You—with your stainless life—can never know! if he sends his soul to perdition. Victoria pleads "Would you not spare him, Michael, for my sake?" Corcoran's wife dies. Gene goes home. The baby grows worse. Victoria refuses to stay with her child. It dies, and Gene pleads to let the little one in death unite them. She is unworthy. Gene discovers a note written by Corcogan, and Victoria admits her love for him. Gene of the wedding ring tells Victoria relations he is free.

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CHAPTER XV.

PAYING THE PRICE.

IGHTS were flashing in the Corcoran mansion; a chain of richly clad people was circulating past the receiving line and being steered by liveried attendants into gorgeous rooms where hothouse flowers were diffusing their fragrance on the warm air. It was winter outside, and not far away beings were freezing—and starving. The glant plant of the Harvester Trust lay ide, while gaunt Labor and Capital locked in a death grapple.

A prince of the blood was touring the country and had chosen to honor Excelsior with his presence. Who so fitting as Corcoran to entertain the royal guest?

As he towered there above the heads of all the others, Corcoran was as huge and massive in frame as ever, but the face with its purfy look and the cruel smile on the sensual lips showed

disorder and the guests dispersed. In frightened groups the servants clustered about the entrance ways or cast fearful glances at the deserted banquet-room.

Later the announcement was made that Corcoran might die at a moment's warning, or that he might live for years.

In any case his power for evil was ended. If he lived at all it would be as a helpless paralytic, dependent for the supplying of every want upon the caprice of hirelings.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Theta shook off Warfield's arms as though they were fire, and white, tense, quivering she faced him. faced him.

"You had no right—no right—what you have done is despicable," she blazed out at him. Then she turned and swiftly mounted the path. Surprise, pain, anger and love were all mingled in Theta's mind. In that moment she knew she still loved this man and the knowledge was terrible to her. She was bitterly angry with herself and no less angry with him.

Gene mentally anathematized himself for his folly.

Gene mentally anathematized himself for his folly.

"How pitiably weak I am where she is concerned," he thought. "Now my impulsiveness has spoiled all." When they reached the crest of the rise he drew near to her.

"Will you forgive me, Theta? As you say, my act was despicable, and yet it seemed to me I had a right. You have assumed the relation of a daughter to my mother and sprely there is no harm in a man kissing his sister."

"Now you are laughing at me," she cried more

thoroughly angry than ever. This way of putting the case did not mollify her in the least.

"Indeed I am not, Theta. As this is a first offense can't you let me off this time if I protalise not to repeat it?"

She hurried on without making any reply. Gene swiftly overtook her and blocking the narrow path caught both her hands and held her so she could not pass.

"Theta," he cried desperately, "I can't let you go till you tell me you forgive me."

She struggled to free herself but he held her gently but firmly, and at last she desisted.

"You are stronger than I -you can hold me here all night but I will never say I forgive you." The words struck him like a blow in the face.

here all night but I will never say I forgive you." The words struck him like a blow in the face.

"Then go! you woman of ice! You were always such!" he said cruelly, and suddenly released her.

Theta pressed her hand to her heart as if to stop its wild pulsations. He called her a woman of ice-he! When every pulse in her body had thrilled at the touch of his hands and that kiss was still scorching her lips! With a strong effort of will she regained her composure.

"I think we have been acting like a couple of foolish children," she said with a quick change of manner. "Look—there is the house glimmering through the trees. We must hurry." And hastily as if at any cost she would cut short the time of being alone with him she led the way nomeward.

As they entered the maple walk Mrs. Warfield was standing on the porch, her short sighted eyes peering into the dusk.

"Theta, dear, you are late tonight," she called out. "Did you have to stay after school with some of those naughty scholars?"

A tall figure sprang out of the shadows and the next moment strong arms closed about her and her gray head was pillowed on a manly breast.

"Mother! Dear little mother! Don't you

breast.
"Mother! Dear little mother! Don't you

"Mother! Dear little mother! Don't you know me?"
"My son!" When the two presently came into the sitting-room their faces were transfigured with joy. At that moment Uncle John entered and greeted Gene heartily. Maggie welcomed him vociferously and then pretended to be greatly shocked when he hugged her. She went out quickly, beckoning frantically to Theta.
"Sure, Miss Theta," she said as the latter followed her into the kitchen, "there's not wan blessed thing in the house fit for Master Gene to ate, and what am I to do, at all, at all?" Theta laughed a little at Maggie's anxious tone.

"Sure, and wan blessed thing in the house fit for Master Gene to ate, and what am I to do, at all, at all?" Theta laughed a little at Maggle's anxious tone.

"I should think, Maggle, that what is good enough for the rest of us ought to be good enough for him." And with this small bit of consolation she went away to her own room where she brushed out her bright hair until it shone like silk and then donned a becoming pink waist, hating herself all the while for the innate femininity that could not resist making these changes in her toilet.

"You foolish gir!" she said, addressing the pretty reflection in the glass.

When the family entered the dining-room half an hour later the table fairly groaned beneath the weight of good things Maggle had ransacked cellar and storeroom to find.

Uncle John laughed as he helped the plates from his end of the table.

"Maggle must have been daffy," he remarked. "Here we have peaches served in no less than five different ways. She must have thought you were hungry for peaches, Gene!"

"I am, said the latter, doing full justice to the bountiful spread. "I was always fond of peaches, and," he added, slyly, "anything that looks like peaches."

Uncle John gave Theta a pinch under cover of the table, but the girl never lifted her eyes which seemed fastened upon her plate.

The old gentleman kept the conversational ball rolling merrily, and Gene, too, was in a happy mood and felt, in the joy of his homecoming, a return of the oldtime boylish ebullition of good spirits. Mrs. Warfield said little merely beaming upon all. Hers was a joy too deep for words. Theta alone remained silent, and after supper she would have slipped quietly away had not Uncle John detained her.

"You mustn't go, Theta, till we've had a song or two."

"Please excuse me tonight, Uncle John. I don't feel like singing."

"Nonsense. Ye know the old adage: 'A bird that can sing and won't sing'—" and he led her to the piano.

On the impulse of the moment Theta sang Newman's "Lead Kindly Light."

A moment before there ha

to take up the duties that I have left undone." Gene said none of these things and when the song was finished merely contented himself with looking his appreciation.

Theta kissed Mrs. Warfield, gave Uncle John an affectionate pat as she passed him and then held out her hand to Gene. He gently pressed it and she gave him a cool "good night."

Mrs. Warfield looked a little anxious.

"I wonder what has come over Theta?" she thought. "It's unlike her to act this way."

"The plano is an acquisition," said Gene.

"Yes, it belongs jointly to Theta and me," said Uncle John smilling. "It represents the prize money we received for our Holsteins at the Cattle Fair. It takes us to win the blue ribbons. Theta is one of the best judges of thoroughbreds in the county, and ye'd be surprised, Gene, if ye knew the amount of practical information there is tucked away in her pretty head. What she doesn't know about soils and sub-soils and the rotation of crops isn't worth knowing. Since she has been here we have advised together and I've been going in for scientific farming. And I tell ye it has paid. The oid farm was never in better shape than it is today, and now that ye've come home to take charge I can turn it all over to ye with a clear conscience—"

"But I haven't come home to take charge of things," interrupted Gene. "You surely don't think of retiring?"

Uncle John arose and stretched himself before the fire. He was not so tall but was broader than Gene and he was hale and hearty in spite of his sixty years.

"Why, no, I haven't thought of it, but as long as ye've come home—"

"You'd be miserable if you did." said Mrs. Warfield and then turning to Gene added: "But I hoped you had come home to settle down on (continued on home to settle down on

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper in stead of including them in the letters. Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have com-

Quests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have compiled with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel ut-terly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR SISTERS:

1 am sending to our Editor for those who need it, and for those whose letters I have been unable to answer, a recipe for coughs and continuously and continuously

umption.

One ounce elecampane root, one ounce has mound leaves me we cent stick of licories, the control of th

back to the North for summer as the wild geese do, if you like. Now let me tell you. You say the southern girls are "rebels yet," and a lot more nonsense of that kind. I do not speak for "all," but our southern girls who have any brains and have ever been taught to use them, are not "rebels". We love our South, we are proud of her and she was not "whipped". She was simply "overpowered." Do you distinguish the wide difference in the terms? And our "true southern" girl is a lady—always.

There are several to whom I will write later, but the answers here must do for most all whom I have not already answered. I wish to be just, and fair to everyone and I will only ask your patience. To the lady who wrote to me offering some new and odd flower seed if I would pay postage, let me say your address was lost. If you see this letter and will write again, or send seeds direct to me I will pay the postage. Miss Ada Huddens, Box 80, Ashland City, R. Dear Comfort Sisters:

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Although a stranger to all of you, I have long been both a reader and a warm friend of our dear "Comfort." There is not a page from "cover to cover" that isn't filled with the best of interesting matter.

The superiority of the paper combined with the small price contribute to make it a general favorite with all. Comfort's editor is "the right man in the right place," and I will leave it to those who read it, and know, to say that it has brightened and cheered many hours of its many thousands of readers that would otherwise have been sad and lonely. The world seems brighter and better for its very existence.

I do not see how anyone can do without it; certainly they cannot after once having it a visitor in the home. My health has been very bad the past five years, and not being able to do much work, I spend a great deal of time reading; so you see I am one of those who can rightly appreciate "Comfort," can hardly wait for the time to roll 'round for its monthly visit, and only wish it were weekly instead.

I have one dear son, and two sweet little girls have done all my work for the past five years. The older one being thereby deprived of the benefit of an education, to wait on and care for "Mother."

None but a mother can ever know what a disappointment to the fond hopes cherished in

None but a mother can ever know what a disappointment to the fond hopes cherished in

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

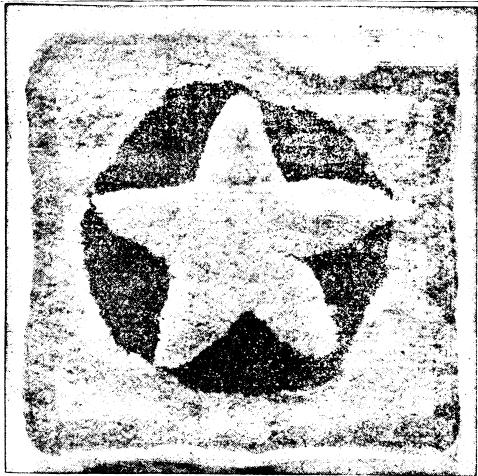
How many of the sisters' sewing machines get stiff and refuse to work properly? A good remedy for this is to take coal oil (kerosene), and soak your machine well with this, in all the places where you oil, in fact all over the working parts of the machine, let stand over night, and next day take a basin with kerosene and acrub all parts well, then take a piece of absorbent cotton or a soft piece of cheesecloth and wipe all parts clean, oil well with a good machine oil and your machine will be in good running order.

Now let me tell you how I made a postal card screen. If one already has a screen begin to decorate as soon as you have postals enough to make one row across the top, then as they accumulate add another row.

Or one can make a screen as I did, of pieces of wood one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by five feet tall, the crosspieces I have of one inch square by five feet tall, the cross to the slow of the strength of the strength of the strength opposite slit, across to the slit in the next card, etc., and fasten at the end of the row.

I also made a spool tabourette, for which one will need from rods the height of the tabourette you wish to make; these can usually be obtained at a hardware store, have a thread put on both ends of each rod and a nut to fit. Next have boards cut into the shape and size you wish (mine is clover leaf), and in each corner of the boards have a square hole made to fit the nut into, also cut a hole in the bottom of one spoo

DEAR COMFORT READERS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for more



ZEPHYR PILLOW TOP.

Take a square of cloth fifteen by fifteen inches. In the center of this draw a circle in which trace a star, having the points each about two and one half inches high. The background and star are of pink and the circle dark green. Two skeins of pink wool will be needed and one of green, also a pair of sharp scissors and steel crochet hook, number five or seven. The wool is drawn through, from the wrong side, with the crochet hook, make each loop about one half an inch long and place the loops close together. After the design is fully worked in, clip off evenly with the scissors and the work will have the appearance of velvet, be close and thick and wear indefinitely.

Julia Coppoli.

their infancy—how I longed to see them grow up to become possessors of a good education, and to realize that it is my poor health that has prevented.

If the dear sisters could see them, how patiently and willingly they have made the sacrifice—how eager they are to do everything they can, they would know I have much to be thankful for. In my sorrow and sympathy for my children concerning their educational hindrance, I found some comfort in reading the following lines by Emily H. Watson:

Thou may'st deck thy form with utmost grace, In shimmering silks and costly lace; Like the light gazelle thy figure be, Thy manner, case and courtesy: In mental strength thou may'st excel, And deepest wisdom in thee dwell; May'st have acquired a knowledge rare, In science skilled, an artist fair.

Yet know, a kindly heart is more Than all this seeming goodly store; And gentleness is nobler far Than intellect and beauty are. She who the highest praise would win, Must be all-beautiful within; Then, mind and body shall unfold Their radiance from a heart of gold!

Their radiance from a heart of gold!

Although our Heavenly Father knoweth best, and why, yet it is hard for us sometimes to see the "sliver lining" of the cloud.

I am going to ask that some of the sisters will send magazines, papers, or any reading matter, or any little souvenir to pass away the lonely hours. I would be pleased if some of those living on the coast would send me little tokens of the sea with letters accompanying.

Did any of the sisters ever try putting a teaspoonful or more of baking soda in fruit jars, fill about half full of water (not too hot), shake well and emoty? If any bad odor remains repeat as before and rinse in cold water.

Napkins and tablecloths stained by tea or coffee may be restored by plunging into fairly strong ammonia water.

Try using a clean dry cob to remove mud splashes on your dress skirts. This will not roughen the material.

To smooth sad-irons, after first heating, rub with cloth saturated with kerosene, then throw a handful of salt on a paper and rub until quite smooth.

MRS. MAGGIE M. WEST, Liberty, R. D., 4, Missouri.

than four years, but this is my first letter.

My daughter and I have just returned from a horseback ride. I enjoy the exercise but do not get much time for it.

Here in North Dakota we have moderately warm summers, with beautiful cool nights, so one can enjoy a refreshing sleep.

We have some lovely wild flowers from early spring to late fall. First of all come the crocuses, then we have a very pretty red lily, which resembles the tiger lily that blooms in July. We have wild raspberries in the Turtle mountains and wild plums and gooseberries at Devils lake. I was at the Turtle mountains the summer of '05. There were fourteen of us who went. We canned what berries we got up there. There are many pretty lakes on and around the mountains. We camed what berries we got up there. There are many pretty lakes on and around the mountains. We camed hist above one. I have not seen a river since we have lived in North Dakota. We raise all kinds of grain such as wheat, oats, barley, speltz, flax and macaroni wheat, but wheat is most extensively grown.

How many of the sisters keep house plants? Will someone kindly tell me how to have success with house roses? Mine lived for a month or two and then died.

My little girl is past three years old. She can spell quite a number of words and speak several pieces. Do any of the sisters think it makes a child's hair heavier to keep it cut short for a few years? I cut my daughter's hair twice last summer, and would cut it again if I thought it would be best. I am interested in all kinds of fancy work but as I am a busy farmer's wife have little time to devote to it.

Mass. H. D. Giesel, Egeland, N. D.

DEAR READERS:

I inclose a few of my favorite and tested recipes. I would dearly love to have all of you try them, and then sometime in the future tell me how you liked them, especially the oatmeal cookies. I think they are fine if one gets them baked just right.

Mrs. Gertie Hamilton, Willow, Okla. I received the Sept. number of Comfour you sent me. Thank you.

Thank you.

Mrs. W. C. Eason, Phoenix City, Ala. I like Mrs. W. C. Eason, Phænix City, Ala. I like poetry very much.
Mrs. M. E. Ward, W. Canaan, N. H. Your headache cure has proved helpful to me.
Mrs. Ethel Noakes, Box 104, Cutler, Ind. We have just tried your way of sugar curing pork, and I do hope we will like it.
I noticed the Deer tidy, sent in by Miss Mamie
L. Poole, and worked a sofa pillow in cross-

stitch. I enjoy doing all kinds of fancy work. I am glad to know that some of the sisters wrote and remembered Mrs. Fannie Henson. In a letter to me she writes:

"I feel almost like a new creature, and thank God and ask His blessing on all who have remembered me in the time of my affliction."

I notice different ones have expressed their ideas about giving practical help and many of them are good.

Let us all often read Proverbs 21-13, "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard."

How many of you know that there are thirty-one verses in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs, and that you can pick out a verse for your husband's and son's birthday; and the same number of verses will be found in the thirty-first chapter for the sisters, for there is a verse for each day of the month.

If any of you should accidentally become strangled remember to hold up your left arm and you will be relieved at once.

Mrs. E. S. Dalton, Albany, Mo. I sent you a block of bleached muslin at your request, and wrote you a lefter, and it was sent from there to Kansas City, and then sent back to me, in nearly three months from the time I sent it. I am afraid others I have sent have been lost. Mrs. J. C. Flippin, Wallowa, Oregon.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

It is very warm today (July) and dry. It seems as if the grass and all other vegetation, is burning up, fast as it can. It is queer why rainfall is so frequent and heavy in some parts of the country, and none at all for months in other parts, but we continue to hope, and pray for rain.

As the cotton season will soon be here again. I would ask the sisters, to whom I could not send any bolls last winter, to write me, also those that wish mistietoe and I will be glad to send either. I would also like to hear from some of the sisters, who know how to prepare appetizing dishes from shell fish, such as shrimps, lobsters and crabs, either canned or fresh. I had a tiny booklet, containing recipes for such but have lost it, and never could obtain another.

How many of you are interested in Cacti, Aloes, Agaves, and Euphorbias, also Haworthias? Those are truly the busy (or lazy?) woman's plants, some of them are very odd, and beautiful requiring so little care, thriving with the grossest neglect.

I love the beautiful Rex and fancy-leaved Regonias, also the fancy-leaved Caladiums. I have had numberless sorts, but unfortunately lost them all, by moving and illness, but I hope to obtain a rare collection of them again, some day, not far distant.

Mrs. E. R. Behrens, Brady, Tex.

Some day, not far distant.

MRS. E. R. Behrens, Brady, Tex.

Dear Editor:

With your permission I would like to answer those who have asked me about this place and state. We are not the barbarians that some people think we are. This state has four distinct seasons. In the northwest have a little spell of zero weather every winter, the rest of the year is pleasant. We have the rich and poor, good and bad people. If money is the chief thing with you, go to the bottoms and raise cotton, corn, rice, hay and starch. If you want church and school advantages go to the town. If you want a pleasant home with church, school and a living, but don't expect to get rich quick, come to this place, that is if you have energy, no place for drones. We have the State University and Experiment Station, three public schools, nine churches, no saloons, one opera house, three railroads, 6,000 inhabitants. Most neighborhoods have church, and school part of the year in the country. This part of the state raises apples, strawberries, cherries, peaches, pears and chickens mostly for money, some grain and starch. Some folks have good health, some would not be well anywhere in this world.

I believe it would add years to the comfort of the afflicted if we would all avoid speaking of our aches and pains. Look up not down, look out not in, think more of God and other people, and less about self. I seldom go out of my home, but am doing my best to be brave, why should I not, when I have a boy that is a perfect treasure. Mothers, begin to teach your children how to serve God and humanity from the time that they can receive an impression. Don't impose on them nor let them impose on you—start fair, reason with them, never countenance an unfair deal that they may make, no matter how shrewd it may look, teach them to tell the truth at all cost.

Dear shut-ins. I wish I could help you all.

For bables with summer complaint give them all the baked or roasted sweet potatoes they will eat.

all the baked or roasted sweet potatoes they will cat.

Who can tell us how to give nux vomica to chickens so that the rat or hawk that eats the chicken will be killed.

To prolong the usefulness of worn quilts, cover with unbleached sheeting and tack with colored silkateen.

I thank each one who has written to me, Mrs. A. D. Chester, Fayetteville, R. D., 2, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a COMFORT reader and I have never seen a letter in print from this part of Virginia. We think the COMFORT a fine paper and thoroughly enjoy it all, especially the Sisters' Corner.

we think the composer a me paper and thoroughly enjoy it all, especially the Sisters' Corner.

I am nineteen years old, am five feet nine and one half inches tall and weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I, like many of the young sisters, am not afraid of work, mother having always taught us to help. Mother is a school teacher and in the winter I stay home and keep house, while she teaches school. I have a grandmother, mother and two sisters. My father has been dead for eight years, my oldest sister is married and has a dear little baby eight months old.

How many of the sisters ever attended a camp meeting? We have one about eight miles from us, which is situated between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers and is named Marvin Grove Camp. We have a cottage there and go every year to spend the entire ten days, and enjoy very much the religious services as well as the social part. I live in the country and although I have never lived in a city. I have visited there and I think I much prefer country life. We are staunch Methodists.

100 many of our younger sisters like the embroider? I have shadow embroidered a shirtwaist for myself and am now working one in the eyelet embroidery. I like the work very much.

May the Lord bless J. A. D. in the great work she is doing to help the poor shut-ins;

much.

May the Lord bless J. A. D. in the great work she is doing to help the poor shut-ins; her letters are very much enjoyed.

I saw in one of the Comforts where Mrs. J. W. Welch, Downings, Va., sent to one of the sisters for Hardanger patterns. This dear, young lady passed to her reward one year ago. She left a mother, husband and little son to mourn their loss.

I would be delighted to hear from any of the sisters; especially any near my age.

Miss Edith Cralle, Emmerton, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I find many interesting things in your helpful corner. My home is nestled among the picturesque hills and mountains of sumny East Termessee, "Way down South in dear old Dixie, where the cotton blossoms grow."

Greenville, Tenn. is our county site, and was also the home of Ex-President Andrew Johnson. He is buried near the city, and his monument seems to kiss the sunny sky.

My heart goes out in sympathy to the dear shut-ins. I think each sister should write to them and inclose a postage stamp, if no more. Now let's each send a mite to them, and see how happy it will make them.

I am one of Uncle Charlie's nieces, and more than one year ago, a friend of mind in Wyo. send me a donation to give to Thomas Lock-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

15.25. 15.25.1 16.45

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

nce to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybo CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

cTOBER is here and three quarters of the year has vamoosed down the plug hole of time. Just size up, figure up, and weigh up, now that you've reached the three quarter mile post of the annual race, whether you've lived the year right, and if you haven't, start right in now to make amends in the last quarter. For instance, I have had one hair on my head for the last nine months, and I'm going to try to have two before Christmas, even if I have to bite the one I have in halves and plant it beside the other half. Billy the goat has eaten one freight train since January but hopes to get outside at least half a dozen more before the turkey season sets in. So you see we are doing our level best to set you a good example and it's up to you to follow suit. If you can't follow with an entire suit, follow with at least a pair of pants. If you can't follow with even that amount of clothing you'd better stay home.

Honestly though, joking apart, try and make some kind of a record for yourself, before the year passes and skidoos forever. Before you can realize it, the year will be gone and at least half of you are going to waste it. I can tell that by your letters. Please don't do it. Here are a few ways you boys can improve yourselves and the world at large: Cut out cigarette smoking. It weakens your heart, ruins your nervous system, and makes you physical and moral degenerates, and puts you in a graveyard to fertilize grass and make a free lunch for worms. If you must smoke, get a pipe and smoke only in the evenings. Cut out cigars are only stink sticks and an abomination.

Cut out "cussing". Nearly all American abomination. CTOBER is here and three quarters

can residue, it. we have your best. It is the the your letters. Plessed on't do it. Here are a few way you boys can improve your letters. Plessed on't do it. Here are a few way you boys can improve digarates some way you boys can improve digarates and was your best. The plant your nervous system, and saakes your letter, rulas your nervous system, and saakes your letter, rulas your nervous system, and saakes your letter, rulas your nervous system, and saakes you have the control of the control of

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in in

was more faithful and devoted than this poor

was more faithful and devoted than this poor old doggie. Dan was a member of the League, and his life was an example to us all.

Seven one year "subs" to Comfort will secure you a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems, elegantly bound in silk cloth. The best gift book on the market. Start in to ret the seven subs, and win the book and put it aside until December 25th, and then spring it on your best girl (or boy) and they'll fall in your arms and say: "Take me and pay my board forever!" You're missing half your life if you don't win this book.

Our first letter is exceedingly interesting. It gives a capital account of the opening of the Jamestown exposition by President Roosevelt and Uncle Charlie, assisted by Toby and Billy

the Goat.
Newfort News, Va., Aug. 5, 1907.

Newport News, Va., Aug. 5, 1907.

Dear Uncle Charlie:
Newport News, my home city, is situated on Hampton Roads at the mouth of the James river. It is named after Capt. Newport. It was here at Newport News that the early settlers first sighted Lord Delaware's ships in 1610, when they brought the much needed supplies that saved the colony. In Hampton Roads the first battle between iron-clad ships was fought.

Newport News has only been a city for eleven years but it has a population of 28,749 persons. We have one of the finest harbors in the world and can accommodate the largest ships affoat. So to any of my cousins who like water sports I extend a hearty invitation to visit the city on the James.

Now, I'll stop lecturing and get down to business.

Edith Fishleigh, 159 4th St., Wyandotte, Mich., whose letter appeared in April issue is very grateful for assistance rendered her. Your help bought her a wheel chair. The mandolin she raffled, was won by S. C. Rucks, Cleveland, Miss.

Arthur Page, the blind boy of Milo, Me., reports the death of his faithful old dog Dan. Dan passed away June 18, at the age of fourteen years. If there is a Heaven for dogs as many believe, Dan will certainly have a front seat. No human being who ever lived

of your statements. You say the President's yacht steamed up the roads. Honestly you don't expect us to believe that, do you? I never knew ships could steam around on dry land, and I for one just can't and won't believe it, rude though it is to doubt a lady. Another thing I'd like to know. Why did those blooming English Johnny Bulls come chasing over here in 1607? Why didn't they stay at home? "America for the Americans" is my battle cry, and I think those Johnnies had an awful nerve butting in over here. What right had they, coming here interfering with us any way? If I'd been President in 1607 I'd have had Congress pass a law to have kept them out, and I'd have sent Admiral Dewey with the whole American fleet to see the order was carried out. Those Britishers had a nerve invading our country any way. We didn't want them. I wonder our Immigration Commissioners ever allowed 'em to land.

Another thing I can't believe: You say 'em to land.

'em to land.

Another thing I can't believe: You say you have a plant at Newport News that covers one hundred and twenty acres of ground. I saw a cabbage once that was nine feet from its nose to its shoetops, but that's nothing to a plant with a half a mile of water front and spreading over one hundred and twenty acres. I shouldn't like to have to prepare a plant that size for the cook pot. Another thing. You say the warships peeled their thunder. Now honestly Eva, I don't think a warship could peel a potato, let alone a good healthy noisy thunder. Never mind, Eva, you've written a dandy letter and deserve our heartfelt thanks and gratitude for giving us a free trip to the exposition. free trip to the exposition.

Our next letter is an admirable one. Read it and take its splendid lesson to heart.

Our next letter is an admirable one. Read it and take its splendid lesson to heart.

406 N. MAIN ST., NORWICH, CONN., July 8, 1907. DEAR UNCLE CHARLE:

It has been a long time (six months) since I receiving letters from the cousins, I think it is and button and though I am past fifty years of age, I hope that will not debar me from receiving letters from the cousins. I think it is receiving letters from the cousins, I think it is receiving letters from the cousins. I think it is receiving letters from the cousins I think it is receiving letters from the cousins. I think it is receiving letters from the cousins, I think it is receiving letters from the cousins. I think it is receiving letters from the cousins I think it is receiving letters from the cousins. I think it is receiving letters from the cousins I think it is receiving letters from the cousins. I think it is receiving letters from the cousins I think it is receiving letters from the cousins I think it is receiving letters from the cousins I think it is receiving letters from the cousins of the c

"I love my country's vine-clad hills, Her thousand bright and gushing rills, Her sunshine and her storms; Her rough and rugged rocks that rear Their heavy heads high in the air In wild fantastic forms."

Your old six foot, two hundred and fifty pound, Nutmegger" cousin will now close. Fraternally purs. WM. A. ROCKWELL (13,647).

Tour old six foot, two hundred and fifty pound, "Nutmegger" cousin will now close. Fraternally yours.

Cousin Will, I am glad you have mentioned the subject of kindness to animals, as that is one of the things this League has sworn to promote, but I am sorry to say that this subject, which is of tremendous importance, is seldom, if ever, discussed in any of the letters that come to me. I think I'll make it a rule to publish no letter unless it contains a record of one act of kindness to our dumb friends. I know your letter will do a lot of good, and I thank you for your kindness to the poor patient beasts who contribute so much to our welfare and happiness. What a glorious example the animals set us in many things. You never saw an animal drunk with liquor. You don't have to preach temperance and make prohibition laws for animals, for they know when they've had enough, which is more than the human animal knows. A dog will stick by a man when he's penniless and in rags. All the juicy meat bones in the world won't tempt a faithful old doggie from his starving master. How many of your human friends stick to you when you're down and out? Not one, except it be a devoted old mother. Some animals are capable of infinitely more love and devotion than human beings. With them it's true till death and they ask no return but a kind word and a little petting. Will, you speak of animals "following" you. I can tell you scores of instances where animals have also followed me. I had a bear follow me up a tree once, and when I called or tried to call on my best girl last night, the bulldog followed me right home. That dog got quite attached to me before we parted. It took a crowbar and a club to loosen the attachment as he had attached himself to the seat of my pants. Toby says he's kind to animals too, and always helps Billy the Goat riced to call on my best girl last night, the bulldog followed me right home. That dog dot quite attached to me before we parted. It took a crowbar and a club to loosen the attachment as he had att





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ONLY A GIRL or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kally, two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-natured lad off fitten pulls them spart, Rajby Straight, who brys papers of kadge, place will be gow the him. The boys mistake him, for a fly cop, and bave tells him if the bindery. His sixter Alloe will show her. Madge this a pity for a grill it has been the state of the first the bindery. His sixter Alloe will show her. Madge goes to Rajbr's home, and she opens her heart to Mr. Birdight and tells of her mother and the counse she gove to Rajbr's home, and she opens her heart to Mr. Birdight and tells of her mother and the counse she gows to Rajbr's home, and she opens her heart to Mr. Birdight and tells of her mother and the counse she gow to happier girl in New York City.

Cling clase. Rajbr walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Cling clase. Rajbr walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Cling clase. Rajbr walks home with Madge and the constant and tells of her mother shades and the counsel has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Bhirley sole heir to his estate. He receives a visitor, marked Madge, to so hair million. It is abased the summary of the

CHAPTER VII. MADGE PROGRESSES.

VERTON laughed uneasily.
That laugh belied the words that

'That laugh belied the words that he uttered.

"Bah!" he said, "you are talking folly! A mystery, and you will unravel it? Well, my friend, proceed to unravel it as soon as you get ready."

And, turning upon his heel without further ceremony, he left the room and began descending the stairs.

"Yer let him off too easy, Mr. Straight," said Dave. "Say, sha'n't I go after him an' help him down ter der street!"

"No, no," said Ralph hastily. "Stay where you are."

"No, no," said Ralph hastily. "Stay where you are."
"I wouldn't mind givin' him one in der neck meself, jes' fer luck," said Madge. "S'pose I go after him?"
"Nonsense!" said Ralph. "Ah, there's the whistle! Get back to your work, Dave; I'm afraid you've missed you'r lunch."
"Oh, dat's nothin'," said Dave, slouching off; but he was hungry, nevertheless.
"Wait a minute, Madge," said Ralph, when he, his sister and our heroine were left alone. "Are you sure you have heard the name of Shirley Everton before?"
"Dead sure," returned Madge positively.
"And from your mother's lips?"
"Never heard it nowhere else."
"That is strange. What could she have known of Shirley Everton?"
"Dunno, Mr. Ralph. But he must have been a friend o' hers, for she spoke a good deal about him."
"Can you remember anything that she said?"
"Not exactly, but I know she allers spoke o' him as if he was dead. Maybe it wasn't

"Not exactly, but I know she allers spoke o' him as if he was dead. Maybe it wasn't the same man at all, Mr. Ralph—oh, it couldn't ha' been."

the same man at all. Mr. Raiph—on, it comments have been." said Ralph Straight, meditatively. "Well, go back to the folding-room, Madge: we will speak of this again tonight." They did speak of it again that evening, when the labor of the day was done, and they all—Ralph, his sister, his mother and Madge—sat together in the cozy little parlor of the flat, but they could arrive at no conclusion—how could they?—and the subject was at last dropped.

how could they?—and the subject was at last dropped.

"I feel convinced," said Ralph, "that, as I said to Mr. Everton, there is some mystery in all this, and I am going to try to find out what it is. But there is something else that I want to speak to you about, Madge."

"What is it?" asked the girl, with wideopen eyes. "Nothin' hain't gone wrong wid my work, has it?"

"No, no, your work is all right; but—but

Ralph paused, and his face flushed.
He hardly knew how to express his thoughts in a way that would not offend Madge.
The girl belped him out.
"I t'ink I know what yer wanter say, Mr. Ralph."

"I t'ink I know what yer wanter say, Mr. Ralph."
"You do?"
"You do?"
"I guess I do, anyhow. Oh, I ain't no fool, an' I b'lieve in speakin' right out when dere's anyt'ng ter be said. I don't talk like you an' Miss Alice, an yer kinder 'shamed o' me, nin't dat it?"
"Not exactly ashamed, Madge," began hlalph: "but——"
"Dat is it, den," interrupted Madge. "Well. I t'ought so. Don't never be 'fraid ter say jest what yer mean ter me, Mr. Ralph. I know yer 'shamed o' me, au' I don't blame yer, fer I hain't had no high-toned eddycation, an' I say in the sweet-faced lady sat and smited benging and the whistle blew, which announced the closing of the establishment.

"Well, that was our bargain," admitted Everton.
"Of course it was."
"But the girl has not been put out of the way."
"How do you know?" inquired Harold, sharply.
"All ready," returned the driver in a low tone.
"Yes, you have, and you've opened your mouth once or twice too often, too. Oh, don't weary, some bright and happy, began to troop out of the great bindery.

could afford to wait."

"But—"

"J:st so. But, owing to your own stupidity—excuse me, dear boy—the business has got to be hurried a little. By your unlucky and ill-timed visit to the bindery you put yourself in a very unpleasant position. You said just enough to arouse the suspicions of Ralph Straight—who is no fool—and he has been trying to yank the skeleton out of the closet for the last fortnight. I think he is beginning to be discouraged now, but we ought to get to work, all the same."

"Well. then," asked Everton petulantly, "why don't you get to work?"

"I'm going to, my dear boy, but be patient—be patient."

"You intend to dispose of the girl?"

"Yes—at the price agreed upon."

sister, studiously watched every movement. She was an apt pupil, and she soon began to improve.

Instead of "dat" she said "that;" she substituted "the" for "der;" she eliminated all the slang she could detect from her conversation, and although her grammar was by no means faultless, her natural refinement asserted itself, and a very decided improvement was manifest.

Every evening the little family—Ralph, his mother, his sister, and Madge—met and discussed current topics, and it e untutored, but enthusiastic girl listened eagerly to the discussions that were provoked, and sometimes spoke—usually to the point, though not always elegantly.

In these evening conversations Shirley Everton was sometimes spoken of, but after a time the interest that his singular visit to the bindery had excited began to grow less, and his name was mentioned with less frequency. Ralph Straight, in his few leisure moments, had made some inquiries as to the mysterious connection between the millionaire and the humble, illiterate mother of Madge Mason, but had gained no information.

How could he?

What chance has worth in a contest with wealth—mind in a struggle with millions?

"Now quiet down; lugs are thrown away on me."

"Well," said Everton after a brief silence, during which he seemed to be struggling with some strong internal emotion, "I can't see what good this girl's death is going to do me, after all."

"Can't you?"

"1. I shall still be an illegitimate son in the eyes of the aw. Whether she lives or dies my position is the same."

"True. But it will be a deal safer after she's dead."

"Humph!"

"Oh, there's no sense in sneering about it; it's just as I say. With her out of the way who is there to dispute your claim to the estate?"

"You." How could he?
What chance has worth in a contest with wealth—mind in a struggle with millions?
But during this time the mind of Shirley Everton was by no means easy.
He had heard nothing of Richard Harold for two weeks, and his mental condition was decidedly uncomfortable when one evening Tompkins entered his room and announced:
"That—er—gentleman who was here on the night of the big ball, sir, is waiting to see you again."

you again."
"Where is he?" asked Everton hoarsely.

"Where is he?" asked Everton noarsely.
"In the reception-room, sir."
"Tell him I'll be with him in a minute."
After taking a liberal drink from a black bottle that he kept in his desk, Everton descended to the reception-room, where Harold greeted him with:
"Ah, there! How goes it, old man?"

CHAPTER VIII.

HAROLD AT WORK.

Everton drew back haughtily. His visitor's familiarity annoyed, offended

him.

"Mr. Harold, I believe?" he said.

"Well, you believe right, old boy." said Harold, who was evidently a trifle "tipsy."

"I am Mr. Harold—otherwise Richard Harold, otherwise Dick Harold, otherwise etcetera, etcetera. Call me anything you please; but let's get down to business."

Everton maintained his frosty demeanor. He had prepared himself for this interview, which he knew must come sooner or later.

which he knew must come sooner or later.
"I am ready for 'business.' " he said.
"What communicaton have you to make to
me? When we last met I believe we made a

mer When we last met I believe we made a bargain?"
"Yes," interrupted Harold, "we did. I agreed to put the girl, Madge Mason, out of the way for a consideration—isn't that right?"
"Hush!" interposed Everton. "Not so loud!" loud

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290 Sixth Street Detroit, Mich. the bindery, and the way you made a fool of yourself there—I've heard the whole story."

"Sir——' began Everton.

"Don't get excited, I tell you," interrupted Harold. "You made a fool of yourself, as I said. I tol! you to leave the whole thing to me and you wouldn't, and you nearly gave yourself away."

"I heard nothing from you, and I had to satisfy myself," said Everton.

"You heard nothing from me because I was out of town."

"Yes, on business. I have other affairs on hand, my dear Everton, and yours, I thought, could afford to wait."

"But——"

"You intend to dispose of the girl?"
"Yes—at the price agreed upon."
"The half of my fortune?"
"Just so, one million dollars."
"I shall not pay it," said Everton resolutely.
"Oh, you won't?"
"No. Of what use will it be to me to have this girl put out of the way?"
"Don't you see any use in it?"
"No."

"No."
"Then you're even a bigger fool than I thought you were."
"Sir!"
"Now quiet down; lugs are thrown away

estate?"
"You."
"I? Ha, ha, ha! Well, I might make you trouble if I wanted to, but I'm not the sort of fellow to do that if—I can make more by keeping my mouth shut."
"Exactly. Well, how much longer do you intend to be about the job?"
"Not much longer. You are still willing."

"Not much longer. You are still willing to give a cool million to get the girl out of the way?"
"Yes if—"

"If the job is done at once-within twenty-

Just before Stanley's book-bindery closed that evening, a pleasant-faced lady of about thirty-five drove up to the door of the establishment in a coupe.

Upon the door of the vehicle was an elabo-

rate monogram, upon the box sat a liveried The appearance of such an equipage in that

neighborhood created no slight excitement.

The sweet-faced lady sat and smiled benignantly upon them until the whistle blew, which announced the closing of the establishment.

four hours."
"Humph! Make it forty-eight."
"Forty-eight, then."
"Done!"

'If what?'

As Madge Mason stepped upon the pavement the driver gave a quick, sharp tap upon the window.

Instantly the lady threw open the door of the vehicle and stepped out.

Approaching Madge Mason, she said:

"May I have a few words with you, my dear?"

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Her face was so pleasant, her manner so prepossessing, that Madge replied at once: "Yes, ma'am. What is it?" "Have you ever heard of the Hand and Heart Society?"

"Have you ever heard of the Hand and Heart Society?"

Madge never had, for the simple reason that no such society existed; so she replied in the negative.

"Well," said the sweet-faced lady, "it is a society for improving the condition of young working girls. I am its president, and this is the night of its monthly dinner. On these occasions I usually go about to places like this bindery and select some bright-faced young girl as my guest at the dinner. Your face attracted me; will you go with me?"

Madge hesitated.

"I—I ain't dressed fit," she said.

"You are dressed as well as any of the girls, my dear. But if you like we will stop at your home before we go to the dinner and give you an opportunity to 'fix up' a little."

"All right, ma'am," said Madge.

little."

"All right, ma'am," said Madge.

"You will go?"

"Yes'm."

"Then step into the carriage."

Reflecting that she could tell Ralph and his sister all about her proposed evening's entertainment as soon as she got home (for they had preceded her), she stepped into the coupe.

Scarcely had she done so when the window shades were pulled down.

A peculiar, subtile odor permeated the vehicle, and Madge sunk back unconscious.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 15 cents for renewal or new subscription for 14 months, and read the next chapter.
"A Demon in Human Form," when Madge
Mason realizes she is in the home of the president of the mythical Hand and Heart Society.

The financial independence in old age of the man who works for a salary depends on his savings and his investments of small sums; and the man who has self-control enough rigidly to put aside a part of his salary till its accumulation in a savings bank is large enough to warrant investment—such a man is likely to warrant investment; for his self-denial has taught him care. The man who cannot save is not so likely to be careful in his investments—if by chance he should have anything to invest. The first step, then, not only in getting money to invest but in getting the training that is necessary to invest wisely is to save something. It is not, as a rule, the depositors in savings banks that become the victims of wild-cat schemes.

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MILWADAR SOLITIES



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Winter Eggs

HE best way to explain the necessity for certain ingredients in the winter bill of fare is to give you, in a condensed and simple form, the chemical analysis of the egg:

Water, 650 grains: albuminoids, 80 grains; oil fat, 130 grains; mineral matter, 9 grains; sugar coloring matter, 26 grains.

The remaining hundred parts of the thousand constituting an egg, are used in the makeup of the shell, consisting of fifty grains of salts of lime, twenty grains of uncombined lime (calcium oxide), the remainder being carbonic acid, water o ferystallization.

Perhans a brief explanation of even this simple analysis may prove useful. Albuminoids are the flesh-forming parts of food usually referred to as nitrogenous. Oil, fat, etc., are merged under the heading of carbon necessary for warmth. Mineral matter consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia, sulphur, etc. It must not be imagined that my endeavors to explain the food analysis is a reflection on your intelligence or power of comprehension. It is prompted entirely by the contorted condition of most of the reading matter in nearly all the published books. Close reading of this matter used to leave my poor brain in a very hazy, muzzy condition, when I began to study cause and effect, practically, in poultry culture. Experience, however, taught me the common sense of much that, at first, seemed theoretical terms; so, after reading and digesting various authorities, a notebook was compiled for my own use, containing the gist of each article in the simplest terms possible to convey the information. During the last thirteen years practical tests of the value and benefit to be derived from each individual item has been made. When, as occasionally happened, a statement did not prove true, it was cut out: now I flatter myself there is little left in the book which is not "tested, tried, and true" worth your close attention, for it will save you much groping in a wrong direction. Knowing the material necessary to make the egg, no one ought to be foolish enough to expect Biddy to

meal and milk unskimmed.

Mineral matter, lime, soda, potash, magnesia, sulphur, are principally formed by the action of digestion in reducing the matter containing these ingredients to ash. The usual troubles assailing poultry on most farms come from the feeding of only one of these elements; poor Biddy has to stuff herself all flesh, and no warmth, or all fat and no flesh. Kill a bird that has been fed on corn only, and it will be heavy with layers of internal fat, but showing a very poor depth of breast meat. Balancing rations by trying to equalize flesh, fat (warmth), and mineral is not a very hard proposition when the values of even a

flesh, fat (warmth), and mineral is not a very hard proposition when the values of even a few grains and plants are realized.

Having read so far, you will now realize that clover hay, linseed meal, bran, wheat, oats, beef scrans and skimmed milk contain practically all the equivalents of summer foods; the addition therefore of corn, buckwheat or rye in cold weather are safe and simple, if given only as warmth-makers. Never allow the proportion to exceed what is needed allow the proportion to exceed what is needed for that purpose, or fat will be made and stored, neutralizing all your care. In other words, the hen fed on corn only, in order to accumulate the ten parts of flesh and twenty parts of fat needed for the egg, will be compelled to acquire fifty parts more fat than she requires.

Green bone and water now alone remain for consideration. The former is beyond Green bone and water now alone remain for consideration. The former is beyond doubt the best of egg foods qualifying as it does in nearly all the needed elements. Many farmers scoff at the idea of having to pay for a mill to cut up bone for chickens, yet the same men will not grudge a hay cutter for Lee horse and cow. Green bone means fresh bone from the butcher, which can be bought for about two cents a pound. The mill to grind it ranges from eight to fifteen dollars. It contains the natural meat, juices, blood, gristle, oil and mineral matter in soluble condition which renders it easy of digestion, especially for birds. Almost all the components for eggs—white, yolk, and shell,—in the most concentrated form possible. So, if eggs are to be profitable, the bone mill must be kept going. When it is impossible to obtain the green or fresh bone, the ground, sold especially for poultry, can be used, though it is not half

as satisfactory because the grinding process it has to submit to before grinding, leaves little but the phosphate of lime and earthy matter which clover and bran furnish in better form. At least half the egg is composed of water, surely a sufficient reason for impressing the importance of a generous supply accessible at all times in clean dishes of a proper temperature, cool in summer and the chill off in winter. The foregoing will enable those who want to make up combinations from the materials at hand which will include the necessary elements, to select for themselves.

Bees

Nearly all the winter losses can be traced to starvation. See that each colony has an abundance of well sealed stores.

If the beehives are in an exposed place, try edging up some boards at their backs; or get up a few bundles of fodder before winter rightly sets in. Lots of things are not attended to at all, simply because they cannot be done in a shipshape manner.

Do not try to winter your bees too warm. They need access of air from the bottom.

Liquid honey syrup should not be given to bees in winter for food. At this time they are not able to evaporate the excessive water from it. Iney should have been supplied with food in the autumn. But, as a last resort, take a cupful of liquid honey and work into it all the powdered sugar it will readily absorb; make the dough into the form of a pancake, and lay it on the brood frames directly over the cluster of bees; cover up warm and leave until spring. Then feed, for stimulative brood-rearing, liquid honey or sugar syrup.

Bees will winter better in a double-walled hive, north of latitude forty. A single-walled hive will do very well, providing a hood, say six to eight inches deep, is used instead of a flat cover.

Deep hives are very much better for t'e

flat cover.

flat cover.

Deep hives are very much better for t'e bees to winter in than are the shallow ones; but, if the hives are made too deep, very little surplus honey, will be secured. Many beemen, including myself, now use two bodies at certain times of the season, removing one just at the beginning of the main honey flow, and putting on the section boxes. The idea is to keep the whole working force of the colony together, and crowd them into the section boxes.

boxes.

Many of remember the old method of keeping bees in box hives for breeders, all ving them to swarm, then putting the swarms into other hives and depending on them for our surplus honey. In the fall of the year the swarms were brimstoned and the hivs roused of their honey; after which they were stored away to be used again the next year.

Correspondence

Correspondence

A. F. D.—Keeps a great many rabbits and asks the following questions: Which are the most profitable to raise as a business, Belgian hares or fancy rabbits? (2) Do black, black and white, or blue and white rabbits sell as fancy rabbits? (3) Can you tell me whether there is a paper printed called the Animal World? (4) I have a Belgian hare that has a swelling on the left side of the face, between the eye and nose, and runs down to his upper lip; there is a white matter running from his eye. He makes a wheezy noise when he eats. I bought him three months ago. He seemed all right, but three days after I had him, he jumped out of the box I had him in. When I caught him, his face was cut open where the swelling now is, and he had bled a good deal. I keep him in an open box with four half-grown rabbits, which are healthy. I feed grass, corn and oats ground together, and a small piece of bread twice a day.

A.—Much depends on your market. If you have space to keep Belgians in large quantities, and can supply general produce markets, and money to buy stock, they are undoubtedly profitable. Keeping only a few white rabbits or anyone of the fancy breeds would pay better. (2) The ordinary mixed colors sell as pets, when young, for about fifteen cents each; black and white, and blue and white, when true to the Dutch marking, are among the best of fancy rabbits. (3) I should imagine the buck got some dirt into the cut, which has caused an abscess to form. Bathe the face with lukewarm water, then apply carbolated vaseline; repeat this treatment every day until all matter and swelling has disappeared. You should not keep a buck in a hutch with half-grown rabbits; put him in a place by himself. Do you give salt in the feed twice a week, or in the drinking water? If not, neglect it no longer, or at least put a lump of rock salt in the hutch. Instead of ground feed all the time, use whole oats. Gather a few oak-leaves and acorns, and put them in his house; he is sure to nibble them and they are one of the best nat

one of the best natural tonics for all rabbits.

S. G. S.—I have a new disease among my chickens, and my neighbors are anxious to have me ask you about it. The first was a half-grown bird, and I thought, when first looking at it, that its back was injured. It could hardly stand up. I put it in a little storeroom. It seemed very hungry and pecked at its food rapidly but never got a crumb! I put food in its mouth and it swallowed. The next morning there were eight similarly affected; all young chicks. In a day or two some hens commenced. In all I lost about thirty. Some had slight diarrhea; others, not any. They lived a long time after being taken sick and seemed to die from exhaustion; their combs were red until they died. I dissected one, but couldn't see anything.

A.—I should imagine there must be some form

from exhaustion; their combs were red until they died. I dissected one, but couldn't see anything.

A.—I should imagine there must be some form of indigestion and liver trouble running riot among your chickens, and, as it affects young and old alike, there must be some easily found cause for it. If the birds are on free range, a ripening wheat or barley field may be answerable for over-feeding; new grain is dangerous. Lime or strong fertilizers will attract poultry and is an enlargement of the food passage just before it reaches the gizzard, and is seldom met except in connection with an attack of inflammation of the crop—overfeeding will cause such a complication. I once lost a lot of chickens with just such symptoms as you describe. After much trouble we traced the cause to a leakage in the kitchen sink drain, which allowed a small quantity of all the water emptied, to run out onto the ground about two feet from the house. It was spring cleaning time and a quantity of washing-powder and strong soap had been in use. If you can trace the trouble with your poultry to some such cause, boil rice and give them the water to drink. Feed a light mash which has been moistened with clover tea. Half a teaspoonful of castor-oil when you first notice anything wrong would help to clean the intestines.

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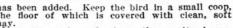
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the floor of which is covered with clean, sort hay.

Set to work and clean the poultry-house. If there is an earth floor, scrape off two or three inches; shut the house up tight and burn sulphur in it. After removing all the dirt, give the ceiling, sides, and every hole and corner, a coat of boiling hot lime wash, into each quart of which has been added two tablespoonfuls of kerosene oil and one of carbolic acid; douche all the corners well. The hens must be powdered every other night for two weeks with Dalmation powder then give the house another cleaning. Unless you work hard now, there will be no winter eggs.

R. K.—Is it profitable to caponize young

Unless you work hard now, there will be no winter eggs.

R. K.—Is it profitable to caponize young chickens. (2) What is the best age? (3) I have about fifty between two and three months old. Would you advise my caponizing them? (4) Should late hatches be started this month or next? If you could send me some literature on caponizing I should | glad.

A.—It is very profitable to caponize young roosters, and the work is best done when about three months old. You will require a set of instruments and a few lessons from an experienced operator. I could not advise your undertaking this branch of poultry-raising unless you have a specially good market for expensive goods, and have already mastered the business of feeding for table. Being a woman alone, my advice is to devote your energies to building up a good flock of laying hens, as eggs are always in demand. Late hatches should be started in August or September, which will give you broilers by Christmas. December and January are the best montas to hatch for the early summer broiler.

E. L. W.—Please tell me the best kind of pigeons or doves for scrub-raising, and where I can buy them.

A.—The Homer pigeon is the only one worth keeping for scrub-raising. I think you will find the addresses of dealers in the advertising columns.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

O. C. I do wish our paper would come oftener, once a week if possible.

I will give you a pen picture of myself. I was eighteen in September. I am five feet nine inches in height, weigh one hundred and fifty-two pounds, have a fair complexion, dark curly hair and gray eyes.

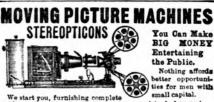
I live in the country. I have three sisters and three brothers. We live two miles out of the city on a lovely farm of fifteen acres. We have five fine horses and two rich cows. We raise grain, vegetables, apples, pears, peaches and olives, we also have two acres of grapes.

My father is living. He is sixty years of age. My mother died last January. I am the oldest of the children. My sister Ruby is next. She keeps house for all of us and is a splendid housekeeper.

In the future (that is if this doesn't find its way to the waste-basket), I will write about our

be frank with you, and not only to be Frank, but George, John and Willie with you as well, I am pressed for money. Now Mickey,—excuse my familiarity, but I always get confidential on such occasions,—I don't know if fidential on such occasions,—I don't know if you ever were pressed for money, but I'll tell you right here, it's a perilous and painful condition. A man came up last night and pressed me for the payment of an old \$5 debt, and when he got through pressing me, I was as flat as a Dutch pancake and as thin as a souvenir postal. First of all he started to press me with an axe. Then he jumped on me. He informed me that he would be back in a month's time and press me some more, and when he came next time, he'd manicure my face with his boot heel. That guy pressed me so flat, it will be weeks before I get round again—so the doctor says. Now Mickey, it (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)





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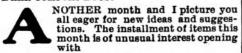




Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

DEAR COMFORT BOYS:

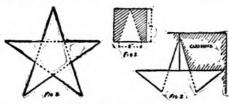


Hurry Scurry

"Hurry Scurry" is the apt name of an indoor game that for its kind yields as much harmless fun as any I know of. Place a number of chairs, one less than there are players, in a room as compactly as possible, and then all retire to the adjoining room except one person. He is called the captain and begins to read or sing slowly. Suddenly he comes to an abrupt stop and each player runs helter-skelter for a chair. The one who is disappointed drops out of the game and takes a chair with him. This is kept up until there is only one person left. The contest is interesting all through, but between the last two it is almost hair raising.

Drawing a Star

It is often necessary in various mechanical jobs to be able to draw a five pointed star. If you try it with ordinary tools I think you will find it quite impossible to draw a star which has uniform angles and lines. Now, if we analyze the figure we will find that it is composed

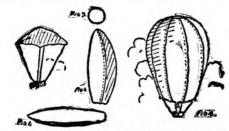


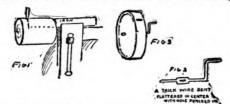
of five triangles, and as anyone can draw a triangle we are in a fair way to master the difficulty. The best way to go about it is to cut out a pasteboard pattern as shown in Fig. 1, and use it five times. The accompanying drawings make the method very plain.

Simple Coin Trick

Ask one of the company if he will accept a dime and upon receiving an affirmative answer show him the coin and press it in his open palm with a thumb that has been previously dipped in wax. Then quickly withdraw your thumb with the dime adhering to it and close the other person's hand. He will be most certain that the coin is still in his hand, for the sensation produced by the pressing will remain. Tell him he is at perfect liberty to keep it and upon opening his hand he will find to his intense astonishment that it has vanished. If you now show him the same coin you will still further mystify him.

Paper balloons are a source of much amusereper balloons are a source of much amuse-ment to the outdoor boy. The common para-chute is easily made of a piece of tissue paper, tied with two strings from corner to corner, knotted where they cross. Throw the hanging weight into the air just as you would a ball and the parachute will open and float slowly





trates this idea. Two slots that coincide are cut in the rim to let the line feed in and out. Knot the line to the center of the reel, close the can just as you would close any tin box, and wind up as you wind a tape line.

Creating Smoke

Tell the company present that you can easily fill two bottles with smoke without any matches, fuel or any inflammable substance. When some one dares you to do it, get two common bottles which you have secretly prepared by rinsing one with spirits of salt and the other with ammonia. Put the mouths of the two bottles together and the two invisible exhalations will be converted into a white vapor which will immediately fill them like thick smoke.

Coin Trick

Here's a neat little trick that any one can perform without practice or apparatus. Balance a common playing card upon the tip of the left forefinger and place a penny on it directly over the finger. Now tell the company that you propose to remove the card without disturbing the coin. It looks very difficult and of course some one will say that you cannot do it. It is accomplished by snapping the end of the card with end of the second finger of the right hand.

You will find all this interesting and I hope to give you next month, some very new ideas, that are to surpass anything we have had. Good bye until November.

Your Uncle John.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

struck me, and struck me hard, that you could help me out in this matter. Of course I don't know how rich your cows are, but probably they have several millions of dollars saved up, they have several millions of dollars saved up, and surely they wouldn't mind letting me have a small sum on excellent insecurity for about ninety years. Touch 'em for a ten spot first, and send it by express or money order. Two rich lady cows ought to be able to do that much for a man when he's pressed for money. I'm sure I'd do as much for them. If they needed the loan and I had the bucks, I'd come across with the dust. If they won't ante up with the Lasumas, tell me where these rich cows keep their wads and I'll see if I can break into their safety deposit vaults, and get next to a bunch of their long green. I don't see why cows should be rich when I'm poor, and so I've put the matter up to you, and you interview the Rockefeller cows and see if you can't get them to pony up a bunch of their real dough to tide me over till the reubens nest again. again.

A little Western lassie has a few remarks to make.

A little Western lassie has a few remarks to make.

Mt. Vernon, Wash., Jan. 15, 1907.

Dear Uncle Charlie and Cousins:

I was sweet sixteen last Nov., and you must know I feel big. I have gray eyes, light brown hair, fair complexion, am five feet eight inches tall, weigh nearly two hundred pounds. Get over a little farther, kids, this is not enough room for me. I hope you did not get washed out during the flood, I came near it. I was in Stanwood at the time. The sidewalks were all afloat, a railroad bridge was washed out between Stanwood and Mt. Vernon and the trains could not run. The wagon bridge over the Skagit river in West Mt. Vernon was washed out. One man got killed. He was the husband of one of my cousins.

I went to a play party last Saturday night, never got back till half past two o'clock Sunday morning. Had a swell time.

Say, Uncle Charlie, I am going to ask what you will say is a foolish question, but I am in earnest. Why don't they train girls to be soldiers? I would go in a minute! I don't know that this great country of ours would ever need any more soldiers than they have, but we could learn to use arms, and protect our homes, in case of an attack. How many of the cousins, that is the girls, are willing to go? I expect you will all say "no" so we will drop the subject.

Clara, you have gray eyes, eh? I'm sorry to hear your eyes are turning gray at such an

to the ground. A more ambitious effort is the paper balloon made of long, narrow curved sections, like Fig 1. Eleven is enough, if you cut and lap uniformly as shown in Fig. 2. A mixture of flour and water is used for paste. The top circular piece, Fig 3, can be put in last. Place a small candle or oil dampened sponge in the bottom hoop, light it and the hot air will soon inflate the balloon and cause it to float into the air, when you can watch it for hours.

Lightning Calculation

Lightning Calculation**

To multiply any number that contains two figures, that is, one that is more than ten and less than one hundred, by eleven, all you have to do is to add the digit together and place their sum between the two figures or digits. Example: 52 x 11 equals 572. We find it by adding 5 and 2 together and placing their sum 7 between the two figures themselves, namely 5 and 2. If the sum of the two figures exceed 9 the left-hand figure must be increased 1, thus 48 x 11 equals 528. Practice this rule till you understand it thoroughly, you will find it very convenient in your schoolwork and in real life too.

Fishline Reel*

The tothe ground. A more ambitious effort is the party yers, each of hear your eyes are turning gray at such an early age. I trust your hair is holding out, and showing no signs of following suit. I was not washed out during the flood. I twas nearly afforward outside, but I have not been washed out since I interviewed a doctor and a swell time once, and I never want another. The cook in a boarding house that I used to reside in, tried to commit suicide. She put half a ton of rough on rats in a cup of coffee, and before she could drink it, the waitress picked it in the ock in, tried to commit suicide. She put half a ton of rough on rats in a cup of coffee, and before she could drink it, the waitress picked it in the ock in, tried to commit suicide. She put half a ton of rough on rats in a cup of coffee, and before she could drink it, the waitress picked it in the ock in, tried to commit suicide. S

shooting a sword. Their beauty and charm would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had would make their enemies succumb without a murmur. Of course if the other country had women soldiers, too, things would be different. If ever two regiments of women soldiers, too, things would be the dandiest hair pulling time that ever happened. Gee, but that would rather go up against a dozen Maxim guns than tackle an angry female with a hat pin. I have been there and I know. As regards the use of arms, Clara, I don't think anyone could give the women pointers on that. You will remember that directly you were ababy in arms, and able to put up a pretty good fight I have no doubt. A sweet young gazelle-eyed blondine peach once gave me a lesson in arms I shall never forget. She put two of the fairest, dimpled, whitest embracers you ever saw around my frazzled sove neck, and I thought I was the whole cheese factory. I did not know that one of those peachy arms was reaching for my

pocketbook, and the other was digging out my pocketbook, and the other was digging out my ninety-eight cent Ingersoll, but they were. When I came out of my trance I discovered I was shy a dollar and eleven cents, three pawn tickets, and a tooth brush that has been in our family four hundred years, a steel gold watch and two bone collar buttons. Oh, no Clara, it is not necessary to teach girls the use of arms, they can all use 'em, and when they get through using 'em, a poor man has not got much left, except a little experience and a good-sized grouch. and a good-sized grouch.

All the cousins are anxious to have me print more pottery from the League "Pots", and as I believe in encouraging the work of budding genius, I have much pleasure in submitting the following letter and poem from one of our sublimest "Pots".

one of our sublimest "Pots".

RAYMOND, WASH., July 15, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I live six miles from the city of Raymond, in the woods where the birds and squarrels only sing to me. I am employed in a logging camp where they log with engines. I am nineteen years of age and six feet tall, weigh one hundred and eighty pounds. Have brown eyes and dark hair. My father has a ranch about three miles from where I am employed. The country is very fine in Summer but bad in winter.

I am a great lover of music but don't like to dance. There are no girls in this country. They are very scarce.

dance. There are no girls in this country. They are very scarce.

All the cousins may write to me I will tell them how we put logs in the river with our steam engines, the girls especially, are sure to get an answer from me soon.

Now Uncle, if you ever come to Washington bring me a sweetheart and I assure you I will get you a job in our logging camp.

And another thing I am a great song writer and I will write you all kinds of pretty songs and poets. So don't forget my pleadings, Uncle. I will write you one song for a sample.

True Love

There is a young maiden sitting on a small bench under a apple tree,
And she is a wating for someone.
Ear now she hears a step behind her
And she tearns here loving head around
And there by her side stands a young youth.

CHORUS.

Yes we are two true Lovers, ditto ditto ditto And some day we shall join our hands together fore ever and ever.

He is a handsome young boy though, And he has a small farm by a river Tis the spot where I love to be with him Cause he is so kind and gentle to me. And Oh how I do love him Though some day I shall be his wife, And he will be my husband for ever.

CHORUS.

Now this is my sample song and I wish to see all in print.

As this is my first time to join your circle, I will close my letter now. Wishing to hear from some of the cousins, I am yours (author)

JOE JAVORSKY (No. 16,199).

from some of the cousins, I am yours (author)
Joe, you were certainly inspired when you wrote the appallingly beautiful lyric above. I should think it was easy to write pottery when the "squarrels" sing, but alas, I never saw a squarrel, let alone heard one sing. Toby says he thinks a squarrel is the mother-in-law of a squirrel and that they sing through their ears once every seven years. As to this I am not competent to speak, but I should think you must have had the assistance of a good many squarrels when you wrote your medal winning love lyric. You have chosen a beautiful title for your pottery. "True Love" is an inspiring subject, and you have certainly handled it in masterly style. You have five lines in your first spasm, and none of them rhyme, and all differ as to length. So you have violated every poetic rule but that doesn't matter. A Pot can't have his fiery soul held down by mere rules, and then maybe the squarrels got in their fine work, and the rhymes got up and skiddooed to the tall grass. The last line of the first verse is sublime. "And there by her side stands a young youth". Joe, I am glad you told us that he was a young youth for we'd have had a fit if he had been an old youth. You also say the young lady was "wating" for someone. Now, I've never seen a lady "wat". Can a young lady stand on the "wat" question. Yours chorus too, is Honest Injun, Joe, you've got us all guessing on the "wat" question. Yours chorus too, is fine. But how can we sing the second line? Surely you don't expect us to sing, "Yes we are two true lovers, ditto, ditto, ditto". That would sound dreadful. Now let me tell you how I would have written that first verse and chorus. Please note that my lines rhyme, and and that the rhythm and metre are correct.

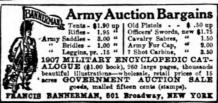
There was a young maiden, she sat 'neath a tree, When a whopping big apple flopped down on her knee.

There was a young maiden, she sat 'neath a tree, When a whopping big apple flopped down on her knee, And she gazed at that apple with joy and delight, Then she opened her mouth and took a big bite. CHORUS.

But that apple was green,-oh, that apple was green, And an agonized look on her fair face was seen. For no sooner had she, that green apple bit oh! Than she had a pain in her ditto, ditto, ditto.

Joe, you might have the lover ride up on a gasolene chow chow, with a doctor and save her life, and win her for his very own hash chopper and button sewer for life. In your chorus, you say the lovers are going to join hands for ever and ever. That would never do, Joe. Think of the predicament he'd be in if a skeeter bit him in the middle of the back and he couldn't jar loose to scratch himself in a hurry. How would she be able to fill her face with pork and beans, with her hands tied up forever and ever? Your (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)









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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

hart of Wellington, Mo. I suppose you all have

read of him.

I should like to receive letters from dif-ferent states, also from foreign countries, es-pectally from persons aged between thirty and forty. I will answer all who inclose postage.

Miss NANNIE HAYS, Box 9, Jearoldstown, R. pecially from forty. I will Miss Nana D., 3, Tenn.

MISS NANNIE HAYS, Box 9, Jearoldstown, R. D., 3, Tenn.

My Dears:

Those of us that live where the maple trees grow are certainly enjoying the beautiful changing foliage. Make the most of the outdoor life during this time. Our August number of dear old Comporer was full of good things. The barrel-shaped hat-pin holder was too cute for anything, I think I shall manufacture about six of them for Christmas, then the paper-napkin ribbon box, and some of those crocheted belts. Girls, get out your materials, crochet hooks and go to work, crocheting them of cream white with ribbon of the same color, and for those that can embroider there is the dolly. We should all be experts at all of this fancy work, as Mrs. Wilkinson has been instructing us for so long. Then the letters in our corner. I amproud of Comfort. I get many complimentary letters from our friends all over the continent, and one from my boy Hy Stanley. God bless him!

Hurrah for Florida and for Mrs. Ennis, and her neighbor, Mrs. Winchell. I certainly hope Mrs. E. you may get the entire fifty subscribers for the best paper printed for the money, I am goling down this winter for some of that Saurkraut.

At last girls you have the Salt Rising and Buttermilk Bread that I promised you long ago, but I suppose our Comfort people had to have a rest during the summer, and furthermore probably thought you had all better buy baker's bread during the heated term, which was certainly very sensible. I know I bought it.

I am going to send right off for "Take me back to Dixie," the chorus is fine; the last strain is the air of "Old Folks at Home." I like it. "Elaine." Someone wants Elaine to call him back, so they can kiss and make up. The song is worth a great deal, more than our Comfort people ask for it, let me tell you. "Silver Heels" was composed by Neil Moret and we all know what Neil's music is. "Fascination" is by W. C. Powell, as is "Elaine." Only think, anyone for the above can be had for getting a club of three subscriptons to our blessed old Comfort. Bot, have MY DEARS:

think of next I wonder? Is there anything we have not got in Comport? Now they are giving us another fine story by the talented writer, Mrs. Evans; the opening chapters are certainly promising.

Who said they thought "J. A. D." was a church of England woman?

Welcome Mrs. Haygood to our corner. Mrs. H. is an angel of goodness and mercy; many of our shut-ins pray for and bless her for her kindness and generosity.

Let me say to all those writing me bewalling their lives, their lot, their fortunes, many of them have made their beds and must lie in them. Circumstances have brought about some of the unhappy cases, but we must make the best of it. To wives, try to interest yourselves in your home duties, your work, your children, your husband's interests. Make them yours, help him. Do try to be cheerful, I know it is hard many times and goes against the grain, but we must do it, meet him with a smile, a kind word; if he moans, and groans over the hard work and times do not, whatever you do, sit down and join in, take the opposite side, try to show him that "things are brightening, the clouds are surely lifting, and from the experience of this year, we can do better next year." Now don't forget my advice; men have got to be encouraged, helped, held up, to a certain extent. Talk about women being the weaker vossel. I will warrant that nine out of ten of my women readers, practice just exactly what I have written here, they have to, or some men would go all to pleces if it were not for that good little patient woman at his side. Keep it up: it is the only thing to do, and will, to some who have written me, bring about peace and happiness it the home. One thing more. To the one writing me stating that "lilushand objects to my belonging to a club, as it takes me away from home too much. Often I am not at home when he comes in, and he does not like it." To that one I would advise drop the club. Perhaps husband would enjoy some good historical works, lectures on different subjects which you might read aloud evenings, for t

on, now interly, longing for the chasp of a vanished hand," a word from those loving lips. Oh, wives be careful, be tender, be thoughtful, sow that ye may not reap tares.

To the educated girl returning to the dear old farm, do not think because you can read Latin and Greek, that you are above scrubbing the floor, and washing the dishes. Relieve the poor, tired, worn-out mother that, has stood at the helm all these years, give her a rest, take the reins in your hands, your educated hands, perhaps they can devise some means of lightening the burdens appertaining to the home. Brains, and education are not, and need not be wasted on a farm, the long winter evenings can be devoted to reading. By planning, having system, and management about your work you can find time to paint, and follow the instincts of your refined nature; it need not be lost, or wasted because you are on the farm, your place is with your parents, take my advice remain at home. If there were other children it would be different; your first duty is to them in my estimation.

Mrs. J. L. E. Your postal received on my birthday. Thanks.

Mrs. Gilbert. I wonder if you are our eldest subscriber? I shall long remember the 26th of August, as I felt honored in writing you so you would receive the letter upon that day. I am sure you appreciated the premium you received. Your words remind me of a hymn, the chorus of which is

for my shut-in fund? God bless you whoever you are.

Mrs. Niocolas Collette. I really wish you had sent the dolly to someone else, as I have no time for that work. I shall try to comply with your request as soon as possible. Uncle Charlie's book of poems is all right, from start to finish. I am deased that you like it. Let us all remember that Comfor will make a welcome Christmas present to many of our friends, and then, besides, think of the prizes they are offering us. I hope the friend that wrote me about those medallion pictures has got some for her den. They are lovely, as are many other prizes they r.v. I know of many "St. Elmo's' that are to be given for Christmas gifts, the recipients of which will thank and bless Comfort for offering such a valuable prize.

Let the small boys get out those large pumpkins, cut out eyes, nose and mouth, insert a cande and put one on each gate post, for Hallow'een Eve. How spooky they will look.

N. B. Monday's for wealth, Tuesday's for health, Wednesday's the best day of all, Thursday's no day at all. June is the best month. Are you contemplating matrimony?

M. M. I am going to tell you about how to prevent those awful chilblains next month, if possible, for next winter they will trouble you, if I do not.

J. A. D. (Mrs. Van Dyke), Orange, Mass.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

I want to thank the many sisters for kindly remembering me through the month of May in honor of my boy's birthmonth. Some of the letters were full of sorrow, even greater than my own—some were full of gladness, but all were kind. One dear lady from the South sent me some Spanish moss and phosphate pebbles, others sent tracts, books and postal cards; one kind one sent just a verse or two which were appreciated. As a number signed no name I want to thank all for their kindness in remembering me. I have answered a few of the letters, as some sent stamps and I would have been glad to have answered all of them, but my purse would hardly allow so much for postage.

Frances C. Tucker. Many thanks for your kind letter, also the lovely poem. Sometime, we shall say, "God knew best." I will certainly pass the kindness along.

Mrs. James Nye. I do not think we belong to one another, for my husband's people were not English. Thank you for your kind words.

Mrs. Aurilla Alger. I thank you for the pansy sent in your letter, it certainly denotes true love, and that is what we all ought to have for one another.

Mrs. H. Fletcher. I regret you sprained your ankle. I hope you have completely recovered. Sometime I may write and tell you of myself and family as requested.

Miss L. M. Lebing. I wish I could see one of the rugs you have made. I should think they might be very durable.

Mrs. S. M. Sutton. Perhaps I can send you the lace later.

Miss May Pryor. Thank you for the pattern for the crocheted mitten. Do you want it back?

Mrs. Stella Fleenor. I too, love to read the Sisters' Corner. My children are. Ruth, thir-

Miss May Pryor. Thank you for the pattern for the crocheted mitten. Do you want it back?

Mrs. Stella Fleenor. I too, love to read the Sisters' Corner. My children are, Ruth, thirteen; Ella, six. I will try to write to you sometime.

Miss Alice H. Blume. I thank you for your kind letter. I hope you will be successful in your nursing.

Mrs. R. umm. It certainly is a wonderful statue, "Not dead but sleepeth." What a blessed thought! Thank you for the remembrance.

Mrs. Agnes A. Fish. You sent beautiful verses, for it is comforting to know we shall see "them" again.

Besides these I have mentioned, I thank all who wrote extending their sympathy, each letter gave me comfort and encouragment.

As the sisters take such a kindly interest in each other I will ask you all to remember a neighbor of mine. Mr. Henry Albro, So. Coventry, Plne Knoll, Conn., a man of eighty-six years, whose left side is paralyzed from a shock, Letters would cheer and break the monotony of his life, and also that of his dear patient daughter who cares for him.

Mrs. Cora E. B. Nye, Box 27, So. Coventry, Conn.

(Continued on page 15.)

Conn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)
promise to write me a "poet," Joe, is very generous, and I think I'll accept, for I'e no doubt you could compose a poet even better than you manufacture pottery. You might write me a poet ten feet tall with green eyes, blue whiskers, a far-away look, a hook nose, and a large fat juicy haif a : illion dollar wad. After you composed a poet of that description, you read him one of your exquisite and fatal gems of pottery, and while he's dying, I'll swipe his wad and leave you to bury him, while the squarrels sing a requiem. If the pottery doesn't kill him, we can get an axe and soak him one on the ditto, ditto.

Next we have our monthly shut-in letter.

had many letters from her, and have always found her cheerful and uncomplaining.

She has been waiting patiently for nearly two years for her turn to have a letter in print. There is a long hard winter in front of her and her poor old mother. You have it in your power to bring a great deal of sunshine into that little trgia home.

The grip of winter reaches even into the Sunny South. Do what you can to keep the wolf from the door of this humble abode.

Comfort's League of Cousins

voted to reading. By planning, having system, and management about your work you can find time to paint, and follow the instincts of your refined nature; it need not be lost, or wasted because you are on the farm, your place is with your parents, take my advice remain at home. If there were other children it would be different; your first duty is to them in my estimation.

Mrs. J. L. E. Your postal received on my birthday. Thanks.

Mrs. Gilbert. I wonder if you are our eldest subscriber? I shall long remember the 26th of August, as I felt honored in writing you so you would receive the letter upon that day. I am sure you appreciated the premium you received. Your words remind me of a hymn, the chorus of which is

"Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by; Trusting him what'er befall, I sain what'er befall, I sting Jesus, that is all."

Where ir le world are you, Mrs. Linden, and that great good nature—cousin of yours? I wonder if he is married yet?

Michigan friend. Thanks for the card, I wonder if you are the one that sent me the money deep if you are the one that sent me the money deep if you are the one that sent me the money deep in method be different readers of Comport, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the information of those who have not been required the cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comport's league for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of tomport of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of Comport's family, only, but those of mature the days go by. The promote of the information of the instincts of Comport'





If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year shead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the Comfort to a friend, if you aiready take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also Comfort for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance Comfort subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join Comfort's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 142 Pacific St., Brocklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for October

After you composed a poet of that description. you read him one of your exquisite and fatal gems of pottery, and while he's dying, 1'll swipe his wad and leave you to bury him, while the squarrels sing a requiem. If the pottery doesn't kill him, we can get an axe and soak him one on the ditto, ditto.

Next we have our monthly shut-in letter.

FINLNTSON, GA., R. D., 2, July 23, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please thank the cousing for their cheering letters and will you please tell them I grow weaker and more feeble everyday? My dear old mother is also very feeble. She is seventy years of age and able to do but little.

I have been a helpless cripple since childhood. Please remember me in your prayers, and help me all you can. I support myself by s'lling bookmarks with my pictures on them, for twenty-five cents.

I shall be glad to get some orders for them. Your loving niece and shut-in friend,
REBECCA WHITFIELD.

Rebecca is a poor little mite of humanity who has had one long life of suffering. I have had many letters from her, and have always found her cheerful and uncomplaining.

She has been waiting patiently for nearly

Mrs. Victoria Hutchies. Sufficience in them. Archer cheery letters. Put something in them.

Mrs. Victoria Hutchies. Rockbridge, Ky.

Wrs. Layton, Freehold, N. J. Shut-in. Send him cheery letters, and reading and the cheery letters, and reading and cheer. Can only retain milk. Another case whe e a cow would be a Godsend. Miss Addie Fuller, Ohatchee, Ala. Shut-in. Wa is and in need. Can only retain milk. Shut-in. Send her cheery letters. Put something in them.

Shut-in. Is raffling a beautiful Japanese pillow top. Chances fifteen cents. Miss Stone writes charmingly. Cive her a boost. Stend wore cheer and sympathy to Arthur H. Page of Millo, Me. He is very downhearted over the loss of his guardian and guide (Dan). Miss Bethel Dixon, Knobel, Clay Co., Ark., is paralyzed. Wants reading and quilt scraps, and stamps. Esther Rosner, Rockbridge, Ky., bedridden all her life. Wants good reading and quilt reading a d cheer. Cassie May Browne, Alexander Place, Clinton, Ark. Shut-in. Send her cheery letters. Put something in them. Mrs. Victoria Hutchins, Rockbridge, Ky. Send her cheery letters. Put something inside them. Eugene Potts, Williamstown, R. D., 1, N. Y. Crippled from rheumatism. Give him your sympathy and cheer. Mrs. Hilda White, Mooreville, R. D., 2, Ind. Would like cheery letters. Fred W. Bizell, Newton Grove, R. D., 2, N. C. Helpless from rheumatism. Remember him, please. Geo. R. Kendrick, Spencer, R. D., 3, Henry Co., Va. Shut-in. Wants letters and cheer. Hettie Latimer, Marshall, Mo. Send her cheery letters. Stella R. Rinehart, Denver, O. Wants cheery letters. Inclose stamp for reply. M. Lillian Perkins, Hunlock Creek, R. D., 1, Pa. Bedridden many years. Send her substantial cheer. Sarah Good, Brock, Neb. Sixty-six years old. Shut-in. Send her all the cheer you possibly can. Isaac Price, Lenoir, R. D., 2, N. C. Bedridden and a great sufferer for many years. Needs your help. Thomas P. Day, Fauvel, Pro. Quebec, Can. Helpless shut-in. Wants cheery letters, reading and help.

There is a list that will give you a chance to do many noble, unselfish deeds. Deeds are the passport to Heaven. You can get there no other way.

Uncle Charlie

Darken Your Gray Hair



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Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

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CHAPTER I.

JOB SEAGRAIN AND WIFE.

HAT'S the use of talk-ing, Job Seagrain?" ex-claimed Squire Peter Shif-

claimed Squire Peter Shiffletry.

"Taint no use, Squire Peter," replied Job, meekly, as he looked blankly at his visitor; "I can't pay sixty-five dollars no more'n I can fly. I haven't got a dollar in my trousers' pocket."

"What's the reason you haven't?" demanded Squire Peter, savagely. "If you get a dollar you drink it up, and idle away your time till it is all gone. You have become a lazy, goodfor-nothing fellow! You are a nuisance to yourself, to your neighbors, and to your family!"

"What's the use of telking San't was he is the use of telking San't was he is seen as a suite of telking San't was he is the use of telking San't was he is the use of telking San't was he is the use of telking San't was he is the seen as he is the seen as

"What's the use of talking, Squire Peter?" asked Job, with a sickly smile on his foolish

"I suppose it's no use; I have talked enough I suppose it's no use; I have tarked enough. I have coaxed you, and flattered you, and warned you, and now I have done something more, I have attached your place, and if you don't pay my debt, it shall be sold under the hammer."

hammer."

"That's rather hard, Squire Peter," suggested Job, with a painfully anxious expression on his face.

"Hard, is it? Do you think I'm going to find you in groceries and rum for nothing?" replied the indignant creditor, as he bestowed a withering sneer upon the weak debtor. "You have owned me sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents for more than a year. I have dunned you and dunned you for it."

"I know you have, Squire Peter, and I'm much obliged to you for it," added Job.

"You have promised and promised to pay me."

me."
"I know I have, Squire Peter, and I have

"I know I have, Squire Peter, and I have always meant to pay it."

"Why didn't you pay it, then?"

"Because I hain't had the money, Squire Peter—that is all."

"You might have paid some of it if you had had a mind to," growled the squire. "But instead of that," and the creditor waxed more indignant than ever as he spoke—"if you get a dollar, you pass by my door, and go over to Olgin's to spend it. You buy your rum and your groceries there now."

"That's because you won't trust me no more, Squire Peter," Job mildly explained.

"But I'm willing to sell you for cash, as Olgin does."

"He does trust me some."

"Not much: but he gets all your money."

"He does trust me some."
"Not much; but he gets all your money."
"He don't get much, for I hain't had hardly
any money for a year. Oysters is mighty
skeece this year."
"But they bring a high price for that
reason. The trouble is, that you don't go
after oysters."
"Tain't no use; I can't get none if I do."
"Why don't you go a fishing, then?"
"It don't pay."

"It don't pay."

"I suppose not," sneered Squire Peter. "You can do as you like now. If you don't pay my bill, I'll sell out your place just as soon as I can get judgment for my debt."

"It's rather hard for me to see you owing me sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents, going by my steps to leave what money you can

ing by my store to leave what money you can raise at Olgin's."

"I won't do so no more," pleaded the meek oysterman. "I'll pay you every dollar I get, and let you trust me for all the rum I want to driph."

drink."

"I won't trust you for a penny," protested the squire. "This business has gone far enough. Now I'm going to get my money."

"But you won't turn me out of house and home—will you, Squire Peter?"

"Yes, I will. You had better go to Olgin, and get him to raise the money for you."

It was evident that Squire Peter Shiffletry was wounded beyond the amount of his debt; and it was vexatious to see a man that owed

and it was vexatious to see a man that owed him sixty-five dollars and twenty-six cents patronizing the rival grocery of the place, and even paying cash when he wanted his jug filled.

filled.

"Do you suppose Olgin 'ill do it?" asked Job, with a gleam of hope.

"Do it! No, you simpleton!" replied the creditor, savagely. "After you have run up a bill of fifty dollars there, he will sell out your place if I don t. It's no use, Job; I want my money, and I'm going to have it this time. I have put the attachment on."
"You don't seem to have no attachment to me," groaned Job.

"I've got one now; and I'm not going to be a baby about it, either. I'm going to collect my bill. It's a bill I owe to myself and family to do so."

"I don't want you to sell the place, Squire

"I don't want you to sell the place, Squire

the boat," pleaded Job, with the deepest humil-

"I can't help it. I've let the bill stand for a year, and you haven't paid me a dollar

"But don't sell me out of house and home, Squire Peter; I will pay you every dollar I

get." I have attached the place, and I'm not go-

"I have attached the place, and I'm not going to back out now."

"The place won't fetch nothing, Squire Peter," sighed Job, with a tear in his eye.

"It isn't worth much."

"I know it, Squire Peter; but it's all I have in the world."

"Well, stir yourself, then. If you go to work, you can raise the money before I can get judgment. Do something. Make an effort. If you raise the money and pay the costs, you can save the place yet."

"I don't believe I can if you mean to be hard with me."

hard with me.'

"Get a mortgage on your house."
"My wife won't let me do that," replied Job. "I tried to do it once, and she smote me hip and thigh."
"Sell your boat, then. You don't use it much now. It will bring five hundred dollars."

lars."
"It's wuth five hundred of any man's money.
I love that boat better than I do——" he was going to say his wife, but he was afraid she might hear of the remark if he uttered it, and he checked himself—"than I do myself."

"It is a good boat, I dare say, and if you used it more, you could may your debts."
"I use it all I can. Oysters is mighty skeece, and fish don't pay."
"You ought to make that boy do something for you," added Squire Peter, glancing at a young man of sixteen or seveteen, who sat at the broken window of the room, reading a book.

book.
"He is willing to do all he can," answered

Job.
"He is a lazy fellow," said the hard creditor, sternly. "Why don't you go to work, Charlie, and help your father and mother out of trouble?"

The young man's eyes flashed as he laid his book on the window sill, and sprang to his

feet.
"Help him out of trouble!" exclaimed he.

"Help him out of trouble!" exclaimed he.
"It was you who helped him into trouble."
"What do vou mean by that, you young rascal?" demanded Squire Peter, angrily.
"Haven't I begged and pleaded with you not to sell him any more rum?"
"That is none of your business."
"You have sold him rum till he is a sot, and now you are willing to take from him everything he has in the world."
"None of your impudence to me, Charlie."

"None of yours to me, either," replied the

young man.

"Who are you, sir?" sneered Squire Peter.

"I'll let you know who I am if you don't let me alone!" replied Charlie, his eyes snapping as he gazed at the creditor of Job. "Do I owe you anything, Squire Peter?"

"You don't, but—"

You don't, but-"Then I don't want any of your chin music

"Your father owes me, and if you were not

on idle, lazy fellow, you would do something to help him pay his debts."

"I don't earn any more money to pay rum bills with. I hope you will lose every dollar he owes you for rum. If you were a decent man, you wouldn't sell rum to a man when you see it is ruining him."

"You impudent puppy!"
"You are another."

"That's the whole story," added Squire Peter, who did not like the looks of the woman, and made a movement as to place himself between her and the open door.

"You whelp of misery!" she continued; and then indulged in a sensation pause.

"It isn't necessary to use any hard words, Mrs. Seagrain. It's a just debt, and I have tried for a long time to collect that bill."

"You imp of destruction!" added the lady.
"I on't care to be isulted. I've done my business here, and now I will go."

"You grasshopper of vengeance!" continued the stalwart woman, dextrously intercepting Squire Peter on his march to the door.

"I have nothing more to say," he replied.
"You locust of wrath!"

"We are all cussed now," groaned Job.
"You bad-smelling fish!"

"Mrs. Seagrain, I will not submit to this insolence," said Squire Peter, as he made an effort to reach the door.

"Hold still you sculpin of affliction!" per-

solence," said Squire Peter, as he made an effort to reach the door.
"Hold still, you sculnin of affliction!" persisted the giantess, heading off the squire.
"You devil-fish of desolation! Look at that little man!" and she pointed at her trembling husband, crouching in the corner, behind the dilapidated cook stove. "Look at him, you cat-fish of crime!"
Squire Peter looked at him as requested.
"Haven't I ordered you not to sell that creature any rum, you rotten oyster of shame?"

"I've heard enough, Mrs. Seagrain. Busiess calls me in another direction."
"Did I ask you a question?" she demanded,

"I believe you did."
"Answer it, then! Haven't I ordered you not to sell rum to that creature, you green lobster of misery?"
"I think you did, but I sell what people want to buy."
"And now you want to reb that creature of

"And now you want to rob that creature of all he has in the world to pay his rum bill, you foul fish of desolation!"

The lady had evidently exhausted her vo-cabulary of epithets, and found it necessary to go through with the list again.

"It wasn't all for rum," pleaded Squire

Peter.
"Most of it was, you putrid mackerel of cut of the cut of t

wrath! If you attempt to sell out this place, I'll scratch your eyes out!"

"Do you threaten me, Mrs. Seagrain?"

"No; I don't threaten you, but if you do "No; I don't threaten you, but if you do it, I'll scratch your eyes out! I'll crack the bones in your miserable skin, that's all!



Easy, easy; kinder easy, Charlie," interposed Job Seagrain, appalled and terrified at the bold speech of the youth.

"I speak only the truth; Squire Peter knows it and there," whethere is the property of th

and that's what pinches him,"

it, and that's what pinches nim," replied Charlie.

"Don't be sassy to him, boy."

"He had better not be sassy to me, either. Job, I con't come here to be insulted," added Squire Peter, holding his head up very stiffly.

"If you came here to insult me, you had btter take yourself off," said Charlie. "If you call me a lazy fellow again, I'll put you out of the house."

"Kinder easy, Charlie," pleaded Job.
"I don't put any money into your pockets
for rum bills, if I can help it."

Just at that moment the front door of the
house was thrown wide open, and the form of
Mrs. Betry Any Soggraphy delibered its reacted. house was thrown wide open, and the form of Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain darkened its portal. It was no insignificant form, either, for its flesh, blood, and bone would have turned the scale at two hundred and twenty-five pounds. Job was five feet high. There was a great deal of Mrs. Seagrain; she was a giant among women; and much as there was of her, it was unbapaily of work had quality.

"What's the matter now?" she demanded, with the air of one who felt she was mistress of the situation, however difficult it might

Job Seagrain shrunk into a corner, and cowed like a terrified child. With fear and trembling he stole a glance at her, and then gazed stupidly on the floor. He did not ungazed stupidly on the floor. He did not undertake, in answer to the lady's question, to tell what the matter was now. He preserved a discreet silence, willing that anyone but himself should inform her in regard to the situation. Squire Peter Shiffletry took the duty upon himself, and briefly stated that he

duty upon himself, and briefly stated that he had put an attachment upon the place, and in due time intended to have it sold to satisfy his claim.

"That's it, is it?" said Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain, planting herself before the creditor, with her lips compressed and her eyes glaring.

Job stole another terrified glance at her.

You may go now, you villain of wrath!"
Squire Peter Shiffletry availed himself of this permission, and departed without the formality of bidding the family adieu.

"Has it come to this?" said Mrs. Seagrain, as she went to the corner where poor Job was crouching, and taking him by the collar, dragged him out into the middle of the room. "Has it come to this?"

"Kinder easy, Betsy Ann," moaned Job, as the giantess shook him more roughly; "kinder easy. I'll do better now. I'll never drink another drop, Betsy Ann,"

"You've said that forty-nine times within a year, you useless little creature!" added the

another drop, Betsy Ann."

"You've said that forty-nine times within a year, you useless little creature!" added the lady, as she again exerted a portion of her strength upon him.

"Kinder easy, Betsy Ann, I'll do better this time; I'll go right out now and borrow the money to pay Squire Peter."

"You little simpleton! Do you suppose anybody would lend you a dollar, even to save your carcass from putrefaction?"

"Yes, Olgin will lend me the money. Kinder easy, Betsy Ann," pleaded Job.

"Not he, unless you give him a mortgage on the house or the boat. No mortgage shall you give, for you would drink up the place and the boat in another year. It's a shame, you little fish of idleness! Here I've toiled and dug for twenty-one years for you, and now I'm to be sold out of house and home to pay your rum bills!"

Moved to wrath, as she thought of the miserable prospect before her, she shook poor Job till his bones rattled in his skin.

"Kinder easy," begged he, in pleading tones.

"Everything is kinder easy with you, and that what's the trouble. Kinder easy!" repeated she, as she actually tossed the unhappy man over on the floor; but she immediately picked him up again, and continued to discipline him, in spite of his earnest suppli-

happy man over on the noor; but she immediately picked him up again, and continued to discipline him, in spite of his earnest supplications for mercy.

"That's enough!" cried Charlie, indignantly.

"Now let him alone."

The young man was on his feet, with his fists clinched. Mrs. Seagrain did not desist,

and did not notice the remarks of the boy. He evidently "meant business;" for grasping one of her stout arms, he attempted to release her hold upon the unfortunate victim of her wrath. If he accomplished nothing more at first, he succeeded in distracting her attention.

tion.
"Let him alone!" cried Charlie, in loud and firm tones; "I've seen enough of this sort of

thing."

"What do you mean, you little puppy?"
said Mrs. Seagrain, while she gazed with astonishment at the bold youth, who had never before attempted to interfere in the family quarrel, of which he had often been a witness.

"You shall not knock the old man about in that sort of shape any more," replied Charlie.
"Did you say that, little boy?" she asked coolly.

mean it."

"I see I must take you in hand," she added.
"I've stood this thing long enough. I won't
be knocked about myself or have the old
man knocked about, either," said Charlie, deman kr fiantly.

"You won't?"

"No; I won't!"
The young man darted between the woman The young man darted between the woman and her victim, ard wrenched her grasp from his collar. He did it so quickly, and with so much energy, that he had not only released Job, but escaped her clutches himself. Seizing a small boat-hook, made of a broom handle, which hung in the room, he planted himself between Job and his unloving spouse. The lady looked wrathfully at him. Opposition in her own house, either by word or deed, was a new thing to her, and she was taken "all aback" by it.

"Kinder easy, Charlie," whined Job.
"Do you mean to strike me with that boathook?" demanded Mrs. Seagrain.
"Not if I can help it; but if you put your finger on him or me, I shall hit as hard as I know how," replied Charlie, shaking his head to emphasize the remark. "I can't stand this thing any longer. I am sick as death of it, and I will fight Job's battle for him as long as I can stand up."

"Kinder easy, Charlie," muttered the mis-

of it, and win ingle of the long as I can stand up."

"Kinder easy, Charlie," muttered the miserable victim, terrined beyond measure at the

"Kinder easy, Charlie," muttered the miserable victim, terrined beyond measure at the boldness of the boy.

"Am I to submit to this little wretch's treatment of me?" demanded Mrs. Seagrain.

"Am I to be turned into the fields by his folly and sin?"

"I hope not, but it won't help the matter any to knock him about as you do," replied Charlie, with the dignity of a sage.

"I won't put up with it!" sau she spitefully, when she discovered that she had been intimidated, and had exhibited some signs of yielding. "I'll grind him to powder."

"No, you won't" added Charlie, demonstrating with the boat-hook.

Mrs. Seagrain was not so brave a woman as her fliopant tongue and her muscular effort seemed to indicate. She was the mistress of the house, rather because no one had opposed her than because she had the strongest will, and the stoutest arm. Job Seagrain was by no means an infant. On the sea, in the wild mutterings of the tempest, he was a bold, brave old fellow. His was a sinewy arm, and he could lift as big a basket of oysters as many a man of much greater weight. The woman did not like the looks of the young man. Inere was a fire in his eyes which warned her to be cautious. She did not offer to touch Job again. She seated herself by the stove, but she rocked and tipped herself about in the intensity of her excitement. She wanted to shake Charlie, and restore her authority, but the boat-hook was an ugly weapon, and she had a wholesome dread of it, for she knew that the young man was both stout and quick. If she could get hold of him, she could shake him all to vieces, as she did Job: but in the present instance, she must wait for a more convenient season to discipline the bold rebel.

"Things have come to a pretty pass in this house!" exclaimed Mrs. Seagrain, as she rocked violently in her chair. "I supnose I

"Things have come to a pretty pass in this house!" exclaimed Mrs. Seagrain, as she rocked violently in her chair. "I suppose I ain't nobody here now. Am I to be put down in this manner?"

ain't nobody here now. Am I to be put down in this manner?"
"Easy, Charlie," whined Job. "Don't set on her again."
"The drunken little whelp of desolation," muttered the wife.
"Things are going to be different now." said the young man. "We won't have any more knocking about in the house."
"You wait and see," snapped Mrs. Seagrain. "We shan't have any house much longer," groaned Job.

more knocking about in the house."

"You wait and see," snapped Mrs. Seagrain.

"We shan't have any house much longer," groaned Job.

"Yes, we shall, governor. Don't worry about that. You and I can raise money enough to pay off this bill," added Charlie, confidently.

"I t...nk it is about time you did something," snarled the discomforted woman. "You have been laying about all summer, both of you, doin' nothin'."

"Come, governor, we will go off tonight, and see what we can make."

"Where are you going?" asked Job, timidly. "Going to make some money to pay this bill," replied Charlie. "We shall not be back till tomorrow night, if we are then."

"Are you going to stay away all night?" inquired Mrs. Seagrain.

"Yes, and perhaps tomorrow night."

"Where are you going?"

"To New 10rk."

"Don't you go, Job Seagrain," interposed his wife. "If you do, you shall suffer for it."

"But we must go to the city to sell our oysters," explained Charlie.

"You haven't got any oysters to sell."

"I know where to get them."

"I know where to get them."

"Where?" inquired Mrs. Seagrain.

"That's my secret, and I won't tell it to any living soul. Come, governor, we will pay off this bill in a few days."

"Don't you go, Job." protested the woman.

"Just now you grumbled at us for not doing anything; and now you won't let the governor do a job that will pay off his debts."

"I want to know what the job is first," replied Mrs. Seagrain.

"You won't know from me," answered Charlie, sullenly, as, with the boat-hook in his hand, he left the house.

Job immediately followed, for he dared not remain alone with his wife while she was in her present wrathful humor.

"Job! Job!" cried she, coming to the door.

"Don't mind her, governor. Come along with me," added Charlie, as he took a pair of oars from the shed.

"I dassent go," pleaded Job.

"Be a man, and come along."

"Do you know where there's any oysters?" asked the poor man.

"I do; I know where there's a bed of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

To be a member of the Glub means that you have the privilege of writing me confidentially, any and every time you want, about anything that troubles you in your personal appearance, and I'll tell you my way to overcome it. So many people write me about just such things that I can't reply through the mails, but I'll answer in these columns. Sign your letter with your full name, of course, but also tell me what initial or non de plume to use in answering you, and you will find the answer under these initials. Of course all of this advice is intended to be given free for the good of all GOMFORT aubscribers, so in asking any questions you only have to be sure that your subscription is paid in advance; if it has expired or is about to expire you had better inclose 15 cents to the Publisher for a renewal to COMFORT when you write—then you will not miss any of the Beauty Talks.

won't mind this health rule at all, your room is perfectly ventilated and make it a point to sleep at least nine hours every night, if at all possible. Sleep is one of the strongest foundation boards of health and acts as a magic aid to beauty and happiness, and a little attention to the

foundation boards of health and acts as a magic aid to beauty and happiness, and a little attention to the pros and const thereof, will prove well worth your while. Be sure and not cover your head with the bed-clothes at night, thus depriving yourself of the warm air, and be careful about your covers, they should be warm but not heavy. A blanket is most desirable. Try and be as lazy as possible. You never saw a thin woman who was lazy. No, indeed. The whole family of thinners spend their time hunting for something to fill the flying hours. Let the hours fly if they want to, my dears, they are used to it, they have been doing it ever since the days of Mother Eve, but weary mortals weren't meant to fly, so just settle down into a quiet little walk and you'll find it gives the pounds of flesh a chance to catch up and settle down where they belong. Take a little nap in the middle of the day, even if only for fleten minutes. The napping habit can be cultivated. Sleep may not come at the first call or the second, but even resting with relaxed nerves and closed eyes, is something. This all sounds very lazy and indolent but that is what I want you to be for a few weeks. Give yourself time to grow beautiful. Let other things go for awhile. Give up your fack wonderfully. This movement should be repeated ten or twelve times. Now rub downward under your arms to the hips. Do this ten imes. Now rub downward under your arms to the hips. Do this ten imes. Now rub downward under your arms to the hips. Do this ten imes. Now rub downward under your arms to the hips. Do this ten imes. Now rub down the front and upthe back. You are now quite times. Now rub downward under your arms to the hips. Do this ten imes. Now rub downward under your arms to the hips. Do this ten imes. Now flow our arms to the hips. Do this ten imes. Now flow our arms to the hips. Do this ten imes. Now flow our arms to the hips. Do this ten imes. Now flow our arms to the hips. Do this ten imes. Now flow un arm to hour first pour arms to the hips. Do this ten i

serious pursuits. After I see you firmly established in Beautyland, you can work as much as you please.

When your morning duties are over, slip into a comfortable hat and jacket, wear sensible shoes—sensible spells pretty also, you know—and take a good long walk in the fresh morning air. It will do you worlds of good. You need exercise and plenty of it to make the blood circulate and bring out a natural elimination of all waste and poisonous matter in your system. You can't be beautiful nor healthily plump, without good, pure blood flowing through your veins. To gain the much desired flesh, put on the curves of beauty and purify your blood, eat sensible food, such as fresh vegetables, baked potatoes, bacon, baked apples, etc., etc., and avoid fried foods as you would the plague. Cakes, pies, rich gravies, pancakes, fried meats and rich puddings are all bad and either make you unhealthy and flabbily fat or reverse the matter and cause you to become anemic and thin with sallow skin, dull eyes, and a discouraged outlook. In addition to eating sensible food, I wish all my girls would begin to drink—MILK!
Yes, I suppose you are surprised, but milk is a sovereign beauty remedy and has the additional wish all my girls would begin to drink—MILKI Yes, I suppose you are surprised, but milk is a sovereign beauty remedy and has the additional merit of being easy to take, easy to get and last but not least, it is extremely inexpensive. Now, please drink milk and lots of it this coming month, as in my opinion it is the "broad high road" to Beautyland. I have tested this diet and know what it will do, as I am a milk devotee and have practically lived on it for four years, and I know it brings health and beauty in a greater or lesser degree to anyone taking it. Try it and see what it does for you. I know you will all be delighted and "swear by milk" for the rest of your days. Milk makes good pure blood, rests the stomach which is having such a desperate struggle to hold its own, builds up your tissues and aching nerves, gives you firm healthy flesh, a dazzling complexion, bright, lustrous eyes, red lips, and plexion, bright, lustrous eyes, red lips, and there you are—a beautiful woman! Do you want to know how to take this diet? Well, take four quarts of milk every day, being careful to sup it very slowly, holding it in the mouth until thoroughly salivated. In this way the milk is digested before it reaches the stomach and prevents an attack of biliousness. So many people complain of this drawback in connection with a milk diet but when milk connection with a milk diet, but when milk forms into hard curds in the stomach, it is simply a sign that it has not been properly taken. Remember, milk is a food just as beefsteak is. You chew your beefsteak before swallowing it, do the same with your milk and swallowing it, do the same with your milk and you will have no trouble with so-called "biliousness." In addition to this milk diet you should take one small meal, composed chiefly of crisp vegetables and fresh fruits. At this season of the year fresh vegetables and fruits abound for every girl, whether in the noisy dusty cities and towns or the pleasant country pleas.

to take the milk diet, and remember—you can ask as many questions as you want about the way to grow beautiful, for that is what this

Massage has a distinct place in the thin girls' hygiene. It is a passive form of exercise and is very beneficial. If you spend a great deal of your time indoors, sitting quietly, you must take some means of stimulating your body. Massage in many cases offers this method and is frequently depended upon entirely. You should take this body massage upon arising in the morning. The body should be stripped to the morning. The body should be stripped to X. Y. Z.—Thank you for your photograph. Judging the waist. If you find you are shivering when

HERE are hundreds of clever ways which help to make one pretty, which ti'll tell you from time to time, but just this month I want to talk about the thin girls and show them how to get a pretty bust and arms.

My! how many there are of our thin members. It almost seems as if everybody is thin until you hear from the other side of the question. But you are all anxiously waiting, so I will proceed. My thin girls will find it much easier to grow plump and beautiful if they first firmly resolve not to worry, for worry, the greatest robber of woman's beauty, lies at the bottom of our thin little girl's woes. Forget to worry, laugh at the world, and you will find you are on the high road to beauty, not on some little straggling path, that might or might not, eventually lead to Beautyland, but the broad high road which leads you straightly with never a mis-step. The next thing for you to do is to sleep, and if you resemble me, you won't mind this health rule at all. See that your room is perfectly ventilated and make it a point to sleep at least to time and sadly in need of self massage. In order to stop this shivering, throw a Turkish towel (the largest one you have) across your shoulders and begin to rub yourself vigorously with it. As soon as you begin to get warm and your skin is in a glow, you can discontinue the use of the towel and begin a massage with your hands. Before beginning this hand massage, however, you should dip them in a jar of olive oil, so that your skin may be fed as well as stimulated by this treatment. In massage, however, you should dip them in a jar of olive oil, so that your skin may be fed as well as stimulated by this treatment. In massage, however, you should dip them in a jar of olive oil, so that your skin may be fed as well as stimulated by this treatment. In massage, however, you should dip them in a jar of olive oil, so that your skin is in a glow, you can discontinue the use of the towel and begin to rub your skin is in a glow, you can discontinue the use of the towel and begin to r

now been thoroughly fed and stimulated and we can go on to another portion of the body.

Put your hands behind you and rub down your back to the kidneys. This will refresh you and rest your back wonderfully. This movement should be repeated ten or twelve times. Now rub downward under your arms to the hips. Do this ten times.

the Beauty Bags that I am printing them here:

Directions for Making Pretty Girls' Club
Beauty Bags.

Take ordinary cheesecloth and cut it into strips two
and a half inches wide by five inches long, fold over and
sew up the sides making nice little bags about two and a
half inches square, fill these with Quaker Oats and sew
up the top of the bag and you have one of the most wonderful little healthful cleansers for the skin ever devised;
they have such a healing effect upon skin disorders you
will notice an immediate improvement if used as per following directions: Every night on going to bed fill a
basin full of warm water and allow the bag to soak for a
few seconds, not long, just till you see a little milky substance begin to ooze forth. Then using the bag as a wash
cloth, thoroughly rub the face—every little crevice and
wrinkle (later we'll get rid of crevices and wrinkles).
Keep moistening the bag just as you would a wash cloth.
The result will surprise you. It has a wonderful cleansing effect and removes all roughness and all scally bits of
skin leaving the face smooth and soft and clean. (You
don't realize how much the latter means, but half of us
aren't clean, even when we think so). In the daytime, if
for any reason your face feels rough and dry, use the
"Beauty Bags" again. One of the most delightful presents
I know of for a pretty girl is a box of Beauty Bags, all
daintily overcast or buttonholed with wash silk in delicate colors.

And Now for the Questions

And Now for the Questions.

Oh, my! what a lot of letters I received from the readers of the August article. Of course, a lot of my girls asked the same questions and on account of lack of space I could only select the most important ones to answer in Comfort. If you don't find your own special answer here just read the others, and I think you or nearly all, will find your questions answered somewhere among them—but the letters still pour in and I will do my best and reply to a lot more next month, when I will give you a talk on "The Care of the Hair."

Questions and Answers BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Virginia.—I certainly sympathize with you in your trouble and am glad to say that superfluous hair can be permanently and safely removed, although it is somewhat difficult to do as the little hairs are most persistent. The best and quickest way, of course, if it is possible, is to have them removed by the electric needle, but if this is impossible, the following treatment brings sure results:

sults:
Apply Peroxide of Hydrogen to the affected part one
day, and an application of aqua ammonia the next. The
peroxide bleaches the hair to invisibility, and the ammonia kills the little hair roots. This treatment usually
takes three or four months, but if persisted in the hairs
will gradually die and fall out. It is a long task but
sure, and takes only a moment each night before retiring. Try it.

ing. Try it.

Brown Eyes, Sad Heart and others interested in the safe and permanent removal of superfluous hair, please read my answer to Virginia in this column.

L. B.—Use one of my Beauty Bags instead of soap and you will be rewarded by a soft, white skin. You should also take my hot water remedy for several months. Wrinkles are annoying things, but if you keep right after them, they will gradually disappear. To banish them massage your face with light upward movements, first rubbing in a good skin food. I give you one formula here:

here:
Spermaceti, one half ounce, white wax, one half ounce,
sweet almond oil, two ounces, lanoline, one ounce,
cocoanut oil, one ounce, tincture of benzoin, three drops,
orange flower water, one ounce. very careful to massage across the line of the wrinkle, along it. This is important.

NOTE. Besides being rather expensive we know it is diffi-cult for many of our readers to obtain all these ingredients and we have had a superior skin food made up for the special use of members of the Pretty Girls' Glub. The Publishers of COMFORT will send a nice jar of this Pretty Girls' Glub Skin Food, Wrinkle and Massage Gream free for a club of only two 15 cent subscribers to COMFORT as per offer at end of this Department.—EDITOR.

this Department.—EDITOR.

Magnolia Maid.—If your arms are only a little freekled, I would advise you to use the following preparation, which is a simple but strong remedy. The juice of three lemons, strained; four ounces of alcohol and two ounces of rosewater. Apply, and let dry into the skin, after which rub in a good skin food, formula for which is given in my reply to "L. B." in this column. White spots on the nails are nearly always due to injury, and you must be careful not to bruise them in any way.

Perplexed.—If you desire long curling eyelashes, moisten the edges of your cyclids with red vaseline every night before retiring. Be careful not to get any in the eye itself. My article on the "complexion" in the September number of COMFORT will tell you what to do for pimples and blackheads, and when to do it.

Read my article on "Complexion" in September Comport for the proper treatment of blackheads and pimples. Dissolve a quarter of a teaspoonful of powdered borax in two quarts of tepid water each night and wash your face thoroughly. This keeps the skin perfectly clean and helps banish the annoying blackheads. Use the Beauty Bags instead of soap for the face. Take a hot bath once a week, using soap on the body but not on the face, then every other day take a tepid sponge bath. Regarding eyelashes, moisten the edges of eyelids with red vaseline. You seem to have arranged your hair very prettily, and I would only suggest that you let it fall a little more loosely around the temples. Why not rub the raw cumber on the face? However, the preparation you mention is perfectly harmless.

Brown Eves Haveld Neb, and all others desirous of the strength of the proper tway to reduce flesh. You can keep your hair nice and fluffy by frequent shampoos, dissolving a little pow-dered borax in the last rinsing water, and by putting your hair up in kids every night.

L. P.—You should cut your hair at the ends, not singe the broken point. This is a rather tedious proceeding, which is the only thing to do. For dryness of the hair, massage once a day with olive oil, and just before shampooing treat it to a coal-oil bath. This will cause your hair and will keep it smooth and glossy.

cumber on the face? However, the preparation you mention is perfectly harmless.

Brown Eyes, Harold, Neb., and all others desirous of information about blackheads and facial disorders, are referred to my article on Complexion in last month's Comport. Massage your arms and hands every night with cocoa-butter or olive oil. As you grow older your arms and hands will plumpen naturally. You are not old enough yet, little girl, to be perfectly developed. Do your front hair up in a fluffy pompadour, braid your back hair, tie in a club on the nape of your neck, and pin on an enormons bow made of black taffeta ribbon about four inches wide. This is the latest fashion for a girl of your age. The fuice of one lemon mixed with one half ounce of honey is a good tan remover. Wear a sunbonnet or large hat when out in the sun.

Honor Bright and others.—If you will drink four or five quarts of milk every day, you will soon gain the desired pounds. You will also find it a wonderful bust developer. A woman can gain three or four inches through the bust on this treatment, and it will only take six or eight weeks. See will also average a gain of three or four pounds a week. Drink the milk slowly, so that it may become salivated before swallowing. Take only one meal a day. Massage the bust firm and white.

Black Eyes.—Massage your neck with olive oil each day and you will be pleased by the results. Heat the

Black Eyes.—Massage your neck with olive oil each day and you will be pleased by the results. Use the following tonic for your hair, although if your hair is thick and curly you have little to complain of. Formula: Forty grains of Resorcin, one half ounce of water, one ounce each of alcohol and witch-hazel. Apply to scalp every night.

every night.

Peggy.—I think your skin must be too dry and would advise your rubbing in a good skin food and massaging your neck gently. After the massage dash cold water on your neck. Persist in this treatment and your neck will soon be soft, full and minus any blemish. Stop snarling your hair or very soon you won't have any to snarl, and that would be unfortunate. Wash your hair every week, putting a little borax in the rinsing water and you will find this will keep it sufficiently fluffy. Powder or cornstarch when allowed to lie on the scalp absorbs the natural oil of the hair, which gradually causes the hair to become dry and lifeless and finally to fall out. Instead of curling it with hot irons try putting it up in kids every night. See my reply to "Honor Bright" regarding bust development.

Sunflower-seed.—For liver spots take the juice of one

development.

Sunflower-seed.—For liver spots take the juice of one lemon in a glass of water every day half an hour before breakfast. You should also eat plenty of stewed rhubarb. Get fresh eucumbers and massage your face with fresh cueumber juice every other day and you will soon note improvement. Too light clothes or indigestion would cause this redness of the nose. Cut out rich foods and take long walks. Rub in a little skin food, and massage, gently rubbing from the nostrills up the side of the nose and along the upper edge of the eyesocket. By doing this you follow the nerves which control the blood vessels and thus scatter the congested blood.

M. M. M.—You should not use soap upon your face, as

thus scatter the congested blood.

M. M. M. —You should not use soap upon your face, as your skin is evidently too sensitive. Use my Beauty Bags for your face and this roughness and irritation will pass away. If you dash cold water on your face several times each day, your skin will soon be firm and your enlarged pores will gradually contract. Massage with a good skin food will also be of great benefit.

good skin food will also be of great benefit.

Lily Curey.—Following is a formula which will assist you in your difficulties: Tincture of cantharides, one ounce; liquid ammonia, one dram; glycerine, one half ounce; oil of thyme, one half ounce; rosemary oil, one half dram. Mix all together with six ounces of rosewater, rub into the scalp thoroughly until the dandruff has disappeared. A little vaseline rubbed briskly into the scalp each night will soon stop the falling of the hair and bring in a new growth. Be careful not to get it on the strands of hair.

B. L. S.—Read my article on "Complexion" in the September number of COMPORT, and follow instructions, and a clear rosy skin will soon be yours. A good tonic to increase growth of hair is given to "Black Eyes" in this

column.

A. B. C.—Massage your scalp every night with vaseline until it is pink and glowing. Hair naturally comes out in the fall, but should not continue all winter. Read reply to "Black Eyes" for Resorcin tonic. For your height you should weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Try dieting for superfluous flesh. Cut out candy, rich puddings, pies, cakes, gravies, butter, sugar, in fact all the good things that your heart desires. Make it a habit to take lemon juice in a little water every morning before breakfast. Take long brisk walks every day—and long does not mean a ten or fifteen-minute walk. No, indeed; two or three hours of the day should be spent in walking. Don't sleep too much and keep busy every minute. Write again.

Lily Mever.—Your skin will soon be rosy and white if

Lily Meyer.—Your skin will soon be rosy and white if you persevere with the hot water and Beauty Bags. For the olliness, dissolve a little powdered borax in the water when bathing your face. This will help you greatly. Shampoo your hair every ten or fourteen days, putting a teaspoonful of powdered borax in your last rinsing water. Dry your hair in the sun.

Dry your hair in the sun.

Catherine.—For those despised "brown spots" read my reply to "Sunflower-seed" in this column. You don't ever need to look old if you take care of yourself. Try drinking milk for the improvement of your general health; four or five quarts per day will clarify your skin, increase the quantity and quality of your blood, strengthen your stomach, fill out angles, and in fact work a transformation. Try Resorcin tonic for your hair, the formula given "Black Eyes" in this column, My Beauty Bags will make your skin soft and smooth and they are also very healing in case of facial eruptions.

S. J. L.—For fluffy hair read my reply to "Peggy." You

S. J. L.—For fluffy hair read my reply to "Peggy." You will get rosy checks if you take my hot water remedy, also a fine white skin. It's worth trying, isn't it?

also a fine white skin. It's worth trying, isn't it?

M. U.—Use the Beauty Bags until your skin is soft and smooth. Write and tell me if your face is thin or plump, and then I'll tell you how to arrange your hair. A pompadour is becoming to nearly everyone, and personally I like this way of dressing the hair. You must have something to heat water by, or else you would not be able to do any cooking. Moles are dangerous things to experiment with, and I should advise leaving it alone. You could probably have it removed by the electric needle, but even then it is dangerous.

A Blue-aved Lassie.—A good powder does not have the removed.

A Blue-eyed Lassie.—A good powder does not harm the skin, if your face is thoroughly washed each night before

or a sir up in kids every night.

L. P.—You should cut your hair at the ends, not singe it. Each split or broken hair should be cut off just above the broken point. This is a rather tedious proceeding, but it is the only thing to do. For dryness of the hair, massage once a day with olive oil, and just before shampooing treat it to a coal-oil bath. This will cause your hair to grow.

L. L.—See reply to "L. P." Do not curl or snarl your hair, and shampoo frequently. Brushing is good for the hair and will keep it smooth and glossy.

A Speckled Erg.—Use a little borax in your rinsing water when shampooing. Do this and shampoo frequently. This will make your hair fluffy and easy to arrange. A full soft pompadour would be becoming. Let it lie loosely on your forehead. Moisten your finger nails with quinine to cure yourself of biting them.

Blue-eyed Mamma.—Touch edges of eyelids with red vascline. Never clip the eyelashes. See reply to "Speckled Egg." For oily skin dissolve a little borax in the water when bathing your face, then dash on cold water. My Beauty Bags are very beneficial.

Q. R. S.—Touch eyelids with red vascline or olive oil;

the water when bathing your face, then dash on cold water. My Beauty Bags are very beneficial.

Q.R. S.—Touch eyelids with red vascline or olive oil; this will make the lashes grow. Scatter a few drops of Brilliantine on your hairbrush, then smooth your hair with it, after which put up in kid curlers and I think you will find the waves will stay in. If you are careful not to use too hot irons, your hair will not be injured much by curling irons.

G.E. B.—Try massaging your scalp with vascline every night until the scalp is pink and glowing. Keep your scalp loose upon your head. For good tonic to increase growth of hair use Resorcin tonic given "Black Eyes." Write me again.

C.A. J.—See reply to "A Speckled Egg" as regards findly hair. Brown moles can be removed by the electric needle, but this needs an expert operator. Moles are dangerous things with which to meddle. If ignorantly interfered with, it may be the starting point for some cancerous growth. Very little can be done for a scar, but a gentle massage with cold cream and then a little powder fluffed on will greatly improve their appearance. Old Father Time will also keep his gentle obliterating finger upon these little marks until they gradually fade away.

Rose Bud.—See reply to "Peggy." This will keep it flufy and you should also do your hair over roils or puffs, being careful to arrange it loosely. These pompadour pads and side and back-hair pads can be obtained at a dry goods store.

Yours in Need.—I wish I did have some magic curling fluid as I would be the first one to use it, but unfortu-

Yours in Need.—I wish I did have some magic curling fluid as I would be the first one to use it, but unfortunately there isn't any. The Beauty Bags can be used twice.

Bones.—Regarding your hair, see reply to "Peggy."
Try the milk diet for increase of flesh. For further par-ticulars read my reply to "Honor Bright." Thank you for your sweet letter.

ticulars read my reply to "Honor Bright." Thank you for your sweet letter.

Blue Bell, Haverhill, Iowa.—I agree with you. Always try to keep yourself looking sweet and pretty, married or unmarried. It's a duty you owe to yourself, your family, your husband, and the world at large. Following is a lotion which will whien the face and hands, but its best mission is that of making enlarged open pores less noticeable: Place in one half pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elderflower water, and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake and add gradually one half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elderflower water. For your hair use Resorcin tonic given "Black Eyes" in this column. You could use a dye to make your hair darker, but I could not advise this. Frequent shampoos in rain-water and drying in the sun, followed by gentle brushing of the hair each day, will keep it soft and glossy.

Cousin May.—See reply to "Peggy" in this column regarding flufly hair. Why not wave your hair on the curiers every night, then draw it loosely over a pompadour pad. You could also use side and back pads under your hair. This is very fashionable at the present moment.

Ugly Girl.—Touch your eyebrows with castor-oil every

dour pad. You could also use side and back pads under your hair. This is very fashionable at the present moment.

Ugly Girl.—Touch your eyebrows with castor-oil every night being careful to follow the eyebrow line, and apply red vaseline to the edges of your eyelids every night also, being careful not to get any in your eyes. To increase growth of hair use Resorcin tonic every other night, formula given to "Black Eyes" in this column. On alternate nights massage your scalp with vaseline until the scalp is pink. A little borax in your rinsing water when shampooing will keep your hair flufly. For your neck, massage every night with olive oil or cocca-butter. A long neck is considered to be very pretty. It only needs to be plumped a little and the olive oil will do this. Bending from the waist line will reduce the waist rapidly; the more you can bend the more your waist will go down. Sideward exercises are also fine for this purpose. For these exercises, stand erect, then bend forward to the floor and pick up a handkerchief you have placed there. Do not bend your knees—bend from the waist line.

W. L.—You can use Beauty Bags twice. You could dye your hair, but this I could not advise. No matter how good the dye the fact is always evident that the color is artificial; besides, all dyes injure the hair.

Golden Locks.—You are just the right weight for your height. For reducing waist read my reply to "Cousin May." Try Resorcin tonic for your hair, formula was given "Black Eyes" in this issue. Apply every other night and on alternate night massage your scalp with vaseline. To brighten the eye, steep good green tea, then at night soak bits of absorbent cotton in the liquid and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



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AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago, III-





Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

CHAPTER XXX.

HE HAD PLAYED HIS GAME.

LITTLE later Mrs. Robertson came LITTLE later Mrs. Robertson came in and matters were explained to her. She was a sweet woman, and Jerry's heart went out to her the instant he saw her. She was equally over again, while the tears of joy flowed silently down her cheeks.

"You must tell me all about yourself," said she, and Jerry told his story, to which both his father and his mother listened with keen attention.

she, and serry his mother listened with keen attention.

"I am glad that you have been brought up with such a fine family as the Parkhursts," said his father, and Mrs. Robertson said the same.

"I suppose I'll have to go back to them and explain matters," said Jerry. "I'll be rather sorry to leave them, too."

"Would you rather stay with them than come with us?" questioned his mother quickly.

"No, indeed," he said. "But what I was thinking of was, that they'll be sorry to have me leave them, Miss Mabel especially."

A long talk followed, and in the end Mr. Maxwell and Henry Davenbort were invited to dine with the Robertsons, including Jerry.

"What shall you do about Mrs. Starfield?" asked Mr. Maxwell, while they were gathered around the table. "She is almost at the end of her course and wants to go to England, to some of her relatives,"

"Let her go," answered Mr. Robertson, and so it was settled.

But all were anxious to hear the details of the old servant's tale, and in the end Mrs. Starfield was made to visit the Robertson house.

"The lawyer was to blame," she said, over and over again. "He said it would be an easy way to make big money, and poor Amos believed everything he said."

"What became of him?"

"What became of him?"

"His name was Jason Giroy, answered father.

"What became of him?"

"That is a question. I think he fled to England."

"He did, but he came back about eight years ago," answered Mrs. Starfield. "He changed his name and cut off his beard, so that folks wouldn't know him."

"Do you know what name he now uses?"

"Yes, sir—Richard Clarke."

"Richard Clarke!" ejaculated Jerry and Henry Davenport in a breath.

"Do you know the man?" demanded Mr. Robertson.

chant had done, and Mr. Robertson was equally grateful.

And now, leaving the others on their journey to the settlement near Hill's Tavern, we will go back to the Parkhurst family and see how matters were faring there.

Mr. Parkhurst, unaware of the favorable change that had taken place in his circumstances, was still nervous and irritable. Mabel, sustained by hope, bore all with unruffled serenity. As for Dick Clarke, he felt that matters were approaching a crisis. The gold that Indian John had stolen from him constituted the bulk of what he had on hand, so that by the end of a fortnight he would have barely enough left to carry him back to the city. But he did not suffer this to trouble him much, feeling assured that Mabel would finally yield. Knowing very well that this would not be from any preference for him personally, he thought it wisest to keep out of her way, and employed his time in hunting and fishing.

At length the fortnight expired.

With a heart elate with hope Clarke rode over to the residence of his prospective father-in-law. When he was admitted into the sitting-room, Mabel and her father were present. Dick Clarke advanced into the room with an air of easy indifference and affability, and bade Mabel and her father good morning.

"I'm a man of business, Mr. Parkhurst," he said, rubbing his hands, "and once again let me hope that you and your charming daughter have considered favorably the proposal I have made, and are prepared to accept it."

"In that case," said Mabel, "you are prepared of course to give up to my father the letter of which you came into possession?"

The lawyer looked slightly embarrassed.

"I haven't it with me just at this moment," he said.

"Doubtless you have it at the tavern, then. You must pardon us for being over-careful, but the circumstances seem to justify it."

The lawyer paused a moment in embarrassment.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I didn't bring the letter with me on this journey. I thought

The lawyer paused a moment in embarrassment.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I didn't bring the letter with me on this journey. I thought there would be considerable risk of losing it, and accordingly left it in New York, at my office." "How are we to know that you have such a letter, then?" asked Mr. Parkhurst.

"On my word of honor as a gentleman," commenced the lawyer.

"I am sorry you esteem your word so lightly," said Mabel coolly.

As she spoke she took from the table the letter that Clarke at once recognized as the one which he had lost.

"Confusion!" he muttered, while his heart sank within him.

"You undoubtedly recognize the letter," said Mabel.

"You undoubtedly recognized Mabel.
"Where did you get it?" demanded Dick Clarke briefly.
"Well, if you must know, our boy Jerry found it in the woods nearly three weeks ago."
"Humph! Of course he brought it to you at once?"

"Humpa. once?"

"He did."

"And have you—ahem—have you done anything in the matter?"

"I do not consider that that is any of your business, Mr Clarke, but since you want to know so much, I will answer that we have."

"You—er——"

"Mr Davenport and Jerry went to New York

"You—er—"
"Mr. Davenport and Jerry went to New York together over a fortnight since."
The lawyer fell back in amazement.
"And they—you have heard from them?" he faltered.

"And they—you have heard from them?" he faltered.
For reply the door to the next room opened and Henry Davenport and Jerry entered, for they had reached the place the night before.
"Yes, we are back, Mr. Clarke," said Henry Davenport. "And I am happy to say that the Parkhurst treasure is safe, and you will never be able to put your hand on a dollar of it."
It would be hard to realize Richard Clarke's feelings at that instant. He felt that he had played his game and lost utterly.
"I suppose there is no use of my staying here longer," he said, as steadily as he could, starting for the door.
"You can't go just yet!" cried Jerry and caught him by the arm.
"What do you want, boy? Let me go."

"I sha'n't do it. I've got a score to settle with you, and don't you forget it."

"A score to settle. What do you mean?"

"I mean to tell you that you are found out, Mr. Richard Clarke, or whatever your real name is. Father, will you come in?"

Again the door to the other room opened, and Mr. Maurice Robertson walked in and faced the lawyer.

e lawyer.
At the unexpected appearance of the merchant

the lawyer.

At the unexpected appearance of the merchant the lawyer's face grew deathly white, and he staggered as if about to fall.

"So you remember me, do you, Jason Gilroy?" demanded Jerry's father sternly.

"I—I—my name is not Gilroy," gasped the other, but he could scarcely frame the words.

"It is, and it is useless for you to deny it. You are Jason Gilroy, the man who plotted with the Starfields to rob me of my son, my baby boy Jerry, who stands beside me."

"Jerry—this boy is your son?"

"He is."

It was the last blow, and for a moment the lawyer was bereft of speech. Then he realized what this revelation meant to him—perhaps imprisonment for many years—and turned to leave the house. But again Jerry was too quick for him and sent him sprawling on the doorstep. Henry Davenport also rushed in, and soon the lawyer was a prisoner.

"And serves him good and right!" came from Mehitable, who had been listening to all that was said. "Just to think what a smooth talker he was!" And then she added to herself: "And to think I might have married him if he had popped the question! After this I won't marry nobody!" And she never did get married.

** A few words more, and we will draw our tale

A few words more, and we will draw our tale

A few words more, and we will draw our tale to a conclusion.

Much against his will, the rascally lawyer was made a close prisoner and taken to New York. Here Mrs. Starfield and Mr. Robertson testified against him, and he was sentenced to ten years in prison at hard labor.

When Joseph Parkhurst read the letter left by his father, and especially that portion which spoke of keeping the family honor intact, he was heartly ashamed of the manner in which he had treated Mabel, and he told his daughter so.

was heartily ashamed of the manner in which he had treated Mabel, and he told his daughter so. "Never mind, father," said the girl, "Remember our troubles are all over now."

A little later Mabel was married to Henry Davenport, and for her wedding portion the girl received one half of the treasure that had been found. The happy husband insisted on paying Jerry the five hundred dollars that had been promised, and to this Mr. Parkhurst added another five hundred out of his own purse. The wedding was a grand affair and all of our friends including Mehitable, were present.

Shortly after this wedding Mr. Parkhurst went back to New York to live. He repurchased his old home, and at his death left the property to Mabel and her husband, who used to spend part of their time in the country and the balance in the city. Mabel and Henry Davenport were very happy, and Mehitable lived with them until the day of her death.

It may interest some to learn what became of Inoian John. The money taken from the lawyer caused the red man to leave that locality entirely, and he moved up to Lake Erie. During the following winter he went out in the woods during a howling snowstorm and some weeks later was found at the foot of a big tree, frozen to death.

Jerry returned to New York with his newlyfound father, and after the general excitement

to death.

Jerry returned to New York with his newlyfound father, and after the general excitement
was over the boy was sent to school, that he
might receive a thorough education. When his
school days were over Henry Maxwell took him
in, and a few years later Jerry, through his
father, was enabled to buy a half interest in the
concern. He worked hard and was highly successful; and here we will leave him.

THE END.

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"The latest Paris 'Revue,' and your fav-vorite chocolate."

"Thank you heartily, for both. I wonder if I ever shall cease to be a spoiled child—in

"Whatever you may be in my eyes, you c r

whatever you may be in my eyes, you creatinly will always remain."

"How discouraging, that you should feel quite hopeless of any improvement in me. Driver, I wish to stop in West Fourteenth Street, at—. Gloves, Mr. Noel, always

gloves."

"Will you bet a pair of best driving gauntlets that I cannot tell you exactly why you go there today?"

"Certainly; silk-lined, fur-tipped gauntlets.

"Then you know all about her?"
"On the contrary, I never saw her; but she

seems to be the magnet drawing people to just now." The carriage stopped and Eglah walked into

the department store.

"Come in, Mr. Noel, and pick out your gauntlets."

"Not today. Juno indulged in tricks that Juniter keep one eye on her wiles."

"Not today. Juno indulged in tricks that made even Jupiter keep one eye on her wiles, and I shall merely admire at a safe distance."

In front of the glove counter half a dozen women clustered, and on the outside of the group three men lounged—one evidently a foreigner, with bushy beard, coarse, hairy hands, and furtive eyes, small even behind very large spectacles. Among several busy saleswomen it was easy to discover the center of attraction—a finely developed form, tall and graceful in every movement, and a face of surpassing beauty, lighted by dark violet eyes, flushed with the glow of perfect health, and crowned by a braided mass of glittering yellow hair heaped high on a shapely head, that held it as an empress wears her tiara. In its vivid coloring the face suggested a tropical flower, but, looking closer, one thought of a frozen tulip under a sheet of ice, so hard was the cold gleam of the defiant eyes and the proud compression of red lips that had forgotten how to smile, that seemed never to have known curves of tenderness. While Eglah



waited, the foreigner leaned across the coun

ter. "Some black silk gloves. Number eight and a half."

Men's department."

a half."
"In the next room. Men's department."
"You got the papers for the league?"
"Yes, that is all arranged. Meeting will be at ten o'clock tonight. You can't talk here."
He touched the rim of his hat and walked away, and she looked toward Eglah.
"Gray kid gloves, stitched with white silk."
"What size?"
"Eliye and a quarter"

"What size?"

"Five and a quarter."

The voi. had a sharp metallic ring, with an impatient inflection, and as she turned, lifting her arms to a box on an upper shelf, all the lovely outlines of her figure were shown most advantageously, and Eglah glanced over her shoulder at Mr. Herriott. He was watching the woman behind the counter with an intensely curious expression, as though disagreetensely curious expression, as though disagree-ably perplexed. She found the desired num-

ber. "Shall I stretch them?"

tensely curious expression, as though disagrees ably perplexed. She found the desired number.

"Shall I stretch them?"

"No, it is not necessary."

"Do vou wish them fitted on your hands?"

"I will not give you that trouble. What is the price?"

"It is part of my business to fit them. Two dollars and a quarter. Here, cash!"

Eglah's desire to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's was quickly extinguished by the pronouncedly repellent bearing that plainly proclaimed all intercourse must be restricted to the business of the counter, and as she returned to the carriage, Mr. Herriott said:

"Well, you college girls are nothing if not severely classical, so I presume you will offer a ewe lamb, all garlanded with willow and dittany, and prinked out in pomegranate blossoms, on the Junonian altar."

"I am glad Jove tied her hands and hung her up above the earth and below the heavens, with anvils on her ankle: where she could do no more mischief. That goddess of yours has the most cruelly cold, hard face I ever looked at, and yet—in a way—so beautiful. Evidently she has not even the shadow of a soul—must have given it all to that angelic boy? What is her history? Of course she has one."

"It has been said hoppy women have none, and in this case adversity must have curdled very early the stream of her youthful joys. Vandiver investigated her—from a distance he says, as she froze him when he attempted acquaintanceship. He has a protege in the constabulary who learned through police channels all that she will allow to be known of her life. Some years ago she drifted here from the far West—part of the human flotsam annually stranded in this city, and she found work in a cloak manufactory. Later she incited a strike among the cloak cutters, which resulted disastrously for the workers, and when all the strikers submitted, she alone was refused reemployment, and doors were closed against her. She secured a position in a large brica-a-brac establishment, but when a valuable antique vase disappeared, she was suspected and arre

Bohemian?"

"That depends upon your interpretation of a very flexible term. I am told she conducts herself with strict propriety, reports Mr. Dane dead, and receives attentions from no one; but she is avowedly a socialist of the extreme type; belongs to labor organizations, attends their meetings, makes impassioned addresses, and, in fine, is a female Ishmael whose hands are much too pretty for such savage work. Did you notice an odd-looking, shambling man with preposterous spectacles who spoke to her? He is an agent of a band of Russian Nihilists seeking aid from sympathizers here. She is reported as possessing some education, advocates 'single-tax' and all the communistic vagaries that appeal to the great mass of toilgo there today?"

"Certainly; silk-lined, fur-tipped gauntlets. I told you my errand was gloves; pray what other reason?"

"You are going to get a glimpse of 'Juno."

"Juno? Nearly everything comes to New York, sooner or later, but really I never imagined she could step out from the books of mythology. I hunt no goddess. When you pay your wager, be sure to select delicate fawn color, that will match my spring jacket."

"The debt is yours. Confess, Eglah—honor bright—you are curious about the woman who sells gloves in Fourteenth Street."

"I will present to you a witch's skirt, cap, and broomstick. But why 'Juno'?"

"The matter was thrashed out at the club last week, where Vandiver told us some artist had compared her to a print of the Ludovisi Juno hanging in Goupil's window. Hence her elevation to Olympus."

"Then you know all about her?"

"Then you know all about her?"

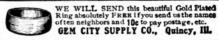
"On the contrary I never earn here in the club last the contrary I never earn here in the club class of the disgruntled assemble, and long-haired men and short-haired women—who absolutely believe that the only real 'devil is private propand short-haired women—who absolutely be-lieve that the only real 'devil is private prop-erty'—denounce wealth and preach their gospel of covetousness. Here we are at the ferry, and just in time to meet the boar." TO BE CONTINUED.

Read the next chapter, "The Discovered Menace to Judge Kent's Peace of Mind," and of the unshared love of his life, which Noel Herri tt offers Eglah Kent.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

bind on the eye. Touch the edges of eyelids with red vaseline, this will cause the lashes to grow.

Rose Bush.—For falling hair and to increase growth use Resorcin tonic. See formula given to "Black Eyes" in another column. Bub a little white vaseline into your finger nails every night. This will make them less liable to crack. There is no way of reducing large knuckles, but a nightly massage with olive oil will fill out the loose skin and make your hands plump and white. Fluff a little powder over them in the morning.

S. M. P., Salida, O.—For care of the hair read my reply to "Cousin May" and "Black Eyes." Massage your hands nightly with olive oil or cocca-butter.

w. H., Muskegon.—For eczema of the scalp, you should consult some good scalp specialist. Remember that frequent shampoos, keeping the scalp clean and sweet will greatly lessen any irritation; also that the scalp is affected by the state of your general health. Eat sensible plain foods, drink plenty of water. Take a tepid sponge bath every day. A little salt in the water will stimulate the circulation and prove of benefit. See reply to "Honor Bright" about drinking milk. Anoint your eyebrows with castor-oil following your eyebrow line. Touch the eyelid edge with red vasciline. Draw your hair loosely over side hair pads, parting in middle, and coiling your back hair just above the nape of the neck. See reply to "Peggy" about fluffy hair, and go and do likewise. Good luck, my dear.

luck, my dear.

Ida, M. P.—For advice about hair read my reply to "Cousin May" and "Peggy." See my reply to "A B.C." regarding dieting for superfluous flesh. While undergoing the treatment take cold baths every morning, which will keep your skin firm and hard. For wrinkles massage with a good skin food for fifteen minutes each day. Read reply to "L. B." on this subject. I would leave the scar alone. Under the circumstances you mention it might be dangerous to interfere, and it would require an exceptionally expert operator. I do not think the work of removing scars by electricity is very successful.

Maggie Q.—A rubber complexion brush is a good thing to use. As regards the skin food you mention I have never used it, so cannot tell whether it is injurious or not.

R. H. L., Batavia, Ohio.—Take an ordinary sized glass or cup. Either hard or soft water would be all right. I should prefer hard water myself for drinking purposes.

Audra.—You should take your hot water without sweetening or flavoring. You probably take it tepid, which nauseates you. Drink it quite hot and I think you will have no trouble.

Frances L. L.-Take my hot water recipe for several

months.

M. J. H.—Great pressure on the joint of the large toe frequently results in a bunion. The joint should be relieved of all pressure. Wear a loose slipper until inflammation has subsided. Use following lotion—carbolic acid, tincture of iodine and glycerine, two drams of each. Apply with camel's-hair brush every day. Lemon juice will remove brown spots from the skin.

Mayflower.—I'm sorry, but there is no remedy. But re-nember there are much worse things in this world of

member there are much worse things in this with ours.

F. D.—I do not know the preparation you refer to. The juice of one lemon mixed with one half ounce of pure honey is good for bleaching the face.

M. H., Center, Ind. Ter.—Make skin food as follows: Melt white wax, lanoline, sweet almond oil and cocoabutter in a porcelain kettle. Take from the fire and add orange flower water. Beat with an egg-beater until cold. To make cold cream shave one fourth ounce white wax, two and one half ounces spermaceti and melt in porcelain kettle. Add two and one half ounces oil sweet almonds, and slightly heat but do not boil. Remove from stove and add one and one half ounce of rose water and one drop of attar of rose. I have changed your formula slightly.

Mrs. T. J. W.—A simple remedy for warts is as follows: Have your druggist put up a dram of salicylic acid and an ounce of collodion in a bottle which has a wire brush run through the cork. Apply mixture to warts twice a day and they will disappear.

Gusta.—If you want to become possessed of a good fig-

day and they will disappear.

Gusta.—If you want to become possessed of a good figure and a "peaches and cream" complexion.—drink milk! You can gain from two to six pounds of flesh a week on a milk diet, and it is good firm healthy flesh, too. I have lived on milk for four years and I know whereof I speak. Take four or five quarts of milk each day, eat only one meal and have that composed of plain simple food. Drink your milk slowly, allowing it to become salivated before swallowing. You will find it a wonderful bust developer. Milk makes good pure blood and plenty of it, and rests your stomach and gives you abounding health. Take a glass every half hour during the day until two hours before supper, then stop. If it is impossible to drink the milk during the day take a breakfast and lunch of several quarts of milk. Yes, omit your glass of hot water at noon. If you take the milk diet discontinue your hot water for a while.

Mearie.—You say massage does not help you. Are you

your hot water for a while.

Mearie.—You say massage does not help you. Are you sure you do it correctly? Massage upward with a little circular movement using a good skin food. Cultivate happy thoughts. Perhaps you have some trouble with your eyes. That often causes a drawn expression to the

Sunflower, Brision, Ind. Ter.—For your height you are too thin. See my letter to Gusta and you will not need to pad. No. I do not disapprove of padding, when one is very thin. I do not disapprove of anything that improves your appearance, so long as it does not injure the health.

Eagerness and Lois L.—Massage your arms with olive oil every night.

Eagerness and Lois L.—Massage your arms with olive oil every night.

A Friend.—Regarding hot water see reply to "Audra." Touch eyelid edge with red vaseline. Massage will plumpen out your cheeks again. Use upward movement and remember that light massage plumpens the face and heavy massage reduces the flesh. Hot water ought to give you rosy lips in time. Peroxide of hydrogen will bleach yellow teeth and whiten them. It is also a good Antiseptic mouth wash. A good and simple formula for tooth powder is made up of equal parts of precipitated chalk and powdered orris root. Add any flavoring essence that you desire.

F. A. Dunbar.—Take the milk diet. See reply to "Gusta" in these pages. To whiten hands and arms use the following lotion: Two ounces bay rum, two ounces lemon juice, two ounces glycerine. Mix and apply while hands are wet after bathing and shake them dry.

Kate A., Chipley, Ga.—See replies to "Gusta" and "Black Eyes" regarding hair and form. Try tonic mentioned, ast is what you need. The wrinkles will disappear when you are plumper. A good freekle lotion that is very effective is as follows: One dram of borax, one half fluid ounce of diluted acetic acid, one half fluid ounce of rose water. Put on the face several times a day with a soft little sponge.

Anyious—You could dre your hair, but I do not advise.

of rose water. Put a soft little sponge.

a soft little sponge.

Anxious.—You could dye your hair, but I do not advise it. Red hair is beautiful and all the rage now. Massaging your face with a good skin food will cause it to plumpen and round out. For freckle lotion see reply to "Kate A." Nothing can be done to change the shape of

your eyes.

Comfort Praiser.—See my article on Complexion in last
month's Comport. If not indulged in too vigorously
roller-skating is a good exercise. Most girls are troubled
with slight eruptions of the skin every month.

Honey.—Massage your face with a good skin food, use upward movement and be sure and massage lightly. The muscles of the cheek are very apt to sag and thus causes the face to appear thin. Dash cold water over your face several times a day, as that keeps the flesh firm.

Miss L. B.—See replies to "Gusta" and "Honor Bright."
The milk diet is recommended by all first-class doctors
for kidney trouble. Any female irregularities should be
attended to at once, as nothing will wear you out more
than that. I know you will be pleased if you take the
milk diet. You might also massage the bust with olive
oil or cocoa-butter, say fifteen minutes each day.

Susie.—The only way to darken your hair would be to dye it, and I could not advise that. Dissolve a little borax in the water when you bathe your face. This will help counteract the "oiliness" you speak of. You can also wipe your face off once or twice a day with diluted alcohol.

Delia S.—Have your mother massage her face every lay with a good skin food, massaging across the wrinkles. M. F. J.—For freekle lotion see reply to "Kate A."
Annoint your eyebrows with castor-oil every night, being careful to follow the eyebrow line.

Arrah Wanna.—See reply to "M. E. J." on eyebrows, but this will only increase the growth, not change the color. To secure long cyclashes touch the cyclid edge with red vaseline. Moles can be removed by the electric needle if they are common brown moles, but even then it is retter dangerous.

Lassie.—Wear the gold ring on one hand and the silver ing on the other. Yes, the lemon juice should be left on

G. E. M.—See reply to "Arrah Wanna" on eyelashes. Read replies to "Kate A" and "Cousin May" regarding method of reducing waist and removing freckles. See

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my article in last month's number of Comfort on the care of the complexion.

Alva W.—You can use each Beauty Bag twice. For eyelashes see reply to "M. E. J." Here is a prescription for a powder which will prevent excessive perspiration under the arms: Oleate of zinc, one dram; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one third of a dram. Dust this over affected parts.

Lillian.—See letter to "Arrah Wanna." If you must darken your lashes, buy an eyebrow pencil (black).

Wanda.—Use Beauty Bags for your sensitive skin. Tr gentle massage with good skin food. Dash cold water is the face, as that hardens the skin and makes it less sen sitive.

Y. O. O.—For brown spots, apply juice of lemon each night. Drink lots of hot water and use my Beauty Bags.

night. Drink lots of hot water and use my Beauty Bags.

I. M. A.—Keep your hair clean and sweet and massage scalp with finger tips each night until scalp is pink and glowing. Read my reply to "Peggy." To keep the hands soft and white, massage with olive oil each night. This will also plumpen the hands. Keep the nails clean and the scarf skin pushed away so the half moon shows. To make your nails pink and bright rub in a skin food every night. This will keep your nails from cracking. Do not use the curling tongs on your hair. Later on, Comporer will publish an article from me on the Care of the Hair.

Miss Amanda.—Make up your mind you won't be round-shouldered. Keep reminding yourself to keep your shoulders straight and it will soon become a habit. No, stoop shoulders are not caused by catarrh. See my article on the care of the skin.

on the care of the skin.

C. A. S.—Dissolve a little powdered borax in water when bathing your face. This is very cleansing. Steam your face once a week over a teakettle filled with bolling water, throwing a towel over your face to keep in the steam. Then wash the face with water having a pinch of borax in it, rinse, dry and massage with good cream, then close the pores by dashing cold water on the face. See replies to "Kate A." on freekles and reply to "Blue Bell" when pages.

replies to "Kate A." on freekles and reply to "Blue Bell" upon pores.

Pretty Molly.—Clean your naifs with a rosewood stick with a sharpened point. First though, soak your hands in a basin of hot water (soapy), and scrub hands and nails vigorously with a nail brush. For freekle remover see reply to "Kate A." You can fill out your neck by massaging it with olive oil each night.

Red Roses.—Try the milk diet, girlie, and you will have red cheeks and lips. Read my letter to "Gusta" in this column. You should use the hot water remedy for three or four months. A very pretty dimple can be made permanently without injuring the skin in any way by mixing some gum arabic in water. Use very little water so that the gum is thick and then apply a spot to the cheek or chin. When the gum begins to dry press it gently with the stub end of a lead pencil and hold in that position for five minutes, then remove the pencil and the indentation will remain. Powder lightly and the dimple will look very bewitching.

M. E. S.—See replies to "Lois L." and "Kate A." in

M. E. S.—See replies to "Lois L." and "Kate A." in this column. The following formula is good for tan remover and skin whitener: Oil of sweet almonds, two ounces; fresh cucumber juice, ten ounces; white Castile soap, one fourth ounce; essence of cucumbers, three ounces; tincture of bensoin, thirty-eight drops. See reply to "Gusta" on milk diet. This will give you a clear, healthy, glowing skin.

Pretty Pansy.—See reply to "Lois L." and rub white vaseline on your elbows every night, having previously scrubbed your elbows thoroughly with soap and water and a nail brush. Read letter to "Gusta," which will tell you how to secure a pretty rounded figure and a wild-rose complexion.

Bernice.—See reply to "Black Eyes" regarding hair. A red shining nose is certainly not an adornment. See reply to "Peggy" and apply this ointment: One dram of powdered sulphur; two and one half drams of powdered starch; one and one half ounces of ointment of zinc oxide; three drops of oil of rose.

E. D. L.—For good face cream formula, see reply to "M. H." Read directions for reducing waist line and abdomen given "Ugly Girl." Come again, girls.

E. H. F.—Massage your face with good skin food and dash cold water on it several times a day. Apply alcohol after bathing your face, as alcohol tends to toughen the skin and enables it to resist the attacks of sun, cold and wind.

Little Sweetheart.—Use my Beauty Bags on your face Little Sweetheart.—Use my Beauty Bags on your face instead of soap. For yellow, discolored neck use the following simple remedy: One ounce honey; one teaspoonful lemon juice; six drops of oil of bitter almonds, the whites of two eggs and enough fine cornmeal to make a smooth paste. Apply at night, covering with a piece of soft linen. Three or four applications will bleach the skin beautifully white. Write me every month and ask as many questions as you want, my dear.

ollie B.—My Beauty Bags will cause your face to be less "greasy," but you should also dissolve a little borax in tepid water and bathe your nose twice a day. Wiping it with diluted alcohol once a day will also help. Keep your nose well powdered.

nose well powdered.

J. E. H.—Your flushed face may be caused by too rich foods or tight clothes. Be careful to avoid pies, gravies, sauces, rich puddings, etc. Take the juice of one lemon in a cup of cool water one hour before breakfast. Try my hot water recipe, and plenty of outdoor exercise.

Miss T. H., Trezevant, Teun.—No, it is essential that the water should be hot. Eight glasses of hot water every (CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

day is what I prescribe. Have it quite hot and drink slowly It should not cramp you. See reply to "Arrah Wanna" on eyelashes.

wanna" on eyelashes.

L. M. S., Mo.—Hot water is very good for cases of stomach trouble. See replies to "Arrah Wanna" and "Lilliam" on eyelashes, Use Resorcin tonic for your hair. Formula was given "Black Eyes" in another column. A heaping teaspoonful of powdered borax dissolved in your rinsing water when washing your hair will lighten it slightly. Drying in the sun will also keep it bright and light.

S. A.—See reply to "Little Sweetheart" regarding yellow neck. I would not advise alcohol.

IOW NECK. I WOULD NOT ADVISE ALCOHOL.

D. R. H.—Try rassage with good skin food; also use the bleach given "Little Sweetheart," for your face. If you persist with the hot water you will find this uncomfortable feeling will pass away. Eat plenty of fresh vegetables and take long walks. Use my Beauty Bags regularly

U F.—Use lotion given "M. E. S." The Beauty Bags are very whitening also both for arms and face. Dash cold water on your face frequently and when bathing your face, dissolve a little powdered borax in the water. Of course you can have whiter hands. Massage hands with olive oil and cocoa butter every night and you will soon note improvement.

Mrs. J. W. F.—Has Reauty Bags and transport of the property of the pro

with five on the first state of the control of the

every day. This will flatten the obstreperous hairs.

The Lone Daisy.—I think the soap you mention is less harmful than many others, but should advise your using Beauty Bags for your face instead. For sunburn remover see reply to "Brown Eyes," Harold, Neb. Take hot water recipe. That will give you rosy cheeks.

P. S.—Massage your face with skin food, then dash cold water on your face, and powder before going out in cold weather.

weather.

Topsy.—Use Beauty Eags instead of soap. Your blood is certainly all wrong and I should advise your taking the milk diet. See directions given "Gusta," Hot water is also good for purifying the system. Massage your face gently every night with skin food, this will lessen the irritation. A little powdered borax in your water when bathing the face will keep your pores clean, which is important.

Loly Table —See your to 197-157.

Jolly Telle,—See reply to "Susie" and use bleach given "Little Sweetheart." Spread this preparation on the face and let it remain all night.

Florence M.—If you persist in taking hot water, the uncomfortable feeling will soon pass away. Hot water is more cleansing than cold. Do not use sweetening.

T. H., Georgetown, Texas.—You should go to some good doctor and find out what causes your headaches. Headaches usually are caused by nerves, astigmatism of the eye, stomach and liver trouble, etc. Your general health also probably needs toning up. See reply to "Gusta." Use Resorcin tonic (formula given to "Black Eyes" in another column). Every night to increase hair growth, massage the scalp with common vaseline until the scalp is pink and glowing. Results, I know, will be satisfactory.

Bessie S.—Vigorous massage with salt water would re-

Bessie S.-Vigorous massage with salt water would reduce the bust slightly.

duce the bust slightly.

D. O. N. T.—See reply to "Ugly Girl;" this exercise will reduce hips, waist and abdomen.

Cora D.—See letter to "A. B. C." If you are busy all the time, you don't need to take the walk advised. Hot baths reduce flesh rapidly.

Gray-haired Widow.—You should cut down on rich foods. Eat very sparingly. Hot water is very good for cases of stomach trouble. Try exercise given "Ugly Girl." This should be practiced fifteen minutes each day. Massage your face with skin food. This will fill out the hollows.

notiows.

Wilhelmina.—A good lotion for moth patches consists of one half dram of salicylic acid to two ounces of bay rum. Mop on spots night and morning. You could also use colorless iodine. Be very careful about making these applications. Picture was not inclosed.

Violet.—The puffiness was caused by heat succeeding cold, I do not think this has anything to do with your brown spots appearing. See reply to "Sunflower-seed" and "Catherine."

Brown Eyes, Wakon, Iowa.—It could be removed by lectricity. I cannot advise you unless you explain more ally. Is it a liver spot, or a patch, or a mole?

M. D. W.—See letter to "Wilhelmina." No, my Beauty Bags will not remove patches. Hot water will get the stomach in good condition, cleanse the skin, and purify the blood.

Iowa Beauty.—See letter to "C. A. J." Soak your feet in hot water before going to bed, this induces sleep. Never go to bed hungry. A glass of milk and a cracker gives the stomach something to do, the object being to draw the blood away from the brain.

draw the blood away from the brain.

Gray-eyed Rattie.—You need the milk diet and I hope you will begin right away. See letter to "Gusta." If you can't do this keep up the hot water, read my article on complexion, use my Beauty Bags and apply bleach (formula given "Little Sweetheart" in this column) to the face. Massage your face with skin food. Write and tell me if the spots are moles, patches, or liver spots? Stop using the remedy you mention. Have you freckles?

H. D.—You may have some female trouble. Consult a doctor about morning nervousness and pain in the head. I think my hot water recipe would help you, as your stomach is certainly out of order. Write more fully.

Kansas Girl.—White spots are probably caused by in-

Kansas Girl.—White spots are probably caused by in-digestion. Take my hot water recipe and be careful about your food.

about your food.

A. G., Seymour, Iowa —See reply to "Ugly Girl." You will be longer waisted, when your waist becomes slighter. You should also slope the front gores of your skirt down about three fourths of an inch—this gives a long-waisted appearance. Read directions for increasing weight given "Gusta." Irecommended a good bleach to "Little Sweetheart." Apply to face and let stay on all night. Whiten hands by applying lemon juice. Recipe for cold cream was given to "M. H." in another column. Massage your face with this cream or some other good cream every day. Good moth patch lotion was given "Wilhelmina."

Success to you.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Publishers of COMFORT knowing it will be difficult for its readers to handily obtain all of the ingredients given "M. H." in these columns for making this cold cream, a superior cold Gream has been prepared for them by expert ehemists that will give the beat satisfaction to the members of the Pretty Girls' Glub, to use as a face cream. This is excellent for all purposes that any Cold or Face Gream can be used for, and the Publishers of COMFORT will send any reader of this column a nice jar of this Gream free for getting a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine,

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have taken this paper for some years, and find great comfort in reading it. For the last five years, I have been trying to find a certain book, but I do not know the author's name nor the exact title, but it is something like "Aspenwill," or "Aspenwold." It is the autobiography of a young man and the first chapter is descriptive of a southern home.

Black "Mammy" stands on tiptoe looking dewn the road with hand apove her eyes, to see if she can see her master. She says, "No, I don't see nuffin of him," and turning enters the house. I read the book when a young girl and thought perhaps some of the elderly sisters might know of a copy. I should be delighted

to secure one. Address all letters to MRS. M. A. YORKE, 468 N. Kenilworth Ave., Oak Park, Cook Co., Illinois.

Oak Park, Cook Co., Illinois.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson and Sisters:

I notice many of the readers admit that Comport is one of the most interesting and helpful papers published, and I heartily agree with them. Having been a silent reader for some time and not seeing a word from our little city, I thought I would join in the merry throng and D. M. Ryder in helping others. If this world be numbered with the rest. I agree with Mrs. had more sunbeams and less crabapples all would be happier.

The Bible says "Love your enemies." How many of us are doing that?

I have been married two years and God has blessed me with a good husband and dear little baby girl now three months old.

I am a great lover of flowers and do some fancy work. I have just finished a shirt-waist in shadow embroidery and will gladly send the design to anyone desiring it.

Mrs. Eckle. I would like to have the baby pillow and will return favor in any way I can. May God guide and protect you one and all is the prayer of Mrs. E. L. Bozel, 420 Halifax Street, Peters-

the prayer of
MRS. E. L. BOZEL, 420 Halifax Street, Petersburg, Va.

burg, Va.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow me space to thank the COMFORT sisters for the wen remedy? I received so many letters I could not possibly reply to them all, unless I had been a rich man's wife. The wen has been removed, thanks to one of the remedies received through COMFORT. It was of four years' growth and it required time, patience, and a great deal of physical pain, as I used the salt and yolk of egg remedy prescribed by many.

Mrs. Leland Harris and others who promised to write failed to do so. What was the reason? Will all who wrote me accept this as a personal letter? I could not use all the many different remedies sent me, though I believe they were all equally good.

Mrs. JNO. H. NICHOLSON, Wakulla, Fla.

Requests from Shutsins

Requests from Shutins

We reluctantly make a change in this department this month because we are practically forced to do so on account of the flood of requests and letters which pour in from sufferers all over this country.

Although we have always condensed and made each appeal as concise as possible, a number unavoidably have been crowded out of this corner from month to month, thus causing dissatisfaction and a trial of patience for all concerned.

Until all the requests received to date, have appeared, we will simply give the name and address of each invalid, and ask each one personally to remember them in any way possible. Letters, books, little souvenir and remembrances,

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pieces of all kinds, etc., will be gratefully and thankfully received by each sufferer. Remember —"As ye have done it unto the least of one of these my brethren, you have done it unto me." Mrs. Lillie Watson, Seviersville, R. D., 45, Tenn., an invalid for the past four years. Eugenia Moon, Cody, Va. Annie Layman, Conover, Ohio. Miss Nettie F. W. Glass, 37 East Thornton St., Akron, Ohio. Miss C. A. Barger, Montevallo, Ala. Mrs. M. Lillian Perkins, Hunlock Creek, Pa. Hy. Stanley Bent, Turbine, Tex. and John Gordon, Perth, Ont. Can., both are ambitious cripples who are striving to be self-supporting, James Wall, Oxford, S. C. Vernon S. Stevens, Osgood, R. D., 4, Ind. A poor boy of twenty dependent upon a blind father. Mrs. E. A. Hollinger, Hebron, Ohio. Loesa E. Rhodes, New Bloomfield, Mo., asks to have a little granddaughter o₁ eleven years of age remembered. Mrs. A. B. Olive, Holly Springs, R. D., (CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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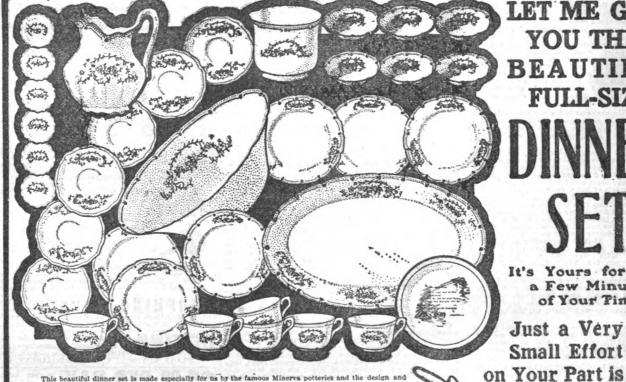
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

HE middle of the Autumn-time is October, dear Cousins, and October is a lovely month when we all ought to feel good towards the world. I hope it has that effect on you, and that the melancholy days, the poet speaks of, have not been that way to you, and that they never will be. I love the October days, and if you like the things I do, so will you. Whether one of these is work, or not, I won't say. Only there is work to do and we mustn't talk during business hours. HE middle of the Autumn-time is Oc-

The first cousin in the list this month is Blue Bell of Somerville, Conn., who has had a "break up" with her sweetheart and wants him to come back again. My, my, how many of you are like that? And just a little common sense and forbearance would have prevented it. Well, cousin, when you meet him again be real pleasant to him and ask him if he doesn't think both of you have been very foolish without any cause. If he is ugly after that, he is too ugly to worry over. cause. If he worry over.

cause. If he is ugly after that, he is too ugly to worry over.

Anxious, Brewer, Mo.—He's honest enough, to tell you that he likes another girl better, but if he can't get her, he will take you. If you want to wait for him, all right. But most girls wouldn't. (2) He is neglectful and you can treat him as you please. But find out first why he didn't answer your letter. (3) It is proper to ask your escort to call on you, even though he has taken you home only the one time.

Brown Eyes, Downer's Grove, Ill.—You acted so thoughtlessly as to be silly, and you certainly owe him an apology.

Brown Curls, Hazel, S. D.—Yes, you can tell the young man when you have first met him that you hope to meet him again, if both of you have had a pleasant meeting.

Troubled Maiden. Central City, Ia.—Certainly a girl of nineteen should not have the privilege of accepting the attentions of a man without her mother's permission. Obey your mother, at least, until you are of age. Then if you want to take risks, you are responsible to yourself. As for marrying, that is also your own business if you wait until you are of age. (2) Candy, books, flowers, etc., may be accepted from men, but nothing of value.

Juanita, Wortham, Texas.—Those are only the advance touches he is making to see if you will

of value.

Juanita, Wortham, Texas.—Those are only the advance touches he is making to see if you will let him put his arm around you. If you like him, you need not give him up on that account, but quietly tell him you do not like it, and he must not do it, or you will have to send him away. If he really likes you he will think more of you for telling him. (2) He will have to give up the other girl, won't he?

up the other girl, won't he?

Puzzled Girl, Danville, Ga.—Unless the young man has good reasons for waiting, you should break the engagement. Two years is too long to be engaged, unless there is excellent cause for the delay. (2) Can't you find out why he has not answered your letter? Write and ask him. (3) Don't worry about what he is coming for. He'll let you know.

Mamma's Fairy, Lake Arthur, N. M.—At fourteen you had better let your mother write to the young man explaining why you can't write to him. (2) You did quite right in leaving the room where the teacher was who tried to kiss you. You should have reported him to the trustees. That kind of man is not fit to teach girls. (3) Don't let your cousin be quite as familiar as your brother may be. Cousins are not brothers.

Baby, Mason, Texas.—If the young man refuses to return your presents, and you have no other man to call on, then you might ask the sheriff. He'll get them all right, and scare the young man besides.

Lonely, Enterprise, Fla.—So long as you have no beau, and do not care for the beaus of the other girls, I think you have a right to "jolly" with all of them, but you must do it so nicely as not to gain the ill will of the other girls. Never walk with a couple unless the invitation to do so comes from the girl. Otherwise there'll be trouble.

Troubled Heart, Solona, Ill.—For goodness sake don't find fault with him because he wants you to have a good time when he is away. Do you want him to tie you up to a post and keep you at home unless he can be around to watch you? Really, Cousin, you are silly.

Lassle, Rosebud and Water Lily, Gallion, Ala.—A girl cannot honestly have more than one sweetheart. (2) The young man, who tells two girls he loves them, does not love either, and is trying to deceive both. (3) First cousins may marry in Alabama, by law. but they should not do so.

not do so.

Big Daisy, Santa Claus, Ind.—I suppose you are too particular for the boys and do not let them handle you as if you were a bale of rags. But you are right and can well afford to maintain your self-respect at the price of such attention. (2) As to the boy you like, if you will continue to be on friendly terms with him as you are now, it will work around right, if it is to be. Don't scare him by being too anxious.

voi are now, it will work atomic right, it is to be. Don't scare him by being too anxious.

Vivian, Mt., Vernon, O.—Most women who have married respectable stingy men think it is really more trying than to have married liberal ones who were not so very respectable. If this one who wants to marry you had the liberal spirit he would help you to regain your health first. Did you ever ask him to do so? Try it and see what he says. In any event if your health is poor you should not marry.

Anxious Heart, Eldorado Springs, Mo.—The young man is so anxious to get rid of you that he almost slaps you in the face. The way he treated you about taking you to the picnic was inexcusable. Write and tell him so, and that you are done with him for all time. Ask him to return your photograph, and send his to him when you write. He's no sort of good.

Simple Sally, Mceker, Okla.—What does a

Simple Sally, Meeker, Okla.—What does a oy of seventeen know about love? And a girl f sixteen hasn't much more judgment. Scrapt out between yourselves, and when you are old nough to know better you will wonder why you zere so silly.

were so silly.

Unhappy Kathie, Forest Place, Md.—Break the engagement by all means rather than marry a man whom you cannot love and honor. It is much more dishonorable to marry the man, feeling as you do, than to break the engagement. Indeed, the only honorable thing you can do is to break the engagement. The right kind of a man would much prefer that you did not marry him, I should think.

Three Dekret Kids Harang N D—If three

him, I should think.

Three Dakota Kids, Havana, N. D.—If three of you don't know how to inspire the men to take you driving, I'm sure I don't. Shoo, kids, you must be old maids, like I am. No man takes me driving. (2) Love will find the way.

Lonesome Blue, Thomastown, Ala.—Wait till you are twenty-one, then if the young man is still of the same opinion he is now, you can

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marry whether your papa likes it or not. At sixteen a girl should try to please her father before any other man on earth.

Disgusted, Tampa, Fla.—That kind of a young chap is not the kind worth giving a second thought to. Let him go and forget him. (2) No. (3) Wait for him to write first. Don't let your eagerness make you unladylike.

Lonely Heart, Pleasant Valley, O.—Obey your parents until you are twenty-one. Then reason with them.

Sweet Sixteen, Marietta, Ga.—Mind your

with them.

Sweet Sixteen, Marietta, Ga.—Mind your mother. If you can't be sensible be as sensible as you can. Study hard and grow older. Keep your eyes on the older man, but don't place your heart anywhere till you are of age.

Brown-eyed Belle, Hico, Texas.—He is altogether too indifferent and likes other girls too much to be very reliable, I think. If he loved you as he should, he would not be kissing every girl he could. But, if you want to marry that kind, you may, if you think you'll be happier with him than a better kind.

Little Buttercup, Barcom, Fla.—You proved how much he loved you by refusing to let him kiss you, merely because he told you he loved you. After you refused him he went away and never mentioned the subject again. Do you imagine he could have treated you so, if he really loved you? He was only fooling you, that was all.

There, dears, your questions are answered, and I have had very little scolding to do, haven't I? I must be getting in a better humor. Some of the cousins will find their questions answered in the Etiquette column because they accressed their letters to the Etiquette Editor, and some of them to me were on subjects of Etiquette and not intended for me. Now, by, by, and let us all try to be good for another whole month.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbid-ding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Augusta, Maine.

Mermaiden, Queen City, Mo.—Probably massaging the flesh would be the best remedy to get the skin back where it belongs. At least, it will be no harm to try it night and morning for a few weeks. Rub and knead yourself thoroughly for ten minutes each time.

thoroughly for ten minutes each time.

Troubled Heart, Heriot, S. C.—It is proper for a girl to correspond with a man fifteen years her senior, if her parents do not object. So it is for her to kiss the young man who has been going to see her four years. (2) Marry the man you love if he is the right kind of a man for you to marry. Find out as much about him as you can. Better ask questions now than when it is too late.

Brown-eved Ruth, Charlevoix, Mich.—It is

Brown-eyed Ruth, Charlevoix, Mich.—It is highly improper, and the chap should not be allowed in the house. (2) The lady to the man's left is the rule in walking, but there are exceptions. (3) Tell him you will be very glad to have him take you home.

Sunny Louise, New Smyrna, Fla.—The rub-her rain coat would be very appropriate for cool weather if it is one of these that does not look rubbery. For wearing to school it is better than any other kind, for no one knows when it may

rain.

W. E. R., Wales, Wis.—The man should tip his hat when introduced to or meeting a lady, when he has his hat on. He should say he was glad to meet her or something like that, though he need not say anything except to respond to what she may say. (2) Oct. 1, 1890, Tuesday. (3) A man may part his hair on either side, or in the middle—until he becomes bald, when the middle is his only chance, and a wide one.

middle—until ne becomes bald, when the middle is his only chance, and a wide one.

Freckled Lass, Manchester, Mich.—If the custom of the community says it is right for the man to put his arm around the girl he is driving with, it may be followed with safety, we think. When it comes right down to a question of propriety, it is not proper. (2) The lady determines what is the correct hour to return from the drive. (3) An engaged young man has no right to go to places with other girls except with the consent of his fiancee.

Alabama Girl, New Brockton, Ala.—As long as you are not marrying his kinfolks, and he is all right, and they are respectable, what difference does it make? Of course if his folks are not people that you can associate with and they will be a handicap always, it makes a lot of difference, and you had better marry somebody else. But don't give him up unless there is something very serious the matter with his family, or him.

Alone, Murray, Ia.—At a formal dinner, the

family, or him.

Alone, Murray, Ia.—At a formal dinner, the napkin need not be folded when you are through with it, but at a family dinner, where the others fold their napkins you may do the same, though you need not be extremely careful to get it perfectly folded. (2) Usually a sitting person rises to an introduction, though women may use their pleasure about it. Men, however, must if they are to be introduced to ladies, and usually to men, unless it is very imformal.

Applying Mate Buffelo N V—There is no

Anxious Kate, Buffalo, N. Y.—There is no remedy for a retreating chin. Nature made it that way, and that way it must remain.

that way, and that way it must remain.

Anxious, Midville, Iowa.—The mother should not sit all the evening helping her daughter entertain a young man caller. She should, however, come in and see him for a few minutes.

(2) The young man's sister should ask her brother to accompany her and her visitor, though the visitor might, if they were all quite informal with each other.

Fern, Merom, Ind.—A fourteen year old girl, we fancy, could eat ice cream with a boy at an ice cream supper, if her parents had no objection. Etiquette is not against it. (2) But she isn't quite old enough to wear her hair as women do.

C. C., Plattsburg, Mo.—Tell the girl of four-teen when she gets older she will have more sense, and that you are hoping to improve a little yourself. If you think you must marry at twenty-one, marry a woman seven years older than you are instead of a child seven years younger.

D. E. H., Sellersville, Pa.—Don't do it unless you want to queer the whole shooting-match. No charge for advice.

Black-eyed Susan, Nelsonville, O.—Something pretty and useful makes the best Christmas present for either sex, and preferably something for personal use, like a silver match safe for a man, or a silver pencil or bookmark for a girl.

(2) See answer above to "Freckled Lass."

Daisy, Rank, Tenn.—The lady thanks her escort for bringing her home from anywhere. She may thank him in her own way. There is no rule. (2) It is hospitable to ask him to call, even if he does not ask to call.

Bessie, Claremont, Minn.—Do you think it would be proper to send your photograph to a man whom you have ordered out of your house? What are you thinking about? (2) It is proper to call a man up by 'phone if you want to speak to him.

to him.

Heavy Heart, Lemars, Ia.—Why do you dream dreams and dawdle dawdles like that about the girl who is a fairy vision and so forth and so forth? Get on a train and go to Chicago after her. You need more action and less sentiment; less heart and more hustle. Get a move on and cinch your claim on "her who to me was more than a person." We have seldom heard from a young man who had a worse case than yours —and nobody to blame for it but himself. P. S. We don't know what kind of college you have at Lemars, but your letter would indicate that its curriculum was a shade shy on syntax, orthography and composition.

Reader. Tonic. Neb.—No wonder you are you

thography and composition.

Reader, Tonic, Neb.—No wonder you are unpopular with boys and girls—you are a mollycoddle on your own admission. Brace up and hit the first boy that imposes on you. Hit him hard, even if you get licked. Keep at it till you lick somebody. In the mean time learn to dance and give the girls the whirl every time the band plays. You are seventeen now, and in a year or so you ought to be Nervy Ned of Tonicville.

W. Y. Waco. Tevas—At an arminal and the same arminal transfer.

W. Y., Waco, Texas.—At an evening wedding the groom wears the usual evening dress for men—with white tie, waistcoat and gloves. Day wedding he wears frock coat, dark gray trousers, pearl gloves and tie to match, and waistcoat of same color, or white. As soon after the ceremony as guests come to shake hands, he can take off his gloves.

Country Girl, Wall Lake, Ia.—You may thank the person who on saying good by adds that he

is glad to have met you. And you may say that you are very glad to have met him, or her.

that you are very glad to have met him, or her. Troubled Girl, Glendale, Ore.—Tell the man you don't want his good opinion. Tell him also that it was your duty to tell his sweetheart about his making love to you and trying to put his arm around you. If more women and girls did as you have done with this man there would be decenter men around and the entire social atmosphere would clear up after the storm. As long as men know they can expect immunity from women so long will they transgress. You are all right.

L. M., Clarion, N. Y.—If his wife does not object he and his old sweetheart may exchange postcards.

Timmie, Akron, Ia.—You may wear any sort of a ring you please on the third finger of your left hand.

Indian Girl, Sapulpa, I. T.—Always thank anyone who extends to you any sort of courtesy. People should do that instinctively and not by

W. F. E. M., Durango, Ia.—You are right, love does mean marriage, but many young men tell girls they love them, when the marriage idea is about the last to enter their minds. Don't be fooled by such talk. If a man really loves you and tells you so, he will ask you to marry him.

Subscriber, Centerville, Ia.—Wait until he shows that he wants to go with you. Be nice to him, but don't be too anxious. (2) Ask the young man what he meant by holding your hand so long.

F. F., Black Betsy, W. Va.—You can't change your hair from brown to black except by the use of dyes which are much worse than brown hair.

Troubled Girl, Moundsville, Wis.—Summer shirt-waists don't look well worn in winter, no matter what you have under them to make them warm. However, if others in Moundsville wear them, you may. (2) It is all right to kiss your flance before strangers. Let them talk. What do you care?

Perplexed Matron, Tilden, Idaho.—Wear your skirts to your shoetops. Black is too somber for a girl of fifteen. Wear something young and bright.

E. H., Rutledge, Tenn.—Teaspoonful of phosphate soda in glass of water to clear the complexion. Let it dissolve in the water and drink it. It is not for external application.

it. It is not for external application.

Black Eyes, Farina, Ill.—Obey your father, no matter if the young man does act like a gentleman when in your presence.

Laura, Rochester, N. Y.—Wedding announcements do not call for presents. Neither do invitations unless you want to give them. (2) In signing your name to a letter or other paper which is to come before any person or persons to whom you are unknown always prefix it with (Miss). When you marry, if you sign your married name not having your husband's initials prefix (Mrs).

Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

finest oysters that ever went into the New York market."

"Why didn't you tell me on't?"

"I'm not going to pour them into your rum bottle."

"I won't drink no more, Charlie."

"I have heard you say that before."

"Sartin true this time."

"Will you go with me or not?" demanded the boy, impatiently.

"She'll kill me, if I do."

"I won't come back again, if you don't go," added Charlie.

"I wish I dared to go," said Job, as he glanced at the door where his persecutor stood.

"Come on board the boat, if you don't go any farther."

Job followed him down to the creek.

"Come on board the boat, if you don't go any farther."

Job followed him down to the creek.
"Job!" screamed his wife.
"I'm only going to the boat. I'll come right back," answered the wretched husband.

The creek was but a short distance from the house. They embarked in the tender, and Charlie pulled down the stream to a point near the mouth of it, where Job's boat, which he loved better than his wife, was moored. Like her, its na was Betsy Ann, for the owner had christened it before his family relations had become so unpleasant. It was a schooner of some twenty tons, and though she had seen many years of hard service, she still looked very well, and was noted as a stiff and weatherly craft. She had a considerable cabin, where her owner was always happier than in his own house.

Charlie hoisted the mainsail, and then run up the jib in spite of Job's protest. Dropping the moorings, he took the helm, and the Betsy Ann stood off from the shore.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Ann stood off from the shore.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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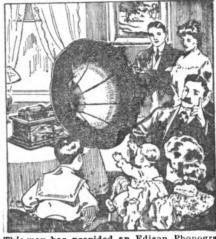
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times father and mother begin to wonder what can be done to keep the boys and girls at home. It is a serious problem, but it must be met in every household. Young folks need something more than the things which have kept the older ones entertained. There is no father nor mother who does not want to keep the children at home, entertain them at home, take away the dullness and make them feel at home. I don't believe you could find better entertainment for the home and for your children than that which is pictured here. Surely there is no lack of joy with such scenes occurring nightly.



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is there a chance for any misery to creep into this home?

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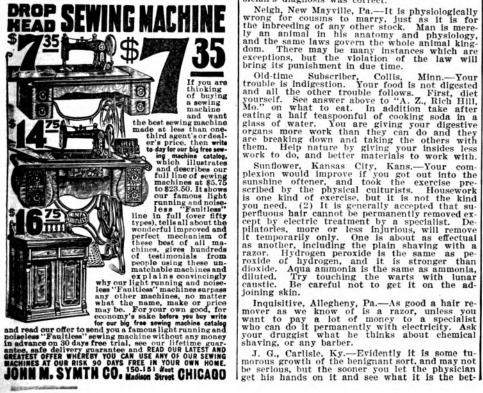


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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers advised to read carefully the sale this paper, as they will be sale.

3

G. H. J., Evansville, Minn.—Nothing will color the skin permanently unless it is some pigment introduced under the cuticle. Mere stain will grow off as the skin changes which it is constantly doing. (2) Specks before the eyes, when not the result of defective vision, are caused by a disordered stomach and liver. In one case, consult an oculist; in the other, diet yourself and take a dose of salts in hot water half an hour before breakfast.

before breakfast.

W. G. N., Topeka, Kans.—You are in a malarial condition and the best thing you can do is to take a trip off to the high lands of Colorado. Go out there and work for three months and you'll feel like a different man. Then come back to Kansas if you want to, though we think you won't. If you go, you may be worse for the first month, but that is only the malaria getting out of the system, and you will begin to pick up after that. In the mean time, if you have not been taking quinine, take about six or eight grains a day, and eat simple, wholesome food, and not much of it, and take a dose of salts, three times a week, before breakfast.

P. N. L., Middleboro, Mass.—Moles are not

P. N. L., Middleboro, Mass.—Moles are not to be removed except by experts skilled in the profession, and not always successfully, even by them. Moles are dangerous things to tamper with, and our advice is that you let them alone. Ask any physician in your town what he thinks about them. Ask any ph about them.

about them.

W. H., Muskegon, Mich.—Nobody can cure you but yourself. You have simply to exercise your own will power and the cure will be effected. Otherwise you will go to your grave a wreck. Nothing is the matter with you except your own foolish weakness, and you've got to brace up on your own resolution. Better not try the concerns you mention. One, we know, is not reliable. Take to the open air, bright company, lively associates, keep away from yourself and get a sweetheart to cheer you up and be your wife.

Distressed Reader, Howell, Ind.—One hair remedy is about as good as another, and the best will not make hair grow when the roots are dead. Might as well try to make teeth grow again, when they are pulled out. If you have lost your hair by disease, the drug store remedies will usually get it going again. They are as good as any you can make yourself, and better.

better.

A. J., Cadiz, Ill.—If you feel no ill effects from not perspiring freely, don't bother about it. You are all right. Nature is handling you on a different plan from most people, that's all.

P. P. N., Walhalla, N. Dak.—The changes of skin you mention are natural and as you are not inconvenienced except some as to your looks when your face gets red, you had better not try to improve on nature and make matters worse. As you look all right on fair days, and there are more fair days than foul in the Dakotas, you have no cause for complaint, or medical treatment.

A. Z., Rich Hill, Mo—You have we should.

ment.

A. Z., Rich Hill, Mo.—You have, we should say, catarrh of the stomach. You need a physician to treat that properly, but you can do most of the cure by careful dieting and getting your digestive organs to working right. At nineteen you should be able in a year or so to get into very fair shape, but it will take time and care. Eat sparingly and only such food as you can easily digest and drink no coffee. Eat very little meat, and that mostly lamb, and no pork. Eat bread toasted hard, and drink no water at meals, but plenty between. Uncooked cabbage, rice, eggs, milk with bread in it, fruits, no pastry, and such vegetables as cause no uneasiness after eating. You will have to make your own diet by trying out your food. Take salts, before breakfast in hot water, often enough to keep your bowels open. Now, go and see a doctor and tell him what we have to intention for the content of the cont

E. S. S. M., Buckner, Ark.—Malodorous perspiration is quite common and its cause is not definitely known. About the s.mplest remedy for it is to put a few drops of ammonia in the water you bathe in. Not in the water in which you wash your face, as it will affect the eyes. If applied daily or oftener it will destroy the odor at once. If you have a druggist near you he can supply you with ammonia especially prepared for such use.

such use.

E. D., Ellobelle, Ga.—We can't do anything for you except to advise you to go to Atlanta and consult a specialist. If you are not able to pay much he will not charge you much. Doctors are human, and that is why they charge high prices to those who can pay, and help those all they can, who are not able to pay. If you let the case continue, you never can be cured. We take it for granted that your physician's diagnosis was correct.

Neigh New Mayville, Pa.—It is physiologically

Neigh, New Mayville, Pa.—It is physiologically wrong for cousms to marry, just as it is for the inbreeding of any other stock. Man is merely an animal in his anatomy and physiology, and the same laws govern the whole animal kingdom. There may be many instances which are exceptions, but the violation of the law will bring its punishment in due time. bring its punishment in due time.

bring its punishment in due time.

Old-time Subscriber, Collis, Minn.—Your trouble is indigestion. Your food is not digested and all the other trouble follows. First, diet yourself. See answer above to "A. Z., Rich Hill, Mo." on what to eat. In addition take after eating a half teaspoonful of cooking soda in a glass of water. You are giving your digestive organs more work than they can do and they are breaking down and taking the others with them. Help nature by giving your insides less work to do, and better materials to work with. Sunflower, Kansas City, Kans.—Your com-

work to do, and better materials to work with. Sunflower, Kansas City, Kans.—Your complexion would improve if you got out into the sunshine oftener, and took the exercise prescribed by the physical culturists. Housework is one kind of exercise, but it is not the kind you need. (2) It is generally accepted that superfluous hair cannot be permanently removed except by electric treatment by a specialist. Depilatories, more or less injurious, will remove it temporarily only. One is about as effectual as another, including the plain shaving with a razor. Hydrogen peroxide is the same as peroxide of hydrogen, and it is stronger than dioxide. Aqua ammonia is the same as ammonia, diluted. Try touching the warts with lunar caustic. Be careful not to get it on the adjoining skin.

ter chance you will have to get rid of it. De-lays are dangerous.

ter chance you will have to get rid of it. Delays are dangerous.

G. R. W., White Earth, N. Dak.—Ordinary chloroform liniment, to be had at any drug store, is the best for sciatic and muscular rheumatism. Do not rub the parts affected, but moisten a piece of flannel with the liniment and hold it tightly over the affected part, covering the hand with another piece of cloth to keep the fumes in. As soon as it begins to get very hot let the air get to it, to prevent blistering. Be careful or you will blister yourself more than you like. A change of climate is of more benefit than all the medicine and you should go to the hot, dry climate of Arizona or New Mexico.

A. H. J., Kizer, Tenn.—The physician, if a good one, who made the examination is the only person competent to judge and what he says should be accepted as against a guess from one a thousand miles away. Put the case in the physician's hands and let him treat it properly if you want to get rid of the trouble, or at least, relieve it. If the patient is upwards of fifty, relief is about the best he can expect.

C. M. Z., Kenmare, N. Dak.—Press the blackheads out after steaming the face over a basin of boiling water, covering the head with a towel. Massage ten minutes with a cream made of express oil of sweet almonds, ninety minims, fresh cucumber juice, one ounce; lanoline, four drams; oil of rose, four drops. Melt the oil and lanoline in a double boiler; take from the fire and stir in the cucumber juice. Before the mixture cools add the perfume; beat until cool. Remove all the cream from the face with a soft towel, bathe in hot water and apply a lotion made as follows: Boracic acid, one dram; alcohol, one ounce; rosewater, two ounces. Each morning bathe the face in hot and cold water alternately, in the last cold water put a few drops of benzoin. Steam the face once a week only. If you are unable to make your own massage cream, that you can get at a drug store may be used.

F.B., Youngtown, N. Dak.—For discolorations of the skin use bichloride of mercury,

Ruby, Pine Grove, Ill.—The re nose may be due to indigestion. Try dieting, and stop drinking coffee, if you drink it. Get plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Wear comfortable clothing and shoes. Take a cold bath every morning. Apply this lotion daily: tannic acid, iffteen grains; camphor water, five ounces.

grains; camphor water, five ounces.

Lucy, Hot Springs, Ark.—Vaucaire's developer is said to be the best. It is compounded as follows: Liquid extract of galega (goat's rue), ten grains; lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fennel, ten grams; simple syrup, 400 grams. Dose two soupspoonfuls in water before each meal. Bathe the bust every morning in cold water. Also practice deep-breathing, every morning on arising. Inhale by the nose and exhale by the mouth. Take as long breaths as posible, and as many as ten, when you can do so many.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Requests from Shut-ins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

1, N. C. Ora Huffman and Mrs. P. B. Bucker, Wilmington, Ind. Mrs. Minnie Strickland, Box 722, Union City, Mich. Miss Sallie C. Swartz, Box 64, Dayton, R. D., 19, Va. Mrs. F. D. Owen, Ochlochee, R. D., 1, Ga. Perrif Andrews, Box 45, Emmet, R. D., 2, Ark. A crippled boy of thirteen. Miss Catharine Young, Box 42, Morganfield, R. D. 2, Ky. A crippled shut-in of twenty-six. Frances James, Aurora, R. D., 4, Ind. Medie Phillips, Lunda, Ky., and Mrs. Priscilla Moore, 2908 Farragut Ave., Camden, N. J. Miss Maggie Pearce, Box 53, Adrian, Mo., letter party Nov. 5. Mrs. S. H. Wyatt, Westfield, Mass., letter party, Nov. 24. Lydia Underhill, Barlow, Ky. A lifelong cripple. Julia Botts, Gamaliel, Ky. Mr. Henry Vandenburg, Belyas Cove, Queen's Co., N. B. Mrs. Maria Allison, 92 Sherman Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey. Mr. Schofield, 238 Bower St., Jersey City, N. J. Miss Hannah Griffin, Bristol, Conn. Mrs. Mary L. Talbot, Haverhill, N. H. Mrs. Jennie Buehannan, Twin Falls, Idaho. An invalid for the past two years. Mrs. Mattie Moore, Kokomo, Ind., care County Infirmary. A sufferer who has been confined to a chair for thirty years.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters
The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

To Cure Consumption

Dissolve one grain of chlorate of potash in a cup of warm water. Dose, one half teaspoon-ful in a little water after meals. A. E. C.

Easy Way to Pick Ducks

Dry pick the first layer of feathers, and put the ducks into a pan and sprinkle them thoroughly with powdered rosin; then pour boiling water over them. The feathers will come off easily bringing the down with them. Duck picking has always been a problem, and a very great task; this is an old-fashioned way of doing but very effectual.

Apple Salad

Select apples of uniform size and scoop out center, heap the cavity with equal parts of chopped apple, celery and nuts, moistened with mayonnaise dressing, stick a sprig of celery into the top of each and serve on a lettuce leaf. If red apples are used the salad is especially attractive.

Grape Catsup

Five pounds of grapes, one pound sugar, one pint vinegar, one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and salt. Tie spices in muslin bag (they should be whole). Cook grapes until soft then strain and add spices, etc., cook slowly until quite thick; bottle while hot. I put mine in glass jars same as any fruit and seal hot.

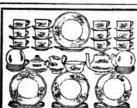
J. A. D.

Chicken with Marcaroni

One half pound of macaroni boiled in water with a lump of butter for one quarter hour; drain off the water, then cover with milk; add salt and pepper and a whole onion stuck with four cloves, boil until the macaroni is tender. Boil a chicken in the usual way and when tender cut it up and lay it on a hot dish; pour the macaroni over it; remove the onion and grate cheese over the whole. Brown it in the oven and serve hot.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



IT IS EASY TO EARN

Salve at 25 cents a salve at 25 cents a fair. The greatest cure known for Catarth, Croup and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts. Burns, Sores, Chaps, Every jar guaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell Mother's Salve; what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this fine quality Tea Set of 55 full size pieces, beautifully decorated in neat floral design, blue or green. Genuine Arcade ware, in newest shapes, for selling 2 doz. Also Lamps, Iron Beds, Silverware, Rugs, Clocks, Curtains, Kitchen Cabinets, Skirts, Furniture and anything in the line of household goods. NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. Send name and address and we will mail six jars with large premium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. For 14 yrs. cur Premiums always the best. Compare with others. See our other ads in this paper.

Mother's Remedies Co., Dept. 8 1025—35th St., Chicago

IT IS EASY \mathbf{E} AR

beautiful premiums by selling of few jars of "Mother's Baive" at many a jar. The greatest cure known catarrh, Croup and Colds. The never saw its equal for healing Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc., your neighbor. Every jar guarat it doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell the sell trash. Sell the sell trash sell the people was er's Salve; what the people was nely carved Clock, with solid oak case; help ches, 6 inch dial. Correct timekeeper, eight-day lent; strikes hour and half-hour, for selling on C. Also Toa Sets, Iron Beds, Silverware, Kugs, Cur

Roben Cabinets, Skirts, Furniture, and anything busehold goods. NO MONEY REQUIRED I DVANCE. Just send name and address and we will six jars with large premium list and full instrums. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell the pure may return—no harm done.

14 yrs, our Premiums always the best. Compare with other see our other ads in this paper.

Mother's Remedies Co., Dept. V 1025 -35th St., Chicago



IT IS EASY TO EARN

earn this fine Kitchen Cabinet, top 25x83 inches. Has two
drawers for knives, forks and spoons; 2 large lower bins,
each holding about 60 lbs. of flour; 1 bread board, 18x84
in; 1 meat board, 18x13 in; all is finished in light natural
colored maple. Weight, complete, 55 lbs., for selling 3 doz.
Also Tea Sets, Iron Beds, Silverware, Ruga, Clocks, Curtains, Skirts, Furniture and anything in the line of household goods. No MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. Send name and address and we will mail six
jars with large premium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you cannot sell them you may
return—no harm done.
For 14 yrs. our Fremiams always the best. Compare with others.

See our other ads in this paper.

Mother's Remedies Co., Dept. 8 1925 — 35th St., Chicago
Mother's Remedies Co., Dept. 8 1925 — 35th St., Chicago

Bee our other ads in this paper.

Mother's Remedies Co., Dept. N 1025 —35th St., Chicago



It Is Easy To

Cabinets, Skirts, Furniture and anything in househo NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. sats send name and address and we will mall six jars with lar remium list and full instructions. Satisfaction guarante If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm do Mother's Remedies Co. Dept. D. 1025 -35th St. Chicago



NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. Set ame and address and we will mail 6 jars with large printing list and full instructions. Satisfaction guarantee Mother's Remedies Co. Dept. G1025 35th St.Chicag



IT IS EASY TO EARN

beautiful premiums by selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. The greatest cure known for Catarrh, Croup and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cute, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Ask your neighbor. Every jarguaranteed. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell 'Mother's Salve, 'what the people want and will buy again, and see how quickly you can earn this fine Hanging Lamp, of solid brass frame; has 30 beautiful crystal glass pendants; dome is hand decorated in flowers in their natural colors; automatic spring extension for high or low cellings, for selling only 2½ doz. Also Tea Sets, Iron Beds, Silverware, Rugs.

NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE nium list and full instru d. If you cannot sell th Mother's Remedies Co., Dept.T 1025-35th St., Chicago



large premium list and full instruction sell them you may return—no harm don Write now.

Mother's Remedies Co., Dept. Y 1025—35th St., Chicago

Have You Got Rheumatism?

Tired of Stomach Drugging, Liniments and Medicines?

Try Without Cost a New External Remedy That Is Curing Thousands.

\$1.00's Worth to Try Free

We have found a cure for Rheumatism and are proving this fact to the people day-in and day-out by thousands of cures. We are curing old, chronic cases of Rheumatism where victims of the cruel disease had suffered as long as 30 and 40 years without relief. We know this-there's no doubt or

without relief. We know this—there's no doubt or guesswork about it. These long-standing, stubborn cases are the very ones we want, and if the remedy can possibly fail in a single case of the worst kind we want to know it. You who have endured the awful pain lameness and endless torture of this dreadful disease will be glad to know that a cure has at last been found You must try the great Michigan Cure for Rheumatism in every form, chronic or acute, muscular, inflammatory, sciatic, lumbago or gout. No matter how severe or chronic your case may be —don't give up, don't despair before you have tried this cure It doesn't make any difference what you have tried or how long you have suffered, we believe there is relief and comfort in every pair of Magic Foot Drafts, and we want you to try them on our assurance that they do and will cure Rheumatism in almost every cruel form and stage. Try them at our expense, and if you are satisfied with the benefit received send us one dollar—if not, don't send us a cent. Write your name and full address on the Coupon below and send it right back to us. By next mail you will get the \$1.00 pair of Drafts just as we promised.

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Gentlemen:—Send a \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts free to try to

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Wonderful New Three-fold Remedy Curing Thousands—Anyone May Try It Without Cost.

Let US Send You \$1 Worth FREE ON APPROVAL

We want every sufferer from piles to send us his or her address

at once. Return mail will bring, Free to Try, our complete new three-fold Absorption Cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fis-sure, Prolapse, Tumors, Constipa-

tion and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, we take your word and it costs you nothing; you decide after a thorough trial.



This treatment is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. We are anxious to have you test it and know for yourself that a safe, sure and permanent cure has at last been found for this painful disease. Act now and avoid

needless delay and danger.

Our three-fold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Our valuable new Pile Book (in colors) comes free with the approval treatment, all in plain package. Send no money—but write today—to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1056 Majestic Building, Jackson, Mich.





Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postiage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

C. M. D., Easley, S. C.—Write to Mortimer Green, 26 East 24th St., or to Holcombe & Co., 18 East 28th St., New York City. If they do not handle, ask them to refer your letter to someone who does.

Mo. Boy, South West, Mo.—The best art schools are in the eastern cities, but as a beginning you might take a course from a correspondence school. That will at least give you a pretty good idea of what you will have to do before you can draw well enough to make a living at it. Your samples indicate that you have talent enough to improve it.

W. O. H., Callao, Mo.—There is not enough premium on half pennies to make it worth while unless you have a large number. Write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

Soldier Boy, Macon, Tenn.—Apply for information concerning West Point to the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., or better, to your Congressman. You will have to improve considerably in your writing, unless you are a much better fighter than writer. However, you spell all right. right.

E. E. E., Chicago, Ill.—Take your coin to some of the dealers in your town and make inquiries where you can sell it if you like the price.

W. H., Muskegon, Mich.—You may get all particulars about all branches of the Civil Service by writing to Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

mission, Washington, D. C.

Miss A. L., Minier, Ill.—The person who writes essays and orations to order does not usually make his business known. There are writers, we suppose, who wrote essays and orations for other people, but we do not know them as we do not require their services.

A. M. Winsted Com — As you do not state.

A. M., Winsted, Conn.—As you do not state what kind of a lawyer, civil or criminal, you want, and our acquaintance is limited, we think it would be better for you to inquire of a lawyer in your own town for the address of some reliable man who is known to your informant. He will not charge you for the information.

He will not charge you for the information.

Miss Scioto F. Jones, Lakeview, Lake Co., Ore., would like to hear from Comport readers who have had song words set to music about their experience and all particulars.

X. Y. Z., Westley, Cal.—As a rule periodicals for children do not pay high prices for stories. You can only find out what they pay by selling a story. Write to Boys' World or Girls' Companion, Elgin, Ill.; Little Folks, Salem, Mass.; Golden Days, Philadelphia, Pa.; Little Chronicle, Chieago, Ill.; American Boy, Detroit, Mich. These are all secular, and will pay for stories that they accept. (2) Mrs. Southworth was born in Washington, D. C., in 1819 and died there in 1899. Her first novel was Retribution, published in 1849. (3) The Earl of Minto is Viceroy of India.

Old Sub. Abingdon, Va.—The business of mistletoe and holly for Christmas it too local for us to know about. Washington and Baltimore ought to be good markets, but some of the nearer and smaller towns would be better. You should know the business men in them better than we do.

than we do.

Mrs. Bowers, 39 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y., would like to hear from any Comfort reader who has been cured of neuralgia, or had great relief from it. She wants to know all particulars. In our opinion there is no cure possible except in a hot, dry climate, and not sure then. S. A. V., Huron, S. D.—We know of no old people's homes except those that charge for care, though we believe some of the states have such institutions. County infirmaries usually look after the indigent old.

Reader. New Orleans, La.—If you mean corre-

Reader, New Orleans, La.—If you mean correspondence schools you will find them advertised in about every magazine you will pick up on a news stand.

news stand.

M. H., Versailles, O.—The canal from West Troy, N. Y. to Whitehall is called the Champlain. (2) "More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day." is from "The Passing of Arthur", by Alfred Tennyson. We have added a little to the quotation as you gave it.

Interested Inquirier, Fall River, Wis.—We get it from the publisher, and have nothing whatever to do with it in its original form. We use only matter of established reputation.

Subscriber, Globe, Ariz.—You had better borrow a cyclopedia and read up on the subject of rubber. We haven't space to go into details such as you ask for.

R. H., Oshkosh, Wis.—He is all right as far as we know. Write him again and if you do not hear from him, write to the mayor of the town, or the postmaster for information. Inclose postage for reply. We have had no complaint from others. Did you send the money in cash, or P. O. order, or note?

The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED PROM PAGE 5.)

(CONTINUED PROM PAGE 5.)
the soil, Gene. I can't bear the thought of your going away again."
"I shall not need to do that, mother. Do you remember Willoughby, Tom Willoughby I used to go to school with?"
"You mean the man who has just been sworn in as Attorney General?"
"Yes. We have kept up a desultory correspondence ever since I went West, and he has offered me charge of his extensive law practice in Grafton. It is only six miles away and I can go back and forth on the trolley. What do you think of the arrangement, mother?"
"I am delighted with anything that will keep you at home even a portion of the time," replied his mother smiling contentedly.
'It suits me perfectly," said Uncle John. "I never thought much of yere ability as a farmer, Gene, and that's why I encouraged ye to go in for the law. I'm very glad Theta and I are going to keep on running the farm. We are just natural born farmers."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The heroine of this story chooses between the

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Uncle John as a Philosopher." Send 15 cents for 14 months, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.) Apple Fool

Pare and core some apples, place in a jar with moist sugar sufficient to render them palatable, add a little cider. Set the jar in a saucepan over the fire and cook until the apples are quite soft, tnen mash through a colander. Serve with cream and sugar. Mrs. Ruby Parker.

Drop Biscuits

Three cups flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, two tablespoonfuls lard. Salt to taste. Add milk enough to make a stiff batter and drop in gen page. in gem pans.

One quart of milk, yolks of four eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir all together until the gins to thicken, then pour in whites of four eggs used.

INDIA M. CATTERSON.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Let of Souvenir Postals Free

How to Get a Let of Souvenir Postals Free
This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all
over the world and we are now helping our readers get thou
sands of postals without cost.
Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your
name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in
the list and send you cards. The Publishers simple ask
the slight service from you of getting up these small club,
we will send an assortment of six cards or could,
we will send an assortment of six cards or your club,
we will send an assortment of ask cards for your club,
whether you would not not send to the country of the countr

Mike Peterson, Narcoossee, Fla. Martha Wagner, Box 28, Clayton Center, Ohio. Miss Ethel M. Stredwick, Hecker, N. Dak. Mr. Garret Robinson, Narcoossee, Fla. N. H. Bull, Orlando, R. F. D., 1, W. Va. Mrs. Iva Dugger, Mendoza, R. F. D., 1, Texas. G. G. Breyer, Hortonville, R. F. D., 21, Wis. Mrs. Cora Holmes, Box 57, Roseburg, Oregon. Miss Mary Shafer, Box 58, Weston, R. F. D., 1, III. Miss Bessie M. Foster, Amsterdam, Va. Mrs. May Denton, Evansville, Indiana. Alma Rhinn, Lake Fork, Ill. Miss Harriet L. Marcke, 6810 Linwood Ave., N. E., Clevelando, O. Belle Gormon, Manito, R. F. D., 3, Ill. Maggie Denton, 910 3rd Ave., Evansville, Indi. Miss Bertha Atwater, 1612 Sedgwick St., Allegheny City, Pa.

Letters of Thanks

Letters of Thanks

Dear Editor and Sisters:

I take this method to sincerely thank all who so kindly remembered me (a locomotor ataxia shut-in), by sending letters, cards and various kinds of reading matter. May God's richest blessing ever abide with each and everyone of them; although financially poor and in my sixtieth year, I want to always be on Comfort's subscription list.

If Miss Nannie Depper, formerly of Winston, Salem, N. C., should read this, she will please accept my sincere thanks for the box of stationery that she so kindly sent me Christmas. I mailed her a letter of thanks, which she never received, as the letter was returned to me. Again thanking each and everyone concerned for their kindness to me, and hoping I may receive more letters in the near future, I am your old cripple friend,

C. E. Fry, Box 21, Williamstown, R. F. D., 4, Kentucky.

Dear Comfort Sisters:

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish to join your interesting band. I am a shut-in and I want to tell you how much I ap
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

NEWEST SOCIETY FAD IN LETTER PAPER. sit up and listen. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. OXFORD PRINTERY, 77 Hill St., Chicago. Agents wanted

Per Month to collect names, advertise and distribute samples of our goods. Saunders Co., Dept. B, Fifth Ave., CHICAGO.

Your Portune; send you Life Reading, also Phote' your future Husband or Wife, with True Luck Charm and Wedding Ring. All for 10 CTS, and your birthdast, 100K BOX 100, DEP. F. PALATINE, ILL.

SELL TOBACCO and CIGARS locally or traveling Full time or side line. Steady work—good pay—promotion. Address Morotock Tobaccoworks, Box X56, Danville, Va.

Set MAGIC TRICK CARDS for 20 Just to Introduse of MAGIC TRICK CARDS for 20 Just to Introduse tricks we will send you a set of Trick Cards with full secret direct only 2c. With these cards you can change sights to tens or see cards to black, spades to hearts or clube, etc. just as you desire, an-can detectit. DRAKE TRICK CO., Dept. 18, 1941 Harrison St. C.

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YOUR FORTUNE TOLD by the greatest Egyptian Astrologer and Mystic Adept. The future, love, health, wealth and marriage, all made plain to you. Send date of birth and stamp to ESME BYAM, Dept. 65, SYRACUSE, N. V. PROF. ESME BYAM, Dept. 65,

a Day Sure and we will show you address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in cality where you live. Send us your address and we will in the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit

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BED-WETTING CURED It is not a habit but a discass.
Cure guaranteed. SAMPLE FREE BOX L126, Bloomington, IL.

Your fortune told, future and past wonderfully revealed, by the greatest philosopher, astrologist, clairvoyant. Send birth date and stamp now.

Prof. Cresswell, Dept. X, Box 410, Aurora, Ill.

COMIC POST CARDS FREE



We will send ten Comic Post Cards Free to anyone sending us ten cents for a three months' trial subscription to Home Life, the great family magazine. The Cards are all the rage. These are the funniest you ever saw. We will return your money if you are not satisfied. Send 10 your money if you are not satisfied. Send 10 cents(silver or stamps) for ten Post Cards and Magazine. Two extra Art Subjects Free if you write today. Address Home Life Pub. Co., 436 Dearhorn Av., ChicAgo.

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15 JEWEL AMERIGAN WALTHAM WATCH
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of these beauwill be surprised to be surprised to the season of the sea good as a government bond.

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DOUBLE BARREL 2,872 GUNS, all have on hand, will be closed out at the here tofore un-heard FOR \$8.95 we furnish this genuing
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where at \$25.00 to \$30.00. special clos-ing out price on these guns is \$8.95 with steel barrels, \$10.95 with genuine imported twist barrels, \$12.95 with genuine imported Damascus barrels; bored by the celebrated Taper system, reinforced breech, fancy matted rib, extension rib, double bolt action, high grade full case hardened and finished box frame, top snap break, automatic safety, fancy full checkered pistol grip, walnut stock, walnut checkered fancy fore end. This is a genuine New England hammerless double barrel 12-gauge breech loading shotgun. UNDERSTAND, IT'S A HAMMERLESS GUN AND NOT A HAMMER GUN, and if you are familiar with hammerless guns, you will know A HAMMERLESS GUN FOR USE IS WORTH TWICE AS MUCH AS A HAMMER GUN.

UNDERSTAND, IT'S A HAMMERLESS GUN FOR USE IS WORTH TWICE AS MUCH AS A HAMMER GUN. ammerless guns, you will know A HAMMERLESS GUN FOR USE IS WORTH TWICE AS MUCH AS A HAMMER GUN. THE CELEBRATED A. J. AUBREY HAMMERLESS DOUBLE BARREL BREECH LOADING SHOTGUN, guaranteed one of the highest grade guns made in America, the equal of any hammerless double barrel gun you can buy elsewhere for \$30.00; made in our own factory at Meriden, Connecticut, and guaranteed the safest, best boiled, handsomest, best proportioned and strongest shooting gun made in America. 12-gauge, very finest Armory steel barrels, reinforced at breech, taper choke bored for smokeless or black powder, extension rib, quadruple about and locking action, full plate locks, top snap break, finest automatic locking device, locking the rib to the frame, quadruple bolt and locking action, full plate locks, top snap break, finest automatic safety, interchangeable parts, the greatest gun value ever offered; worth twice as much as any gun you can buy elsewhere at double our price; has selected wainut stock, full checkered, full pistol grip, full checkered and full finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade gun made; compared and full finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade gun made; compared and full finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade gun made; compared and full finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade gun made; compared and full finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade gun made; compared and full finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade gun made; compared and full finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade gun made in America. The finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade gun made in America. The finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade gun made in America. The finished fore end, every up to date feature, every high grade gun made in America. The finished fore end, every up

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hammerless double barrel breech loading shotgun with
genuine Armory steel barrels for \$13.85, or with the highest grade, genuine imported Liege, full finished twist barrels for \$14.85, or with extra high grade, genuine Liege,
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which case we will send the gun to you by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory then pay the express agent our special price, or, if you prefer, enclose only \$1.00, in \$1.00, sent with your order; and if you order one of the Aubrey guns you can use it three months, during which time you can put it to every possible test, and if you do not consider it the highest grade gun you have ever seen or used, and worth at least twice as much as any double hammerless gun you could be used to the subject of the subject of the subject of the property of the prope

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To widely advertise our great tailoring shops and make our fine clothing and low prices famous, we will sell 12,000 men's suits of Fall and Winterweight sawy Blue WOOL CASSIMERE at \$4.95 each, and as a special premium and adv. we will give free with each suit at \$4.95 a pair of handsome, latest style, fine fancy striped worsted trousers.

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which we give with the suit at \$4.95 are made of beautiful dark funcy striped worsted are very stylish worsted are very stylish girling. The suit as the particular of the suit and the suit and the suit as the suit and we shall suit and we measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and height and weight, and we will send the fine navy blue cassimere suit and extra pair of elegant, and the suit and extra pair of elegant, and in the surpress office, you to pay the balance, \$3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw, and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw, and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw at \$4.0.00 to \$12.00, and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood, regardless of price; otherwise we will promptly refund your \$1.00. Order the autfit today or send for our big cloth sample book which contains 160 fine cloth samples of readymade and made to order suits at \$4.50 up; trousers \$1.25 up; over-oats \$4.50 up; and complete stocks of duck and sheep lined clothing, fur coats, mackintoshes, etc. They are elegant fabrics, from Worlf Famous Wooles Mills, critically assorted to suit every tasts and every sgs. Order the outfit or write for the sample book to day Do it right now.

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Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COM-FORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

J. C. W.—We think that the Courts of your own State cannot obtain jurisdiction in the matter you mention without service of process upon the persons against whom you have the claim within the State, you might be able to reach that by attachment. Perhaps if you communicated with some reliable lawyer or collection agency in the State, where the people who owe you the money live, they might take an assignment of your claim and bring suit in the name of the assignee, but in case this was done and your debtor contested the suit it would be necessary for either you or someone else familiar with the goods to be present at the trial and testify as to their value, as otherwise your suit would fall for lack of proof; it is quite possible that they might settle the case without the necessity of a trial, if you placed your claim in the hands of a lawyer or collection agency in their vicinity and they thought you meant to proceed against them.

J. P. B.—We are of the opinion that your mother upon her death had a legal right to dispose of, by her will, such property as belonged to her individually, but that such as she had only a life estate in, or such as she had only in her physical possession but to which she had no legal title, she could not dispose of. We know of no way for you to recover the property, you say you own but which is in the possession of others, without bringing any legal proceedings, unless the persons who have possession of the property are willing to turn it over, to you voluntarily. The law does not operate of itself, but will wait until you either set it in operation or forfeit your rights by your own neglect.

Miss E. L. K.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, undue influence would be a ground, if fully established, to upset the validity of a will. The property of a decedent is divided according to the terms of their last valid will, but, if they leave no valid

Reuben T.—An examination of the charter of the min-ing company you mention would be necessary for us to tell whether the stock is assessable or not; unless other-wise provided for in the charter, we think perhaps the stock can be assessed.

stock can be assessed.

C. H.—We are of the opinion, that the man you mention could not be tried a second time after his acquittal upon the first trial for the crime you mention. The fundamental reasons why this is so would be too exhaustive a subject for us to go into in this column; we do not undertake to explain the reasons for the enactment of the various laws, but simply to give our opinion on the construction of the various laws as we find them in force.

(2) We do not think so. In some States the property and educational qualifications practically disfranchise them.

(2) We do not think so. In some States the property and educational qualifications practically disfranchise them.

Rose.—There are a number of ways in which the two brothers you mention can adjust and divide the partnership property they own. You have not in your communication to us made the details of the plan of settlement you mention quite plain enough for us to understand, and we think that as the matter is a very important one a lawyer should be employed to draw the necessary papers, as it is very important, that in all matters pertaining to real estate the greatest caution should be exercised in order to keep the title to the property clear of any defect. We do not see how the wife of the one brother can take any action in the matter; he should be the one to act himself and should for his children's sake try to have the matter straightened out.

J. W.—We are of the opinion, that the funeral expenses of the man who died is a valid claim against his estate, and could be collected from his estate. If, as we understand from your letter, this claim was not paid, we think the undertaker had a legal right to impress his claim upon the real estate of the decedent and have the same sold, and the heirs of the estate would be powerless to defeat the collection of his claim, unless, of course, there was some irregularity in the legal proceedings he may have taken to enforce his claim. Just claims against a decedent's estate are legally preferred before the rights of an heir to the property of the estate.

W. A. B.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that the real estate provided it was

of an heir to the property of the estate.

W. A. B.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that the real estate, provided it was not inherited from the father, belonging to the child you mention would, upon the death of the child, you the mother to the exclusion of the brother or sisters of the half-blood, except, of course, unless a different disposition was made of the property by the child's will, or in case he or she left descendants, in which case they would inherit the property.

J. V.—We do not think you can recover the money you paid your friend, although he may have made himself liable to punishment for his act.

B. J. F.—As near as we can understand from your

paid your friend, although he may have made himself liable to punishment for his act.

B. J. F.—As near as we can understand from your statements, we think it is very doubtful if the mortgage you executed is a valid one, but we think it wiser for you to pay than to dispute the judgment of it, as, from your statement to us, we fear you have made yourself liable to serious criminal prosecution.

Mrs. G. M.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion, that, if the real estate is owned by the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety, upon the death of one the whole property goes to the survivor absolutely; (2) that a will, if legally executed, no matter where made is good. (3) We do not think that any written document is necessary to convey title to the article of jurniture you mention, provided immediate possession is taken of the same. (4) We think that, if the man you mention should reside in the State you mention at the time of his death, and should leave no will, his widow would receive from his personal estate one third, if there be also issue, and if there be no issue, one half and from his real estate the income on one third for life if there be issue, and if there be no issue, one half for life. This last, of course, does not apply to such real property as they hold, as you say jointly, but what we, in legal phraseology, call as tenants by the entirety, as such property does not go into and form any part of his estate, as it is vested before death in the survivor of the husband and wife.

M. J. L. and W. B.—To claim money and to legally substantiate the claim are two different things; we do not

husband and wife.

M. J. L. and W. B.—To claim money and to legally substantiate the claim are two different things; we do not think that, if the man you mention should properly defend any action his brothers or sisters should bring against him for the money his father paid him for taking care of him, they could collect anything from him, but we see no way to prohibit their claiming they are entitled to some of it. In case they should bring an action against him for any of this money, he should defend the action.

To MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and expectually cures Leucorrhea.

Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhea.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will glady tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and against him for any of this money, he should defend the action.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

preciate your kind expressions of sympathy. I haven't walked in thirteen long weary years. Rheumatism is the cause of my affliction. My life is sometimes very lonely. I would be glad to be remembered in any way on Aug. 9. I am twenty-seven years old.

MISS VIRILLA SEVANN, Sprott, R. F. D., 2, Ala. Ala.

DEAR SISTERS :

DEAR SISTERS:

I enjoy this corner and have often wished I could be of some help to you all. Now I have a chance, as I have cured my little boy of of enlarged tonsils, with a very simple remedy. He suffered greatly from asthmatic breathing, and at one time we had grave fears for the future.

As I have lost six of my eight dear children, and pity all these helpless little sufferers, I will gladly answer all mothers who write and inclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

I have nothing to sell, but cannot afford to pay postage on all letters.

At present I am a shut-in, and would be pleased to receive letters from different parts of the country.

MRS. GEO. STACKHOUSE, 352 N. Mill St., Massillon, Ohio.

Comforting Hints of All Sorts

To prevent thin material being dragged by the sewing machine put a strip of thickish paper under it. When sewn this will easily tear awy.

White spots may be removed from varnished furniture by the use of a polish of alcohol, olive oil and cider vinegar.

When boiling eggs put on the lid of the sauce in and the eggs will have a much finer flavor.

Bags for Brooms

A string should be run in each and tied around the handle of the broom. Thus covered the broom will be found very useful in wiping down walls, high windows and also polished floors. The bags may be easily washed out and dried before us Linen is often used for these covers but is not equal to flannelette.

The tall vase so adapted for long-stemmed flowers has one deplorable defect; it is certain to be top heavy, and when you least expect it, over it topples and disaster follows. Fill the bottom of the vase with about two inches of shot and you will have no more trouble.

Copper is excellent for kitchen use, but much

Copper is excellent for kitchen use, but much time must be expended in keeping it clean.

To remove spots from the boys' suits thoroughly rub them with benzine, and put out in the air afterward to take out the smell.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leuc rrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.



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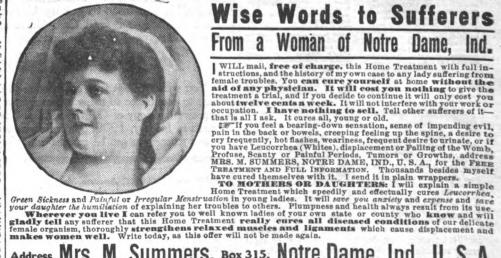
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GAIN. Through the failure of the large manufacturer of this style silverware it was possible style silverware it was possible for us to get a quantity of these wonder-ranted quadruple plated silver; fluted top and beautiful and useful ornament.



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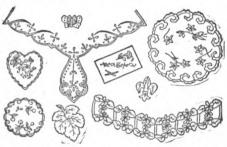
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About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q," A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickeled pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these ests for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLUB OFFER, For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will end you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

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A Greater COMFORT in November

As you will notice we begin "CHARLIE'S FORTUNE," by Oliver Optic, in this month's issue of COMFORT, and we are sure this thrilling story will prove very interesting to each and every reader of COMFORT, as it is designed to please both young and old.

Mary J. Holmes' Story Next Month

In our next issue, which will be of 32 pages and the greatest and best number ever printed, we will begin "THE HEIRESS OF BEECHWOOD, by Mrs. Holmes." This is one of the best stories ever written by this noted and famous author of clean fiction, and none should miss the first installment or fail to read the story to the end.

Another New Story in November Also Besides these new stories, all the regular interesting departments will be maintained, as

well as the continuation of the popular Augusta Evans Wilson story, "A Speckled Bird," and the other choice fiction that is now running in COMFORT.

Don't fail to keep your subscription paid up, so as to enjoy everything that will be given to the COMFORT subscriber who does not let his subscription expire. This Fall is the time to get up Clubs and earn a nice Premium, and we invite you to look over our Special Club Offers printed in this paper and also send for our New Premium List, giving you all the best offers for club-getting work.

14 Months' Subscription 15 Cents

You will not want your subscription to cease now that we have begun all these stories and are to commence so many others right away; so if the number on the wrapper in which you receive this copy of COMFORT is 228 or less, you should renew at once, sending 15 cents to January, 1909, otherwise you will be without COMFORT. So if you accept now and renew you get 14 months' subscription for 15 cents.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT as paid until January, 1909.		
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Real Steam Engine FREE. A Big Teddy Bear FREE

Stuffed and Jointed Stands Over Feet and a Quarter High, Indestruct**ible,** Sits Down Like a Real Bear.





weet tones of this round harmonica are uperior in many ways to an ordinary ways to an ordinary ways to an ordinary the instrument by being wholly encased in the metal cylinder. In addition to being a first-class Meuth Puzzle and a Coin Holder for nickies, five cent pleces, for car fare and small change. Five pieces of money can be carried in this end of the instrument. The puzzle is fascinating and good practice for the eye, nerves and mind.

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is a fun maker
that beats all.
Carry one of
these Merry,
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around in your
pocket and your
will have fun and laughter by
the barrel. When you meet a
riend stretching his neck to
break the eleventh commandment you begin to operate your

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Please read carefully our descriptive matter above. also note our illustrations. In all cases will our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, at 15 cents each for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will go forward same day at our expense, Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful Breathing, Dropps, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay



Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Club Offers Soribers to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Comforting Hints of All Sorts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

To wash silk handkerchiefs begin by soaping well and using cold water; then rinse and let dry. Boil a handful of bran in water, strain through a linen cloth, and then steep the handkerchiefs in it for some time; press and hang out to dry; iron while still damp.

To keep bread and butter fresh and moist, put it in a cool place, cover closely with a cloth wrung out of cold water, and many hours after it will be as moist as when cut.

Nothing baked well will keep well unless it is thoroughly cooled before being put away.

Oilcloth or linoleum will look much brighter if two tablespoonfuls of paraffine oil be put in the water it is washed with. No soap is necessary with this.

To clean a kettle, fill up with potato parings and then boil fast until clean.

For washing varnished walls a little melted glue put in the water is a great improvement. A dish or plate of water set in the oven when baking cake will prevent the edges scorching.

Use hot soda water for washing anything that is greasy. The alkali turns the grease into soap which will do its own cleansing.

C. G. BROCKWAY.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

Good Old Songs We All Love

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

Ever of Thee

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer,
Thou art the star that mildly beaming
Shone o'er my path when all was dark and
drear;

Still in my heart thy form I cherish, Every kind tho't like a bird flies to thee, Ah! never till life and mem'ry perish, Can I forget how dear thou art to me.

CHORUS.

Morn, noon and night where'er I may be Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee. Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee when sad and lonely,
Wandering afar my soul joyed to dwell,
Ah! then I felt I loved thee only,
All seemed to fade before affection's spell.
Years have not chilled the love I cherish,
True as the stars has my heart been to thee,
Ah! never till life and mem'ry perish
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.

CHORUS.

Little Boy Blue

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands,
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And the musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise."
So troddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamed of the pretty toys,
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our little Boy Blue.
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ah, faithful to little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting these long years
through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.
—Eugene Field.

Just a little sunshine everywhere we go, Over darkened pathways rays of blessings throw; Golden rays of gladness from a loving heart Help the world to brighten; let us do our part.

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wyou here one of the very best watches for time ever matter what the price asked. We have such faith in a at imekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter give you this watch, if you will do us a slight service which can be accomplished in an hour. We want to prove our Oxien Porous Plasters are a valuable remedy for Reumatism, Backache, Kidney pains, Pneumonia, Aleckache, Kidney pains, Pneumonia, and Colds, and will send Six Zoc Plasters to any responsible person or credit. Sell them for Zoc seach, return and will send Six Zoc Plasters to any responsible person or credit. Sell them for Zoc seach, return and will send Six Zoc Plasters to any responsible person or credit. Also good chain, You will also premiums. Don't miss this. Send postal or letter for oday. We send them at once. Address

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to large cities, where Post
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friends and neighbors would

ner. If you had Post Cards at home to show, you know your friends and neighbors would buy lots of them. We have M I LLIONS of them to to tell your friends about them and they will come and Forwer and buy them. They come assorted six cards in an envelope and sell at 15c, or 25c, on special easy plans. We send you the twelve lots free. You will find, if you talk about them, they will send us only part of money collected, as on our plan 3, you can make \$1.50 cash profit and secure a Nice Post Card Album F R E besides—on another plan you make a cash profit and also get a prize as we send you your choice: A nice A merican-made Watch, a fine Ruby, Emerald or Opal Stone Ring in Gold Setting warranted for years, or a Pair of 9 Tt. Lace Curtains as a Fremum for your can send us half of the money, and keep will not supply your diends, as they use so many they want them every week; so you can establish a regular Post Card Branch for us and make money right along solling Post Cards. Branch for us and make money right along solling Post Card Branch for us and make money right along solling Post Card Branch for us and make money right along solling Post Card Branch for us and sell the first lot of Cards and are competent to manage a Branch Post Card Depot for us, either on salary or for commission on sales. Send for the first lot today, before others get the business.

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They will send you without a cent's expense to you, a
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you a Stove or Range backed by a Million Dollar Guarantee and you will be the Judge, for you are in no way
obligated to keep any stove or range they send you.
WRITE THE HOOSIER STOVE CO., 265 State St.,
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The most liberal offer ever made by a manufacturer.

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LADY SEWERS wanted to finish off shields at home; 310 per 100, can make 2 an hour. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envel-ope for particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept.29, Phila., Pa

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Christmas Bells



The Christmas The Christmas tree loaded with presents takes cheer to the heart of young and old. To assist in triming the tree, the various rooms of the home, for Churches, Halis, and Schools we now furnish the daintest

Paperet Christmas Bells

Christmas
Bells

with loop for hanging from the tree, or from the window fastening; hung under a hanging lamp, or in any suitable place where decorations are usually placed they add cheer and brilliancy to the room and particularly in the sick room, as they are made of rich red paperet ingeniously folded into the pretty bell eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, shown in our illustration, and being nearly sun proof may be kept hanging for months after the passing of evergreen which dries and falls. The happy words of good cheer "A Merry Christmas" are daintily interwoven on a slip passing between the red openwork paperet around the bell and thus make them especially appropriate to send for a little Hollday Gift. We have a special importation of a very large quantity of these Christmas Hells, made to fold compactly for sending away by mail, so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home.

Send us only 12 cents for a trial six months' subscription to our great farm and home paper of national interest and we will send you one Bell with our large premium catalogue, just to interest you in our immense line of useful premiums. If you order early within five days, so to be sure and have these Hells to keep for Christmas, we will also include two beautiful Lithographic-Colored Christmas Card Post Cards. These cards are of exquisite and appropriate thristmas design with Christmas greetings printed on them, just right to keep for sending to a distant or near friend at Christmas time. Inclose 12 cents for Bell and Cards today. Address

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Special corsets, subject to approval. If you like it and think it equals any \$2.00 corset you never saw at any price, if it fits perfect, keep it. If not, send it right back and we will promptly return your \$1.10 and you will not be out one cent.

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The New External Prize Remedy

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TRIAL OFFER must be addressed to
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TEDDY BEAR 12 Inches Tall. Teddy Bear is a fine specimen of his kind, made of Shaggy Cinnamon Plush and 13 inches tall. His head, his arms and his legs are jointed on to the body so that they can all be turned in any direction. And you should see him shake his head and hear him grant when you hit him in the stomach! Teddy is all he ringe in the cities. The children carry him to school and even the grown-up ladies carry him with them when they go out for a walk or ride, or to the theatre. The more costly Teddys sell as high as \$35.00 each. We have picked out this one for you on account of his good size, his jointed head, arms and legs, his caste grant and his fine einsamon color. We will send him to you free by mail if you will sell for us only five of our fine tinte In-inch centerpieces at 25 cents each. They are hand tinted on Irisis Liene. When you have sold them send as the \$1.5 and the week of the sell of the send and the send are the self of the self of the send and the send are the self of the self of the send and self of the send to the send and self of the self of the send to the send the send are the self of the self of the self of the send to the send the self of the s

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THE GREATEST and BEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN ON HORSES.

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Address THE NATIONAL FARMER, Augusts, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Comforting Hints of All Sorts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

A Neuralgia Cure

Make a plaster of the white of an egg and black pepper and bind it to the left temple. I've suffered a great deal from neuralgia and that is the only thing I ever got to relieve me. It is simple, try it, those of you who have neuralgia. MISS ELLA PURDON, Cofer, Miss.

Thoroughly soap the bottom of each vessel before setting it directly over the fire and they will become clean much easier.

MRS. MATTIE WHITTLE, East Lake, Tenn.

Finger marks on doors should be rubbed with a cloth wrung out of hot water and dipped in whiting. Rinse and dry thoroughly, rubbing until the polish is restored.

Drinking water should always be boiled. To prevent its tasting flat, pour the water quickly from one jug into another, holding it high so that the air may pass through the water.

Brushes that have been used for paint can be cleansed with turpentine. Alcohol will remove varnish. The shine that shows on a serge skirt or jacket to be no longer new can easily be removed by sponging the garment with bluing water, such as is used to launder clothes; while still damp, press the part under a thin cloth.

using them. Air them well before putting them away, or they will smell musty.

Frost may be kept from the window panes by rubbing the glass with a thin coating of pure

Newspapers or padding should be placed under a carpet every time it is taken up.

A tablespoonful of vinegar put into a paraffine lamp or stove that smells or smokes will cause it to burn with a clear light, and prevent it from smoking. lamp or stove it to burn wit from smoking.

Utensils made of the popular aluminum must never be washed with soda, or their appearance will be hopelessly ruined.

press the part under a thin cloth.

Pudding bags and jelly cloths require care.

Wash and hang them to dry directly after tween them when piled. If white felt circles able to soap, for cleaning windows or paint,

are not available, squares of ordinary blotting-paper will answer the purpose.

A small lump of yellow soap or a few soap shavings placed in a mouse hole will keep the mouse from reappearing.

If too much bluing is put in the water in which clothes are rinsed, add a little household ammonia.

Moisture is the greatest enemy of the piano, and it cannot be too carefully guarded against.

Keep the roots of the celery plant dry, and grate them and mix the powder with one third as much salt. Keep in a bottle well corked. This is delicious in soups, gravies, and hashes.

Mr. Edison Says:

"I want to see a Phonograph in every American home."

The Phonograph is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. Though he has invented hundreds of other wonderful patents he has retained his interest only in the Phonograph Company, of which he owns practically every share of stock. Mr. Edison knows of the wonderful pleasure his instrument has provided and is providing in thousands of homes.



A New Style Edison Phonograph

The latest perfected product of Mr. Edison's factory. The New Outfit No. 5 just out! Latest improvements - new features - exclusive points of superiority!

See It - Hear It! Get this remarkable instrument in your own home — then you will see how far superior this is to the ordinary talking machine — far superior even to the fine Edison Machines you have heard heretofore.

While this Offer lasts every responsible person can get on free trial a genuine Edison Phonograph Outfit, including 12 Edison genuine gold-moulded records, direct from us to your home: positively not a cent in advance—no deposit—no bother with C. O. D.—no formality of any kind. We allow 48 hours' free trial at your home; and in rural districts up to a week if necessary for convenience of patrons.

Try the instrument in your home, play the stirring waltzes, the two-steps, concert pieces, minstrel dialogs, oldfashioned hymns and other religious music, beautiful vocal solos, operatic airs and other beautiful Edison gold-moulded records. Play all these, and if them you do not care to keep this wonderful Edison outfit, send the instrument back at our expense - and we will charge you absolutely nothing for the trial.

If you decide to keep this wonderful outfit (and we know you will) you may send cash in full after trial or pay on easiest terms, just as you prefer.

Now Pays For a Genuine Edison Phonograph Outfit

Machine and 1 dozen genuine Edison gold-moulded records. - Less than \$1 a week for the finest outfit the great Edison outfit No. 5-and at surprising rock-bottom price without even interest on payments.

For Cash In Full

So many cash purchasers are taking advantage of this opportunity to sesure direct the finest Edison outfits that we are often asked what discount we can allow for cash. We are obliged again to say that we can give no each discount, as we have allowed the lowest possible price to those who buy on time and we must treat all the Edison customers alike.

This Easy-Payment Offer places a genuine Edison Phonograph—long known as the luxury of the rich—within reach of everyone—and because we charge only the lowest net eash prices without interest on monthly payments, the rich are also taking advantage of this modern method of saving and are buying Edison outfits on the EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

HERE is a picture of the finest Edison Outfit—New Outfit
No. 5— which is recognized as the best Phonograph
Outfit in the world. The cabinet is 12¾ by 8¾ inches and 10% inches high and the beautiful new tulip horn is more than 21/2 feet

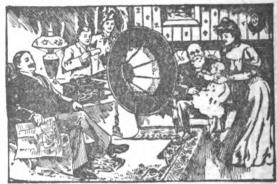
long and over 7 feet in circumference. We offer this remarkable outfit on free trial to all responsible parties because we know that after trial hardly anybody ever returns an Edison Outfit. When trying it you will see at once the vast superiority of the genuine Edison, particularly our new special latest style tulip horn Edison Outfit over ordinary talking machines; you and your family and everybody that calls at your house will be more than pleased—constantly amused and entertained and you

Your Name

and Address

Lots of Fun with an Edison Phonograph

This wonderful instrument has been termed, and rightly. too, the "king of entertainers". There is absolutely no one old or young who is not amused and delighted by this greatest invention of the "WIZARD OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY". As Mr. Edison has well said, no American Home should be without a phonograph.



Look at the happy home scene depicted above, very moment there are thousands of homes in th States where you might find just such scenes as these.

The baby, as you see, is filled with delight at the deep, human sounds which come from the big horn of the phonograph. Grandpa is as much pleased as the baby. Every member of the family is happy. Don't you want to bring just member of the family is happy. such scenes into your own home?



There are 1,500 Edison Records. Think of it: Fifteen hundred different 'acts' which may be given on an Edison. The greatest planist in the world doesn't know 1,500 pieces.

Think of the many delightful programmes you could make up. Let us suppose you want to have a dance. Place the phonograph in one end of the room, take up the carpets or rugs and begin. You don't have to wait for any fiddler and you don't have to pay him \$3 for his work either.

Here is an illustration of what you may do when your friends call: One likes a comic song. Out comes a record filled by one of the best known minstrels of the day. Everybody applauds, and while the hand clapping is going on you slip in a Sousa march and watch the listeners straighten up. Another asks for a dialog between two "culud gem'n," some one else wants one of Melba's selections, and still another wants a ringing "Cohan" tune. The applause becomes deafening and you are the hero or the heroine of the whole neighborhood. Thus can the concerts go on night after night. Any boy or girl can learn in five minutes how to play

And on Sunday you may have sacred music of the very ghest quality.

> And don't forget that you may secure records of every member of the family. These will keep for years and years, and after the dear ones have departed their voices will be with you still. Let Grandpa talk into the horn and then listen to his exact words as they come from the phonograph a moment later. Let the baby talk into the horn and the same miracle

plainly with pencil or pen and lnk on this Free Coupon, clip or tear it out, place it in an envelope and mall it to us. You will receive free by return mail our beautiful Edison catalog and circular mail our beautiful Edison Phonographs. You may take any outfit on a trial. Write today. Don't delay, Remember—you pay nothing for a Free Trial, and if you do not want the instrument after you have given it a 48 hours' trial in your home you may return it at our expense. You do not have to pay one cent down, you do not have to make a guarantee and we charge no C.O.D.—Be the first in your town—write right now.

Edison Phonograph Distributers

F. K. Babson, Vice-President
Edison Building, Suite 2137 Chicagon. TRADE MARK Thomas a Edison

would not part with the instrument if it costs twice or three times what we ask

The Editor of this paper urges his readers to consider this offer. This ofer is so straightforward and I know it to be exactly as represented. Just think! A genuine Edison phonograph and I genuine Edison records for 2s a month. And a free trial besides before you pay to. Write now

need not bother with a letter just mail

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